PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1980 • $3.00

WILD & CRAZY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE WITH A STEVE MARTIN INTERVIEW

UP AGAINST THE 1980s -- ALVIN TOFFLER'S NEW FUTURE SHOCKER

THE N.F.L.'s SEXIEST CHEER-LEADERS! PLAYBOY SCORES AGAIN

FUN AND PAJAMA GAMES AT PLAYBOY MANSION WEST

SAN FRANCISCO: GAY POWER IGNITES A STRAIGHT BACKLASH

PLUS: JOHN LE CARRE'S LATEST SPINE-TINGLER, THE NEW, RAZZLE-DAZZLE "STAR TREK," ANDREW TOBIAS ON KEEPING YOUR MONEY, PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

The French
have a name
for it...

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PLAYBILL

WELCOME TO THE EIGHTIES, the decade most prophesied about in early fantasy and science-fiction literature. We asked **Alvin Toffler,** the author of *Future Shock*, what social changes we can expect in the next ten years and he provided us with a sneak preview of his forthcoming book, *The Third Wave*, to be published by William Morrow. In our excerpt (illustrated by **Seymour Chwast**), Toffler explains that there'll be a tremendous clash of lifestyles in the years ahead because a new ethic is being born while an old one is dying out. We also asked veteran science writer **Richard Rhodes** to find out what marvels of science and technology await us in the immediate future and he reported back with *80 Ways the Eighties Will Change Your Life*, also illustrated by Chwast. Are you ready for (at long last) a birth-control pill for men? Powdered martinis? We thought you were. Rhodes, by the way, will publish a novel, *The Last Safari*, in February.

With homosexuals increasingly asserting themselves among the straight majority, gay rights will certainly continue to be an issue far into the decade. Perhaps the ultimate consequences of that movement are reflected in *The San Francisco Experience*, by **Nora Gallagher,** illustrated by **William Rieser.** According to the author, even in the Golden Gate city, where gays have been accepted for years, the straight population is reaching the limits of its tolerance.

Although we're looking into the years immediately ahead, let us not forget the distant future—the 23rd Century, to be exact—when the Starship Enterprise undertakes its five-year exploratory journey through space. How do we know this will happen? Because millions of fans of the undying television series *Star Trek* can't be wrong. And because they can't be wrong, there's something obviously right about bringing out a big-budget motion picture based on the TV series, which Paramount Pictures is finally doing after several years' delay. Senior Editor **Gretchen McNeese,** who got hooked on investigating the *Star Trek* phenomenon when she dropped in on a fans' convention in 1975, takes us behind the scenes of what may be the biggest special-effects film fantasy ever in *"Star Trek's" Enterprising Return.*

Fantasy and fiction blend like gin and tonic, and we can't think of a better way to start another decade of PLAYBOY fiction firsts than with new works from two master storytellers, **John le Carré** and **Roald Dahl.** Le Carré's entry is our extract from his forthcoming novel, *Smiley's People*, to be published by Alfred A. Knopf in the United States and by Hodder and Stoughton in England. If you like clever plots, this one's for you. But if a bit of sex and a good dose of wry humor are what you need to start off what promises to be a strange and wonderful decade, turn to page 132, where Dahl in the person of *My Uncle Oswald* (illustrated by **Mel Odom**) awaits you with a marvelous little pill. We've taken about a fifth of Dahl's forthcoming zany novel (to be published by Knopf), cut and condensed it and given you a satisfying sample of something we think you'll want to gorge yourself on when it hits the bookstores. If you still have a couple of laughs left in you after meeting Uncle Oswald, you can join short-short-story writer **Robert Coover** *In Bed One Night* (photographically illustrated by **Suzanne Seed**). No, it's not what you think. It's just that on the particular night in question, *everybody* was sacking

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TOFFLER

RHODES

CHWAST

GALLAGHER

RIESER

LE CARRE

DAHL

MC NEESE

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ODOM

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SEED

TOBIAS

GROBEL

KOCH

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FREYTAG, CASILLI, GRABOWSKI, MARCUS

out at Coover's. On the other hand, you may not be a lover of strange crowds.

But if you're a lover of strange *individuals*, you'll surely want to read this month's *Playboy Interview* with **Steve Martin**, who, it turns out, isn't as weird in person as you might think. **Lawrence Grobel**, who interviewed Martin for PLAYBOY, says America's favorite wild and crazy kind of guy is actually "a dour, extremely withdrawn and somewhat sedate kind of guy." This interview is the sixth for Grobel since 1977 and, following his interview with Al Pacino in last month's issue, it represents only the second time a PLAYBOY contributor has done two successive *Playboy Interviews*. Considering that three of Grobel's interviews have been cover stories (the two others were with Dolly Parton and Barbra Streisand), he's beginning to look like the interviewer's interviewer. To let him know how much we like his work, we've given him something special in *Playboy's Annual Awards* for his two outstanding interviews last year with Pacino and Marlon Brando.

Larry Sloman had to be tough to hang out with the New York Rangers and try to figure out their coach, the inimitable **Fred Shero**, for his article, *Shero's System*. Sloman, who is writing a book about the Rangers, is a good enough skater to join their practice games. So far, he says, he has scored three goals. When he's not at the typewriter, Sloman says, "I'm working on my slap shot." Speaking of slap shots, **Tom Koch** takes a few at last year's newsmaking personalities in our annual rite of ringing out the old with laughter, *That Was the Year That Was*.

There's no better way to start a new year than by making plans for your financial success, and we have just the article to help you do it: *Tucking It Away*, by **Andrew Tobias**. Tobias is the author of the best-selling book *The Only Investment Guide You'll Ever Need*. If, while you're thinking about money, you happen to get hungry, you'll find the makings of a super New Year's buffet brunch in *The Party's Not Over!*, written by **Emanuel Greenberg** and illustrated by **Reid Miles**. To get the party off with a bang, set your record player at 78 rpm and put on *Playboy's Photo Flicks*. These minimovies, which you watch as your turntable spins, were designed by cartoonist **Jay Lynch** and PLAYBOY's Associate Art Director **Skip Williamson**. And since everybody can't watch the photo flicks at the same time, you'll want to pass around this month's contribution from **Shel Silverstein**. It's another devastating cartoon, titled *The Deadly Weapon*, from his book *Different Dances* (published by Harper & Row).

As the football season approaches a furious finish, we're naturally reminded of our controversial pictorials last year on current and former N.F.L. cheerleaders: and guess what? We've done it again! Associate Photography Editor **Jeff Cohen** put together *Success and the Sis-Boom-Bah*, and we can't think of a pictorial more likely to leave you cheering for more. No pictorial, that is, except *Island Lady*, featuring this month's Playmate, **Gig Gangel**, lovingly photographed by Contributing Photographer **Ken Marcus**. The pictorial fun continues with *Playboy's Pajama Parties*, with special photography by Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag** under the direction of **Marilyn Grabowski**, our West Coast Photography Editor. Marilyn had a busy month, also overseeing this month's Playmate pictorial and *Playboy's Playmate Review*, which was photographed in part by **Mario Casilli**.

And to round out the issue, we have quite a few hot tips you might want to think about during the next few months. There's a look at the latest in downhill-skiing techniques in *Playboy's Informed Source*, a peek at the newest Alfa Romeo in *Playboy on the Scene*, and **David Platt** has a fashion forecast for the coming decade from five top New York fashion designers in *Birth of a Notion*. It's all for you. Happy New Year!

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PLAYBOY

vol. 27, no. 1—january, 1980

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COVER STORY

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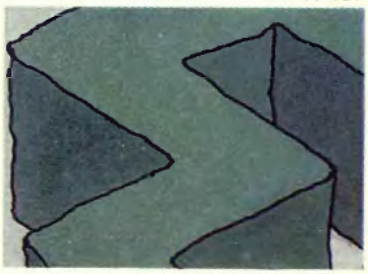

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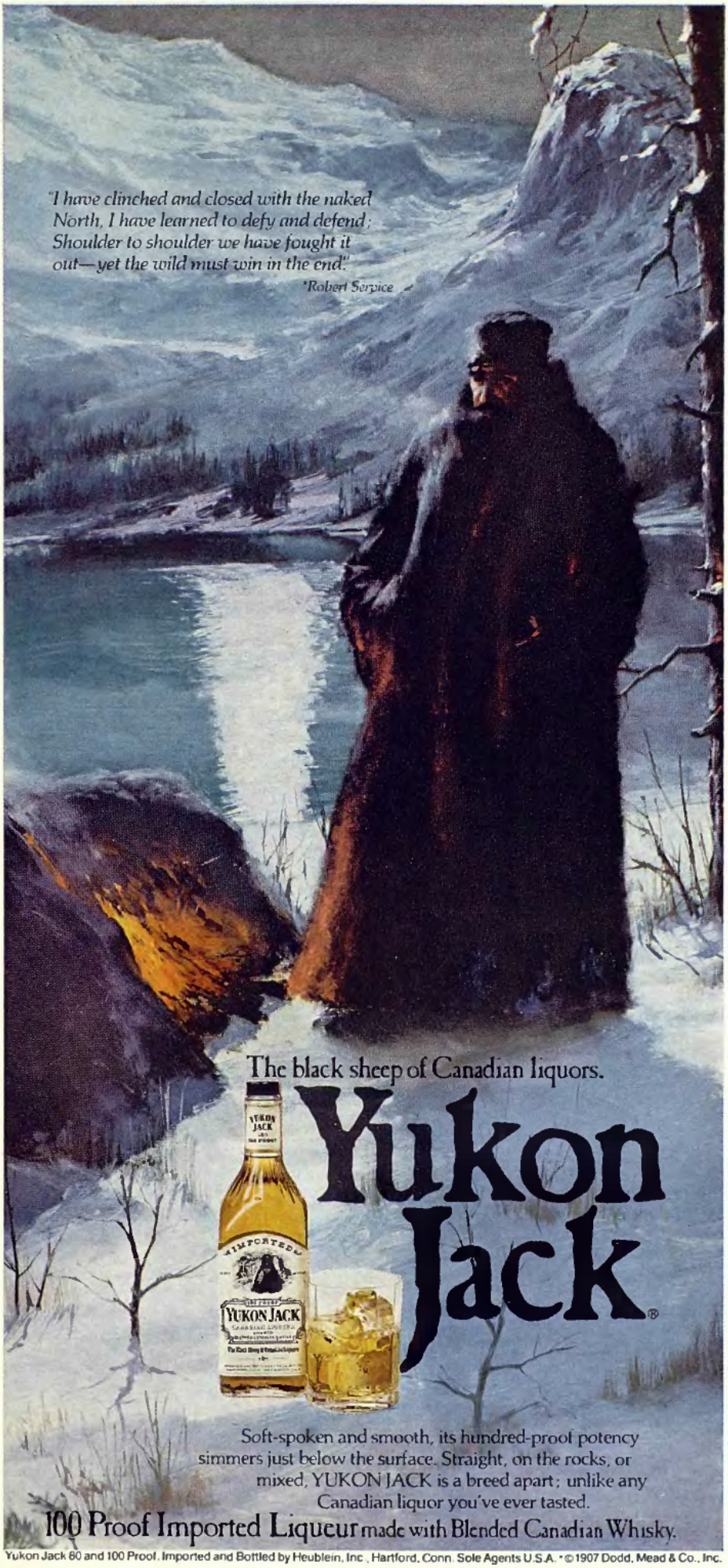

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

BREAKING AWAY ALL OVER

Robyn Douglass broke more than just one young man's heart in *Breaking Away*, last summer's smash movie (below). She did the same thing years ago, when she was more or less a fixture in our Chicago offices—such a well-wrought fixture that we sent her on a series of modeling assignments for us. At left is a shot taken for our *A Long Look at Legs* (July 1975).

GETTIN' IN THE SWING

Upcoming Playmate Henriette Allais caused some commotion while shooting her pictorial in Memphis. It seems that a bunch of joggers, bicyclists and passers-by felt the same way about Henriette that we do.

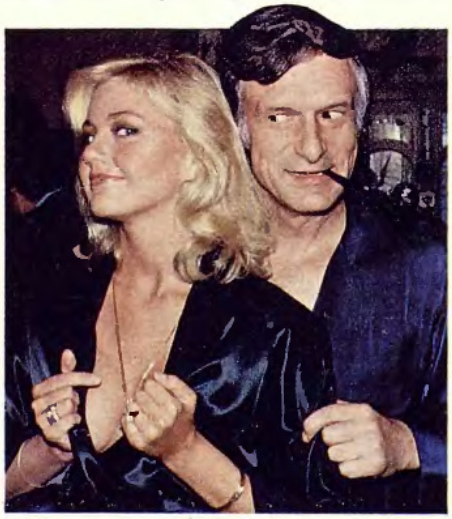
THE EVER-FASHIONABLE LE ROY NEIMAN

LeRoy Neiman puts pen to paper and immortalizes Lake Geneva Bunny Christi Jost as she breaks ground for the Sports Complex at the Playboy Resort. Below right, the brochure for Playboy's Art of Fashion Exhibition, featuring many of Neiman's illustrations, which he opened at Gimbels in Milwaukee.

HEF'S: A GREAT PLACE TO DROP INTO

No, life at Playboy Mansion West is not all glitzy parties, fund raisers and benefits. There are also times when Hef's friends and associates can drop by and hang out in a casual atmosphere. Because of the many formal activities at the Mansion, we are seldom able to give you a glimpse of what goes on there as a matter of course. Not so this month. For example, at left, upcoming Playmate Victoria Cooke does some free-wheeling in the reception area. At right, Robin Williams na-nos singer Juliette Bora and, below right, Playmate Sondra Theodore bear-hugs the Velvet Fog himself, Mel Tormé.

Above, social philosopher Max Lerner, Governor Jerry Brown and Hef take a hike. Below, Heather Waite tries to get something off her chest, while, below right, Playmates Gig Gangel and Michele Drake congregate.



At right, decathloner Bruce Jenner seems to be caught in some inner struggle, while, below, George Peppard holds his own during a conversation. Below left, Hef takes on Lance Rentzel in a game of Foosball.

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INTERIM REPORT

Upon getting a subscription on my 13th birthday, I decided that when I turned 21, I would scribble some notes as to what it was like growing up with PLAYBOY. Well, I'm finally 21, and not the demented rapist my mother's friends thought PLAYBOY would make me, but the nice young man who knows what ways to best serve wine or what somebody said in an interview. (As well as the calorie count of sperm and various erotic uses of ice.) It is just sad that not all parents let their sons enjoy such beauty and knowledge every month, especially when someone is so impressionable. I can't see a better guide to taste, attire and living than PLAYBOY. Having applied for a lifetime subscription, I can't help but die happy, especially with each issue being better than the last. Keep up the great work, and I'll write to you when I'm 40.

David Olson
Longview, Washington

MAILER'S SONG

Incredible. The story, the author, the magic. I am referring, of course, to October's *The Executioner's Song*, by Norman Mailer. I can barely wait till next month's installment.

Vicki Hodges-Starks
Nashville, Tennessee

Who gives a shit about Gary Gilmore? His Manson-type character put him where he deserved to be put—six feet under. So be it!

Frederick Charles
Kansas City, Missouri

"Let's do it" may have been Gary Gilmore's last spoken words, but until now, the complexities of his mind and character have remained to be told. No one sought the conclusion to the Gary Gilmore story more than Gilmore himself. For him, life's only meaning was death. He proved that by so freely accepting his own. Norman Mailer's superb writing has touched the heart of the man and given us insights into how he thought and what drove him to his seemingly inescapable destiny. In doing that, perhaps Mailer's accounting is a more fitting conclusion than the one supplied by the Utah firing squad.

Nick Pukalo
Seattle, Washington

I don't have the space to stockpile back issues, but once in a while I'll tear out an article I can't resist, such as the Jimmy Carter interview. Well, I saved Gary Gilmore's. It is one of your best. I read it again after *The Executioner's Song*, part one. Fascinating. And I agree: Mailer has produced a masterpiece.

Theresa Thometz
Washington, D.C.

BIG ON BURT

For years now, I think, the average American male has searched hard to find something wrong with Burt Reynolds. He was too natural, too funny, had way too many women and was too self-secure to be accepted by us. But I, for one, have given up searching for Burt's Achilles' heel. After reading October's *Playboy Interview*, there is no escaping the fact that I like, admire and envy the guy. What has clearly made him the hottest movie-television attraction around is revealed in that interview—his underlying sensitivity. I have no doubt that very same quality will help him achieve his next major goal, an Academy Award.

Craig Silverman
Denver, Colorado

Thank you so much for the truly candid interview with Burt Reynolds. He presents himself as a very down-to-earth, sensitive individual. I don't appreciate the "Garboesque" actors of today, meaning the ones who want to be left alone in their own little worlds. No rapport with their fans, just the money at the

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box office. Burt has just about become a close friend to us by way of his appearances. He holds nothing back. He is open, honest and a fine artist. He has become a true craftsman at what he does.

Phil Howlett
Pembroke, Massachusetts

It is sad that a man of his caliber, who injects so much gusto into the paper-thin roles given to him, be pigeonholed as a locker-room-mentalitied "good ol' boy" by an effete group of vicious, hidebound New York film critics who have never done anything to show that they have as much talent or moxie in their entire beings as he has in just a clenched fist.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

I don't remember enjoying any of your interviews as much as I enjoyed the one with Burt Reynolds. I had always figured he would be an egotistical, pompous jerk. I am happy to say that I was so-o-o wrong. Burt Reynolds, forgive me, please. Contrary to my former beliefs, he is, indeed, a beautiful person, both physically and intellectually.

Laura Gladwell
Salem, West Virginia

UNBELIEVABLE URSULA

I'm in love! October Playmate Ursula Buchfellner is the most fantastic girl I have ever seen! Please accept my entry for this month's "meet the Playmate contest." Thank you, PLAYBOY, for your end. Now, as for hers. . . .

Jamie Towne
Farmington Hills, Michigan

It appears in Ursula's Playmate Data Sheet that she was born on June 8, 1967. Calculating that date, Ursula is approximately 12 years old. I have subscribed to PLAYBOY for seven years and have never noticed such an obvious printed error or, on the other hand, such a young pinup. Either way, it seems to me a first.

William M. del Campo
Los Angeles, California

She's not as young as you think, Bill. On the same page, she is shown taking Communion at 70 and as a baker's apprentice at 75.

Ursula's budding sensuality is not exploited. Rather, her beauty gently caresses the pages, thanks to Weissbrich's aware and sensitive camera. Thanks, PLAYBOY, for selecting yet another artist of perceivable talent!

Karen L. French
Kailua, Kona, Hawaii

Congratulations not only to Ursula, for being so beautiful, but to PLAYBOY for finding her. Peter Weissbrich did an absolutely magnificent job of capturing the many moods and textures European women are capable of. Obviously, European cars are not the only thing American men would like to be seen driving around with.

Patrick Miller
Hollywood, California

You've done it again, but this time better than ever. That blonde bombshell Ursula Buchfellner is a foxy female with a fantastic figure. Let's see more of her!

Peter Brown
Hamburg, New York

Thought you'd never ask, Peter. We had one shot of Ursula preparing for

her New Year's Eve party that we didn't know what to do with. Hope you like it.

ANYBODY NOTICE BURT?

Gig Gangel, who posed with Burt Reynolds on your October cover, is definitely a ten.

Larry G. Layton
Wichita, Kansas

I would like to commend you on your October 1979 cover. Gig Gangel's beauty is flawless, which is more than I can say for her costume. Take it from a veteran Bunny, her cuffs are on backward.

Bunny Kim
Phoenix, Arizona

Gig Gangel, wow! For a photo session with her, I'll do an interview, too!

Robert Altman
Caledonia, Minnesota

If you liked our October cover, you'll love this month's centerfold.

DEJA VU

Shit, man! I started with narrow lapels, smaller collars and skinny ties! I can see no logical reason for you to perpetrate that crap back upon another unsuspecting generation . . . especially in the unkempt and disheveled manner in which you do it (*Playboy's Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast*, October). The "casual formality that's subtly British yet international in scope" is pretty close to the mark, inasmuch as your models all look like they just checked into Ellis Island. In my opinion (and that, to me, is the only one that counts), the only taste your fashion editors have is in their mouths—along with halitosis.

Patrick A. Detches
Huntington Beach, California

The fact that styles change doesn't mean that you have to change with them, Patrick. Just clean your spats and wear them another season.

HUTCH HIGHLIGHTS

I have been a subscriber to PLAYBOY for more than 15 years. In recent years, I have enjoyed your annual pictorial review of the Bunnies. Your October pictorial on the *Bunnies of '79* is the best ever. Every one of the Bunnies is sensational. The hands-down winner of the pictorial, however, is Kym Donaldson of the Cincinnati Club. Your caption "A little can go a very long way" can, in my opinion, be better phrased as "Big things come in little packages." Kym has the most haunting eyes I have ever seen and her figure is beautiful.

David W. Frame
Duncanville, Texas

Your photo of Cincinnati Bunny Bonnie Hoobler (page 162, October) is one of the very few pictures I've seen that have given me an instant erection.

Nelson Carter
Pasadena, California

Your October issue marks the second appearance of Osaka's Miyuki Kishimae. Keep it up! Oriental girls like Miyuki are just my cup of tea.

J. Larson
Prospect Park, Pennsylvania

New York Bunny Reily Rehn is definitely Playmate material. Believe it or not, it was her beautiful expression that first drew my attention. I'm hoping you agree with me and that I'll be seeing a lot more of her in a future issue of PLAYBOY.

(Name withheld by request)
Jackson, Michigan

THE *BEAR* FACTS

I would like to compliment Richard Price on his great October article on Paul "Bear" Bryant. I'm a native New Yorker who moved to Alabama 15 years ago—and didn't give a damn about college football, much less about Alabama. Over the years, I have become an insane Alabama fan who really believes that the Bear can walk on water. When I met him, I became completely tongue-tied and just stammered like an idiot, so I

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know how Price felt. By the way, I think that Kinuko Y. Craft's illustration is sensational.

Jerry Hallerman
Birmingham, Alabama

After reading Richard Price's *Bear Bryant's Miracles*, one would think Bear should be nominated for sainthood. There is no doubt that his record of 284 wins is impressive, but is the emphasis he puts on winning football games what college is all about?

Bill Rupp
York, Pennsylvania

I've got a confession to make. I've had a subscription since 1971 and I just read my second article in PLAYBOY (the first was part of an English assignment). *Bear Bryant's Miracles* is fantastic reading. I don't know what *The Wanderers* is about, but if Price wrote it, I'm gonna get it and read it.

J. McGeary Perkins, Jr.
Port Allen, Louisiana

I think Price sums up the feeling at Alabama really well when he says he'd do just about anything to receive recognition from the Bear. That's the way it is. The whole state breathes of love, loyalty and admiration for the man. There will never be another Bear.

Kathy Anderson
Weatherford, Oklahoma

PRIME-TIME CRIME

When I read Gary Deeb's *The Man Who Destroyed Television* (PLAYBOY, October), I thought someone was finally going to lift up the skirt and reveal the truth to all! He comes close . . . oh, so close that it gave me goose pimples! At last, I thought, here was real fact coming out. But the skirt was lifted and all we saw from then on were the quixotic tilting at the old windmills of the Nielsen ratings service, the networks' greed and copycat producers.

Howard M. Keefe
Marina Del Rey, California

Thank you so very much for your interesting and extremely informative exposé on the prime-time-television wars and who's really responsible for much of the crap that passes for class on the tube. As a television fan from the age of nine, I find the attitudes of the Freddie Silvermans of all three networks insulting and patronizing. If these are the "public airwaves," then it's a joke that is as unfunny as what these morons push as entertainment!

Cheryl Smith
Danielson, Connecticut

Gary Deeb's comments about Nielsen's putting its audimeters into homes with a high percentage of TV viewing are

simply not true. I have been a Nielsen "family" (though I live alone) for over a year, despite my declaration that I rarely watch television. At no time has Nielsen made any attempt or suggestion that my contract should be terminated.

(Name and address withheld by request)

After reading *The Man Who Destroyed Television*, I thought I'd share my alternative to the Nielsen ratings. Six weeks after the premiere of the new TV season, *TV Guide* could print a schedule of prime-time programs with a box next to each show. A truer representation of TV viewers could then be calibrated. Another poll at midseason would then determine whether or not to keep a specific program. This system is not infallible. Special-interest groups could go out and buy large quantities of the magazine in order to further their own aims. But I believe this percentage would be insignificant when compared with the whole; and it would definitely be an improvement over Nielsen's selectivity.

Dennis Lanning
South Bend, Indiana

Come on! You blame Freddie Silverman for everything except the Vietnam war and inflation. Silverman didn't create our situation: we created his. Television is nothing more than an advertising medium and was never supposed to be a creative or educational one. Hence, audiences ought never to expect much in the way of originality. All that Silverman is guilty of is becoming a success in his industry by watching the numbers carefully and then feeding them with what they are hungry for.

Gary M. Luciano
North Easton, Massachusetts

DON'T FAIL ME NOW

Not a single bare foot among your bevy of beautiful girls in the October issue. But boots, shoes and galoshes galore. Do you think that's nice? Why are the girls, who show everything else, reluctant to show their feet? Or are the photographers allergic to the naked foot? Or are the editors? Surely, not all of your readers relish the covering of an otherwise pretty foot. Certainly, many of them must appreciate the eroticism of the foot and the symmetrical contours of the nude body tapering down to the lacquered nails of the toes. . . . Inasmuch as the pretty hand might be an object of beauty, so the well-formed foot, and certainly erotic.

Abdul Haddad
Miami, Florida

Sorry about that, Abdul. We're just a bunch of crazy body fetishists around here.

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Bruce Jenner–
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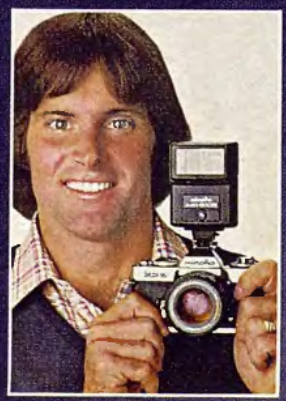

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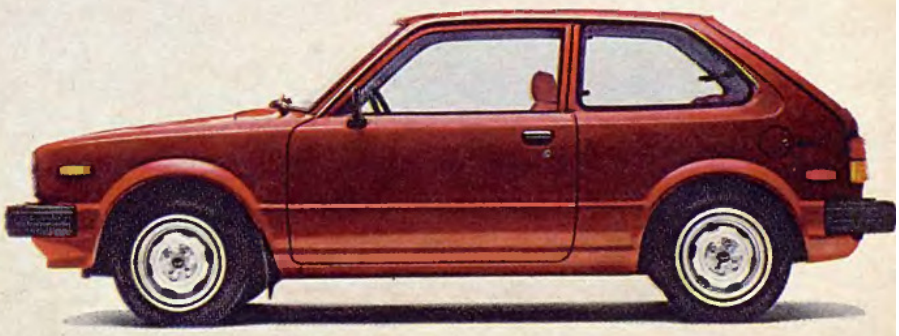

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

You Said a Mouthful Department, Cleveland Gold Coast Division: In an article on gay life in *Cleveland Magazine*, Lakewood city councilman Harry Brockman is quoted as pooh-poohing the notion that Cleveland's Gold Coast area, where he lives, is becoming a "gay ghetto." Said Brockman: "I think this whole thing has been blown out of proportion."

•

Out with the old: The Shawano, Wisconsin, *Shopper* ran a classified ad that read: "Due to my husband's death, I'm selling his organ. Nice. Will sacrifice."

•

The Marquette, Michigan, *Mining Journal*, in a list of upcoming social events, noted that the "Evangelical Covenant Church in Carlshend will feature a talk and a slide show on the Holy Land. . . . A pot-luck family night will start at six P.M."

SORE LOSERS

Casino security was once the province of paleolithic specimens named Bruno or Turk who qualified with conspicuously mean hands of blackjack and neck sizes roughly equivalent to their I.Q.s. Nowadays, casinos are owned by publicly held corporations, gambling has become as wholesome as pocket billiards and the battling bouncers have lost out to a new brand of beef.

"I take offense when somebody calls my people guards," says Gordon Jenkins, director of security at the newly opened Del Webb's Sahara Reno Hotel/Casino. "My image of a guard is of a big bruiser or an elderly gentleman rattling doorknobs. My men and women are 'security officers' and the only big things we look for in them are personality and integrity, not size." Besides casing the action and serving as unofficial Ombudspersons between hotel and guest, at least one Sahara officer on duty must be a certified emergency medical technician, which is an excellent idea, considering some of the peculiar afflictions Jenkins has diagnosed among visitors to his wild and crazy Biggest Little City. Among them:

Slot-machine elbow—a soreness not unlike tennis elbow that strikes after torrid handholding sessions with one-armed bandits.

Bingo bladder (or *keno kidney*)—a form of hypnosis that causes victims to neglect potty calls and was most outrageously manifested by a lady who, all the better to stay where the keno action was, went to the nearby security office and relieved herself in an ashtray.

Time-warp syndrome—a loss of time sense that can cause victims to remain at the tables long enough to miss their planes home, Christmas and much of the Eighties.

Casino catatonia—total paralysis exhibited by players who refuse to evacuate casinos during fires and spend lengthy power outages in front of gravid slot machines. In one unforgettable instance, after a blackjack dealer was suddenly shot dead by her jealous husband, players remained transfixed throughout the police investigation and ultimately insisted that the house finish the hand she had been dealing.

Poker paranoia—a tendency by victims of cyclical cold streaks viciously—and often with violent consequences—to accuse innocent onlookers of having jinxed them.

Reno syndrome—a combination of free drinks, frenzied malnutrition, 5000-foot altitude and too much action augmented by the hasty ingestion of rich foods, which causes afflictees to go down, at the tables, like flies.

These diseases are real (more or less), but Jenkins believes that if you eat somewhat regularly, remember to sleep, take your medication, if necessary, and, most important, "don't gamble more than you can afford to lose," you can immunize your body to these carnal scourges and prepare your spirit for Nevada nirvana.

•

You've come a long way, *bébé*: In a promotional gimmick to attract more fans, the International Volleyball Association's Tucson Sky staged an Illegal Alien night. No border patrolmen were visible among the 3180 spectators.

THE BEST OF BAD TASTE

We are proud to announce the winners of this year's John Waters Trophy—petrified poodle poop encased in gold lamé—for Conspicuous Contributions to the Annals of Bad Taste:

• The Banco Real of São Paulo, Brazil, for running ads featuring Hitler during the telecast of *Holocaust* to emphasize the unending need for life insurance.

• Imperial Wizard Bill Wilkinson's *Klan Katalog*, which offers Blood Drop

Symbol string ties, Klan Guard Chemical Spray, RACIAL PURITY'S AMERICA'S SECURITY posters and THE MORE WE FEED, THE MORE THEY BREED bumper stickers.

• The packagers of the "live" recording of the Jim Jones Farewell Concert.

• Jacksonville, Florida, police who funded a Supercops softball tournament by selling John Spenkelink Memorial 1 DOWN, 133 TO GO T-shirts.

• The Westchester County, New York, environmental consultant who announced that the cheapest way to dispose of local garbage was to cube it and ship it to Haiti, whose trashy officials have allegedly expressed an "intense, positive reaction."

• Texas Jaycees, who elected as Outstanding Young Man in America in 1979 a man in prison for decapitating a woman with a scalpel.

• An ad for United Press International showing the Pacific Southwest Airlines crash at San Diego with a headline proudly proclaiming, "WE'RE WHERE IT HAPPENS!"

• Billy Martin, for explaining that he asked the umpire to examine White Sox pitcher Richard Wortham's glove because "he was putting a booger on the ball and had our guys throwing up at the plate. I complained because we've got to keep this game clean."

• University of Colorado students, for participating in the annual Alferd Packer Day Rib Eating Contest, which honors the last man in the United States to be convicted of cannibalism.

• Delaware State Senator W. Lee Littleton, who offered to bury a few dozen defunct Jonestownians in his yard the better to see their bodies rise on Judgment Day.

• Turkish prison chief Mustafa Yucci, who copped the credit for Billy Hayes's *Midnight Express* by announcing, "The prisons did a good job rehabilitating him. He was a drug smuggler, and now he is a nice middle-class boy who has written a book."

• The Johannesburg, South Africa, employment-office supervisor who explained why his staff whipped black female applicants with a rubber hose: "We only do it to keep them away from the window."

• The U. S. Secret Service, which, when accused of using Indonesian servants to taste President Carter's food for poison, deftly refuted the charges by pointing out that only Filipinos, not "Indonesian manservants," are employed by the White House kitchen staff.

•

The Burlington, North Carolina, *Daily Times-News* has good news for the ladies. According to the title of a recent article, "PEOPLE [ARE] EATING MORE BEAVER."

•

How're you gonna keep them back on their backs, after they've seen Paree? This headline just in from *The Spokesman-Review* of Spokane, Washington: "FOREIGN SERVICE WIVES AREN'T TAKING IT LYING DOWN ANYMORE."

CHECKING IN

We asked sports reporter Samantha Stevenson to do a little man-to-man with the Dallas Cowboys' flamboyant linebacker ***Thomas "Hollywood" Henderson.***

PLAYBOY: Who is "Hollywood" Henderson?

HENDERSON: He's a business associate of Thomas Henderson's. Thomas Henderson is the PR manager and Hollywood is the performer. It's a schiz act. I'm the best.

PLAYBOY: Did you name yourself for movieland?

HENDERSON: I always wanted to be in movies. When I was younger, I didn't think I was so good-looking. But as I grew older, I began getting masculine-looking, you know. I lived in Hollywood for a while and hung out with people whose names I will not mention. I came back to Dallas and some cats started saying, "Hey, Hollywood!" Now Hollywood makes more than Thomas Henderson.

PLAYBOY: The Dallas Cowboys are known for their polished PR department, but it seems to us that the conservative Cowboy organization, so tied to its computerized version of a football player, would really rather shut you up. Do you agree?

HENDERSON: Oh, yeah. I think it's been discussed a couple of times. I'm trying to motivate the game. I mean, that's good for football. Who invented pro football? That guy from Chicago [George Halas]. He'd be proud of me the way I promote football.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy the violence in football?

HENDERSON: I'm just a bad ass out there. Everyone should take off the helmets, even though they keep people from breaking their necks and heads. I think you shouldn't hit with the head; hit with the shoulders. I hit with my face.

PLAYBOY: Is it every man for himself on the field?

HENDERSON: That's the bottom line. We talk before a game to get up. We're all frightened, really, but you have to keep the competitive thing going. If you ever think you're indispensable and then injury happens to you, it's really a crusher. But we talk about—and don't tell Tom Landry—how we can make our defense suit us better to be more comfortable in. So we change responsibilities every now and then. Landry doesn't know about it. If he did, he would just die. One time, Charlie [Waters] says, "I'll take it." I say, "No, I'll take it this time." We change up things, play situations, we have different keys. Too Tall [Jones] and I used to do the same thing. He would go in like a wild man to get everyone's attention, and then I'd go in to make the play.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like you might be a tiny bit afraid of Landry. Tell us what he is really like behind closed doors.

HENDERSON: [*Laughs*] He's like a four-star general. He has a vibrant force, you know. Tom just looks at you. He has these peering eyes. He has to pass my locker all the time. I'm always smiling at him. "How are you doing, coach?" I've never been invited to his house, never been with him to play golf on Sunday. So, to me, he's my boss.

PLAYBOY: The "system" that Landry has developed through the years is said to be tough to learn. Was it difficult for you?

HENDERSON: It frustrated me. They gave me this big book. A computer book. Numbers and funny terminologies. It's like opening up a *Webster's Dictionary* or this PLAYBOY magazine and saying, "OK, I've got to learn everything in here, by Friday. And don't forget it." I sit back and go to sleep.

PLAYBOY: What would you change in the Cowboy system?

HENDERSON: Training camp. It's like a military boot camp. You're making good money and you're sitting there in a schoolroom with those kind of chairs with desks on them and watching a projector six hours a day, getting yelled at by the coaches. I'll be saying to myself, "I don't need this." So I tune 'em out. I never complain. I know there's no place I'd rather be than on my job. So whatever it takes.

PLAYBOY: Even intimidation?

HENDERSON: Oh, they love to intimidate you. They don't want the all-American football player to change. The coach'll be smiling at you one minute, screaming at you the next. The atmosphere in Dallas is that everybody—well, not everybody; we're getting cooler and cooler as the years go on—is so paranoid about his job. And everybody knows when someone's on his way out.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that blackballing of players still goes on in the N.F.L.?

HENDERSON: Of course. Because it's a

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PLAYBOY: We understand that you have some pressure hanging over your own head. To be precise, a type of bounty has been offered to get Hollywood Henderson. Is that true?

HENDERSON: Yes. It scares me. All I've done is try to promote football, you know. Then this coach at L.A. says every time he looks at the game films of the L.A. Rams against Dallas, he wants to break the projector; and he said if no one else in the N.F.L. gets Hollywood, the Rams will. It's a kind of threat and I've been talking to my attorney about it. So I've decided when we play the Rams, I want to see this coach. And I want his ass first, 'cause you have to break some ass to get some.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of ass, do you need sex to get up for the game?

HENDERSON: [*Laughing*] It's nice, the night before. It's better than a sedative. It doesn't bother me to have sex the morning of a game. I am an opportunist. But I'm not too available. I associate with a very select group. I don't hang around lobbies, you know.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you're sexy?

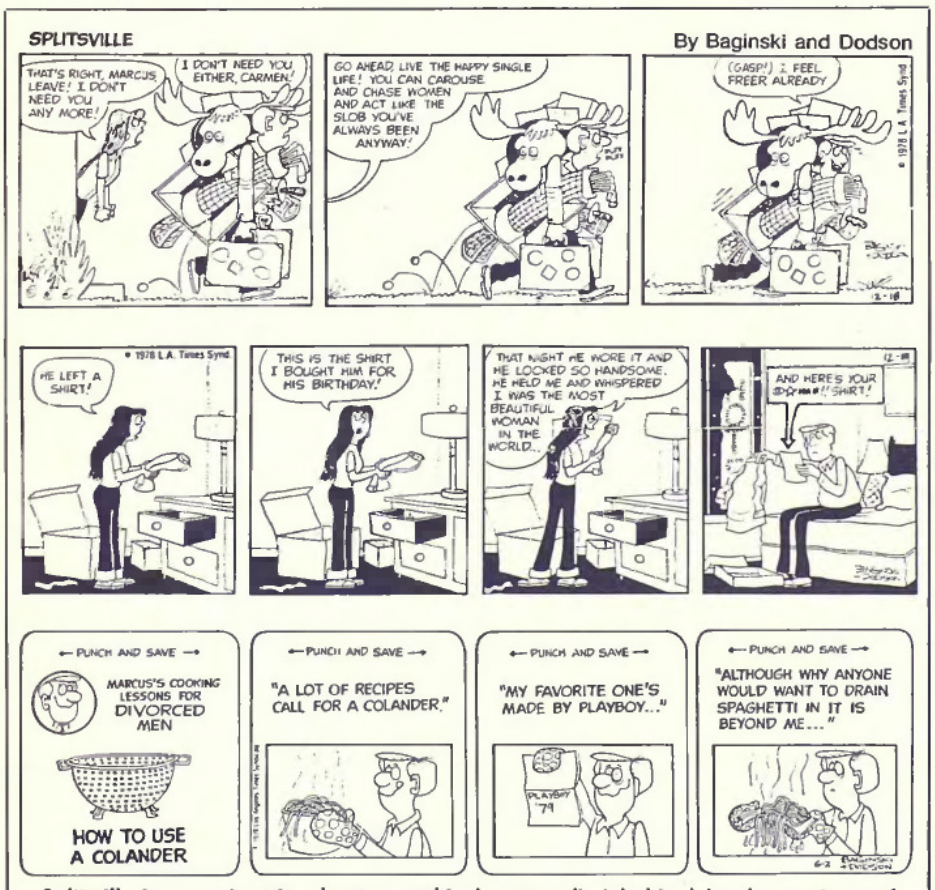
HENDERSON: I've been told I'm sexy. I don't consider myself a pretty boy or anything like that. I consider myself a masculine attraction. Most of my propositions come from married women. Hey, I'm for the needy, not the greedy.

PLAYBOY: With your obvious eye for female talent, can you tell us the true story behind the Dallas cheerleaders?

HENDERSON: Before they were big, I had some friends on the squad. Now they've been told they can't date, talk, associate or be seen with a player. Seventy percent of the team is married, so every association might be taken wrong. As for secret associations, there's always secrets. I've heard some strong rumors. Susan Jones is my top-rated cheerleader. She is really pretty. She would make a great Playmate. Many people down here thought it was terrible that the girls posed for PLAYBOY—the ex-cheerleaders. I think PLAYBOY is artful, so beautiful. The way PLAYBOY does it is extrabeautiful. Most chicks never look like that in real life. Probably, everybody up in the Cowboy offices has a PLAYBOY in his drawer.

PLAYBOY: Are blacks still held back in the N.F.L.?

HENDERSON: No. Being black is no longer an excuse. I'm proud of being black. I love it. I'm tall, talented, neat in the waist, cute in the face and they call me Hollywood. How can I lose?



Splitsville is a comic strip about a mythical metropolis inhabited by the survivors of nuclear-family explosions where the ex-wives sign up for seminars, ex-husbands hang out at singles bars and precocious ex-children vigorously lobby for reconciliation. Syndicated in more than 50 daily papers, *Splitsville* is drawn by Frank Baginski, who has never been married but has "lived in sin quite a bit," and written by Reynolds Dodson, a real-life divorcee who says the strip covers "a certain psychological territory comman to all divorced people" where the anticipated greener-pasture pleasures of breaking off a marriage are seldom, if ever, what they're cracked up to be.

YIPES! TRIPES!

For those of you who will overindulge this holiday season, we offer this as a public service. We're sure you know about the traditional hangover remedies—bloody marys, vitamin B, a registered nurse—but you may not be aware of the Mexican breakfast of champions: *menudo*. It is a tripe soup, loaded with healing properties. Herewith is Jack Oliver's award-winning *menudo* recipe, which triumphed in the 1978 Texas State Championship Menudo Cook-off.

- 6 pounds heavy tripe, cut into 1-in. squares
- 2 pigs' feet, halved
- 1 medium onion, finely chopped
- 2 tablespoons granulated garlic or garlic powder
- 1 teaspoon pure ground black pepper
- ½ teaspoon cayenne pepper
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 2 tablespoons chili powder
- 2 tablespoons paprika
- 1 teaspoon ground oregano
- 1 tablespoon ground cumin
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 16-oz. can white hominy
- Fresh cilantro, if desired

Cover pigs' feet with water and add onion, 1 tablespoon garlic, pepper, cayenne and salt. Cook over medium heat until pigs' feet become slightly tender. Add tripe. Add water just to top of tripe and cook until tripe is tender (usually about 3 to 4 hours). Skim off and discard excess fat. Add chili powder, 1 tablespoon garlic, paprika, oregano and cumin and cook about a half hour. Put flour in small jar, add a little water and shake well. Add to pot. Add hominy, well drained. Cook another 15 minutes. Add salt or cayenne pepper to taste. Serve with finely chopped onion, lemon wedges and finely chopped cilantro. Always have a ready supply of hot *tortillas*. This should make 5 quarts.

THE EYES HAVE IT

Guide dog Buttons has pulled off a stunt that will make both Lassie and Dr. Kildare jealous. A good-natured canine prone to sudden, unexpected stops, Buttons was known, on occasion, to throw his master, 50-year-old Bob Aubrey of Ottawa, off balance. Recently, the dog got underfoot once too often and his blind master, toppling over him, struck his head soundly on the floor—and promptly regained his sight. Aubrey, who had been blind for eight years, calls the unscheduled bean bonk a "miracle." Buttons is thinking of opening a clinic.

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Several months ago, I caused an extensive (and expensive) brouhaha in travel circles when I decided to try to find out which of the conflicting claims about traveler's-check refundability was really true. My findings proved that the truth can sure stir up a hornet's nest—especially when the hornets are worth 25–30 billion dollars annually.

The experiment sounded pretty simple at the start: I had a member of my staff purchase traveler's checks from each of the five best-known sources—American Express, Barclays, First National City, Thomas Cook and BankAmerica—and then "lose" them en route to a Fourth-of-July visit in Washington, D.C. We purposely chose a holiday to best approximate a situation in which a traveler would be most likely to encounter refund problems.

The results were illuminating. In our test, American Express and Barclays Bank were able to provide a refund for our researcher on the Fourth of July, while First National City, Thomas Cook and BankAmerica were not—for a variety of reasons. When I broadcast the results of my investigation, the response from a couple of the companies that had not fared too well in our experiment was (as you might imagine) swift and aimed at the jugular.

In a way, I learned nearly as much from the melee that followed my reports as I did from the research itself. I was attacked by some of the companies for not having conducted the tests "scientifically" enough. As it turned out, certain of the traveler's-check companies have refund procedures that they don't publicize but make available to check losers only if they feel their customer is truly *in extremis*. I learned there were certain "trigger" phrases—defined as those that convey desperate need—that will get a traveler's-check loser a swifter refund than less hysterical, more reasoned requests. All very interesting, especially the part about not publicizing those emergency procedures for fear too many people might use them.

Despite substantial satisfaction with the methodology and results of our domestic refund research, one nagging question remained: Would the results be the same if the traveler's-check loss took place overseas rather than here in the U. S.? After all, those American Express TV commercials are clearly slanted toward foreign travelers, including the now legendary concierge who made the line "Uh, let me think . . ." a phrase for the ages. Since the American Express pitch clearly was aimed at international travelers, it seemed a legitimate question. (Incidentally, shortly after my reports, the issue of refundability became

Refunding lost traveler's checks is a cinch—with the *right* checks, that is. . . .

a *cause célèbre* when several companies insisted that the American Express ads unfairly suggested that its checks were the only ones that could be refunded. American Express reluctantly made minor changes in its ads.)

So to complete one man's search for the reality of traveler's-check refunds, I decided to walk into the jet blast one more time, and I again purchased $100 worth of each of the five leading "brands" of traveler's checks and proceeded to "lose" them en route to Paris. As with the prior domestic experiment, I felt a nonbusiness day provided the only meaningful test, so I climbed on board an Air France Concorde on Friday afternoon, to try to recover my lost checks in Paris over that weekend.

Beginning shortly after nine A.M. on Saturday, I began to call the local offices of the various traveler's-check companies. The receipt that came with the BankAmerica checks says: "In case of loss or theft, contact the nearest financial institution that sells BankAmerica checks." No directory of refund centers was available (I asked) from the place where I bought my checks in New York (the foreign-exchange firm of Deak-Perera), so I consulted the Paris telephone book. Several calls to the listed Bank of America office got nothing but ringing in my ear, and a query to the concierge at my hotel turned up no known emergency refund centers. So much for BankAmerica on a weekend.

I didn't have much better luck with First National City, and since Citibank had been the most outspoken in challenging the controversial American Express refund ads—to say nothing of my original refund reports—I tried to be extra-careful in following its prescribed procedures.

The traveler's-check purchase receipt I got with my First National City checks refers only to a toll-free telephone number (plus one in New York State) to call "for names and addresses of refund centers in the continental U. S. . . ." It also says: "Elsewhere for information concerning Refund Centers inquire at your hotel, your country's Embassy or Consulate or contact a Citibank, N.A. branch. . . ."

I began by trying to call the Citibank branch in Paris. No answer. I then tried the hotel concierge again (who by now was getting a little suspicious). No suggestions. So I headed for the American Embassy. There the Marine private at the gate could offer no help except, "Come back Monday to see someone at American Services. No one is available to talk to you on weekends."

I can't say if the private was moved to help further by my entreaties (or by seeing me walk off and scribble in my notebook), but he called me back and sent me to see a sergeant inside the embassy. Sergeant of the Guard Schwefel could not have been more solicitous—or less help. He said the only address he had for Citibank was the same one I had from the phone book, and all he could suggest was that I walk over to the Citibank office to be sure they were not just letting the phone ring. A walk up the Champs Elysées (to number 60) revealed a completely shuttered bank.

In the interest of accuracy, I should point out that the Citibank traveler's-check receipt also suggests: "Wire Citicorp Services, Incorporated, 399 Park Avenue, New York 10043 (cable REFUNDCITI, New York). Give full serial numbers of lost checks or, if not available, the date and place of purchase." I did not think it necessary to go to that extreme, partially because my name might have been recognized from the earlier refund fracas but more because I felt that anyone so desperate for his lost funds probably wouldn't have the money for a wire. Furthermore, I had taken the precaution of having a member of my staff call Citibank before I left New York and had her pose as a worried traveler to determine just what she might have to do to get a refund in Paris over a weekend. She was told she would have to wait

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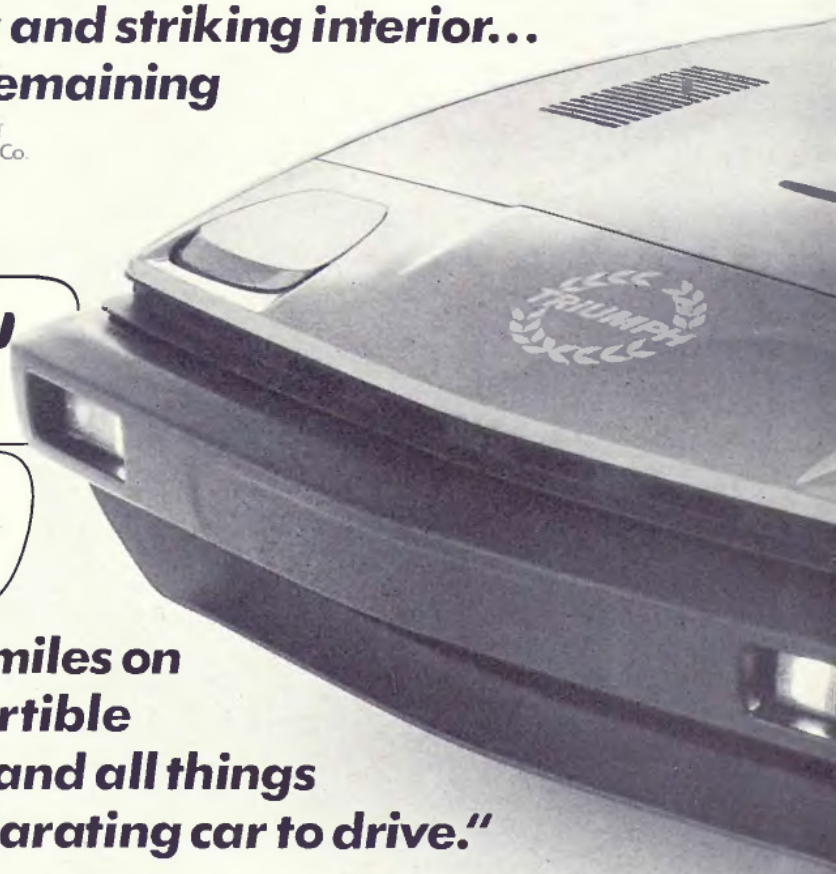

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until Monday morning.

Barclays Bank was next. A security officer (who would not give his name) answered the phone in Paris and said no one was in and that no one would be there until Monday. When he was asked about an emergency refund, all he could offer was, "Call the police."

But Barclays Bank does provide a booklet titled "Travellers Cheques Refund Service" to buyers of its checks, and it advises you to call England collect.

According to my notes, I began calling shortly after 9:21 A.M. on Saturday (after ringing off from the Barclays security officer in Paris) and continued intermittently through the day and evening. The direct-dialing system now operative in most of Western Europe made that relatively easy, but it didn't help much with the busy signal I kept getting.

Finally, on Sunday morning, I called the hotel concierge (blessedly not the same one as the preceding day) and asked if he might explain the constant busy signal. "What area code are you dialing?" he inquired, with proper Gallic condescension. I gave him the code noted on the Barclays booklet. "Oh," he said, putting another crass *américain* in his place, "you shouldn't dial the first 0 when calling from Paris."

I tried to tell him it was all Barclays' fault, but he was having none of it and I finally had to settle for getting through to Barclays in England. Mr. Chivers, the security officer who answered the phone, was immensely sympathetic and insisted I call back collect. I explained that that was not necessary (actually, the snooty concierge had told me that "the post office is not open on Sunday to process 'collect calls' " and humphed off). Chivers took all my pertinent data—which took 20 minutes—and then said he'd wire Paris. Triumphant, I asked, "Where can I pick up my money?"

"At any one of our offices," he replied.

"Your offices are all closed," I said, feeling success (and the price of the call) slipping away.

"You'll have to go there on Monday," he said sympathetically.

We then had another five minutes or so about emergency refunds and my need for the money, but the bottom line was still "Monday." You're a nice man, Mr. Chivers, and a credit to your company, but very little bloody good on a weekend.

Now the good news. After the initial unsuccessful calls to BankAmerica, First National City and Barclays Bank, I tried American Express and Thomas Cook. Both answered their phones. The American Express representative said to go to the Amex office on the Rue Scribe (the one nearest my hotel), and the Thomas Cook man said to go to the Cook office in the Place de la Madeleine (ditto). The Cook guy also asked if I'd been to the

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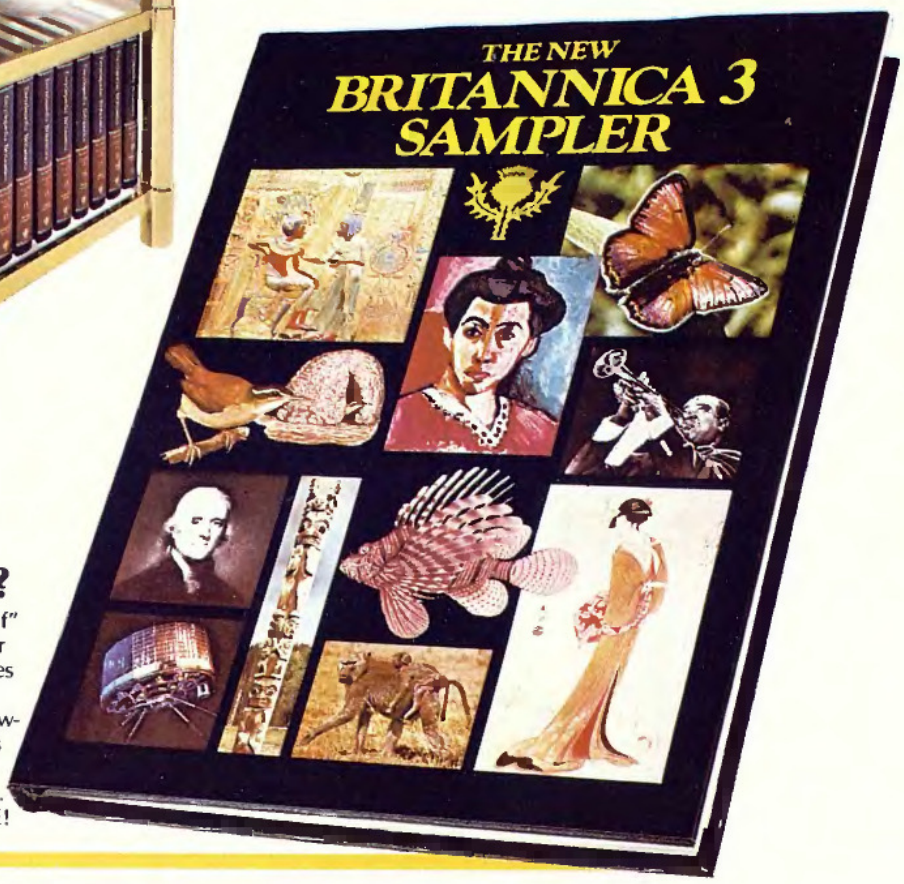

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police, to which I replied no. He told me to go to the police before going in, but when I said I didn't know the address of the police station, he suggested I go to his office and he'd show me the way.

I stopped at American Express first, arriving at 10:15 A.M. There was a couple from Ohio ahead of me (they'd lost $450 to a pickpocket), so I had to wait my turn to fill out the long loss form. But once the form was complete, the refund voucher took less than three minutes, and then it was down to the basement cashier, where I waited in line (three folks ahead of me) for my refund. With all of the form filling and waiting, I walked out of the American Express office with new traveler's checks in the full amount of my loss (I could have had cash, but I was concerned I might lose it) at 10:45 A.M. *Merci*, American Express.

Thomas Cook did even better. I arrived at exactly 11 A.M. and a woman (the guy who wanted me to call the gendarmes was nowhere in sight) gave me a loss form to fill out—four pages' worth, in three languages. After surrendering every known fact to the form, the woman was still suspicious and more than mildly officious. Again and again, she asked if I had read the representations on the form and even had me specifically initial one paragraph. But even with all the skepticism and inquisition, I still had my full refund in my pocket (again in traveler's checks, and again I could have had the cash) as I walked out of the Cook office at 11:15 A.M. *Merci beaucoup*, Thomas Cook.

Monday morning (October first) dawned warm and sunny, and so did Citibank. It could not have been more helpful and accommodating, and the elapsed time from arrival in the bank to departure with refund checks in pocket—including filling out a lengthy form and waiting behind four other customers—was only 16 minutes.

The Bank of America did nearly as well, though its office beyond the Arc de Triomphe could do with a few less cacti and a couple more tellers. But even with the long line at the cashier and the form lady's long personal telephone call, I had my refund in half an hour.

Barclays Bank functioned least effectively—it had done lots better in the U. S. experiment—though eventually it, too, came through. The stalwart Mr. Chivers' declaration that any Barclays Bank in Paris could refund checks proved untrue. A visit to the Barclays branch on the Rond-Point des Champs Elysées proved pointless, and the bank representative cared not at all about what his British counterpart had said a day earlier. He did, however, write

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down the address of the main Barclays branch and bade me a fond adieu.

At the main Paris office, things took a while to get much better. A gentleman at the bank entrance listened intently to my tale of lost-check woe and understood not a word. He did, however, direct me to a long line in front of the lone operative cashier's window.

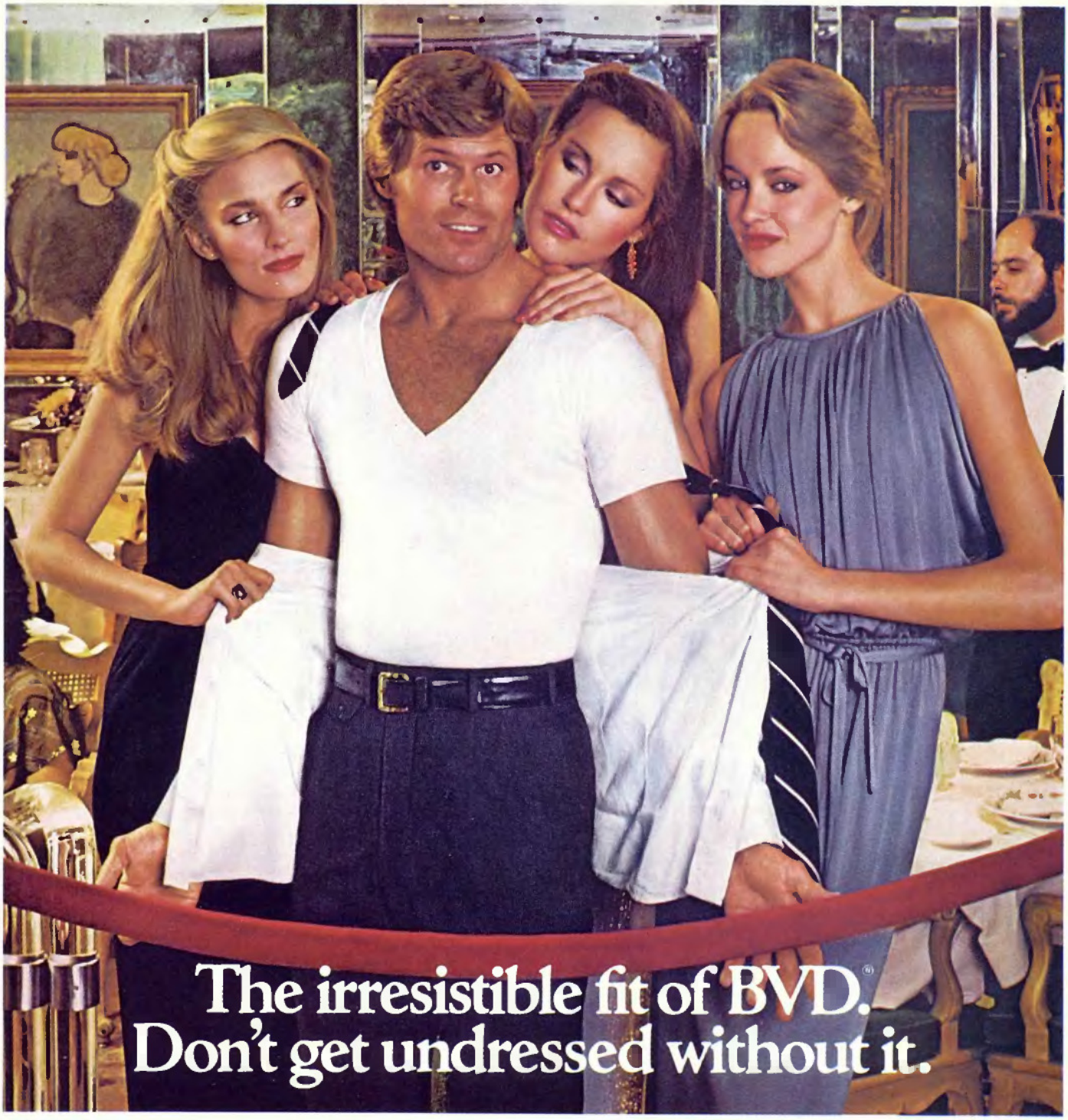
By now a seasoned veteran of the lost-traveler's-check sweepstakes, I knew that form filling always precedes trips to the cashier's cage, so I nipped off the line to ask another non-English-comprehending employee (remember, we're in a British bank!) about who consoles traveler's-check losers. She, too, had not a clue about what to do with me and pointed to the same line.

For nearly half an hour, I waited in what I knew was the wrong line, alternately searching for someone who looked as though he or she spoke English and wondering if the lovely young blonde thing in the cashier's cage ever took impoverished Americans home. As I had feared, she offered neither hospitality nor a refund; rather, she directed me (finally) to the lady with the forms.

It took only ten minutes more to conclude the refund—including a confirming call to England to check my previous day's report—and I left Barclays Bank with new checks about three quarters of an hour after entering.

The conclusions of this experiment are hardly obscure. There are, as far as I can see, three fundamental reasons for choosing one "brand" of traveler's check over another: (1) price; (2) acceptance; and (3) safety and refundability. As to cost, American Express, First National City and Bank of America generally charge one percent for their checks (one dollar for each $100 purchased), though there are occasional "sales" and certain corporations that get even those checks free (because of their other bank relationships). But most mortals pay the one percent. Thomas Cook checks are free from certain banks (such as my own) and to all holders of Diners Club cards; and Barclays Bank checks are always free. One point to Cook and Barclays.

At one time or another, I've used all of these brands of checks in various places, and never had one even questioned, much less refused. As far as I can tell, they seem to enjoy equal acceptance. And as far as safety and refundability are concerned, all give prompt refunds *during normal business hours.* But American Express and Thomas Cook, with offices and/or representatives in most major foreign cities that *don't* necessarily keep bankers' hours, have a far better chance of getting replacement funds to you in a foreign crisis—especially one that takes place on a holiday or over a weekend. —STEPHEN BIRNBAUM



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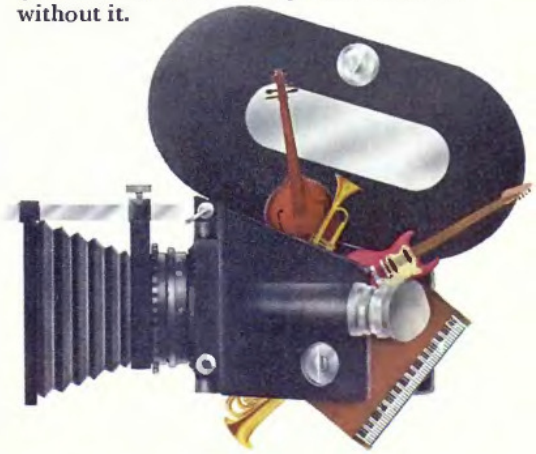
NOSTALGIA QUIZ UPDATE: Thanks for all your cards and letters about our Psychedelic Mystery Poster in the October issue. A lot of you got most of it, and there seemed to be a couple of favorite readings of the hard parts. But most of you complained that we didn't print it large enough, and one person threatened suit for eyestrain. Bitch, bitch, bitch. But ask and ye shall get,

once in a while—here's a slo-mo, close-up replay. We're *still* not sure what it says, so send your updates on what *all* of it is to the Music Editor. If you were right the first time, just hang in. We'll get back to you in April.

THE AMITYVILLE ELVIS? Fans of the King should be happy to learn that he's apparently been heard from—from, uh, you know, *over there*. And for $6.65, you can hear it yourself on ***The Elvis Presley Seance*** (Shadow Records), conducted in England by a well-known medium. On it, according to Shadow Records, "you will hear all the questions and answers from the spirit world of Elvis Presley." We bet that even in the beyond, he's still the King.

SHA-BOOM, SHA-BOOM: Back in the halcyon Fifties, a lot of doowop singing groups made *a cappella* recordings—but only The Persuasions have carried the tradition of singing without instruments into modern times. On ***Comin' at Ya*** (Flying Fish), they harmonize on *Return to Sender*, *Crying in the Chapel* and other great oldies; no time capsule should be without it.



MOVIES ARE BETTER THAN EVER—OR AT LEAST THE SOUND TRACKS ARE: We've never even *heard* of a movie called ***Over the Edge*** (Warner Bros.) over here in the Music Department, but it's got a *terrific* sound track with an all-star line-up: Cheap Trick, The Cars, Ramones, Van Halen, Valerie Carter, Little Feat and Jimi Hendrix. It's like your own little jukebox. So is ***Rock 'n' Roll High School*** (Sire), which is mostly Ramones on side one, with a string of great

FAIR OF THE STARS

Question: What have you been listening to lately?

GEORGE BENSON: 1. Music by Ravel (conducted by Leonard Bernstein). 2. Flamenco guitar music. 3. Dinah Washington. (Q.) What song do you most wish you had written? (A.) *Star Dust*.

DONALD FAGEN (STEELY DAN): 1. Phil Woods / *Altology* (Prestige). 2. *Dandy's Dandy* (Venture). 3. Sonny Rollins / *Way Out West* (Contemporary). 4. *Surf Punks* (Dayglow).

NILE RODGERS (guitarist; co-writer, arranger and producer of CHIC): 1. Sister Sledge / *We Are Family* (Atlantic). 2. Donna Summer / *Bad Girls* (Casablanca). 3. The Knack / *Get the Knack* (Capitol). 4. Cheap Trick / *Live at Budokan* (Epic). 5. Stephanie Mills.

IAN HUNTER: 1. Leon Russell. 2. *Jesse Winchester* (Bearsville). 3. Bob Dylan / *Highway 61 Revisited* (Columbia). 4. Rolling Stones / *Some Girls* (Rolling Stones). 5. The Clash / *Give 'Em Enough Rope* (Epic). 6. *Flash in the Pan* (Epic).

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"school" songs on the other—*Teen Age Depression, Smoking in the Boys' Room, School Days, School's Out*, et al.—all the originals. The movie zoomed through the drive-ins into the weekend midnight cult houses. ***Americathon*** (Lorimar) didn't fare so well. It hung around awhile last summer and caught as much nasty press as any movie in years. It *was* pretty awful, we guess. But the sound track has original music by The Beach Boys, Elvis Costello, Eddie Money and Nick Lowe. ***The Wanderers*** (Warner Bros.) is probably the only "real" movie of the bunch. Its sound track—hand-picked by Richard Price, author of the original novel—is another fine jukebox, this one circa 1962, filled with the classics and including *Sherry, My Boy Friend's Back, Baby It's You, Do You Love Me* and, of course, *The Wanderer*.

REVIEWS

We've seen advertised a device that eliminates the vocal track from most stereo records. Attach it to your system and you can enjoy instant Muzak. The technological marvel costs $195. It should be included free with every purchase of Bob Dylan's ***Slow Train Coming*** (Columbia) and/or Randy Newman's ***Born Again*** (Warner Bros.). Once again, Dylan bares his Judaeo-Christian soul. And once again, with *Gonna Take Off My Pants*, Newman bares his. And once again, we're bored.

•

Karla Bonoff's ***Restless Nights*** (CBS) is a satisfying (i.e., long-awaited) second album. The title cut is a killer—an anthem to the heart of Los Angeles that is reminiscent of the better tunes on the Eagles' *Hotel California*. The production is impeccable: Waddy Watchel's guitarwork (particularly on *Trouble Again*) sizzles, while Bonoff's acoustic duet with James Taylor on the old folk tune *The Water Is Wide* is resonant and rich. We like this lady a lot.

•

If you feel that the age of disco has swamped us with a lot of overproduced tripe that masquerades as boogie, harken to the clean, hard sounds of Chuck Brown and the Soul Searchers on ***Bustin' Loose*** (Source). The two ballads on the album—*Never Gonna Give You Up* and *Could It Be Love*—employ strings and tend to wear out their welcome a bit; but the five groove tunes, which achieve a big, dramatic sound with only a few pieces, wouldn't get boring if they lasted for weeks.

•

"I've been singing for a long, long time; if you haven't heard about me, it ain't no fault of mine," declares Little Johnny Taylor on the title tune of ***L.J.T.*** (Ronn), which successfully combines age-old blues ideas with the disco beat of

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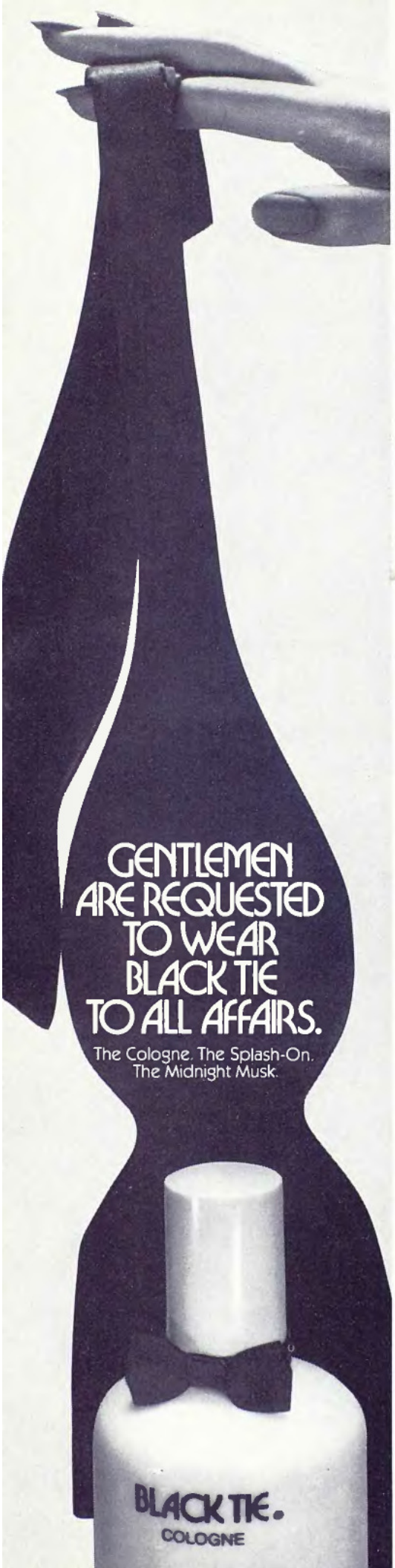

HOLIDAY RECORD RACK

Recommended gift records for rockin' round the Christmas tree: For those who don't know anything about New Wave but know what they like—*real* rock 'n' roll—you can't go wrong with Elvis Costello's ***Armed Forces*** (Columbia), Nick Lowe's ***Labour of Lust*** (Columbia) or Dave Edmunds' ***Repeat When Necessary*** (Swan Song)—and for those who like it *hard*, try ***Give 'Em Enough Rope*** (Epic), by The Clash. Or you can get back toward the source with the 15-year Who anthology, ***The Kids Are Alright*** (MCA), or ***The Essential Jimi Hendrix Volume Two*** (Reprise), which includes an 8:47 G-L-O-R-I-A that's basic *raw*. Another essential is ***Bob Dylan at Budokan*** (Columbia), a double live LP that beautifully sums up his career up to, but mercifully not including, being reborn. All your friends with yachts in the Caribbean ought to have Jimmy Buffett's ***Volcano*** (MCA). For slightly countrified tastes, there's ***The Amazing Rhythm Aces*** (Columbia), a great album that was lost in the shuffle of ABC's folding; much closer to good old-fashioned old-boy stuff are ***Willie and Leon—One for the Road*** (Columbia) and Waylon Jennings' ***Greatest Hits*** (RCA). And on ***Jerry Lee Lewis*** (Elektra), the Killer is exactly that—it's his hottest in 15 years. In a jazzier vein, ***Rickie Lee Jones*** (Warner Bros.) is a terrific debut album from a terrific new vocalist, and Joni Mitchell's ***Mingus*** (Asylum) is nearly as captivating as it is eccentric. Disco picks (is that an oxymoron?) are Donna Summer's ***Bad Girls*** (Casablanca), if there's anyone left who doesn't own it, and an anthology called ***A Night at Studio 54*** (Casablanca) that'll put your giftee right there with Steve Rubell, if such are her/his holiday fantasies.

Any rhythm-and-blues fan who's plugged in to what's happening would appreciate the well-tempered disco/soul sounds of Chic on ***Risqué*** (Atlantic) or the more rambunctious ***Midnight Magic*** (Motown) of the Commodores. Isaac Hayes has a new album, ***Don't Let Go*** (Polydor), that's as smooth, sexy and wise as his venerable head. Two other classy issues well timed for holiday giving are the O'Jays' ***Identify Yourself*** (Philadelphia International) and Ashford & Simpson's ***Stay Free*** (Warner Bros.).

There's no shortage of fine jazz releases, new and classic, to buoy up any sagging spirits this holiday season. For openers, Keith Jarrett has a three-sided set, ***Eyes of the Heart***, as well as his epic ten-LP live solo album, ***Sun Bear Concerts*** (both on ECM). The new Anthony Braxton release, ***Alto Sax Improvisations 1979***, complements his three-LP orchestral work, ***Anthony Braxton*** (both Arista). The Brazilians Flora Purim and Egberto Gismonti each have new albums, ***Carry On*** (Warner Bros.) and ***Solo*** (ECM), respectively, as does the Pat Metheny Group, with ***American Garage*** (ECM).

The classic reissues keep on coming, with gems like Charlie Parker's ***The Complete Savoy Studio Sessions*** (Savoy); the Mingus compendium ***Passions of a Man*** (Atlantic); Jelly Roll Morton piano solos on ***New Orleans Memories Plus Two***; early Lester Young with the ***Kansas City Six and Five*** (both Commodore); a three-LP set of Jack Teagarten, ***King of the Blues Trombone*** (Columbia Special Products); a four-LP bebop anthology, ***Swing Street*** (CBS Collector's Series); and two Billie Holiday collections, ***Swing, Brother, Swing*** (also CBS Collector's Series) and ***Fine and Mellow*** (Commodore). Those should keep you jazzed well into the new year.

On the classical side, the new recording of Benjamin Britten's ***Peter Grimes*** (Philips), which may be the best modern English-language opera, features the inspired singing and acting of tenor Jon Vickers and the firm, sensitive hand of conductor Colin Davis. The ***Four Brahms Symphonies*** (DGG) are given big, full-bodied readings by Herbert Von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic. DGG's sonics easily surpass the long-esteemed recordings with the same forces it gave us back in the Sixties. RCA's first venture into digital recording is Béla Bartók's ***Concerto for Orchestra***. This landmark of 20th Century music is well served here by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Mozart's opera ***Idomeneo***, long considered merely an interesting antique, is finally taking its place among his recognized masterpieces; a new set on DGG features a fine cast led by the great Karl Bohm, with the usual splendid Deutsche Grammophon sound.

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today (the beat, of course, has a fat "soul" sound that's a lot more compelling than the bloodless, metallic sound favored by most of disco. Taylor and his producer, Sonny Thompson, who has also been around for a long, long time, mellow down for some nice soul ballads, but they *really* do things to the blues, rocking and rolling them on *I Need Some Lovin'*, then sending them to church on *But You Do*. The packaging is not exactly big league—Ronn Records is a subsidiary of Jewel, a Shreveport company that has been putting out delightfully unspoiled blues, Gospel and country music for quite a few years—but what's inside is a complete course in classic R&B production techniques.

SHORT CUTS

Abba / *Voulez-Vous* (Atlantic): *Merci, mais non, merci.*

Graham Parker and the Rumour / *Live Sparks* (Arista): Obligatory concert release of recent Parker material that, strangely, lacks the excitement of the studio versions.

Tom Verlaine (Elektra): The former Television member continues to build his own quiet wing onto the New York School of Rock 'n' Roll.

The Rubinoos / *Back to the Drawing Board!* (Beserkley): Ever wonder what became of Freddie and the Dreamers?

Jules and the Polar Bears / *Phonetics* (Columbia): A disappointing second effort from a California band that had shown a lot of promise.

ADC Band / *Talk That Stuff* (Cotillion): Brightly colored soul boogies that prove once again that, ADC notwithstanding, the child who's got his own shit together is the one who's blessed.

Mutiny / *Mutiny on the Mamaship* (Columbia): Having learned their stuff playing behind Parliament on the road, these guys figured they could be just as funky—for more doubloons—under their own flag. Smart thinking.

Mary Wilson (Motown): With some big but congenial sounds behind her, a surviving Supreme displays a warm, spirited vocal style on her solo debut.

Big Joe Duskin / *Cincinnati Stomp* (Arhoolie): When his father, a minister, was in his 80s, Duskin promised to play no blues or boogie till the old man died. Then Duskin Sr. lived to 104, which gave Big Joe lots of time to practice.

Eddie Henderson / *Runnin' to Your Love* (Capitol): A classy trumpeter works out on a laid-back set that ranges from the discoish title tune to a spacy duet with Herbie Hancock called *Marlana*.

Steve Khan / *Arrows* (Columbia): Arrows and slings of outrageously good fusion music.

Chuck Berry / *Rockit* (Atco): When the music in the poetry and the poetry in the music come together, which is most of the time, it's out of sight.

FAST TRACKS

QUOTE OF THE MONTH: The Prince George's County Liquor Board has banned punk-rock concerts in the University of Maryland area because "We're against punk rock that leads people out into the street, causing trouble, defecating, urinating and fornicating." The board defined punk as "music played at a high-decibel level." Come on, fellas, does that include Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture*?

RANDOM RUMORS: This month's Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction Award goes to **Tommy Chong** (one half of Cheech and . . .). An old **Cheech and Chong** routine about an overly aggressive panhandler came true in the L.A. airport recently when Chong and his wife were approached by a member of Hare Krishna. When Chong refused to contribute, the Krishna got abusive and was booked on battery charges. . . . **Michael Schenker,** known in rock circles as the "incredible disappearing guitarist," has reappeared again. Schenker, lead guitarist for **UFO,** left the group unexpectedly in 1977 after a London concert. He reappeared for a while, disappeared again in 1978, surfaced recently with a European band, **Scorpions,** and disappeared again. The problem of keeping tabs on him has finally been solved, at least for the time being: Schenker is currently working on a solo album. . . . When **John Mayall**'s house went up in smoke last fall out in Los Angeles, he lost one of the best porn collections in the world—stuff dating back to the 19th Century. . . . We've heard just about every promotional gimmick, but this one's pretty amazing: During **The Cars**' U.S. tour, female fans in each city will be encouraged to enter a "car-wash contest." Winners will get the dubious honor of showering with the band after the concerts. . . . **Otis Redding**'s two sons, **Dexter** and **Otis III,** are trying to crack the music biz. As the Redding Band, they're currently appearing in a disco run by their mother. They reportedly cut an album for Capricorn shortly before that company folded and are now attempting to place it elsewhere.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Meat Loaf** is starring in a new movie called *Roadie*. The $5,000,000 project is described as rock-music comedy. Mr. Loaf made his movie debut in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. . . . According to **Jim Morrison**'s former publicist, **Danny Sugerman,** two major studios are vying for his "unauthorized" account of Morrison's life. Co-written with **Jerry Hopkins,** the saga begins in Florida and continues through the singer's death ten years ago. Sugerman says the family is against the book and will no doubt feel the same about a movie. Legends get no respect.

NEWSBREAKS: We recently made a joke about expecting the Lord's Prayer in disco. Until now, we had no idea anyone had actually considered it. Audio experts in San Diego have discovered that the words to the prayer have been hidden subliminally in **Blue Oyster Cult**'s song *You Are Not the One* on the album *Mirrors*. We're sorry. We'll never joke again. . . . For the scoop on what goes on at a typical rock concert these days, we take you to the Long Beach, California, Arena. Midway through a concert by the **Marshall Tucker Band,** a devotee smashed a 1978 Camaro through one of the doors of the hall. The unidentified fan leaped out of the auto and escaped into the crowd. Damage to the arena—not the car—is estimated at $2000. . . . Reggae star **Peter Tosh** has had one of his songs, *Fight On*, banned by the South African government. The offending lyric? "Africa must be free by 1983." Don't those guys in Pretoria understand how important a rhyme can be to a musician? . . . Rock fans may soon be able to watch their favorite groups as they listen to their records. **The Who** have made a technological breakthrough in the use of holograms. The shining of a bright light at an exact angle on the spinning record produces a three-dimensional image of the band, which apparently hovers in mid-air. . . . Hey, man, what's the latest in the police state? Disco singer **Evelyn "Champagne" King** is hot in Chile. . . . **Rosanne Cash** says her father, **Johnny Cash,** has ambitions for her recording career but basically "thinks I should stay at home and hang curtains." He never would have *dared* say that to **Mother Maybelle**. . . .

—BARBARA NELLIS

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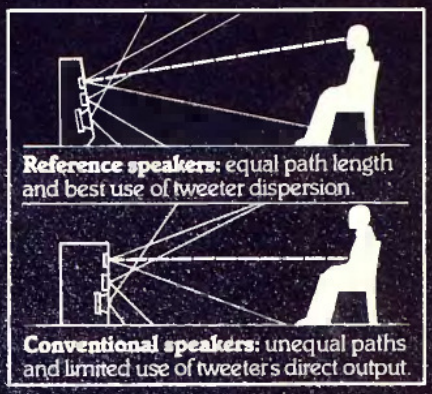

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BOOKS

When Dalton Trumbo died in 1976, he left behind an unfinished novel—one he had been working on for 16 years. While he was alive, he kept busy writing such screenplays as *Exodus*, *Papillon* and *Lonely Are the Brave* and treated the novel as a kind of treasured hobby. Now editor Robert Kirsch has put the novel as it stood at the time of Trumbo's death together with the author's notes to create ***Night of the Aurochs*** (Viking). *Aurochs* (the title refers to a European bison, now extinct) is the fictional biography of Grieben, a German officer who found himself running things at Auschwitz. It is also a remarkable document. The first ten chapters of the novel in finished form are wonderfully compelling reading in which we witness Grieben growing up to be a little monster. The second half of the book is a collection of Grieben's "diary entries," Trumbo's notes for the novel, plot summaries, letters to friends explaining the novel and so forth. This material provides a fascinating look at the process of writing a book. We would, of course, have preferred the completed novel—but what we have certainly holds the attention and provides yet another piece of proof that Trumbo was a major literary talent.

•

The publishing industry has raised its Hydra heads and sniffed around and decided that if the Sixties were devoted to blacks and the Seventies to women, well, gosh, oh, gee, maybe the Eighties should pay a little attention to men. Now, that's fine and dandy, but if ***A Man in the Making: Grandfathers, Fathers and Sons*** (Richard Marek), by Dr. Richard C. Robertiello, is a sample of what's coming, we are in for a tedious time. This book reads as if it had been chatted into a tape recorder and then transcribed by a secretary directly into a manuscript, with precious little sense of language or drama. Let's hope we men will be more imaginative than this as the decade moves on.

•

There are many among us who believe that Michael Korda has been wasting his considerable talent and intelligence writing about male chauvinism, power and success. Those same people should be happy to read ***Charmed Lives: A Family Romance*** (Random House). It is a chronicle of the remarkable film-making Korda brothers: Sir Alexander (the director and movie mogul), Zoltan (the director) and Michael's father, Vincent (the art director). The book is absolutely fascinating as it recounts the quirkiness of the Korda family and its sometimes bewildering Hungarian customs. And because Alex Korda was a truly cosmopolitan figure who counted Winston Churchill among his *intimes*, the book is filled with charming bits of information about how life was lived on a grand scale. For example, Korda remembers having dinner at the Hôtel de Paris in Monte Carlo with his uncle Alex and noticing at another table the then feeble Baron de Rothschild lunching with his extremely buxom nurse. The baron's one joy in life, it seemed, was to spit his orange pits into the woman's ample cleavage from across the table. He evidently never missed. But Korda has done more than just let us peek at his famous family. It is not easy, after all, to describe a family life of which you were an active part. Yet Korda does it with style and charm and maturity; and, in doing so, tells us a great deal about families in general and one's survival in them.

A monster in chief's clothing.

Trumbo's *Night* sparkles; *A Man in the Making* turns life stone-cold.

Making Man, ineptly.

•

A. Frank Reel's study of television, ***The Networks: How They Stole the Show*** (Scribner's), has its heart and focus in the right place; namely, the way in which three major corporations have monopolized and manipulated the American consciousness—and made billions of dollars in the process. Reel covers the important subjects: how the monopoly was made, ratings and ways to "fix" them, the networks and their relationships and stations and producers, news coverage, "family hour," censorship. Then he tries to outline remedies for the ties that are binding us. Through the spine of this informed examination, the question is continually asked: How much money is being made? Come to think of it, that seems to be what we all should be asking, isn't it? It was the late Edward R. Murrow who first entertained the heretical notion that television networks may not deserve the monopolistic privileges they now enjoy. "I can find nothing in the Bill of Rights or the Communications Act which says that they must increase their net profits each year, lest the republic collapse." Amen to that, says Reel.

•

Tranquillity Base and Other Stories (Fiction International, St. Lawrence University, Canton, New York 13617), by frequent PLAYBOY contributor Asa Baber, is filled with twists, turns and good solid writing. The title story is absolutely spooky. Baber speaks in many voices; give a listen.

•

Greil Marcus, a noted rock critic, asked 20 of his peers what rock-'n'-roll record each would take to a desert island. Nobody suggested the sound track to *Swiss Family Robinson*, but then, rock critics are not noted for their instincts for self-preservation. The resulting essays (no one was content to just *name* an album) are collected in ***Stranded*** (Knopf), a kind of pop-culture *Profiles in Courage*. Marcus shows why certain albums become "companions" and artists, "figures with whom we carry on a . . . lifelong dialog." That is, if the desert island has a good sound system.

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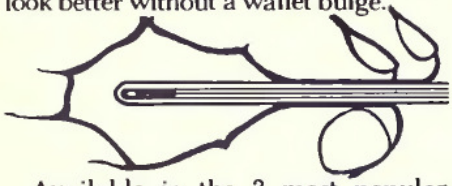

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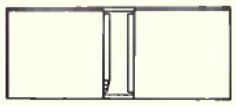

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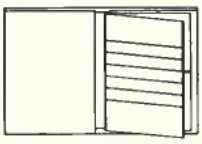

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HOLIDAY BOOK BAG

Holiday greetings go out to you with our annual gift-book ideas—beginning with two special novels PLAYBOY previewed during the past year: Joseph Heller's very funny look at Washington and middle-aged Jewish manhood, ***Good as Gold*** (Simon & Schuster), and Irwin Shaw's latest, ***The Top of the Hill*** (Delacorte), also about male rites of passage. Both will make for good reading. Another best-selling novel, William Styron's opus ***Sophie's Choice*** (Random House), is a meticulously researched side of the Holocaust not usually described.

Harry N. Abrams, Inc., is known for some of the most spectacular coffee-table books ever made, and this year's output is no exception. ***American Art Nouveau,*** by Diane Chalmers Johnson, offers a broad view of American art from about 1880 to 1910 and includes 394 illustrations. ***Broadway Musicals,*** by Martin Gottfried, gives the reader a perfect seat at all the best musicals that ever played the Great White Way. Abrams also offers ***Ritual and Seduction: The Decoration of the Human Body,*** with text by André Virel (translated by I. Mark Paris) and photos by Charles and Josette Lenars, an incredible voyage in words and pictures of mankind's use of the body to communicate messages of love, hate, power, aggression and pride.

Two attractive books that examine living and working space make useful as well as decorative gifts: ***Attention to Detail,*** "Distinctive Choices for Home Design and Remodeling" (Quick Fox), by Herbert H. Wise, and ***So This Is Where You Work!,*** "A Guide to Unconventional Working Environments" (Viking), by Charles A. Fracchia, with photographs by Mark Kauffman. ***Playboy's New Host & Bar Book*** (Playboy Press), by Thomas Mario, has been completely revised since the first version came out more than ten years ago. It now features an extensive chapter on wines, which weren't as important to the average consumer back then. Men are doing more entertaining at home these days, and this volume can help you be prepared.

From A & W Publishers come two photo books of particular note: ***The Concerts,*** by Laurie Lewis, 115 color pages of rock stars in concert, and ***Women on Women,*** "Twelve Photographic Portfolios," prominent women's ideas about modern women and sexuality.

Starart (Starart Productions Limited), designed and edited by Debby Chesher, is an unusual and very special book of drawings, paintings, sculpture and cartoons by musicians Joni Mitchell, John Mayall, Cat Stevens, Klaus Voormann, Ron Wood and Commander Cody.

The sports tome this holiday season is ***The Ultimate Baseball Book*** (Houghton Mifflin), edited by Daniel Okrent and Harris Lewine, who collected some rare photographs and let the likes of Red Smith, Wilfrid Sheed and Tom Wicker wax rhapsodic over the sport. The historical text is provided by David Nemec.

Armchair travelers can expect a wonderful trip to China this holiday in ***Chinese Encounters*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), with text by playwright Arthur Miller and photos by his wife, Inge Morath. Macmillan also has been thoughtful in providing home entertainment for the recession. ***Great Board Games,*** by Brian Love, includes instructions for more than 40 games in a book designed large enough to be used as a playing board.

For the automotive crowd, we're recommending ***Mustang: The Complete History of America's Pioneer Ponycar*** (Automobile Quarterly), by Gary L. Witzenburg. The author takes you behind the scenes, where the decisions were made, and presents detailed facts on every Mustang built since 1964.

Son of Lists is coming! ***The Book of Lists #2*** (Morrow), by Irving Wallace, David Wallechinsky, Amy Wallace and Sylvia Wallace, makes a perfect gift for someone who knows everything—or wants to.

In this special year, when so much tribute has been paid to photographer Ansel Adams, we suggest you could do no better than ***Yosemite and the Range of Light*** (New York Graphic Society). Adams took his first pictures of Yosemite at the age of 14, using a box Brownie. For the next 60 years, the Sierra Nevada dominated his work, and Adams himself labored over the production of this book.

We'll end our holiday notes as we began, with ourself. We're delighted to do it, because artist LeRoy Neiman has been such a special part of our 26 years in publishing. ***Horses*** (Abrams) is quite spectacular. For more than 30 years, Neiman has been sketching and painting the world of stables, paddock, turf, track, show ring and hunt. While the $85 price tag isn't hay, the book is a sure bet. Holiday cheer to you!

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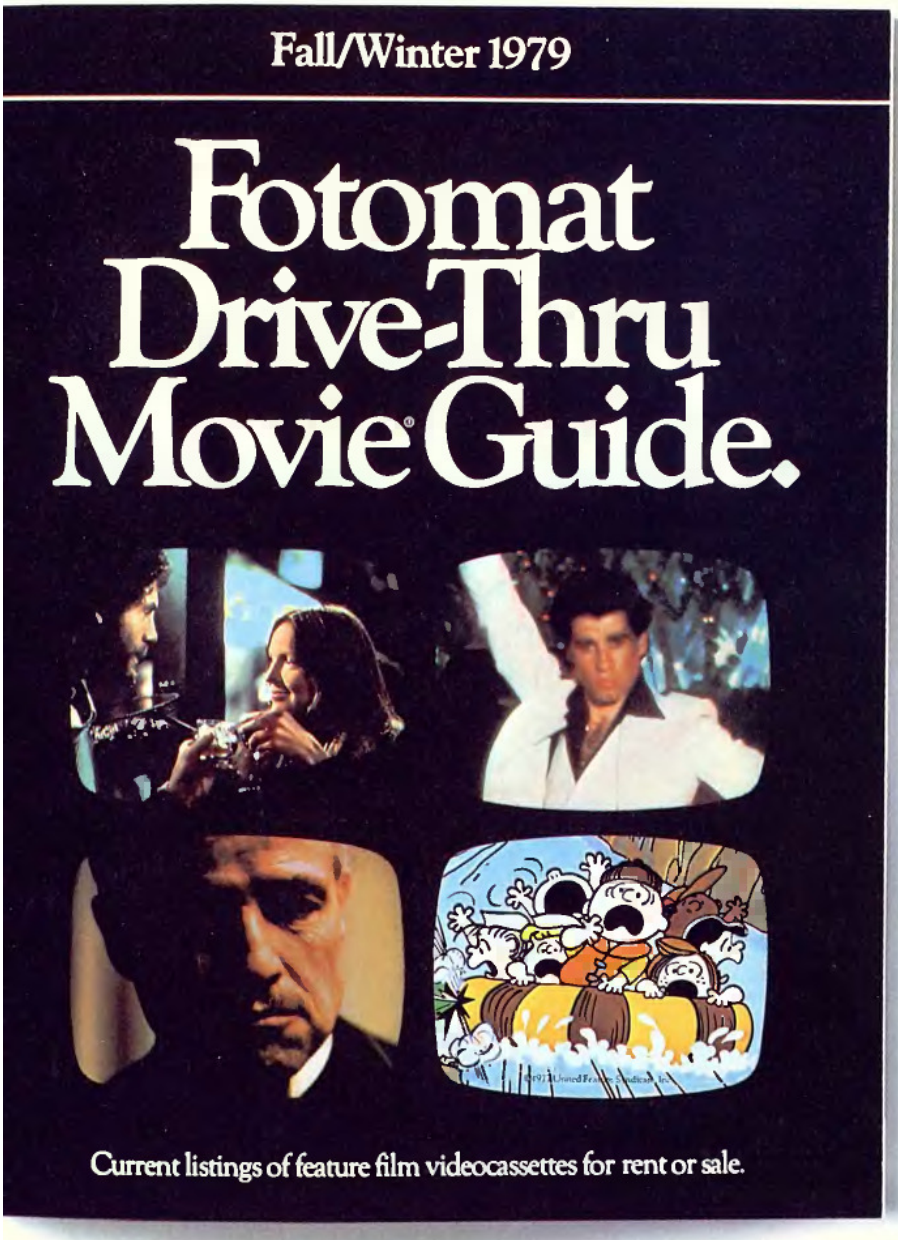

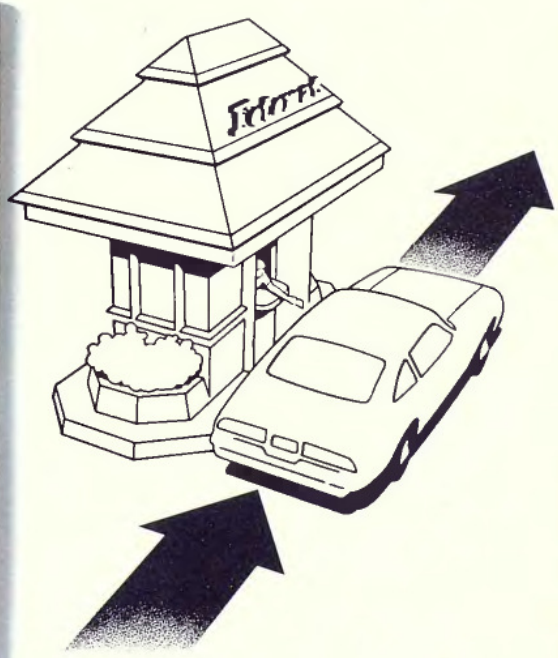

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The late Jack Kerouac and his friend Neal Cassady were in love with the same woman. Although Cassady got the girl, Kerouac got published. His second novel, *On the Road*, was more or less a book about Cassady—a free-spirited lover of wine, women and dope who set the tone for the Beat Generation of the Fifties. Eventually, Kerouac also got Carolyn Cassady—sharing her with Neal from time to time once she'd settled down with his restive chum to have babies and run up bills in a dismal California tract house. After both men were dead, Carolyn wrote a book, which has now begot a fascinating movie called ***Heart Beat***. Writer-director John Byrum (whose first solo feature was *Inserts*) has managed to make *Heart Beat* a richly atmospheric mood piece about fame, friendship and a vanished era.

In a film that could be blown away instantly by wrong casting, Nick Nolte—his stock rising fast since *North Dallas Forty*—buys some career insurance with an earthy, perceptive and forceful performance as Cassady. Whether he is on the road with a piece of eager jailbait (Ann Dusenberry) or straining the seams of his ticky-tacky house because he wants to bust out and visit Mexico, Nolte is the movie's primary source of energy. As Carolyn, the Bennington girl who is never the same again after she encounters two Beatniks in San Francisco, Sissy Spacek is spicy and spunky—a sort of sensible city cousin to the kind of girl she played years ago in Terrence Malick's memorable *Badlands*. The difference is that this groupie wants her own nest and won't be budged from it by her meandering men. John Heard, as Kerouac, has the stickiest role; he colors his portrait of the artist likable, as if to minimize hints in the script that he is a sullen, envious exploiter of his best buddy and a man who cannot cope with success. "I don't think we did anything wrong, we just did it first," muses Carolyn in a rueful backward glance at the bad old golden days that *Heart Beat* captures with true grit and a certain seedy grandeur.

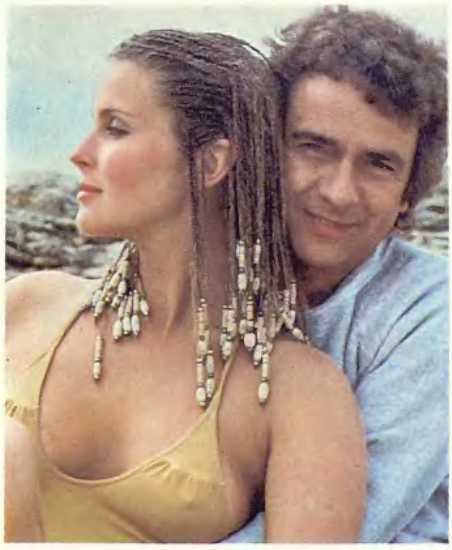
•

Still another love triangle gives shape and substance to director Alan J. Pakula's ***Starting Over***. Burt Reynolds plays the rejected husband torn between Candice Bergen (as his eccentric wife) and Jill Clayburgh (his equally eccentric new roommate) in a sparkling romantic comedy that often resembles *An Unmarried Woman* with the sex roles reversed. This is a fine, smart switch for Reynolds, looking feisty but far more vulnerable than usual as he reels from his broken marriage into a divorced men's workshop. Reynolds obviously enjoys women,

Heard, Spacek, Nolte.

Love trios: ambivalent cinematic affairs of the heart, mind and flesh.

Reynolds, Bergen *Starting Over*.



Derek, Moore score *10*.

which must be one reason for his success as the incumbent box-office king. *Starting Over*, adapted from Dan Wakefield's novel by fledgling screenwriter (and TV veteran) James L. Brooks, hits some uneven patches but has a generous quota of wit, warmth and wackiness to bolster Burt while he tries to decide which lady he likes better. The choice isn't easy. Playing a daffy liberated achiever who composes hit tunes and insists on singing them aloud, Candy Bergen establishes her title as the least promising vocalist of our time—and becomes a first-rate comedienne in the process. When she suddenly starts to bawl a ditty titled *Better than Ever* (Marvin Hamlisch and Carole Bayer Sager actually supplied the words and music) in order to woo her husband back, she is excruciatingly funny. Clayburgh, as a Boston teacher who helps Reynolds learn more about himself, plays a confirmed contemporary flake from the *Annie Hall* school of quirks and crotchets. She's cute if you like that style, probably as abrasive as squeaky chalk for nonbelievers. I'm beginning to admire her a lot, after initial resistance. Talent wins again. I will also join fan clubs honoring Frances Sternhagen, Charles Durning and Austin Pendleton, whose performances help disguise the fact that director Pakula is probably more comfortable with subjects like *Klute* and *All the President's Men* than with madcap sophisticated comedy. Flaws and all, the movie takes you where it wants you to go.

•

Perhaps some of you were shooting grouse in Scotland when ***10*** came out a while ago, and missed it. I'd still like to have the last word about Blake Edwards' rueful and often uproarious romantic comedy, with Dudley Moore at his funniest as a Broadway-Hollywood composer who is 42, feeling his age and wishing he were invited to the orgies on a neighboring Beverly Hill. Julie Andrews plays the tunesmith's neglected steady lady, though dazzling Bo Derek has the breakthrough role as the girl who fulfills a young middle-aged man's wildest erotic fantasies, up to a point. Bo's an 11 on his digital scale and a major discovery by any civilized standard (watch this magazine for more of Bo, shot by her actor/photographer husband, John). Edwards has come up with a sure-hit formula: Derek plus Moore equals beauty and the best.

•

The key question about Bernardo Bertolucci's latest English-language movie is: What makes ***Luna*** tick? Are the characters crazy or are their motivations simply muddled? Or does the director of *Last Tango in Paris* now feel obliged to butter up an audience with new subjects for controversy? By the time you read this, word of mouth will surely

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have spread the news about *Luna*, in which Jill Clayburgh, playing an American opera star in Italy, comforts her drug-addicted teenaged son with a hand job as a prelude to further incestuous games. How and why she decides that soul kisses and giving Momma head might wean the boy away from hard drugs is an unsolved mystery, which makes the woman seem outright mad—does a concerned parent equate motherfucking with methadone? We won't dwell on the details, except that the sexual chemistry between Clayburgh and the boy actor (newcomer Matthew Barry, doing as well as the writing allows) is pretty bland. Incest or no incest, and no matter what word of mouth conveys, *Luna* is a rather empty, unexciting movie—essentially a soap opera with overtones of grand opera, too much of it composed in the key of gee whiz.

Of course, Bertolucci's great cinematographer Vittorio Storaro (fresh from performing his wizardry for Francis Coppola on *Apocalypse Now*) makes it all look splendid, from the sappy, overdone moon symbolism and mother-son groping to lushly staged scenes from Verdi. She's an excellent actress, but if you can accept Clayburgh as a top American opera singer in the Callas tradition, your imagination is more elastic than mine. Swallow that and you may have no trouble with the rest of this contrived tale of a boy who experiments with homosexual flirtations, gets hooked on heroin and momism because he desperately needs a father—then learns that his real dad is not his mother's late lamented husband but a long-lost Italian *amante* (Tomas Milian), who is suddenly shoehorned into the plot. That's *Luna*'s cue for a big reunion scene and a fortissimo climax that made me cringe a bit because Bertolucci couldn't quite pull off the bravura effects he was attempting. For incest managed with style and worldly wisdom, Louis Malle's brilliant 1971 *Murmur of the Heart* remains the definitive screen statement on sexual confrontations between mother and son.

•

Writer-director William Richert's ***The American Success Company*** is a lot like his last movie, *Winter Kills*—a hit-or-miss affair but full of unexpected turns and happy surprises. Richert may turn out to be one of those mavericks whose flops or halfway hits are more exciting to watch than other men's tidy commercial successes. I'm on his side. Although *American Success Company* has all the earmarks of a caper comedy (Richert stubbornly insists it's a "fairy tale"), the rather complex crime soon becomes secondary to the kinks of the characters caught up in it. Again, as in *Winter Kills*, Richert's stars are Jeff Bridges, an actor who's not afraid to take chances, and beautiful ex-model Belinda Bauer—he as a young businessman who's a born loser, she as his petulant pea-brained wife, who is also the daughter of his boss (Ned Beatty), head of a Munich-based conglomerate called Amsucco. The plot concern's Jeff's scheme to shed his blah image and take his company for a bundle, first by assuming a double identity—he affects a cane with flashy clothes and talks like a gangster. He also signs up for

Bridges, Bauer in *Success*.

Madam Jagger
makes a promising—and sexy—
film debut in *Success*.

lessons in lust with a worldly hooker. Bianca Jagger, of all people, plays the jaded lady who teaches him what she knows, and it's pleasant to report that Mick's celebrated ex-wife registers on the screen as something more than a clotheshorse racing off to Studio 54. Helped by a husky voice with Bacallish undertones, La Jagger looks assured, sexy and decidedly promising. Good vibes, too, for the scrumptious Miss Bauer, who sashays through much of the movie in a ballerina's "fairy dress," cooing at herself in mirrors and acting overprivileged to the point of idiocy. Everyone here, no matter how crazy, is either amusing or attractive, or both. They could be joining Richert in a subversive plot to bring back screwball comedy, more screw-loose than ever.

•

The view from here is that ***Nosferatu the Vampyre*** is a no-no. Maybe the time has come to give a rest to Count Dracula, poor Lucy, Jonathan Harker, Dr. Van Helsing, the bats and the dingbats of all media who see no end to the trendy, bloody classic by Bram Stoker. I'm bloody sick of the whole shtick. Germany's semilegendary Klaus Kinski plays Dracula this time around, in ghoulish *Night of the Living Dead* make-up, which somewhat dims his charisma. Isabelle Adjani, as Lucy, and Bruno Ganz, as Jonathan, are married in this English-subtitled version of the story written, produced and directed by Germany's Werner Herzog. (A completed English-language version was reportedly shelved, and that spelling of *vampyre* in the title ought to clue you that this is an art film, folks.) Although Herzog is widely recognized as one of the masters of the new German cinema, his *Nosferatu* is unintentionally laughable when it's not just clumsy, studied and dull. For example, after Van Helsing drives the stake through Dracula's heart, someone suggests sending for the police to arrest him. No police. "They're all dead," declares one wizened bystander. Because the town is plague-ridden. All the jailers are dead, too. If this be German humor, let's go back to Polish jokes. Stunning low-key color photography is the film's main virtue, part of Herzog's declared intention to make an unabashedly old-fashioned film in tribute to F. W. Murnau's *Nosferatu*, the 1922 silent classic. But there's no virtue in revamping the silent era's golden classics with a sound track so artificial that the actors at times seem to be piped in from an adjoining studio. Write this soporific shocker off to clouded judgment or bad blood.

FILM CLIPS

Something Short of Paradise: Something short is right. Handicapped by all-thumbs direction and a doggedly pedestrian script, this rather murky romantic comedy lucked out in its casting. Susan Sarandon and comedian David Steinberg are exceptionally winning performers who often seem to be improvising their scenes together, to create something special out of next to nothingness. She's a New York magazine journalist, he's publicity man for a theater showing arty foreign movies, and Jean-Pierre Aumont performs an effective parody of himself as a visiting French star. Marilyn Sokol is pretty good, too, as Susan's loudmouthed confidante. Cinematographer Walter Lassally, who worked on *Tom Jones*, also shot *Paradise*. In sum, plenty of fine talent pitted against hellish odds.

Mr. Mike's Mondo Video: Presumably a controversial NBC-TV reject, too hot for the home screen, producer Michael O'Donoghue's slapdash movie special is advertised with exuberant plugs from such *Saturday Night Live* chums as Chevy Chase ("Simply too funny for television") and Marvin Kitman ("The best comedy show of the century!"). Actually, O'Donoghue's printed production notes and publicity blurbs are far funnier than his film, which has a throng of big names but roughly half as many laughs as *Monty Python* on a very off night.

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

StarDates 1980

1 Lee Ann Michelle
2 Debra Jo Fondren
3 Patti McGuire
4 Janet Quist
5 Missy Cleveland
6 Rosanne Katon

7 Dorothy Mays
8 Janis Schmitt
9 Kathryn Morrison
10 Dorothy Stratten
11 Candy Loving
12 Monique St. Pierre

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☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

IDOL GOSSIP: Bidding goodbye to her *Laugh-In* featherbrain image once and for all, actress **Goldie Hawn** will not only star in but also act as executive producer of *Pvt. Benjamin* for Warner Bros. **Arthur Hiller** will direct the film, described as a warm, contemporary comedy about a woman who enlists in the Army. It'll be Hawn's debut as a producer. . . . What with **Mac Davis** getting all those swell reviews for his acting in *North Dallas Forty*, the scripts have just been pouring in. Mac has decided on one already—*Cheaper to Keep Her*, a comedy-drama in which he'll star as a private eye. . . . **Paul Michael Glaser** gets his first major film role in *Phobia*, to be directed by **John Huston**. (Technically, it's not his debut—Glaser had a small part in *Fiddler on the Roof* years ago. Add that to your trivia collection.) . . . **James Kirkwood**, author of *A Chorus Line*, has a new book in the works. Titled *Hit Me with a Rainbow*, it's a love story concerning an editor and a movie actress. . . . Antiwar activist **David Harris** has a novel, *South of the Border*, coming out in May. It's a suspense yarn about smuggling dope from Mexico. . . . Author **Darryl** (*The Last Detail*) **Ponicsan** has written a book about the trauma of divorce and the joys of new romance from the man's point of view. His title? *An Unmarried Man*, of course. . . . Two items regarding the enormously successful foreign film *La Cage aux Folles*, which has already become the most successful foreign-language flick ever released in the U.S.: Number one, producer **Allan Carr** wants to do an American stage version of the film and, number two, its French creators are thinking seriously of making a sequel.

Davis

Hawn

•

THE "ANIMAL HOUSE" SYNDROME: Hollywood being the band-wagon town it is, a lot of producers in this fair city want to cash in on the phenomenal success of films like *Animal House* and *Meatballs*. As a result, there are—by my count—about ten films in the works that fit into this new genre. Aside from *Caddyshack* (the wild and wacky guys and gals at a country club), there's *The Brave Young Men of Weinberg*, to be directed by **Robert Downey**, about the wild and wacky guys and gals at a military academy. And plenty more are in the works—one at an old-age home, one at a resort hotel, one at a sorority, etc. For those producers who may have missed the band wagon and are madly searching for "original" *Animal House* ideas, let me offer the following: *Aryan House*—the wild and wacky guys and gals at a Hitler Youth camp; *The Meatball Syndrome*—the wild and wacky guys and gals at a nuclear power plant; *Animal House of Representatives*—the W.&W.G.&G.s in Congress. There's more brilliance from where that came from, fellas; so if you need more, just call.

Meatballs

•

POLITICAL SCIENCE: The box-office success of *The Seduction of Joe Tynan* may pave the way for more political films in the future. One presently in the works is A.I.P.'s *Nothing Personal*, starring **Donald Sutherland** and **Suzanne Somers**. (Sutherland, I understand, is going to great pains to jazz up his image; in fact, in the middle of filming, he announced he had signed a new manager—star maker **Jay Bernstein**.) Filmed in Toronto and Washington, D.C., *Nothing Personal* features Sutherland as a stuffy law prof who's goaded by his students into going to Washington to protest the construction of an air base on the breeding grounds of an endangered species of seal. Suzanne plays a relatively inexperienced but terribly keen attorney who joins the good fight and, surprise, falls for Sutherland. Says Sutherland: "Suzanne's been great to work with—especially in the bedroom scenes." Which may explain why Suzanne's husband, **Alan Hamel**, was never too far away.

Samers and Sutherland

•

WILL SUPERMAN SCORE? Those of us who are expecting the inevitable sexual encounter between Lois Lane and Superman in *Superman II* are, I'm sorry to report, going to be disappointed. My spies tell me that a rather racy love scene *was* filmed, but the producers have decided to go for a soft rating so they can pick up the voluminous kiddie trade. As a result, the racy stuff is going to entertain only the dust on the cutting-room floor.

•

CHANGE OF PACE: In the film *1941*, set to open this month, actor **Treat** (*Hair*) **Williams** plays a time bomb of a character who does "lots of fighting, beating up cars, garages and people." He's even mastered gym techniques for a ballroom-brawl scene—a far cry from the peace-loving Berger he played in *Hair*. Does he have misgivings about the image change? "People expect me to be all smiles," says Williams. "I don't think my character is cruel, it's just that his temper tends to flare up. It's hard to be that mean and not think, God, I'm going to be hated."

Williams

•

KID STUFF: Actor-producer **Tony Bill**, whose recent production credits are *Boulevard Nights* and *Going in Style*, is now taking a shot at directing *My Bodyguard* for Melvin Simon Productions. Says Bill: "It's about a kid who gets victimized by other kids, so he hires this tough-looking kid to protect him. The bodyguard looks like the kind of kid who'd kill his own brother, but it turns out he's all bluff and not much of a fighter at all." Note: With *Bodyguard*, Bill continues to buy scripts from aspiring writers. This one was penned by a student in his screenwriting class.

•

Mad magazine has gone Hollywood. After eight years of trying, Warner Bros. has finally secured the rights to a *Mad* movie and is currently having a script developed by screenwriter **Rudy DeLuca**, one of **Mel Brooks**'s collaborators. At this writing, director and casting have not been set, but I understand **Alfred E. Neuman** will be one of the protagonists; if there are any Neuman (Alfred, not Paul) look-alikes out there, don't call me, call Warner Bros. —JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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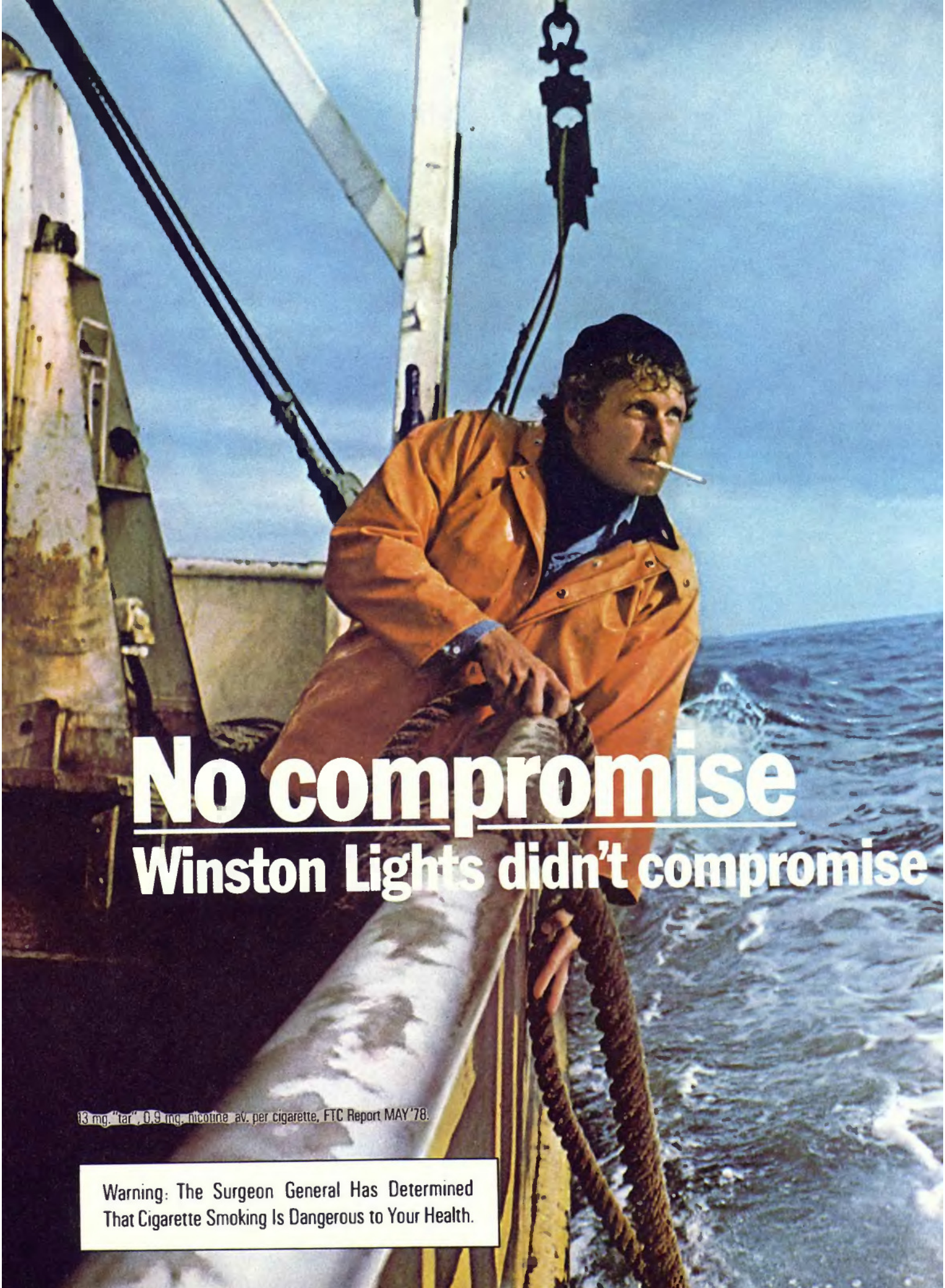
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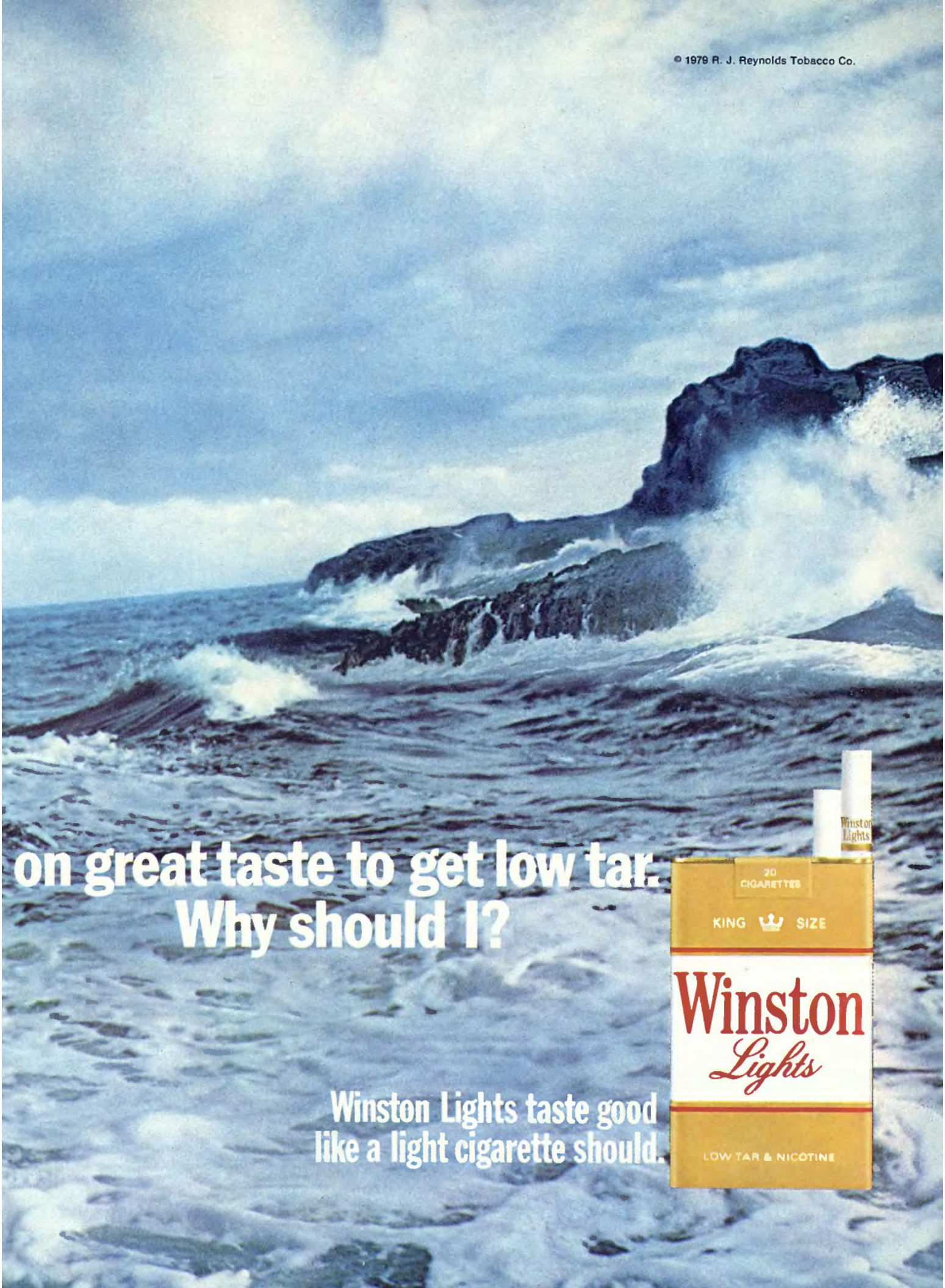

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

How's this for a dating dilemma? One of the girls who work in my building is a real knockout. I've asked her out for dates a couple of times but to no avail. She is taking night courses in accounting, so dinner dates are out. I also get the sense that she doesn't like the pressure of a weekend date—the notion that the sheets get turned down when the sun goes down. She seems to like me, but I just can't find a way to fit into her schedule. Any hints?—A. A., New York, New York.

We have found that the early-to-rise, early-to-bed system works. A 7:30-A.M. session of racquetball or a jog around the park (followed by a shower) is a simple low-pressure way of getting to know someone. If you want something less athletic, try a breakfast date at one of the swankier hotels in your city. (No, we are not suggesting a morning-after room-service rendezvous—that comes later.) A breakfast can be just as elegant as a candlelight dinner and, in most cases, a hell of a lot less expensive. The atmosphere is unhurried—it is less noticeable if you go in late for work than if you take a long lunch. You can become better acquainted and eventually break into prime time.

While in France last summer, I observed that no matter where I ordered wine, the ritual of presenting it to the customer at a meal was not observed. The wine was simply poured into one's glass without ceremony, after it was opened and the cork tested. The cork was not presented, either. Can you comment on why it is done that way there, and why we go through such rituals here in the States when ordering wine with a meal? Frankly, I have been served only one bad bottle of wine in over 20 years. Isn't our routine somewhat unnecessary? Should the bottle be bad, it can be replaced upon tasting.—C. B., Asheville, North Carolina.

The French begin life drinking mother's milk—and wine. Because of that, they tend to have a casual attitude about opening a bottle and drinking it. They are also more confident and knowledgeable. A good French sommelier doesn't have to let you taste the wine—he can tell from the condition of the cork whether or not the bottle is spoiled. Most Americans drink wine only on special occasions and the ceremony adds to the festivities. Since we've already started to accept house wines by the carafe and the glass, perhaps it's only a matter of time before we graduate from the pomp and circumstance of the uncorking to something less distracting. Indeed,

we usually ask the waiter to dispense with ballet and just bring the bottle out, hanging from a stand, ready for intravenous feeding.

My wife of ten years has just discovered the joys of masturbation. I find it a terrific erotic high watching her get herself off, and her discovery has greatly improved our sex life. One evening, while discussing this matter, it occurred to us that we could not think of a single euphemism or slang expression commonly used to refer to female masturbation. Male masturbation, of course, is well represented in this area: There is the ubiquitous jacking off and its variants (jerking off, jerkin' the gherkin, tickling the pickle, etc.), several S/M-like variations (pounding the pud, beating the meat) and a favorite from my college days, falling in love with Mother Thumb and her four daughters. There must be several dozen others. But what about female masturbation? Is there a slang phrase in common currency? Is the absence of such a phrase a sign of the sexual repression of women by the larger society?—J. W., Amherst, Massachusetts.

You've hit the nail on the head. We conducted an informal poll of the ladies in our life and couldn't come up with an accepted slang term for female masturbation. Some nice tries—diddling, the old five-finger discount, getting off—were obviously borrowed from the masculine. What are you going to do—sue them for copyright infringement? Women only recently discovered masturbation. Some of them even go to seminars to learn the basics (clear evidence of a difference in intelligence between the sexes). If they talk about it at all, they tend to use the simple term: masturbation. Give them time and they'll invent euphemisms. Then again, as masturbation becomes acceptable (and guilt-free), it won't be necessary to use slang.

I have heard that suspending speakers from the ceiling will improve their sound. As I understand it, vibration from the floor affects the speakers sitting either on the floor or on a stand. Would you explain?—C. E., Denver, Colorado.

Placing speaker systems directly on the floor tends to enhance their bass response, since the floor acts as a large reflecting surface. That is especially true of so-called bookshelf speakers. Placing such units off the floor (on a shelf, a bench, a pedestal, etc.) may reduce the total volume of bass, but it usually helps smooth the sound. Also, when a speaker is sitting on the floor, there is more chance of the sound's being transferred to the room below. Again, raising it off the floor, or at least cushioning it on a thick carpet or foam pad, will reduce that possibility. There is no particular advantage in suspending speakers from the ceiling. From the standpoint of acoustic performance, the ceiling—like the floor—is another large reflecting surface, and so, again, the closer to the ceiling, the stronger the bass. Tenants are still a problem—one man's ceiling is another man's floor. Suspended speakers, however, may be a good idea in some installations as a way of avoiding or reducing mechanical feedback from them to the record player, since the "acoustic path" between them may be significantly lengthened. Suspended from the ceiling, speakers obviously do not pre-empt valuable floor space; and with some units, the middles and the highs may be more adequately dispersed. Some advice from the speaker's manufacturer should help in this area. If you do hang them from the ceiling, use sufficiently strong holding means (lamp chains are a good idea). You've heard of the Subwoofer of Damocles?

This may sound like a stupid question, but how do you keep your jaw from aching when you give fellatio and try to keep your teeth out of the way? I like to make the pleasure last for my husband, but my jaw muscles get so tired that sometimes I just try to get him off fast to ease the fatigue in my mouth.—Mrs. C. K., Montpelier, Ohio.

No, your question isn't stupid at all. Many women experience similar discomfort in prolonged fellatio. The only

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solution we can suggest is to take it slow. Alternate fellatio with licking, kissing and gentle biting. If you sometimes get too tired to take it slow, then take it fast. We're sure your husband won't mind.

Since I use my car for business, the price of gasoline is important to me. I've been thinking of trying a gasoline-alcohol mix. Can I mix the solution myself? Will it hurt my car? How will it affect the gasoline's octane rating?—R. T., Springfield, Illinois.

As long as both the alcohol and the gasoline go into the tank, you should have no problem. Ethyl alcohol from grain is the stuff to use and you should keep it to about ten percent. More than that and you'll risk deterioration of some seals, hoses and plated surfaces. Gasohol tends to lean out your fuel-air mixture, so you can expect slightly less performance from your machine; but the octane level goes up slightly, so knock will not be a problem. In fact, if you've got an older car, the higher octane may help it run better.

I'm 22 years old and I think I've been happily married now for one year. I love my 26-year-old husband and I know that he loves me very much. It's just that he won't leave me alone for a minute. I cannot get dressed in the morning without his coming up behind me and hugging me, then aggressively kissing me. He is so compulsively strong and vigorous that it's impossible to say no—besides, he wouldn't take that for an answer. Could it be because during the two years I knew him before we were married, I abstained from lovemaking and was a virgin until the very day I was wed? The problem is I can never get anywhere on time. Wherever we go, we're late. I swear it. Whenever we are invited over to a friend's house, as we are driving, he'll pull over and make intense, passionate love to me in the car. Sometimes he'll pull over and we'll check into a hotel for a couple of hours. We're late to movies, we're late to social luncheons, church, our parents' houses, parties, and he even drags me home early—before the engagement is over. My folks are beginning to catch on and I'm embarrassed. I've always been a prompt person, but my habits are rapidly changing. What should I do?—Mrs. T. A. L., Los Angeles, California.

Start getting ready to leave the house sooner.

Whenever I try to take flash pictures of a girl, they come out with an annoying red gleam in her eyes. What causes that and can I prevent it?—B. C., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Maybe she's pregnant. Ahem. Red eye is a common problem in artificial-light photography. Light is reflected by the choroid layer of the retina, which is very rich in blood—hence, the red eyes. The simplest technique involves changing the angle of the light, so that it won't be reflected back at the camera. If your flash unit or strobe detaches from your camera, hold it off to one side. If you bounce the light off the ceiling or shoot from above the level of her eyes, the red eye should disappear. Another solution: You can prevent red eye by raising the level of the room lights or by having your subject stare at a bright light for a few moments before snapping the shutter (that will cause her pupils to contract). Finally, you can have her look away from the camera. Eye contact is great in singles bars, but it is not a necessity in the studio. Our guess, it's not her eyes you're interested in.

I tape records at home for play in my auto cassette deck. I intend to buy a new home deck that accepts the new metal-particle tapes. Will I have to buy a new deck for my car?—S. T., Chicago, Illinois.

Probably not. The problem with metal tapes, mostly one of abrasion, shows up only in the record mode. Playback systems such as auto cassette decks should accept the new tape unless they are very cheap systems. Check your manual; if you have mumetal or laminated heads on your deck, you have a problem. If they are permalloy, ferrite or sendust, slip in a cassette and ease on down the road.

The other night, my girlfriend and I enjoyed a delicious dinner at our local authentic Japanese restaurant and mood setter. After eating, we found ourselves in a conversation about the garb of the ladies serving us. My ladyfriend questioned the meaning of the elaborate flap at the back of the kimono; I observed that it was probably symbolic of the girl's availability to give pleasure, of the horizontal variety, at a moment's notice, or the male patron's whim, whichever came first, do you see? She found that unacceptable. What *is* the significance of the pillow at the back of the kimono?—R. G., Santa Maria, California.

We hate to spoil your fantasy, but the "pillow" is essentially decorative. The sash may also serve as a purse the girl uses to keep everything she needs handy without getting in the way of her service. Nice try.

Please, if possible, draw from your knowledge and experience and tell us the true facts about anal love. My husband and I want to have sex this way, but we are afraid of physical damage to me. We tried anal sex once and it was painful. In fact, I bled slightly, though he did not even penetrate me. We used a lot of petroleum jelly, but I think the fact that I had wholeheartedly agreed to do this (after years of coaxing on his part) led him to try to enter me "headlong," which, to me, is a physical impossibility with the average-sized penis. I have refused to attempt it again, thus far. But I'm curious. Are there any specific instructions we should follow? Would a condom help or hinder? If he gets into me, can I accommodate the full length of his penis? Will it hurt me if he thrusts or when he starts to withdraw? Will it hurt if he comes in me? How long should we fuck that way per session? Will frequent anal fucking be harmful? What are the ill effects? Will I have an orgasm?—Mrs. M. B., Trenton, New Jersey.

You sure ask a lot of questions for someone from New Jersey. But we like your spirit. It doesn't take a lot of hindsight to figure out why your first attempt failed. According to Masters and Johnson, some pain is inevitable, but with experience, the pain diminishes—to be replaced by pleasure. What happens is this: When rectal intercourse is attempted, the anal sphincter contracts in an involuntary protective reaction. If you're new to the game, the spasm can last a minute or longer. If you enjoy anal sex regularly, the spasm can be short-lived, with involuntary relaxation of the muscle occurring within 15 to 30 seconds. Once relaxation occurs, the penis can be accommodated with relative ease, and full penetration can be accomplished without incident. Masters also notes that after penetration, and with the onset of a maintained thrusting pattern, the sphincter usually reverses its relaxation reaction and constricts tightly around the penile shaft. (You can tell when that happens—your partner will be screaming in ecstasy, pulling his hair out and making other subtle endearing comments—if you can hear any of that over your own erotic sound track.) As to your other questions: A lubricant will facilitate penetration. Your partner should refrain from entry until the sphincter has relaxed (via manual stimulation at first). A condom is recommended—it can prevent bacteria from entering the penis and infecting the urethra and the prostate. (Similarly, if you engage in any kind of anal sex, wash before returning to the vagina—the front and rear tenants are not compatible.) If you follow those simple precautions, you should be in for a good time.

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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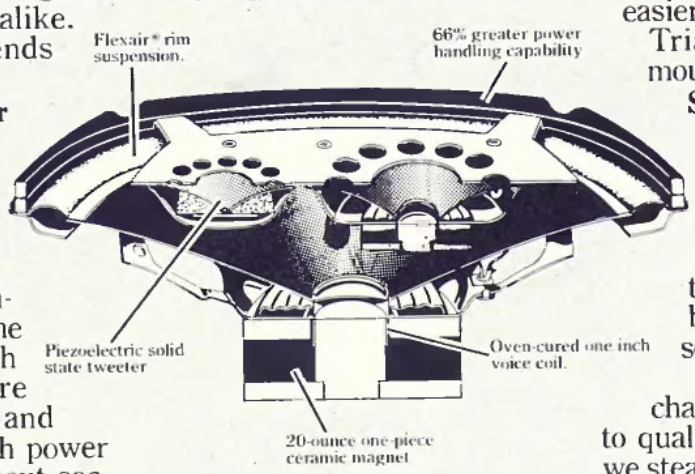

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

FOREIGN CUSTOMS

This little exposition opens at your basic Istanbul airport, where, after a 7000-mile trek fraught with inconveniences and hassles, I wade once more through customs en route to yet another airline connection. The climax of this little drama takes place when my copy of PLAYBOY is declared contraband by a sour-pussed agent of bureaucratic oppression and is consigned to the nearest waste container. Seething but not wanting any trouble from this officious jerk, I say nothing. A few minutes later, while I'm still corralled in the customs area, I notice that my Inspector Fart Face is suddenly tidying up his area, beginning with the trash basket. He glances around furtively and then stuffs my confiscated PLAYBOY into the front of his pants.

When I move on, he has what looks like a terminal case of *penis erectus*, but also a smile on his face.

(Name withheld by request)
T/Sgt., U.S.A.F.E.
Yamurtalik, Turkey

NO SENSE OF HUMOR

As a dedicated reader of *The Playboy Forum* and also an employee of the Internal Revenue Service, I'll share with you this nugget I turned up while researching tax-court decisions handed down in 1979. In the case of one contrary citizen, the court held that his Form 1040, as originally submitted, did not constitute a proper income-tax return and, moreover, "evidenced his intentional disregard of the rules and regulations."

What that taxpayer wrote on his Form 1040 was: "Fifth Amendment—Go straight to hell; do not pass Go; do not collect $200."

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

We always suspected the IRS couldn't take a joke.

MEDICAL COVER-UP

I agree with Morton Hunt in PLAYBOY's July issue. As far as sex is concerned, most doctors are hopelessly uptight.

I'm 30, and in my adult life I've been to four male physicians. Only two of them had me take everything off for complete physicals, and both made me wear a gown. I found it very embarrassing to parade around the examining room in that skimpy, open-backed garment. It was even worse when I had to drop the top, raise the bottom or otherwise play peekaboo during the examination. At one point, I had the almost irresistible urge to strip off the gown and say, "No more games, doctor! Let's make this a lot easier for both of us." But I didn't have the nerve.

Recently, I ran across an article in which a doctor described in detail the physical examination of a patient he described as "an attractive, 26-year-old mother of two." He made a special point of the fact that the woman was nude throughout the examination. No gown and no sheet. He contended that it is essential for the physician to view the entire body, all at once, during a complete and thorough physical.

"As far as sex is concerned, most doctors are hopelessly uptight."

How I'd love to find a doctor like him. One doctor I visited was so uptight he even listened to my heart and lungs through my blouse. I realize some women are just as uptight about their bodies as these doctors are, but I'll bet most women will agree with me. If there is nothing obscene about the human body, why do doctors feel they must peek at it, little by little? When they do that, they make *me* feel obscene. Why don't they make gowns and sheets optional? They might be surprised at how many women would turn them down.

(Name withheld by request)
Hartford, Connecticut

POPULATION CONTROL

Opponents of abortion and birth control should remember that in 1900, 52 percent of our children died before the age of 14. That was God's way of controlling population growth. If birth control and abortion are not to be allowed, then we should eliminate all the medical advances of the past 80 years and let God have His way.

Margaret Dormeyer
San Francisco, California

We have not consulted God or any historians, but our office philosophers think you have a strong argument.

REFORMERS' DILEMMA

Does anybody remember the many years of fierce Congressional debate that finally led to putting the Surgeon General's warning on the side of every pack of cigarettes and on every cigarette ad and the banning of cigarette commercials from television? It was like a great battle between the forces of good and evil. The forces of good finally won, and what came of it? Zilch.

I think there's a moral here that applies to everything from porn to dope to civil rights. It may be possible to educate Americans, but you can't threaten or intimidate them or tell them what they can and cannot do. Liquor prohibition should have taught us that.

James Simmons
Chicago, Illinois

PALIMONY REJECTED

I do not have to tell you the impact the Lee Marvin/Michelle Triola case has had on our society. But before men in similar positions despair, let me advise them that each case is, or should be, decided on its own merits and justice may well prevail.

My former live-in companion of three and a half years sought $350,000 as compensation for "posing" as my wife during that period. At the bench trial, however, it was shown that no contract, written or oral, ever existed between us

concerning earnings, property or profit. It was also shown that I'd fulfilled our only written agreement—a $5000 settlement and title to a Mercedes-Benz in the event of our breakup. In the end, I won; the woman was awarded nothing.

I'm sure your readers will be relieved to know that a man can fight and win such a suit and does not always have to settle out of court for fear of what might happen in it.

Melvyn Haber
Palm Springs, California

The Illinois Supreme Court has just ruled that the lower courts in that state may not enforce promises made by unmarried couples to share property they acquire while living together. The court decided that to recognize such agreements would re-establish the doctrine of common-law marriage that was rejected in Illinois in 1905.

ANOTHER OFFICE BET

Please settle an office bet. I say a flea has the largest penis, in proportion to its size, of any living creature. My friend disagrees. Who's right?

Joe Biolik
Denver, Colorado

According to our records, the last time we settled that same office bet was in 1970, in "The Playboy Advisor." Unless some new creature has been discovered since then, you're right.

BACK TO VIETNAM

How many of you enjoy the music of Joan Baez? How many of you agree with her continuing activism on the issue of Vietnam? My hand is raised on both counts. I can't agree with Jane Fonda and the other activists from the Vietnam/Woodstock era who have denounced Baez for still trying to make the American public see that now that we're out of Vietnam, and now that Vietnam is safely and cozily and rather violently communistic, we shouldn't turn our backs and say everything's all right.

Everything is *not* all right. I find it shocking that activists of ten or 15 years ago now so easily accept the same kinds of tyranny and brutality, or worse, that they condemned under the old regime. To say that Baez doesn't know when it's time to quit is sheer stupidity. It condemns to more of the same a people who've been through enough hell already.

Thorn Kimes
Berea College
Berea, Kentucky

CURE FOR SEASICKNESS?

I don't know whether or not this is a medical breakthrough, but I've learned that what every seasick sailor needs is some grass. And I don't mean under his feet.

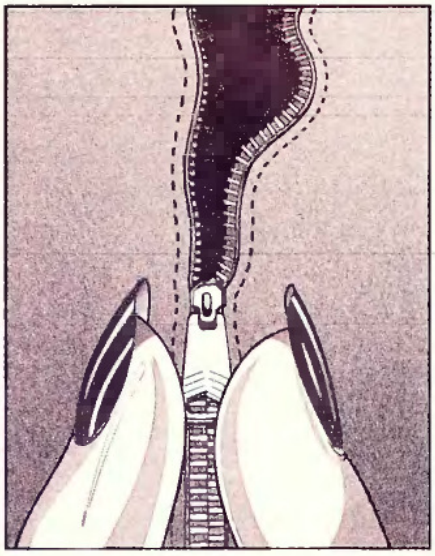
While I was on maneuvers with the Seabees several years ago, hurricane-force winds blew up. Being the Navy's official

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

EQUAL FONDLING

JACKSON—*The Mississippi Supreme Court has voided the state's sex law against "fondling" because it "is clearly discriminatory and unconstitutionally denies equal protection of the law to males." In reversing the conviction of a man sentenced to eight years in prison under the 1921 statute, the court said, "We are unable to conceive any sound or rational basis for making the statute*



applicable to 'male' persons only, while wholly excluding 'female' persons who may do the same thing for the same reasons." The legislature is expected to remedy the law's defect by making it apply equally to women.

SELF-DEFENSE

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA—*An elderly inebriate made the mistake of exposing himself to a woman house painter who was touching up the exterior of a hotel in downtown Vancouver. "The only weapon I had was my paint roller," the woman later explained, "so I painted him bright orange from the top of his bald head down to, well, you know where." The man was later picked up by police, who said he was the only drunk in the neighborhood with a bright-orange racing stripe.*

WORKED OUT IN THE END

SANTA MARIA, CALIFORNIA—*A jewelry-store clerk alerted security guards when he discovered that a couple supposedly shopping for an engagement ring apparently had switched a phony diamond ring for one worth $6000. Police were brought in and when a search didn't turn up the missing merchandise, they obtained a warrant to have the suspect's stomach X-rayed. The ring was located and recovered three days later, while the couple remained in jail, awaiting trial.*

SOCIALIST DISEASE

MOSCOW—*In an effort to combat the rise of venereal disease, Soviet officials in the U.S.S.R.'s Russian republic have decreed a fine of $75 for anyone concealing the source of his infection. Other decrees establish the compulsory examination of any person suspected of having V.D. and compulsory treatment.*

HAVE YOU SLUGGED YOUR KID TODAY?

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Researchers say that childless couples have closer relationships than those with children, according to the National Alliance for Optional Parenthood. After examining several other studies, the N.A.O.P. has concluded that for those couples who do have children, marital satisfaction is at its peak before the children are born and after they have grown and left home. At a press conference, a New York professor of psychiatry said part of a continuing problem is that people with children refuse to admit they made a mistake or are unhappy with their kids, and that their frustration can lead to child abuse.*

CONSUMER PROTEST

PORTLAND, OREGON—*A 12-member jury has awarded over $2,000,000 in damages to a 22-year-old woman who contended that the Church of Scientology defrauded her by failing to fulfill promises of improving her life. The plaintiff argued that her church experiences caused her emotional distress and that the courses she took did not help her with her college classwork, develop her creativity or raise her I.Q. test scores, as she had been led to believe. In reaching their verdict, the jurors decided the church's promises and representations of fact were not good-faith religious beliefs protected by state and Federal constitutions.*

MILLION-DOLLAR MISTAKE

STERLING HEIGHTS, MICHIGAN—*Narcotics officers are trying to determine how a shipment of 600 carnations delivered to a local florist turned out to include six pounds of cocaine. The owner of*

the flower shop called the cops after she discovered the powder and tasted it. She told a reporter, "My mouth went dead almost immediately. I couldn't feel my tongue, I couldn't feel anything." Police said the cocaine had a street value of $1,000,000.

ATTACKING THE SUPERWEED

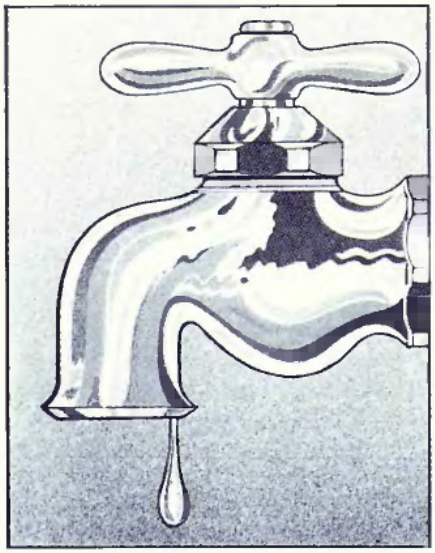
SACRAMENTO—*The California justice department has applied for Federal money to finance a major "strike force" effort against marijuana growers in the northern part of the state. The target of the proposed crackdown is a potent strain of pot called sinsemilla, which has a high THC content and sells for over $100 an ounce. The state attorney general's plan calls for the coordination of law enforcement in a four-county area and the use of special aerial-photography techniques.*

NO, THANKS

CLIFTON—*Police in New Jersey are looking for the person who made an unusual donation—valued at $50,000—to an American Rescue Workers Inc. collection bin. The men picking up donated clothing from the bin found neatly wrapped packages of marijuana totaling 63 pounds.*

THE WET LOOK

BRUNSWICK, MAINE—*A local bar and restaurant is under attack by state liquor authorities for staging a male version of a wet-T-shirt contest that it billed as a "wet Jockey shorts contest." The liquor bureau learned of the contest through a newspaper advertisement and filed a complaint charging that it violated state regulations prohibiting*



"lewdness or improper, indecent or immoral activities" in establishments licensed to sell alcoholic beverages. The restaurant's woman proprietor declined comment except to say, "We held it and there were no problems." The local paper announced that it will no longer run "any more wet anything ads."

EQUAL RIGHTS

CHICAGO—*An administrative-law judge has ordered the reinstatement with back pay of a woman investigator for the Illinois Department of Revenue who was fired after she allegedly used foul language in the presence of her boss. The woman argued that most of her male colleagues also used "improper" language occasionally, and the court agreed that it would be discriminatory to fire women but not men who swear on the job.*

WRONG NUMBER

NASHVILLE—*A persistent woman telephone caller has been charged with harassment for allegedly calling the office of an attorney some 6000 times over the past 17 years. According to the lawyer, the woman was his client in a divorce action in 1962 and either never understood or was never satisfied with the settlement she received.*

TRUTH AND CONSEQUENCES

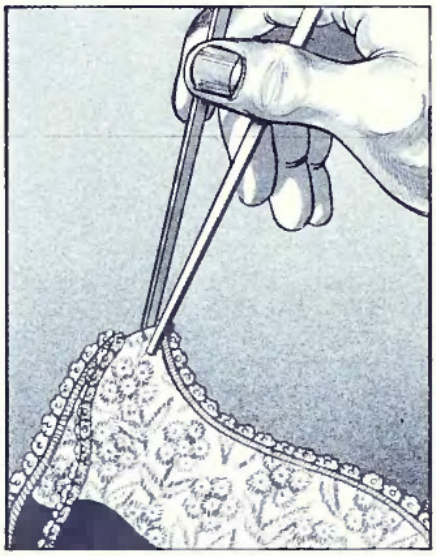
CHICAGO—*Cook County sheriff's police have raided a suspected brothel that attempted to screen its prospective customers by means of a Psychological Stress Evaluator, a type of lie detector. The P.S.E. didn't work too well: An undercover agent paid his $25 "testing fee," answered no to questions asking if he was a cop or in any way connected with law enforcement and, three days later, was surprised to learn that he had passed the test and was now eligible to retain the services of female employees at $60 a visit. When the money was paid and the chosen hostess had taken off her clothes, other officers went in and began making arrests.*

ACADEMIC PORN

TALLAHASSEE—*The Florida Supreme Court has held that a trial judge erred last year in ordering the destruction of a copy of "Deep Throat" before the film was legally examined and declared obscene. The ruling came in the case of a University of West Florida professor who showed the movie to a mass-media class studying law and obscenity, after he had warned students of its content and advised them they did not have to view it. Criminal charges were instigated by one student's father, a former state representative. The high court side-stepped the issues of constitutional and academic freedom raised by the case, which was supported by the Playboy Foundation.*

PANTY RAIDER

TOKYO—*Police have captured a construction worker accused of stealing some 800 pieces of women's underwear from clotheslines in Tokyo over a period of three months. The 30-year-old man was arrested while riding a stolen bicycle, which led to the discovery of the clothing items in his pockets, his dormitory room and a nearby vacant house. He was quoted as telling authorities that he had set himself a goal of*



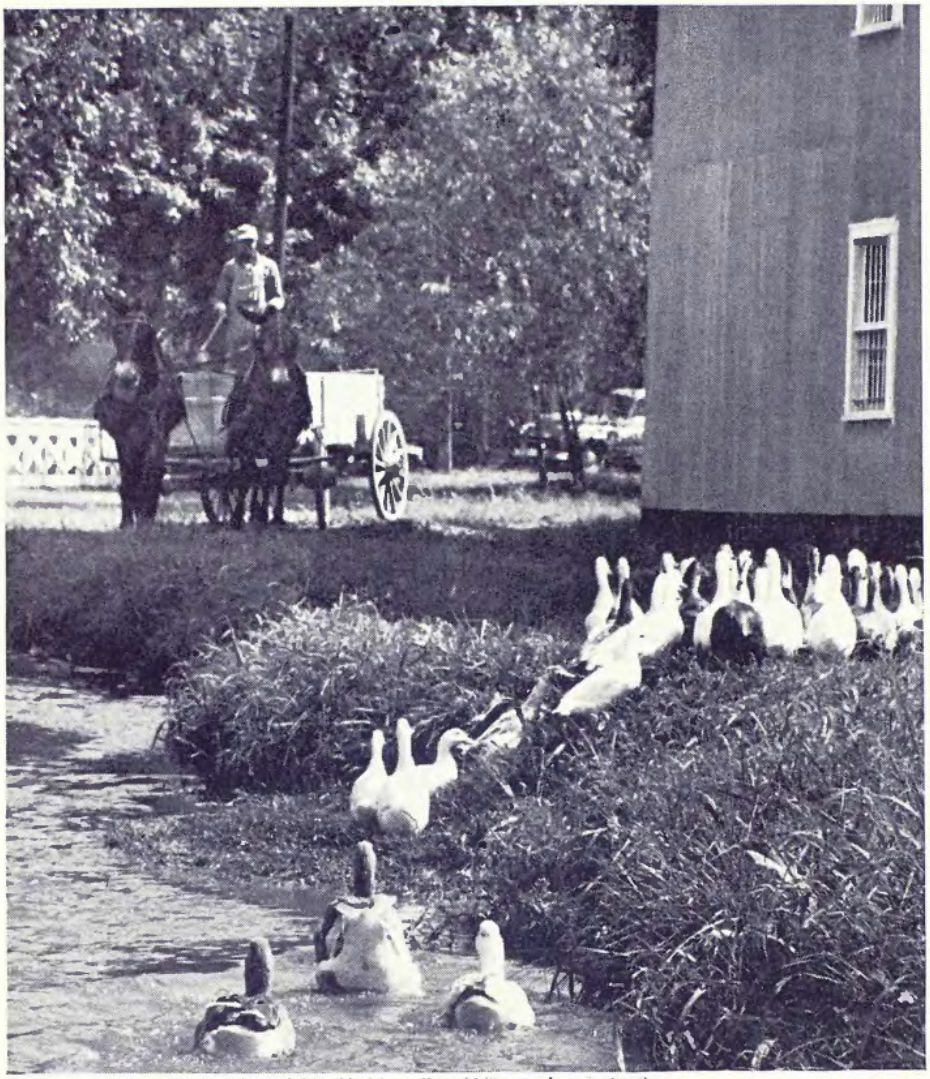
stealing ten pieces of women's underwear every day after work: "I did it out of curiosity at first, but I got hooked later."

MALPRACTICE TIMES TWO

PITTSBURGH—*A Pennsylvania superior court has ruled that the parents of a handicapped girl who was conceived despite a vasectomy and born despite an abortion can sue the doctors involved for medical malpractice but that the child cannot collect damages for "wrongful life." The court found no legal precedent establishing that a "child has a fundamental right to be born as a whole, functional human being."*

IMMACULATE CONCEPTIONS?

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON—*The comptroller for the Roman Catholic diocese of Spokane said he nearly "fell off his chair" when he discovered that 66 priests covered by a group medical policy must pay 30 cents a month extra for maternity benefits. The Reverend Theodoric DeJong added that it wasn't the money but the principle, which he found amusing: "It would have to be a double miracle. First of all, a priest would have to have a baby, and then—because of celibacy vows—it would have to be without a partner."*



We have several woodcut drawings of this old picture. If you'd like one free, just write.

THIS OLD PICTURE reminds us that a few things have changed in Jack Daniel's Hollow. Today's grain is delivered in trucks instead of mule-drawn wagons. But our miller inspects each load as carefully as ever. And rejects it all if it's not to his standard. Another thing we still do is gentle our whiskey with charcoal mellowing. That's the process that accounts for Jack Daniel's unique smoothness. And even though it dates back to 1866, we're not about to change one part of it.

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landlubbers, we were violently seasick. The regular sailors were taking it all in stride and having a few laughs at our expense. Finally, one of them took pity on me, I guess, and suggested we go up on deck for some air. Once there, he pulled out a marijuana joint and offered me some. Thinking nothing could worsen my already hideous situation, I took two or three tokes. I immediately began to feel better. In fact, I felt great! Back down below, I noticed that the rest of the Seabees were swaying in the opposite direction of the ship, while I was swaying with its motion. From that day on, I never again experienced seasickness.

(Name withheld by request)
Huntsville, Texas

That's great, but we can't help noticing from your address that your present duty station is the Texas state penitentiary.

GAY-RIGHTS BACKLASH

I'm homosexual and I'm becoming concerned over the so-called antigay backlash. I'm not surprised that such a reaction is occurring. To me, the word gay is nearly as offensive as fag and now probably connotes to most straight people the aggressively effeminate clowns who get TV coverage by either cavorting or rioting, as the occasion permits. Those people give the Anita Bryants and redneck legislators the ammunition they need to undo the legal and social progress homosexuals have made in the past several years. I think PLAYBOY should be profoundly thanked for ignoring the "gay rights" militants while consistently supporting homosexuals as citizens and human beings. With the lunatic fringe attracting all the attention, people are starting to forget that the vast majority of homosexuals are neither closet queens nor flaming faggots but are indistinguishable, both in appearance and in moral values, from other "average citizens." Just as black people should not be judged by the flashy dudes in their fur-lined pimpmobiles, homosexuals don't all swish and bitch.

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

For more on the antigay backlash, see "The San Francisco Experience" elsewhere in this issue.

DRYLAND

PLAYBOY readers may be astonished to learn that some areas of the country are still under the shackles of Prohibition. Twenty-eight of the 67 counties in Alabama are legally dry. But anyone who has ever visited these parts will attest to the fact that there is no such animal.

In our county alone, we must have 300 to 500 bootleggers. You may say, What's the problem, then?—you can still buy booze. In the first place, if you are caught with illegal liquor, the penalty can be stiffer than getting busted for

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possession of pot. And in the second place, these bootleggers are selling to young kids, giving us a serious teenage alcoholism problem.

The ironic thing is that the fanatics who have forced shops to hide men's magazines under the counter are the same ones who just spent a small fortune in a liquor-referendum campaign to keep the county dry. But you never hear a peep from them about putting the bootleggers out of business.

Several people concerned about this situation are planning a court suit in an attempt to have the prohibition laws of Alabama declared unconstitutional. Then maybe we can drag our county, kicking and screaming, into the 20th Century. Wish us luck.

Dave Marks
Florence, Alabama

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

I was saddened to discover that the Oklahoma legislature failed to enact a law, co-authored by Representatives Frank Shurden and John Monks, providing for the castration of certain sex offenders (*Forum Newsfront*, October). The enactment would have paved the way for other sensible and just punishments. For example: A person convicted of voyeurism would have his eyes surgically removed.

Dwayne Craig
Tulsa, Oklahoma

REASONABLE SUSPICION

I would like to comment on the letter in the September *Playboy Forum* from William R. Reynolds, the Texas policeman who says his wrists go limp and his head gets dizzy because the Supreme Court has stopped random driver's-license checks. Reynolds is under the mistaken impression that he and his fellow officers can no longer stop suspicious drivers. Evidently, he has not read the Court's opinion.

In *Delaware vs. Prouse*, the Court merely pointed out that "reasonable suspicion," as required in *Terry vs. Ohio* for any citizen stop, applies to automobile drivers as well. Reasonable suspicion is the lowest quantum of proof in our system and requires only that the suspicion be "articulable." In short, if the officer can put it in words, that's good enough. That doesn't seem like a whole lot to ask.

The abuse of license checks is evident from Reynolds' own statement: "We don't use license checks to harass innocent citizens. We use them to stop suspicious cars and check people we think might have done something or are about to do something."

License checks were never meant to be fishing expeditions. If the officer does, indeed, have a reasonable suspicion that criminal activity is afoot, then the stop can be made for that reason alone. But using a license check as a pretext for stopping a vehicle at random and smelling the air for marijuana smoke, as was done in the *Prouse* case (this is called "the hippie in the van case" in legal circles), is violative of the presumption of innocence we claim to cherish.

Justice White, speaking for the eight-to-one majority, commented:

> Automobile travel is a basic, pervasive and often necessary mode of transportation to and from one's home, workplace and leisure activities. . . . Were the individual subject to unfettered governmental intrusion every time he entered an automobile, the security guaranteed by the Fourth Amendment would be seriously circumscribed.

James E. Preast, Jr.
Powhatan Correction Center
State Farm, Virginia

PART OF THE PROBLEM

Whether PLAYBOY wants to admit it or not, we have a major national problem in the raping, beating and brutalizing of women. We also have a national problem in that women are traditionally and consistently discriminated against because of their sex. Despite your editorial rhetoric opposing this violence and discrimination, as a so-called men's magazine that often makes light of sex and that obviously sells either partly or mostly because of the glamorized pictures of nude women, you are part of the problem, regardless of the short stories, articles and editorial positions that your defenders are so quick to cite. Those, I believe, are not more than profit-dictated concessions to a growing awareness on the part of American women that they have more to contribute than their bodies.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

We must compliment you, too, on your rhetoric, but dispute what appears to be your premise: that nudity is degrading and that sexuality somehow inspires rape or wife beating. We would also suggest that the mistreatment of women, from rape to job discrimination, predates the Gutenberg press and is now perceived as a national problem partly because more women than ever before feel they can report their abuse with some possibility that the police and governmental agencies will respond. Not only did PLAYBOY *editorially and financially support those reforms long before our present-day critics but we immodestly insist that* PLAYBOY *was, in fact, the first major magazine of any kind to reject sexual double standards and to treat women as people, with clothes or without. Please check out the "magazines for men" prior to* PLAYBOY. *And please don't confuse* PLAYBOY *with the sex magazines that we*

also find disgusting. You might even examine the popular women's magazines and their portrayal of women and their gender roles. You sound too innocent to understand sex, social problems, cultural dilemmas or the very concept of individual freedom of choice, much less the realities of commercial publishing.

CENSORSHIP

I hope my fears are unfounded, but I've been watching and hearing enough outcry for censorship to worry me—censorship of a kind that would virtually remove sex from any publication or motion picture. I'm not concerned that it would ever be voted in by the people; I do fear that politicians and the current Supreme Court (Nixon's revenge) will, if they can, dismantle the First Amendment and attempt more and more to dictate what adults may read and see. I would like to see some demonstrations in behalf of our constitutional rights before the modern-day Anthony Comstocks succeed in imposing their tastes on the entire country.

William Kirschner
Los Angeles, California

GOOD B.S.

Reading an old copy of PLAYBOY, I ran across an English professor's learned discussion of the semantic distinctions of bullshit, horseshit and chickenshit (*The Playboy Forum*, October 1978), and I feel I must share with you the comments of my Uncle Telesfor, a genuine Cajun from Lucy, Louisiana, about 30 miles northwest of New Orleans in real coonass country.

Whenever Uncle Telesfor was engaged in serious conversation with a native and perceived that the other party was tedding (Uncle Telesfor's parlor word for horseshitting), he would casually work the topic around to hunting and fishing, which in Lucy are about the most popular topics, anyway. Then, in his inimitable Cajun accent, he would go something like this:

"You know, wen I was hontin' bobwhite dis mawnin wid mah fran from Nawlins [New Orleans], he say to me in de yawd he see dogsheet an chikunsheet; by de bawn he see cowsheet an mewlsheet; in de feels war he hont he see rabeetsheet and plany, plany deersheet. He say he don see all dat sheet on de street in big seedy lak Nawlins, so to heem it fonny how dees animahls each wan make sheet dat don look de same. He say de chikun mak a plop wats blak on de groun an white on de top; de dog mak eet de same lak you an me, long an roun lak sausage; de cow make eet flat lak pie; de mewl make eet roun lak bawls; de rabeet mak eet lak jellybeans; an de deer, he mak eet lak lil chokolat Easter eggs."

Continuing in a serious tone, Uncle Telesfor would then ask the native if he knew why these various animals crapped so distinctively both in texture and in shape. Invariably, the response was: "No, why dooday?" Then Uncle Telesfor, utilizing the well-known Cajun combo of facial expressions and hand gestures, would bellow out: "Man, ow you try to seet nax to me heah smawt tawkin lak you know evryting wen you don even know sheet?"

Joe Edwards
New Orleans, Louisiana

AN IDEA WHOSE TIME HAS NOT COME

James Green's "modest proposal" to put prisoners in the Armed Forces shows him to be an incompetent ignoramus (*The Playboy Forum*, September). After nearly 20 years in the military, I resent being equated with a man who has robbed a bank, raped a child or murdered some helpless old lady during an abortive burglary attempt. I am not a forger (though I have performed clerical duties). I am not a thief (though I have been a supply sergeant) and I am not a killer (though I have been armed for the majority of my career).

Military enlistments have been voluntary for several years and many of us joined without a thought of avoiding the draft or armed conflict. We support the U. S. Government, even if we don't

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fully agree with all facets of its policy.

Should Green ever find himself in an evacuation line or a flooded house or under a terrorist attack in a foreign country, he should not call us. He should call for a nonviolent, peace-loving person in Sweden or Canada, and then hold his breath.

John F. Feltenberger, U.S.A.F.
Riverside, California

Presently, I am a convict doing time (three to five years) in an Ohio prison. It was such a delightful change to see someone on the other side of the wall with such a positive and very possible answer to today's prison overpopulation.

There would be two benefits from such an idea: a cutback in prison population and a drastic savings of tax money.

A convict would fit into military life very well, since prison life is even more regimented than life in the military. It would also save a lot of people the hardship of being inducted unnecessarily.

I personally feel that Green has a hell of a future in our "corrections" system!

Dale Race
Mansfield, Ohio

Despite Green's acknowledgment of the need for defensive manpower, his suggestion of inducting comparatively undereducated prisoners (who by the reality of their position are *losers*) to fill the complex, highly technical needs of a *winning* defensive effort is absurd. The Armed Forces are hard pressed enough to draw *qualified* volunteers from the regular population.

From my small corner of the Navy, I have seen skill and sacrifice. I have not seen deprivation of freedom and harsh treatment, Mr. Green; we are volunteers. I will go so far as to say that if the military made its alternative lifestyle more attractive, even conventional, perhaps the manpower problem would ease. But the fact remains that the military primarily consists of skilled volunteers who are normal people, not warmongering animals who salivate over the thought of killing other people.

Joel T. Oliver
FPO New York, New York

I, too, would gladly serve a military tour instead of a tour in Folsom. Where else could one get together with the old or new gang and be issued sophisticated ordnance?

As far as the "harsh treatment, the deprivation of freedom and the totalitarian atmosphere," I would sure like to know where it is. Maybe in the five and a half years I've been away from civilian life, bosses have quit yelling and let you walk off the job whenever you want, and I guess there are no longer the overtime hours to be worked.

I'm afraid the volunteer Army has

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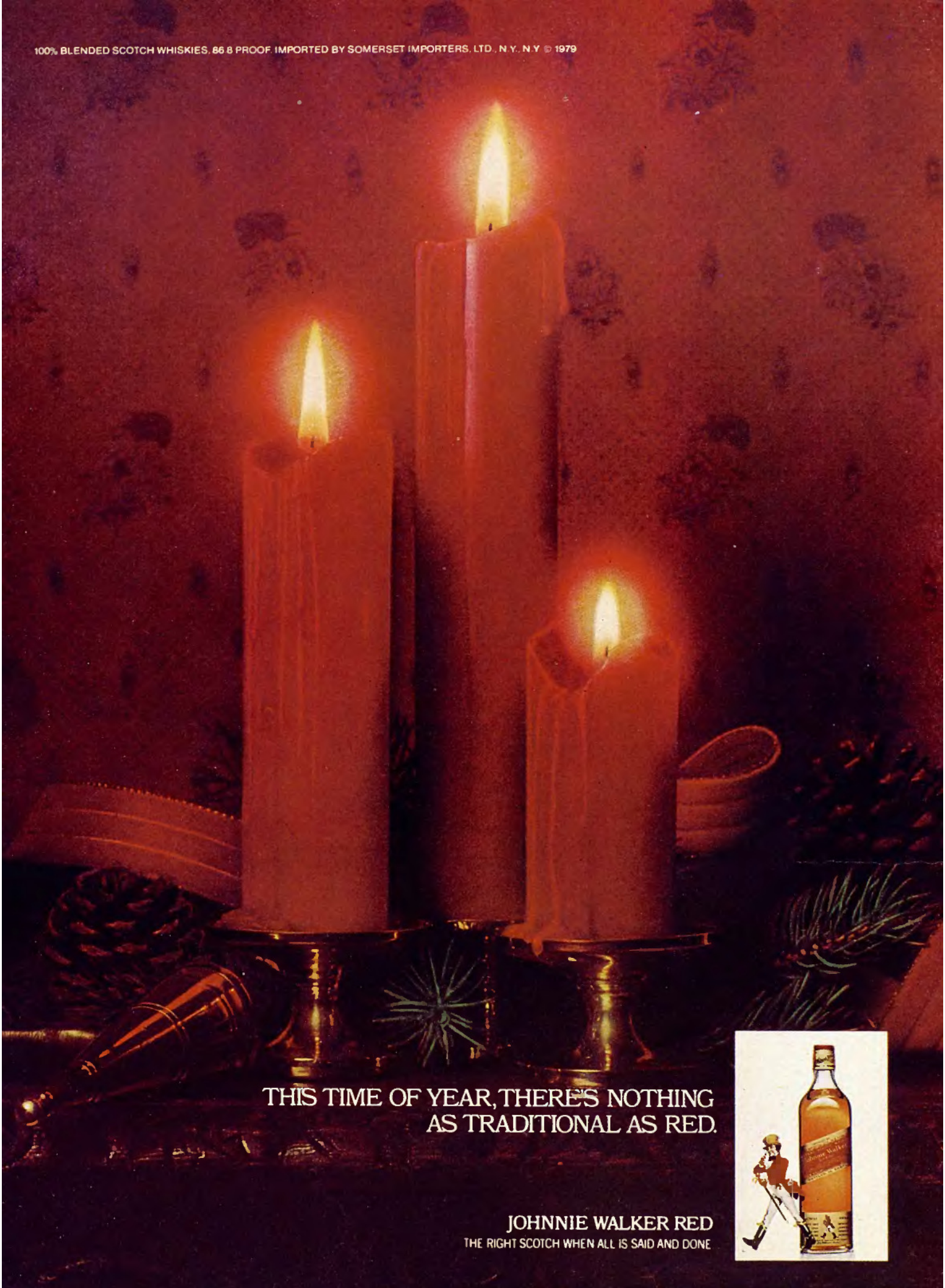

THIS TIME OF YEAR, THERE'S NOTHING AS TRADITIONAL AS RED.

JOHNNIE WALKER RED

THE RIGHT SCOTCH WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE

enough problems without hiring the criminal element. As it is, all we are getting is the unemployed and the uneducated.

Sgt. Paul E. Hackerson
Fort Ritchie, Maryland

We didn't take James Green's proposal seriously, but plenty of readers did. Their letters do point up one benefit of the draft: Historically, it's just about the only way to supply the military with intelligent, educated personnel.

LEST WE FORGET

For nearly 20 years, I have lived in this country and worked in many others as an engineer, and I'm now in the process of acquiring U. S. citizenship—more for purposes of convenience than out of any great emotional or political need. I am neither a nationalist of any kind nor political in any way, which is why I am writing this letter. I *do* insist on a degree of personal freedom, including freedom from excessive governmental controls, even when those are benevolent.

What I would like to say is that Americans never cease to amaze me with their constant complaining about injustice, about their laws, about the behavior of their police. What U. S. citizens consider intolerable excesses are accepted as routine, even expected, in most parts of the world. That instances of police brutality or political corruption so disturb Americans always amazes most foreigners, to whom such issues as civil rights and civil liberties are not even subjects for debate.

The fact that Americans are so easily outraged and so willing to fight against governmental authority, in the naïve belief they can do so, is probably the reason the U. S. remains as free a country as it is.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

TIT MAN

Way back in February 1976, *The Playboy Forum* published my letter on "License-Plate Obscenity" after the state of California denied my request for special tags reading TIT, the logo of my school, Tustin Institute of Technology. At the time, I heard from plenty of *Forum* readers who thought the idea grand; but I haven't tried since for special plates, suspecting that Governor Brown's guardians of public morality have no greater sense of humor than did Governor Reagan's. My feelings of frustration are getting relieved, however, with a line of T-shirts that has boosted student morale considerably.

Until recently, my family resisted the T-shirt idea on the ground that it wasn't consistent with the dignity of our educational enterprise. (I might add that my wife wasn't thrilled at my license-plate idea originally.) But with the recent T-shirt craze, everyone relented and you can see the result. When I can talk everyone into suiting up, we turn a lot of heads.

In the photo, I'm admiring my daughter Ruth, 21, a graphic-communications major at California State University at Chico. Ruth asked Doug Froebe, a student at Brooks Institute of Photography, to take the picture. I think it shows how pleased I am with both Ruth and her shirt. Next item will be a school tie, in navy with white letters, which should be

popular when I teach in England. I'll be one of the few bona fide TIT men around.

Wayne Tustin
Tustin Institute of Technology
Santa Barbara, California

For all the skeptics out there, TIT isn't a put-on (except for the T-shirt, of course). It's a legitimate technical school in the field of vibration and shock measurement and testing, established in early 1962.

YANKEE, STAY HOME

I beg to differ with Dr. Oliver from Canada who implied that an earlier *Playboy Forum* correspondent's problems with the Mexican police were caused by his lack of respect for or inability to deal with people in foreign countries (*The Playboy Forum*, July). He's obviously alluding to the Ugly American syndrome, and God knows, plenty of American tourists qualify. But I find it hard to believe he's unaware of what's going on in Mexico these days. I've lived and worked in Mexico off and on since 1952. Until recently, I preferred being there to being in the States. The only reason I can still survive in what has become a corrupt jungle of cops, judges and lawyers is because I personally *know* enough cops, judges and lawyers, whose names reduce the amount of *mordida* that it takes just to drive from point A to point B.

The worst I can say about that otherwise fine country and its basically wonderful people is that something has happened since the early Seventies and it's become a new version of "Klan country" in the American South.

(Name withheld by request)
Harlingen, Texas

CHILD ABUSE

I have come to the sad conclusion that the perverted and sick sexual abuse that some children are forced to endure is the result of apathetic, ignorant or just plain stupid parents.

As a five-year-old child, I was sexually abused by an old man in the neighborhood. I told my parents and my father only got mad at me for "lying about an old man" and causing trouble to gain attention. The minister of our church said it wasn't his place to get involved in family matters of that kind, and even the police required more proof than "just the tales of a little girl."

I had a miserable childhood and adolescence, but I'm now 29 years old and have been happily married for the past seven years. My husband and I have a beautiful five-year-old son and we just heard news that has brought back all of the anger, hurt and disappointment that filled my childhood: We learned that our son has been sexually molested. Fellatio was forced on our five-year-old baby by a man we all trusted, a man in whom over 300 children's parents placed trust. The man who sexually abused our son is the owner and president of the day-care center he attended.

The district attorney's office told us that there are six boys who are known to have been molested and there are more probable victims. Of the six sets of parents of known victims, only two are going to prosecute—we and another family. Two have signed affidavits that they won't prosecute if the man agrees to seek psychiatric help, and the two others don't want to get involved.

Regardless of the so-called reasons for not prosecuting, the crux of the problem is pure unadulterated apathy.

No wonder child abuse is a national problem when such apathy exists, even among "good" parents.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

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

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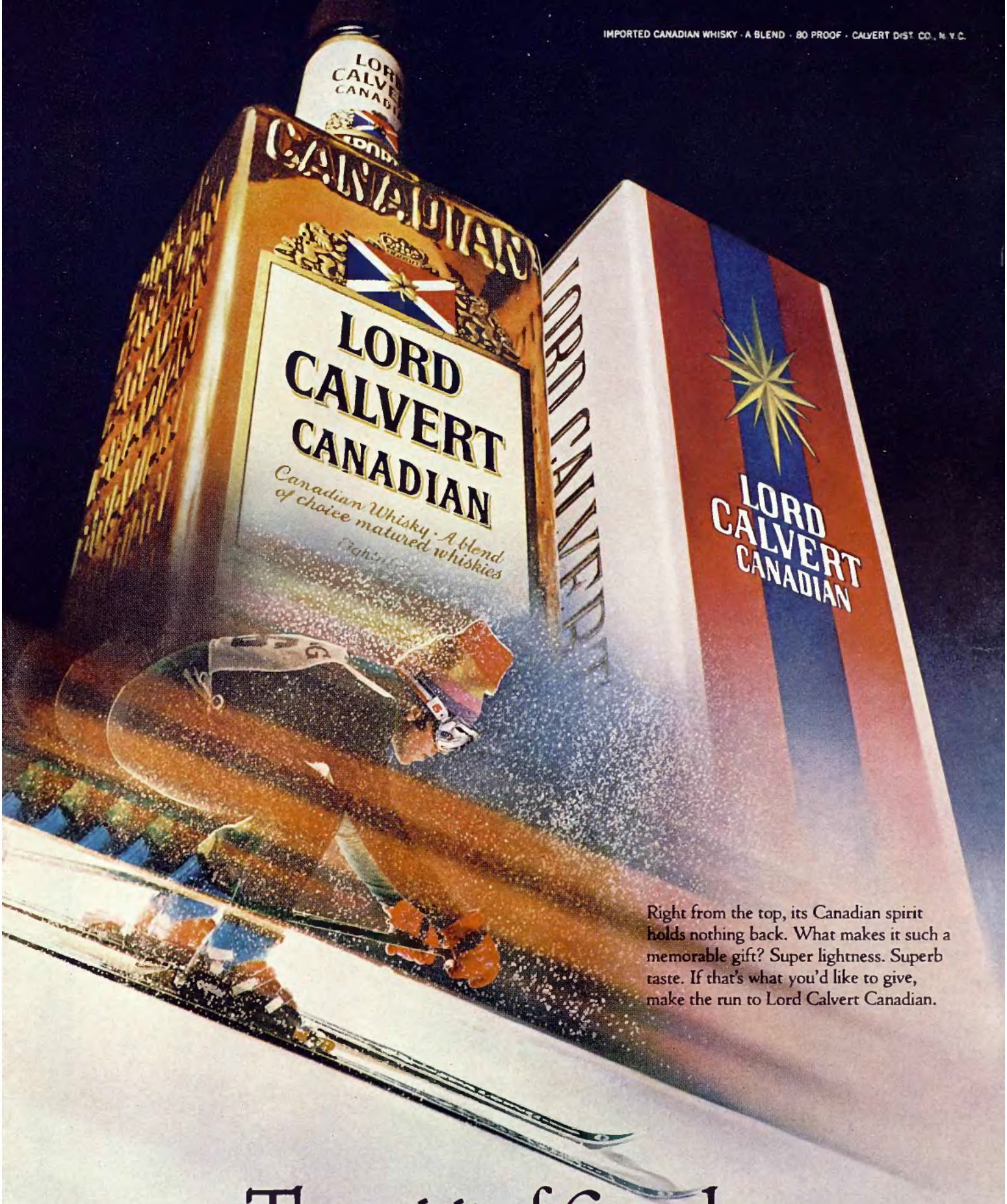

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: STEVE MARTIN

a candid conversation with the immensely popular comedian about life and laughter and arrows through a prematurely gray head

Navin Johnson is The Jerk: a character of comedian Steve Martin's fertile imagination who began as a simple stage routine that has now turned into a movie that Universal is hoping will make Martin its answer to United Artists' Woody Allen and Warner Bros.' Mel Brooks. The idea is simple and funny: Martin stars as Navin, who was raised by a poor black family only to discover late in life that his skin would never turn dark. Setting out to make his fortune, he stumbles through a series of escapades and inadvertently invents a product called Opti-Grabs, which fastens to the bridge of one's glasses and keeps them from slipping. It makes him ridiculously rich, but not even wealth can make him smart.

After a poolside scene has been shot, Martin and director Carl Reiner go to watch it on instant video replay. Reiner thinks Steve can do better. He demonstrates for Martin, who listens obediently. Reiner, after all, has worked with the best—from Sid Caesar and George Burns to Mel Brooks—and Martin appreciates talent.

Martin's mother, standing offcamera, appreciates a porcelain rose Steve has given her, though she's unsure what to do with it. "Do you put it in a vase?" she asks Steve's girlfriend and co-star, Bernadette Peters. "I think it's best to keep it flat, like on a table," Bernadette says. Steve's father is also on the set, watching his son make his first movie. He looks at Steve's bare torso and comments on the mat of gray hair that covers his back and chest. "They always called him hairy," he says, "even when he was young."

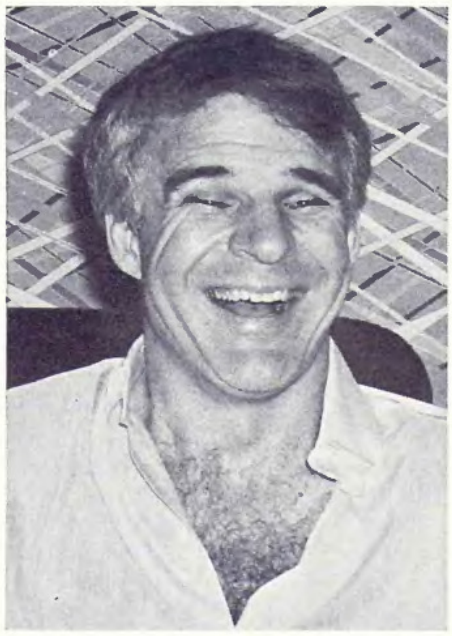
Steve Martin whose bizarre, often existential humor shot him to the forefront of American comedians a few years ago, has been called a lot of things besides hairy. His comedy has been labeled silly, brainless, Disneyesque and West Coast wacko. He has been known to lead entire audiences into the street after a show, ordering 600 hamburgers from a junk-food dive, only to change it to one order of fries to go. He has made the arrow through the head and the phrases "Excuuuse me!" and "I'm a wild and crazy guy" his trademarks.

At the Grammys (which he's won twice for his first two comedy albums), he has appeared without his trousers, and at the Oscars, without his head (he wore a dark stocking over it). At the American Booksellers' Convention, he appeared on the dais with James Baldwin and Ray Bradbury and received an enthusiastic ovation from the booksellers, who were applauding the fact that his book of short, zany stories, "Cruel Shoes," which was critically killed, was at the time the country's number-one best seller.

He recently completed an East Coast tour (which he is hoping will be the last tour he ever does), in which he stood before audiences ranging from 5000 to 20,000 people, pulling out old favorites (turning balloons into animals, singing his 1,000,000-seller single "King Tut," showing his seven-minute film, "The Absent-Minded Waiter") and adding new material. With his new album, "Comedy Is Not Pretty," approaching gold (his first album, "Let's Get Small," sold about 1,500,000, and his second, "A Wild and Crazy Guy," sold about 2,500,000), Martin is now concentrating his energies on the promotion of his first feature film, which he conceived and co-wrote.

Huge success has happened very fast and has made Martin very rich. (His manager and longtime friend, Bill McEuen, worked out advantageous career

"Fear is the biggest thing I feel onstage. There's no fun, it's all work. You're always in danger of losing control. Every second you're on, you're on trial. I think of it as an enemy. As a challenge."



"There was a time when I was a wild and crazy guy. Once, I finished a show and the audience was still there, so I had everyone get into an empty swimming pool. I swam across the top of them."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARI ODA

"Celebrities have an obligation to have a cause to live for. I chose gay rights. I joined it and worked for it, but then I quit. Why? Because that organization is infiltrated with homosexuals!"

moves for Martin, including complete ownership of all his albums and properties. When Steve appears, he doesn't get a set fee, he works on a percentage of the gate—which can, at times, close in on $1,000,000 for him in just a few days.)

Privately, Steve Martin is not a goofball, not wild and crazy, not even very funny. Born in Texas but raised in Garden Grove, California, he grew up an avid churchgoer (something he has forsaken as an adult) and a diligent worker (his parents like to tell how he once swept floors for a quarter when he was nine). At the age of ten, he was hired to sell guidebooks at Disneyland, and for the next eight years, he worked at the Magic Kingdom, demonstrating tricks at the magic shop, selling books and newspapers, and dropping in at the Golden Horseshoe Revue, where his idol, Wally Boag, delighted audiences five times a day (he's still there, in his 24th year, doing the same show) with balloon tricks and cracking cornball but perfectly timed jokes. Boag was Martin's inspiration. But it was at the Birdcage Theater at nearby Knott's Berry Farm where he was given the chance to do his magic act and comedy routines.

While there, he met a girl who convinced him that a college education was important, so he enrolled at California State, Long Beach, and studied philosophy for a few years. When that got too confusing, he tried theater arts at UCLA, where he took a TV writing course. He was also performing in Westwood at Ledbetter's (Randy Sparks was instrumental in giving him the chance to perform) and, by the time he was 21, he was hired to write comedy for the Smothers Brothers TV show and eventually made $1500 a week. He dropped out of college, but the pressure of writing funny regularly led to high anxiety and a near nervous breakdown.

When "The Smothers Brothers" was abruptly canceled, Martin got other jobs, writing for Sonny and Cher, Pat Paulsen, Glen Campbell, John Denver. But what he really wanted to do was perform his own material. His agents at William Morris said he'd never make it, which encouraged him to try (and to drop them once he proved them wrong). He started appearing at the Boarding House in San Francisco, as an opening act for the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band. In the late Sixties and early Seventies, he went on the road. Soon he was opening for the likes of Ann-Margret and Helen Reddy in Las Vegas. With a new agent, Marty Klein, he was booked on "The Tonight Show" and "Saturday Night Live," which brought him the kind of audiences that change careers.

To date, he has guest-hosted "The Tonight Show" numerous times and his appearances on "Saturday Night Live" have become classics.

In real life, Martin, who is 33 and prematurely gray, lives alone but steadily sees Bernadette Peters, whom he considers to be a stabilizing influence on his life. He was once linked with Linda Ronstadt for a brief time and he has lived with other women at different times. He likes to ski, play tennis, get massaged and work. He owns a solar-heated house in Aspen, another house in Beverly Hills and another in Santa Barbara. His primary obsession, outside his comedy, is collecting 19th Century American art, which Contributing Editor **Lawrence Grobel** *(whose "Playboy Interview" with Al Pacino appeared last month) discovered when he met with Martin at his apartment just off Sunset Strip. Grobel's report:*

"The first thing I noticed was the paintings, which covered all the walls, and the boxes filled with art books, which covered most of the floor space. Steve claimed he doesn't even look at his paintings while they hang on these walls, because it's all temporary—he's waiting for his home in Beverly Hills to be remodeled—and he considers his current setting as storage.

> *"I'm reluctant to talk about sex or my girlfriends, because that's really your private life."*

"After describing some of the paintings, he sat down behind a large desk and we began our talk. I had visited the set of 'The Jerk' a few times, and he was pleased that it was over with. He was also anxious about how it would be received, and prepared for the worst. Steve is a cynic and a worrier. He feels he is vulnerable to criticism and that he has been unfairly attacked recently.

"He showed me a short review of the film 'Alien' that he had submitted to The New Yorker *(which later rejected it—one can't move in too fast on Woody Allen's turf) and was interested in an opinion, an action generic to writers, who are constantly looking for feedback. During our talks, he would try out bits of new routines, play tapes he'd made and discuss properties he was considering for potential film projects.*

"I flew to New Jersey to catch his concert act, but, unfortunately, saw him on an off night. The audience was not completely with him and he pulled out all his tricks in a desperate attempt to get the Big Laugh, which never came. The next day, I met him for lunch at the Carlyle Hotel in Manhattan and we discussed what had gone wrong. Afterward, he dropped some of the bits that weren't working, juggled some routines around and tightened up the act he had not wanted to do in the first place. (He recognizes that even Woody Allen did stand-up until he could make it just doing films, and that's the direction Martin is following.)

"Our last time together, we went to the Frick Collection on 70th Street off Fifth Avenue. It's one of Martin's favorite places and there are two particular paintings he likes to see. One is a melancholy, wistful Holbein portrait of Sir Thomas More and the other is a portrait of a lady, by T. Lawrence, whose pure-white skin reminded me of Bernadette Peters'.

"We parted on Madison Avenue. My last words were, 'See you on the cover.' Which seems an appropriate way to begin this interview."

PLAYBOY: Our cover shows you in character—a wild and crazy guy. Is this going to be an in-character interview?

MARTIN: It's hard for me to be funny for 14 days or however long we're going to do this. I can't disguise my true self that long. But I'll be funny when there's a question I don't want to answer.

PLAYBOY: We thought we'd start with your background and work our way up through your——

MARTIN: Nobody gives a shit about where I grew up and all that. That's boring. Even *I* don't give a shit. When I read an interview and it gets to the part where the person grew up, I turn the page.

PLAYBOY: What, then, interests you?

MARTIN: The only thing of interest to me is the future.

PLAYBOY: How do you see your future?

MARTIN: I have no idea. I don't even know what my plans are. So I can't talk about it.

PLAYBOY: Let's get this straight: You're bored with your past and you can't talk about your future. The present is probably too fleeting, so that leaves us with what? Sex?

MARTIN: Well . . . as long as I don't get into: Did I go to bed with Linda Ronstadt? Actually, I'm reluctant to talk about sex or my girlfriends or ex-girlfriends, because that's *really* your private life and you're affecting people who never thought they would be affected.

PLAYBOY: No past, no future, no sex. What about politics?

MARTIN: I'm not political, because I don't know what's going on. Get someone who knows politics to talk about it.

PLAYBOY: What you're saying is you don't have much to say.

MARTIN: In theory, you do an interview because you have great things to say. If I had great things to say, I'd say them

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onstage or in a movie, or somewhere else. In my work, I *disguise* what I have to say. That's what art is.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

MARTIN: You can't just say, "Life is not worth living." You have to write a novel that says life is not worth living. In an interview, you're talking directly; you're not an artist anymore.

PLAYBOY: You're forgetting that there is an art to conversation.

MARTIN: That's true. I've turned down all other requests for interviews because I want this one to have meaning.

PLAYBOY: Which will be quite a feat, since you've put so many restrictions on yourself.

MARTIN: The interviews I've done in the past are so redundant. Superficial. Either you give it all or you shouldn't give *any* of it.

PLAYBOY: Our feelings exactly. Should we stop now or continue?

MARTIN: Obviously, this is where I end up giving it all.

PLAYBOY: Terrific. Now——

MARTIN: Although there are some things I'm determined not to talk about.

PLAYBOY: Let's start over. You're a comedian. This is an interview. To hell with the restrictions. Now, who's the funniest person in America today?

MARTIN: Richard Pryor.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever asked anyone for an autograph?

MARTIN: Bobby Fischer. I followed him into a bathroom.

PLAYBOY: When you were a kid, what was your image of a man?

MARTIN: Guys who dressed in black and wore swords. Zorro.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to have kids of your own one day?

MARTIN: I don't want any kids. It's a lifetime job. People have kids and go off and do something else. Or they're too stupid to raise them. Every time you think that you might want to have kids, go to a restaurant and sit next to one. You just don't want one.

PLAYBOY: What's the most enjoyable thing you can have done to you without fearing the consequences?

MARTIN: Get a massage. It's the one thing that feels good that doesn't lead to trouble. If you smoke, you get cancer. If you eat desserts, you get fat. If you fuck, she gets pregnant or you get involved. A massage—you pay for it and it feels great. It's the one thing that doesn't have a bad consequence unless it loosens a clot that goes to your heart.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever go to bed with Linda Ronstadt?

MARTIN: I saw her for about three weeks one time. We were just friends. We never got in bed. We had a mutual affair without sex.

PLAYBOY: If you could choose how you could be remembered, what would that be?

MARTIN: There's one thing, specifically, I

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would have liked to have done. That was when the guy knocked 8,000,000 dominoes over on *The Tonight Show*. If it'd been me, I'd always be remembered for that thing.

PLAYBOY: Well, that about does it. You got anything you'd like to add?

MARTIN: What about comedy? I can talk about that.

PLAYBOY: Comedy? Oh—right, we forgot. What makes you think you can talk about that any more than sex or politics? After all, most politicians are comedians and most comics have sex.

MARTIN: OK. Let's take the question Why am I not political? One reason is purely aesthetic. There were too many political thinkers in the Sixties. There was too much political comedy. It was a cheap laugh. The world didn't need another political comedian. The world *still* doesn't need another serious person. There're too many people who are really good at it; they don't *need* me.

PLAYBOY: A Ralph Nader of comedy you're not.

MARTIN: As Ralph Nader is necessary, so am I necessary. Checks and balances. If everyone were Ralph Nader, we'd have no consumers; and if everyone were me, we'd have no champions. Choosing *not* to decide something is an existential decision. That's the way I feel about politics. Choosing *not* to be socially aware, choosing to be naïve about it, is a statement.

PLAYBOY: Did you make that choice from the beginning?

MARTIN: When I was starting out, I intended to put meaning into my act, to be a social satirist, to say something about truth and beauty and everything. And then the Beatles came along and they started saying it—in their songs, with *Sgt. Pepper*. And I went, *shit*, they did what I had planned to do. They had put meaning into entertainment. So, at that point, I said, now I have to turn it the other way. That's what was the premise of my whole act during a time when it never could have succeeded. I was doing my act without meaning. Consciously avoiding politics.

PLAYBOY: Why, at that time, did you feel it couldn't succeed?

MARTIN: Because the Sixties *needed* a hard-hitting response. People were being killed. There was a real threat, people were going to war. So they had to say it, they didn't have time for satire. Satire was so easy then, because *everyone* knew what you were talking about. Everyone knew that you were supposed to laugh at a drug joke and to applaud a war joke and anything you said about Nixon was all set up. But then everything became so *stupid*, like suddenly every idiot had something to say. They almost had no right to say it, because they weren't artists. And the songs were stupid. Bob Dylan, the Beatles, they were real masters of the form—then for six years afterward, you had guys singing these drug songs. "Blow my mind" . . . it was just very trite.

PLAYBOY: You've taken quite a leap. For an asocial, nonpolitical comic, that is.

MARTIN: The last time I voted was for McGovern. Or was it McCarthy? McGovern. OK. He was defeated so badly, I thought it was the stupidest thing I'd ever been involved in. That's exactly why I don't talk about politics, because it's so futile. You can only close your doors and think about your own life. You don't live in America, you live in Hollywood.

PLAYBOY: How do you see what *you* were doing at the time?

MARTIN: I was freeing myself and representing people who didn't have to be socially or politically conscious. When you vote for McGovern and you're defeated by a landslide, that's insignificant. You're powerless, it was a waste of a day, a waste of registering. My act symbolized the need to turn away from the phony responsibility, when it was hip to have an opinion. Where one time to protest the Vietnam war was a necessity, it suddenly became hip. You had people growing their hair who never should have grown their hair long. And then Watergate—that was past the point of our

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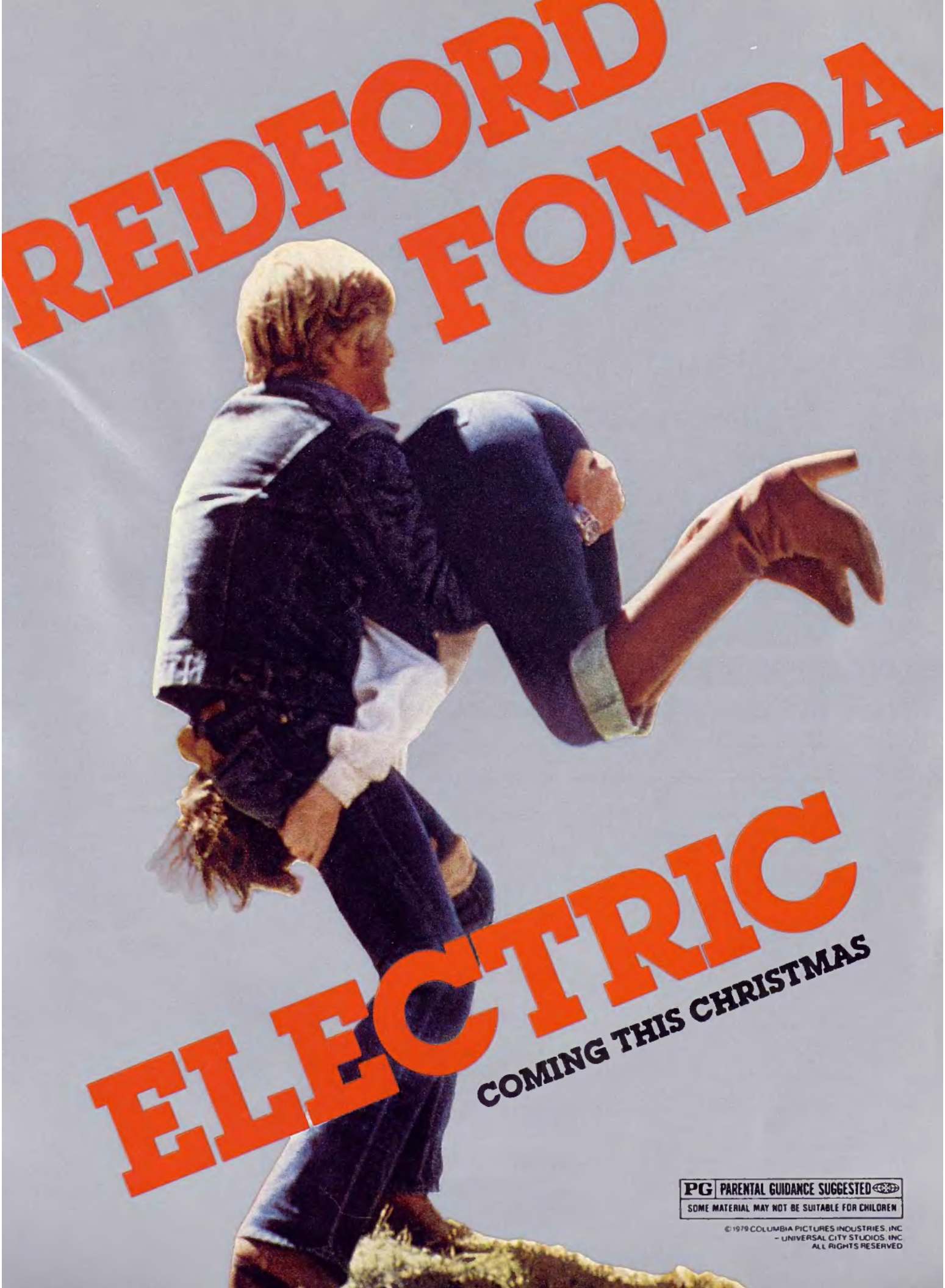
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being able to do something about it. The next thing was that it was OK to create your own world or your own country in your head.

PLAYBOY: And your timing was right?

MARTIN: The timing was *so* right. I see myself as a success of timing, having the right act at the right time, when everybody was sort of starting to think that way. That's why I was a phenomenon rather than just another comedian. We were in the midst of the Sixties when I was starting to formulate this idea. I'd say, "Someday this consciousness will grow tiresome." It's like impressionism: a master movement, a great movement; but no matter how great it was, someday it was going to grow tired. That's what I felt in the Sixties. This was a master movement and I was into it. I knew that someday we'd have to change, just out of boredom, and that's what I was formulating. Almost getting ready for it, in retrospect. I felt like I was the avant-garde. And three years ago, I *was* the avant-garde.

PLAYBOY: It sounds very calculated. Let's see if we can focus on this master movement. What *does* your comedy deal with?

MARTIN: I'm dealing with a very personal side of a human being's brain, that little tiny area that tells him if this is funny or not. The best way to hit that is to never determine that for him. That's what I believe is the reason my comedy worked, ultimately. It became a private joke among friends. My first, initial, original thought in comedy was, If I say a joke that has a punch line and they don't laugh, then I'm screwed. If I just start talking funny-type things and never give them a punch line, eventually their tension is going to grow so much that they will start laughing on their own, they'll start choosing things to be funny, which is the strongest kind of humor. *They* have determined what is funny, not me. The laugh I like to get is, "What? I don't know why I'm laughing."

Laughter is the most peculiar emotional response of all. It doesn't relate even to joy, as tears relate to sadness and terror. But laughter is really a spontaneous act. It doesn't even mean you're happy. It's a very strange commodity—laughter. To be supplying that to people. I used to stand up there and act like I could not care *less* if this got a laugh. I'd take out the jokes and do those nonsense things. One of the first jokes I'd say was, "Now, the nose-on-the-microphone routine." And I'd put my nose on the microphone and go, "Thank you." Which is all very simple and childlike, looking back, but that was the premise that I first started operating on. At that time, if they didn't laugh, you had to believe it was *their* fault, they didn't get it.

PLAYBOY: What you're saying is that you were at the forefront in taking us from the social Sixties to the silly Seventies?

MARTIN: I've been criticized for being on the brainless side, which is the furthest thing from the truth in my head. Silliness. It's so way off, I don't have to defend that. Comedy has always been brainless, superficially. Are Laurel and Hardy brainless? I don't think so. What I say onstage relates more to psychoanalysis. It relates to human beings, to individuals.

PLAYBOY: Do you see yourself more as a harbinger of the "me" decade?

MARTIN: I hate to hear it referred to as a narcissistic point of view, because that means love of yourself. That's only turning inward without a reason. Not for love of yourself, just for its own sake.

PLAYBOY: For the sake of this interview, let's look at some real issues and get your views of them. OK with you?

MARTIN: OK; this might help me in my routines.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about the problems in the Middle East?

MARTIN: I've always heard there was trouble over there, but I went there personally and there was no trouble at all in the Middle East. I went to Tennessee, East Virginia, Maryland, and I'm happy to say there's no trouble.

PLAYBOY: That's certainly good to hear. Let's move closer to home. Where do you stand on the E.R.A. issue?

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MARTIN: I just can't figure out all this turmoil over the Earned Run Average.

PLAYBOY: All right, one more: Are there any causes you support?

MARTIN: I wanted to get involved in a cause now that I have the time. Celebrities have an obligation to have a cause to live for. I didn't know what I wanted to live for, so I put all the causes in a hat and I just chose one. It was gay rights. So I joined it and worked for it, but then I quit.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MARTIN: I'll tell you why. Because that organization is infiltrated with *homosexuals*!

PLAYBOY: And now you have nothing to live for?

MARTIN: This brings to mind *Manhattan*, the scene where Woody Allen is fooling with his Dictaphone, talking about the reasons to live. It was the most daring thing I've seen in modern film making, where a guy *numbers, enumerates* the things that are worth living for. I don't care what he said, I admired the fact that those were his personal things. And except for a couple of food things, they were *all* artistic things—Mozart, performing artists, Groucho.

PLAYBOY: What's your greatest pleasure in life?

MARTIN: My greatest pleasure is conversation. And wit. The most fun game in life is exploring your own wit and intelligence and feeding off someone else's. All it takes is a little bit of your own intelligence and a lot of intelligence from the people around you. It's like, choose your friends. If you hang around with slobs, you'll be a slob.

PLAYBOY: Who are some of those people?

MARTIN: There's a clique in New York that's so much fun: Mike Nichols, Candice Bergen, Paul Simon, Carrie Fisher, those people. Real intelligent, witty, fun. On this Coast, I know Carl Reiner, Mel Brooks, Dom DeLuise—which can be the most hysterical evening you'll ever have. And their wives.

PLAYBOY: Do you try out new material for these people?

MARTIN: Oh, yeah, I'll try out with people I'm with, like Carl, because I'm around him a lot now, or an art-dealer friend, Terry DeLapp, or Bernadette [Peters].

PLAYBOY: Can you give us an example of how your friends may influence your material?

MARTIN: A new bit in my act is something I was doing at Terry's house. We'd get together and he loves big-band music of the Forties, so he'd put this on and I'd start dancing to it. You know, silly. And his wife would just die laughing. The more she'd laugh, the more I'd do it. Then I'd think, God, it'd be great, I'm going to be standing onstage doing my act, then have this big band, Benny Goodman's *Stompin' at the Savoy* come on and I'll go, "What's going on here? What *is* this music?" Then I'll start my

toe slightly tapping and then I'll do my dance until it gets real big. In the middle of it, I'll turn on a strobe light and stand perfectly still for 30 seconds.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like a variation of your *Happy Feet*. Where did that one come from?

MARTIN: The genesis of that was I wanted a routine where I look like I'm being controlled by something else. I was going to look up at the sky and start dancing and go, "Leave me alone, leave me alone, leave me alone." And that evolved into *Happy Feet*. The audiences didn't get it when I looked up and said, "Leave me alone." They didn't understand the setup, but the dance got laughs. So I just dropped the setup. It's funny, just the way it looks, with your arms and feet flying. But there's also a little more sophisticated concept: like, does this happen to you often? Is it something everyone gets?

PLAYBOY: Sort of like your line about farting when someone smokes?

MARTIN: Bill McEuen, my manager, made that up. He said it at a dinner table one night. He overheard someone say, "Mind if I smoke?" He said "No; mind if I fart?" My eyes lit up and I said, *Gold!* I got up and wrote it down. It became a staple of my act for a long time. "Mind if I fart?" It would get a big laugh anywhere. It was a little sanctuary for me. It's like once I'm experimenting out there, I can always go to this and it will be pretty safe.

PLAYBOY: Like your *King Tut* bit. Did that come to you after seeing the exhibition?

MARTIN: Yeah. I went to the art museum and thought it was a shameful exploitation of King Tut. So I said, What's the stupidest melody I can think of? What're the dumbest lyrics? That's where *King Tut* came from.

PLAYBOY: Are new routines constantly popping into your head?

MARTIN: I thought of one this morning, for a TV special or something. You see me with a bow and arrow, then you cut to one of those big targets made out of hay. I shoot the arrow and the next scene is I've got the target on the dinner table. I've got to write that down.

PLAYBOY: While you do that, are there any routines that you feel are funny but that don't go over?

MARTIN: There was a routine that I always had confidence in. The Jackie Onassis bit. Where I meet Jackie Onassis for lunch and she turns out to be a pig, eating with her hands, unbelievably bad table manners. They didn't go for it in 1970; I guess she was too sacred. But then about two years ago, I put it back and it started getting laughs. It's on the third album.

PLAYBOY: Which is *Comedy Is Not Pretty*. Why isn't it?

MARTIN: That's a line I ad-libbed one night. I did the joke about my girlfriend

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who came to me and said, "I don't think you respect me as a woman." I said, "What are you talking about? You are the best hog I have ever had." The audience just laughs and they go boo. So I said, "Hey, wait a minute, comedy is not pretty." That's where the title came from. I like everything about that album.

PLAYBOY: Each of your three albums seems to get a little further out. Is that intentional?

MARTIN: There was a method in the release of those records. I couldn't put those new bits on the first record. In *Let's Get Small*, I had to put the bits that made the most irrational sense, that were concrete, that were self-contained and clean. I don't mean languagewise, I'm talking about the clean lines of the routine that flow from piece to piece. On the second record, we went with material that was probably a little further out. The last record is the most challenging.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you have some problems with the second album, *A Wild and Crazy Guy*, and a distributor because of the language?

MARTIN: It was a problem. You go on *The Tonight Show* and you don't say fuck. Then the parents go and say, "He's great for little Billy, 'cause he doesn't say fuck," and they buy the album and it says fuck. As much as I realize that parents went out and bought their kids my album and it says fuck on it, I can't rescind, I can't say I apologize. The only thing I apologize for is it doesn't say on the record: "By the way, this says fuck on it." That's fair. Tell them what they're buying ahead of time. But you don't change it, that's censorship. Records and movies are great sanctuaries to be away from censorship. It's not like I suddenly went out and said, "Well, now I'm going to say fuck." I've been saying it in my act since I was 19. It used to be worse.

PLAYBOY: While the reviews of your first album seemed mostly favorable, you were cut up a bit for the second album. A *Rolling Stone* critic wrote that "clean, apolitical comedy is one thing, while cartoonish mediocrity that wholeheartedly supports a decade's social clichés instead of deflating them is another."

MARTIN: That comment is very interesting in that he's acknowledged that I've elevated mediocrity to a place of importance. That is really the secret of my act. But it's done intentionally. He doesn't regard it as satire when, in truth, it's very satirical. It's like he missed the last point of my act.

PLAYBOY: Did he also miss when he compared your "smug, emasculated, rancid showbiz condescension" to Milton Berle's push-anything-for-a-laugh excess?

MARTIN: The point has been missed again. It's not, for instance, that the arrow through the head is funny, it's that someone *thinks* the arrow through the head is funny. It so happens that the

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nose glasses *are* funny, but my point was, it's gone beyond the glasses; it's the *putting on* of the nose glasses that is funny. I'd love to answer with such a sword that it cuts up that criticism, but I'm vulnerable to it. It's true, in a way, if you don't really examine what I'm doing, if you just stop there. But kids like my act because I'm wearing nose glasses. Adults like my act because there's a guy who thinks putting on nose glasses is funny.

PLAYBOY: Would that analogy apply to your coming out to deliver a Grammy award on national TV without your pants?

MARTIN: That was logical because it had a payoff that made total sense. It wasn't a person who was dropping his pants for a laugh—that's the Milton Berle approach. My approach was that I thought it would look funny first of all. But I had to have more than that. I had to say it was because my pants didn't show up. After the bit's over, the thought the audience may have is of me standing back there going, "I don't have my pants, they're not here yet, they're supposed to be back from the cleaners. Well, I'll just have to go on like this." To me, that's the best part of the joke. The subtext. The thinking that the audience has to supply to figure out why I went out without my pants on. Although, I must say that my first thought was, I'll go out with no pants.

PLAYBOY: Good old Uncle Miltie.

MARTIN: You know what it is? It's making fun of the situation. All these awards and people in tuxedos and it's making fun of it. I did that with the Billboard Award show, where I went out and said, "This is the most coveted award in the business, we should understand the sanctity of this award." And I pulled out a cheese sandwich wrapped in wax paper and ate the sandwich while I gave the award.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in awards?

MARTIN: Only the fun side of them. I don't like to feel like I'm in a race or a contest, and that's what it becomes. It's like Miss America. You've got 45 losers is what you've got. The history of awards is they're usually wrong. The people who really take them seriously are the people who want them and the people who refuse them.

PLAYBOY: When you were up for a Grammy, did your heart beat steadily?

MARTIN: I must say my heart pounded a little fast when the thing came up. That's just the thrill of being there. The Grammys are the stupidest comedy award ever.

PLAYBOY: The Oscars will probably mean something else to you this year, now that you're the star and one of the writers of your first film, *The Jerk*. Actually, make that first *feature* film, because you did write and star in a seven-minute short with Buck Henry called *The Absent-Minded Waiter*. Since that is shown, for the most part, at your concerts, what is it about?

MARTIN: It was a sketch I wrote about ten years ago. It took me about an hour. Submitted it for TV. Turned down. Went on to other TV shows. Submitted it. Turned down every time. Then, on the new *Smothers Brothers Show* a couple of years ago, we did it and it went over great. Then, in our deal with Paramount [Paramount dropped its option to *The Jerk*], one of the ideas that [producer] David Picker had was to make a short that would promote my face to the moviegoing public. So when my movie came out, I would be a movie star, in a sense.

PLAYBOY: And you just happened to have something you wanted to do.

MARTIN: I thought this was the safest thing to do. I worked over the script with Carl Gottlieb, who directed it. It takes seven minutes. I'll tell you what it's about. A couple—Buck Henry and Terri Garr—go to a restaurant and ask the maitre de for my table. Buck Henry says, "You're not going to believe this; you're going to see the most absent-minded waiter *ever*." And she says, "So what? Why did you bring me here?" I come and say, "Here's your water," and pour the water on the table and then set down the glasses. There's water all over them now. Then I say, "Can I take your order?" Buck orders. I turn to Terri, "May I take your order?" She orders. I turn back to Buck, "May I take your order?" Buck orders again. I go to Terri, "May I take your order? OK. What would you like to drink? Two martinis? Fine. What would you like? Martini? OK. And what would you like? OK, two martinis. And a martini." I come back and bring them six martinis. After the drinks, I bring the desserts. Buck says, "We haven't got our main course yet." So I say, "Oh, that chef, he's always forgetting," and go back and bring them the main course, but it's all screwed up. A lard omelet and a Truly Maple Surprise. Meanwhile, Terri Garr is going, "Why did you bring me here, this is our one night out, why here?" Buck says, "Don't worry, just stick with me." Finally, she says, "That's it, I'm so pissed off, I'm never going to come here again, and I'm just as mad at you." Then I come in and I go, "And here's your change . . . ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, a hundred, two hundred, three hundred, four hundred, five hundred, a thousand, two thousand, three thousand, ten thousand dollars. Thank you and come again." And I walk away. They start giggling. Buck starts lighting up the money. I come back and go, "May I help you?" Terri goes, "Yes. Two. For dinner." And they sit down and go through the whole thing again. It *is* funny. I've seen it play 500 times on my concert dates and it just works great. I'm really proud of it. I'm proud that I made something that is *funny*. Not any other reason, just funny.

"I'm proud that I made something that is funny. Not any other reason, just funny."

PLAYBOY: Is that how you feel about *The Jerk*?

MARTIN: I think it came out great, very funny. We congratulate ourselves a lot, in that it's a picture that has never been made before. That's the one thing we're most proud of is that, really, you don't know what's going to happen next in the picture.

PLAYBOY: Whose idea was *The Jerk*?

MARTIN: The script was basically my idea: A guy is raised by a poor black family but realizes at some point that he's actually white—and a bum. Then he gets rich off the dumbest thing in the world. That story always fascinated me, about the guy who invented the hooks on your pants who made a million billion dollars. Then the story appeared about the guy who invented a plastic gasket, a millionaire living in Palm Springs, and he's still got his gas-station shirt on. So that's all I had. The rest was vignettes. That's probably why it needed two rewrites. Carl Gottlieb and I worked for six weeks on the first version.

PLAYBOY: What was Carl Reiner's contribution?

MARTIN: Carl Reiner added wisdom. And structure and character. He made it better. In fact, it would have been a lousy movie without him.

PLAYBOY: His son is also in the picture, isn't he?

MARTIN: One of my favorite scenes is with Rob Reiner. I'm hitchhiking in front of my house. It's night. I've been standing there for eight hours. Finally, a car comes and he pulls over. He says, "I'm going down to that fence," which is, like, ten feet away. I go, "OK." I get in and I say, "What's your name?" And he goes, "Well, here we are." I say, "Thanks for the company," and he drives off.

PLAYBOY: Is it wrong to assume that you're now in a position in which anything you want to do will get done?

MARTIN: I feel that right now. I don't have to sell. I can walk in and say, "I've got an idea for a movie about a clock that gets shit on." "Sounds good, Steve, baby." After the picture comes out, we'll have more power—or less. That's why

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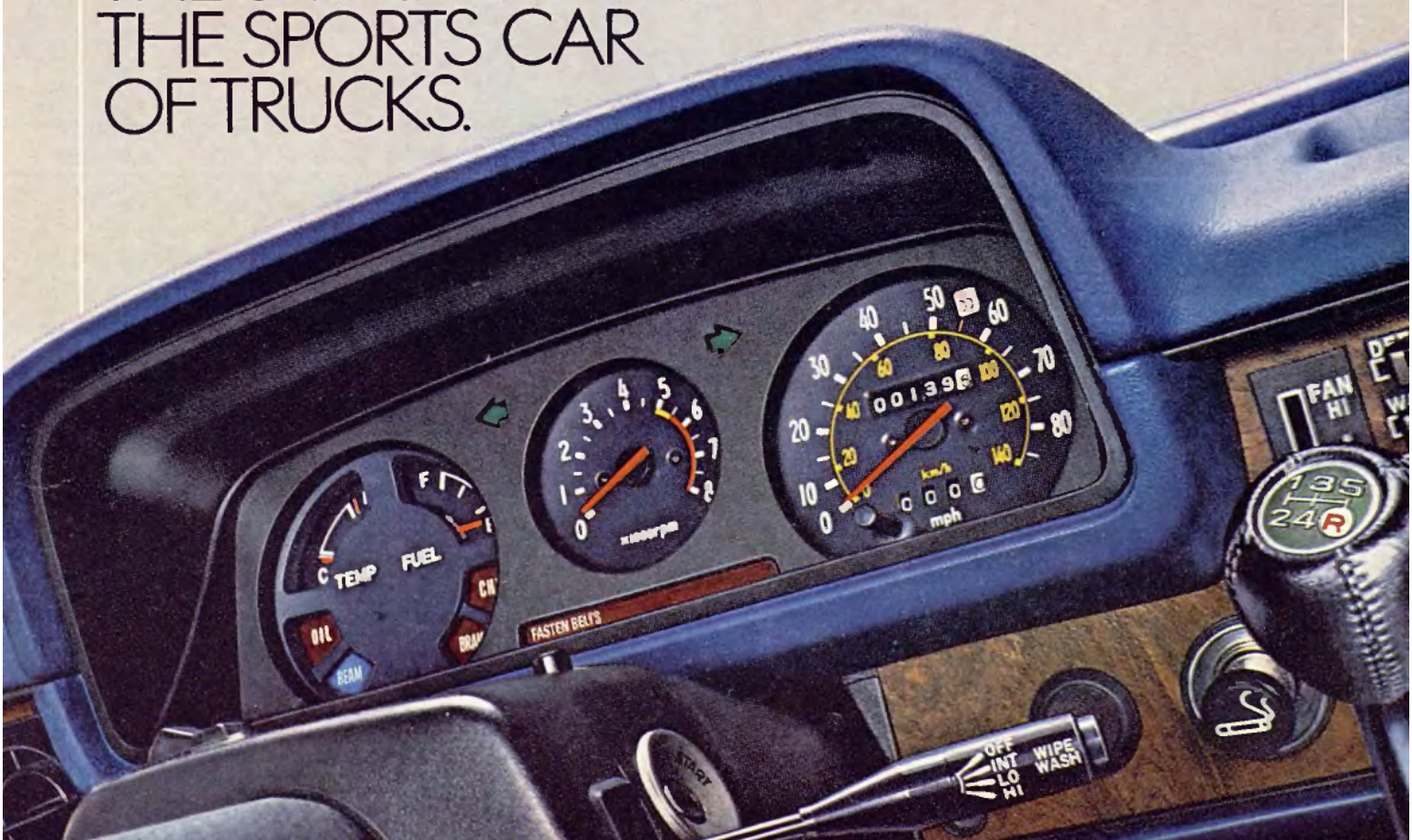

it's critical right now for me to be thinking, because they'll say yes to anything. So I have to think what's good for me. My agent said, "Steve, you've got to read your scripts with care, because if you say you'll do it, the picture will be made. No matter how bad." It's like *Moment by Moment*. They had John Travolta and Lily Tomlin. *I'd* make that picture. How could it bomb? How could *The Fortune* bomb? It had Jack Nicholson and Warren Beatty and Mike Nichols directing.

PLAYBOY: And *The Jerk* has you, Bill Murray, Rob and Carl Reiner and Bernadette Peters. It's a pretty important film for her, isn't it?

MARTIN: Oh, yeah. This is the first part she's had that hasn't been a crazy woman. Her talent is unrevealed to the public. I think this movie will do more for her than for me. I really do. What I do in the picture is expected. What she's doing is a surprise.

PLAYBOY: Is she very anxious about it?

MARTIN: No, she's the most calm, easygoing person I've ever met. She really can take things or leave them. Her ego is not big. She doesn't read her reviews, let's put it that way.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like you're proud of her.

MARTIN: Yeah. People go nuts when they meet her. I feel proud of her when her talent is exposed. She'd be happy being an actress, but I think she wants to pursue performing, singing, records. She's a great singer; I think she can be one of the best—a real landmark singer. Because her voice is so controlled. It has an unusual quality to it.

PLAYBOY: Where did you meet her?

MARTIN: In Vegas one time when I was working there. I was with another girl, it was a celebrity softball game. We went out to a dinner afterward. Then I met her on *Hollywood Squares*. I was attracted to her, so I clowned around like a teenager. She was a square below me, so I'd throw things down. I was having fun. I had put up a Venetian blind in my square, so I could close it. I put up a sign that said CLOSED and OPEN. Move the slats so I could look out. It was funny.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like you stayed in character in your attempts to woo her.

MARTIN: I got her phone number that night. Like I was in high school. And I started seeing her. She had just had an affair break up, six months earlier.

PLAYBOY: Would your parents like you to marry her?

MARTIN: Oh, they'd love it. They'd die for it. It doesn't occur to me. It only occurs in certain moments, and then you live to rue the day, as I seem to recall e. e. cummings said. No, I have no interest in it.

PLAYBOY: But if Bernadette wanted to get married, would you do it?

MARTIN: I'd certainly consider it. If it meant losing her or getting married, I'd consider it. But she's a woman who has lived all her life without getting married, too, so obviously, it's part of her make-up. She lives alone and we're two peas in a pod that way.

PLAYBOY: Why aren't you living together?

MARTIN: There's no way we can live together right now. When my new house gets off the ground, we'll see. We've talked about it.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever lived with anyone?

MARTIN: Yeah. I lived with three different girls. The longest was a couple of years; but I'm against talking about sex. I don't think it's essential to my personality. It's purient, per, pru, perient, *prurient* in regards to me. If you're asking Roman Polanski that, then it might relate to *his* personality. It's private with me. You have to choose to whom you reveal your past. Maybe there's something I don't want Bernadette to know, because it's pointless and it may throw a wrench in something. Maybe there's something I don't want my mother to know. So why should I suddenly, for the nation, reveal something that I don't want my mother to know?

PLAYBOY: That's an understandable position. However, being on the road for all those years, surely you were exposed to a lot of wild and crazy temptations.

MARTIN: That's something I don't want to talk about.

PLAYBOY: Because of your mother or Bernadette?

MARTIN: I have a different life now. That part of my life is five years ago, so anything I say about that doesn't apply to now. Because I don't get into those situations anymore. I couldn't go for the one-night thing anymore. I couldn't wake up with a stranger. That whole thing—it was depressing. And I have to be rude to people who knock on the door here. You open it up and it's a 14-year-old girl. And you just have to say, "Wrong. You go away." Let me just say that it's as hard to get laid if you're Superman as it is . . . you know . . . it's harder! At whatever level you are in life, it's hard. It's just as nerve-racking.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever dressed up funny, put on nose glasses, before engaging in any kind of sexual congress?

MARTIN: I can't remember. Let's just say I've gotten laughs in bed. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Did you ever fantasize about certain women when you were a kid, some famous actress or singer?

MARTIN: It didn't have to be a big star for me to fantasize. It could have been the girl in the corner holding the spear. Rhonda Fleming, that's who I liked. For a long time, I was in love with Joni Mitchell. Never knew her, never met her, but she was really appealing to me. Linda, I was really taken with her.

PLAYBOY: Here we are again, back to Linda Ronstadt. Where did you meet her?

MARTIN: She was a singer and I was a comedian at the Troubadour. She was with the Stone Poneys. I saw her singing onstage and thought she was great. It was just before she had a hit with *Long, Long Time* or *Different Drum*. I started hanging around with her and her friends, like the Eagles, before they made it, and Kris Kristofferson. We were both very changeable then. We were always thinking of the future, looking around the corner to see what else was coming. I'm a little more stable now, because Bernadette's pretty stable. Or very stable.

PLAYBOY: You mean you realized that the life of a rock star was not for you?

MARTIN: Yeah, I nixed that. I was into it for a while just because my friends were musicians, but the hard-core rock life—I realized I would kill myself if I did that.

PLAYBOY: Well, now that you're beginning to live the life of a movie star, are there any actresses you'd like to work with?

MARTIN: I'd love to act with Jane Fonda. And with Diane Keaton, but that's difficult, because I don't want to be a Woody Allen *schlep*.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever met Woody?

MARTIN: No. He's just a real artist. I'd love to meet him, but I'd hate to go through the agony of meeting him over the dinner table or shaking hands with him at a party. Because he and I are both agonized at meeting people. If you said, Steve, you've got to share Woody's apartment with him for four weeks, that would be better.

PLAYBOY: Do you know that he writes most of his short stories in bed?

MARTIN: That's probably a good place to do it. Maybe I'll ask him if I can get in his bed and try writing something. His stories are brilliant, some are unbelievable. He's a real writer, a guy who writes every day. He's really concerned with words and language when he writes those stories. What I write has nothing to do with what he writes. I'm a guy who thinks and makes a note and puts it in my act.

PLAYBOY: Or in your book. You do have a best seller at the moment.

MARTIN: It's not comparable. On the one hand, *Cruel Shoes* is a joke book. I'm not demeaning it. I think there's some pretty good stuff in there, but it doesn't take the form of a Woody Allen short story. His are extremely complex and beautiful. *Cruel Shoes* is like Erma Bombeck's *If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries*, which I presume is very light. I can't judge its quality. It's amusing, it's interesting, it goes from very light to very serious, but it's not J. P. Donleavy. And it's probably not as funny as some people would expect it to be.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised it reached

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the top of the best-seller list?

MARTIN: That's all a fluke. That's a matter of timing. You know, it's beat out two diet books. I thought it would sell well, because my albums sell up to two and a half million copies, so why shouldn't the book, which is cheaper than an album? The book sold because it was by Steve Martin, a comedian. I know that. That doesn't bother me. It was never intended to be a great book. I like to think that along with buying the book, a little something else goes with it: a better understanding of what my comedy means. I think I'm probably most sensitive to the criticism that my comedy is brainless, when I know it's not. Hopefully, something like the book makes my comedy a larger world.

PLAYBOY: Not according to most of the critics, who didn't have very nice things to say about it.

MARTIN: I knew they were going to kill me, but I don't give a shit. It's just like doing *The Tonight Show*—you're exactly the same on every television set and you've got half the people who loved it and half who hated it. *Cruel Shoes* is like that. They say, "I loved this one," and another guy says, "I hated this one." There's no sense at all to it. I know what the book is, I don't need to be told. I know where the problems are. But they are criticizing things like the photographs or the length, which is totally ridiculous, because length has nothing to do with quality. Go review *The Waste Land* and then come back and tell me it's too short. Also, they are missing the point. They are taking intentional bad writing and criticizing it on a very superficial level. Some of the stuff is criticizable—nobody wants to read a poem by a comedian; maybe that was a mistake. Who knows? Fuck you.

PLAYBOY: You sound disturbed.

MARTIN: See, I've read 8,000,000 reviews of me, and in the past two years, I can see them start to change in attitude. In the beginning, I thought, Oh, boy, my first review, I'll read it. But I don't want to be influenced by a review. And I found that you *are* influenced. Reading a review is like being a naughty boy—you know you shouldn't, but you do it anyway.

PLAYBOY: Do you think part of the criticism has to do with the fact that you've made it so big?

MARTIN: The press's attitude goes in a cycle. Right now, I'm vulnerable to criticism because I'm at the top. It's now the thing to knock me down. But you know what happens? They don't criticize me, they criticize the audience for liking me. It's weird, it's kind of a perverted way to criticize something. I have been misrepresented through criticism, which is the last way to understand something. Especially something intended to be aesthetic. If we're going to criticize, then we all have to stand next to Leonardo or Michelangelo or Mozart or Beethoven. And *anything* is going to look like shit next to that. So once you acknowledge that, then it's OK to go, "Well, I make little jokes."

PLAYBOY: What you're saying is that you feel a backlash.

MARTIN: I sat down two years ago and I said to my agent, they're going to love me; for a while, I'm going to be uncriticizable. They cannot criticize if there are 20,000 people there. Then the backlash will start. After the backlash is over, everybody'll mellow out and the truth will come out. And we don't know what the truth is.

PLAYBOY: It's rather ironic; here you are, at the very top of your profession, and you're sounding like an underdog.

MARTIN: I'm beginning to understand that the underdog syndrome is important. The insult is in some ways as good as the praise. Right now, I'm being insulted. I need bad reviews as much as good ones. Because every time you get a bad review, someone out there rushes to your defense. Someone more important than the reviewer: the comedy consumer.

"I think I'm probably most sensitive to the criticism that my comedy is brainless, when I know it's not."

PLAYBOY: Have you always gotten good career advice?

MARTIN: When I was with William Morris, I went in and told them I was leaving television writing to be a performer. They said, "Don't do it, you'll never make it." Which I loved. I love when they say you're not going to make it. That's like, Jesus Christ, I've seen that in 18 movies. They told the guy he wasn't going to make it and he did. That's all part of it. I almost felt like a third person watching it: Oh, finally somebody said I'm not going to make it. [*Laughs*] Rejection is part of your accomplishments.

PLAYBOY: You sound like a man who has a lot of confidence in himself.

MARTIN: Oh, yeah, I have a lot of confidence in my ability. In show business, if you don't think that you're going to make it, or if you don't think that you're great, you haven't got a chance. Because there's too much working against you. There's too much shit to go through for seven years unless you think you're great. You have to stand there and bomb for three years and think *they* don't get it. When I started out, it was the thrill of not getting laughs. The thrill of making them go, "What?" more than getting laughs. I thought, Well, the least I'm doing is blowing their minds.

PLAYBOY: What were some of the more outrageous things you used to do?

MARTIN: There *was* a time when I was truly a wild and crazy guy. Onstage and after the show. Like, I used to take the audience into the streets at the end, which I can't do now because of legal problems and because there're 15,000 people now. In Nashville once, the police stopped me because we had 300 people out on the street. The first time I ever did that, I was working a college, 150 seats, and the dressing room was on the stage. There was no way out except through the stage. I finished the show, went back in my dressing room and they were still sitting there. I came out and they were still there, so we sort of went outside and I had them all get in an empty swimming pool. I swam across the top of them.

At one club, I said, "Who's seen me before?" A guy raised his hand. I said, "Get up here and finish the act for me." And I'd go sit and he'd get up there. He'd stumble through some jokes and I'd applaud and say, "Hey, this guy's great." It was *real* loose and funny.

PLAYBOY: It also got a bit bizarre, didn't it?

MARTIN: Yeah. At the opening of my act at the Boarding House, the lights would go down, but I wouldn't go onstage. You'd just hear my voice saying, "They can't hear me, can they? I hate this audience. Why do I have to go out there? I hate doing this. What in the hell am I doing here?" Then I go on: "Hi, everybody!" Then I go off at the end of the show and I'd say, "They can't hear me, can they? What a bunch of assholes. Jesus Christ!"

Sometimes I'd end the show, go back, change my clothes and be walking out when I'd stop and start doing another act. Bill McEuen and I look back on it as the days when I was *really* funny. That's when we were doing comedy because we had nothing to lose.

PLAYBOY: It was also when you opened for the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, whose audiences weren't too receptive to your style of comedy.

MARTIN: Yes. It was the days of beer and drugs. The audience was not into comedy, not into listening to someone talk, not into giving a performer any courtesy at all. Even to the band. No respect, almost. That's when I made a very important decision—that I was *only* going to headline; I'm never going to open another show. When you're opening, I

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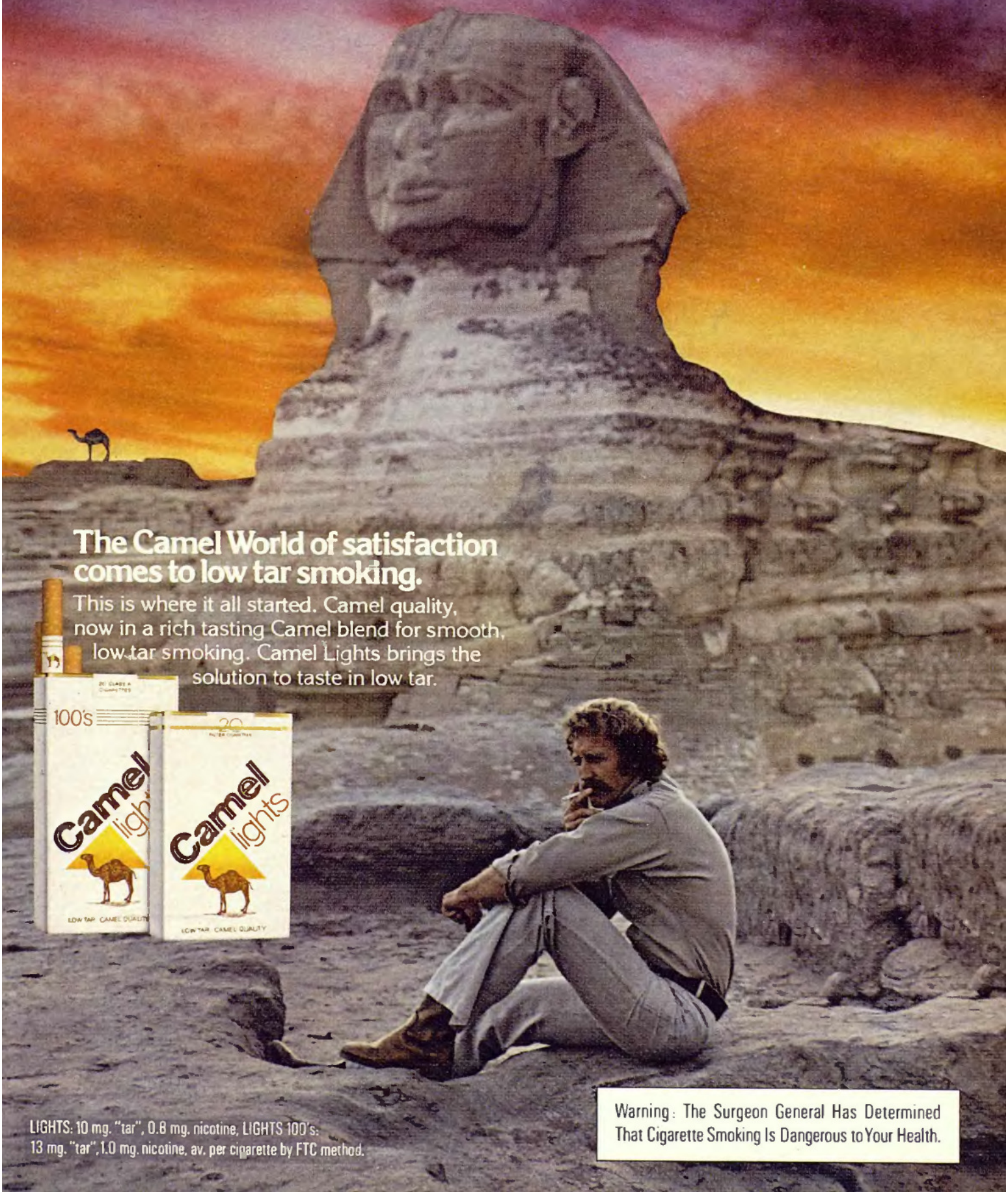

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don't care who you are, no one comes to see you. You have to put your name up. I don't care if you're Bozo the Clown, if you put Bozo on top at the Roxy and the Eagles below, half the people there will be there to see Bozo. That's psychology.

PLAYBOY: Before that decision, though, you worked a lot of hostile crowds. Did you ever get so angry that you just walked off?

MARTIN: It happened. I was an m.c. for a rock show outside New York. There were five bands. They introduced me and I walked on and there was no change in the din of the crowd. Finally, I gave them the finger and walked off. I've done that a couple of times: "Fuck you" and I walk off.

One time I was standing doing my show and these four 16-year-olds are in the front row, yelling, "Quāāludes! Quāāludes!" to the point where it was interrupting the show severely. I couldn't concentrate. No one else can hear them but me, because they're in the front row. They're just so excited about Quāāludes that they have to call out the name. That's one of my great hatreds of performing live: the uncontrollable idiot in the audience who throws off a show. There are loudmouths who have timing and you can use it to your advantage and there are loudmouths who don't have any sense of timing and will call out anything at any moment. Which totally frustrates the flow of what you're doing.

PLAYBOY: It also allows you the opportunity to put them down, which usually goes over well.

MARTIN: Sometimes. Like when someone starts talking to me, I'll say, "Oh, I'll get my camera, this is great, I've never had a picture of an asshole before." Usually, I mimic them. Someone interrupts with, "Hey, Steve, how's it going?" And I'll say, "And the sad thing is he says that all the time, no matter where he is. He just happened to be here and it happened to fit in. But wherever he is, at restaurants, anywhere, he always goes, 'Hey, Steve, how's it going?' " It pisses me off.

PLAYBOY: To the point that you want to stop perfoming live?

MARTIN: I've felt that way. I don't need this. I'm not doing a carnival here. It's harrowing to be in front of 20,000 people and someone's down at the foot of the stage, smacking the floor with a gift he has for me. And I'm supposed to be gracious—oh, wonderful, a T-shirt with writing on it or something. It just drives me nuts.

One time a guy wanted to give me a T-shirt. He wrapped it up in a beer can, full of beer, and then he suddenly threw it on the stage and the T-shirt flew off and the beer can hit me.

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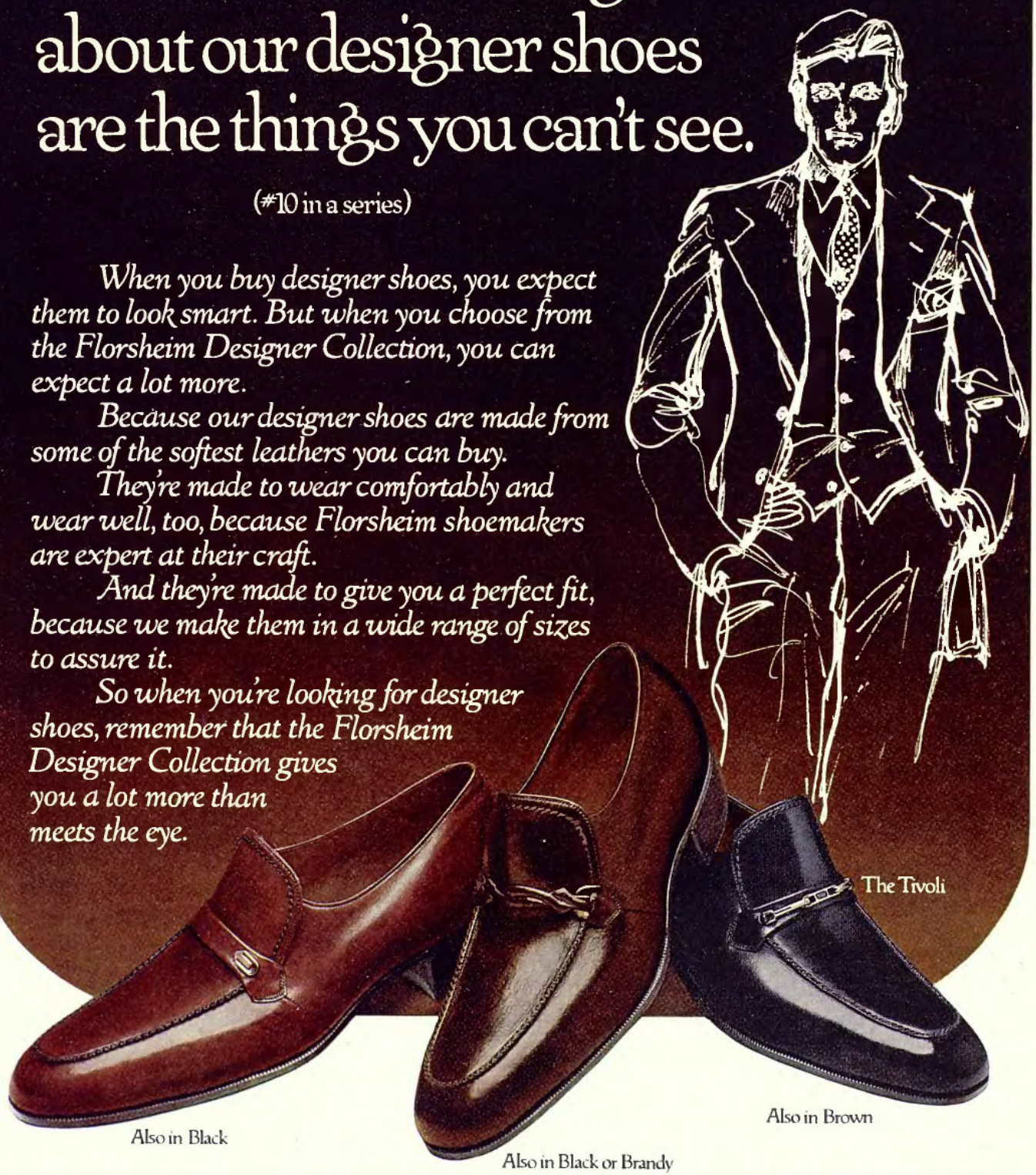

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onstage. I had to leave the stage for that. The guy thought he was being nice, but it really freaks you out—your heart's pounding and you're flipped out. You can't see; all you know is that you're a target. It makes me afraid. The more it happens, the more you've got it in the back of your mind. Audiences are insane; it's like a new kind of weird mass hysteria.

PLAYBOY: We've talked about audiences on the coasts, but what about your impressions of Middle America?

MARTIN: I remember when we did those long-stretch tours in the Midwest, we'd say, Thank God we don't have a day off. Because what do you do in Podunk for a night? You get more depressed. The worst time is when you're sick—and you always get sick on the road. Or when you're nowhere. Nowhere is worse. There's not a movie, there's not a TV, or it's off at ten. There're no people in town.

PLAYBOY: What's the most nowhere place in America for you?

MARTIN: Terre Haute, Indiana. Very little main street. And literally not a restaurant with any good food. You'd go into whole towns where it's completely made of fast food. If you were looking for something to buy, just looking to amuse yourself by buying something, you'd walk down the street, there was nothing for sale. There was nothing of anything you'd want. They say you can always tell that you're somewhere when they have manure ads on TV. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Talking about those days now, are the memories amusing to you? Are they the "good old days"?

MARTIN: No. Because it was so hard and depressing and dreary. There's a real loneliness out there. That's why you meet waitresses. It's depressing at night. You feel so shitty in the morning and you can't figure it out. I couldn't put two and two together. Why am I depressed? I used to go home and I'd stink. It took me a month to figure out it was cigarette smoke. In my hair, my clothes. Your suitcase stinks and reeks and you don't have any money and you're living in the sleaziest hotel.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything going for you when you're on the road trying to make it?

MARTIN: The most thrilling thing is when the audience is not laughing but you've got the waitresses and the sound man and your manager laughing. Bill Cosby said once, "I was onstage and I wasn't getting laughs, but I saw the waitress laughing, so I knew I was going to make it." They've seen you several nights, now you're starting to make them laugh. A lot of comedy is that—getting used to someone.

PLAYBOY: Which is what people obviously did with you.

MARTIN: But when I was 29, 30, I said, "Well, this is it, it's not going to happen, I'm not growing." Then I went to the Boarding House and it was sold out on a weekend. That was enough to keep me going.

PLAYBOY: What would have happened to you had you not gotten the laughs?

MARTIN: I was going to go further out. Become an artist totally. Not be concerned with show business at all. There's nothing I really can do except this.

PLAYBOY: Besides the laughs, what's the greatest rush you get when performing?

MARTIN: There's a real thrill of timing. That's the greatest fun of all. When you're resting, waiting; you've got the next line in your head and you're just waiting for that little intimate moment. And you know it's right to say it, you know it's right to do this, to move your hands this way. Really flowing. Charged. Like a ballet. Only you're using everything. It's not just dance, it's words.

PLAYBOY: Have drugs ever aided your sense of timing and control?

MARTIN: I created a lot of my material when I was out of my mind. I learned how to play the banjo when I was stoned, because you can sit there for six hours and listen to shit and you think it's great. I wish it had an effect on me now like it did then, but it doesn't. It

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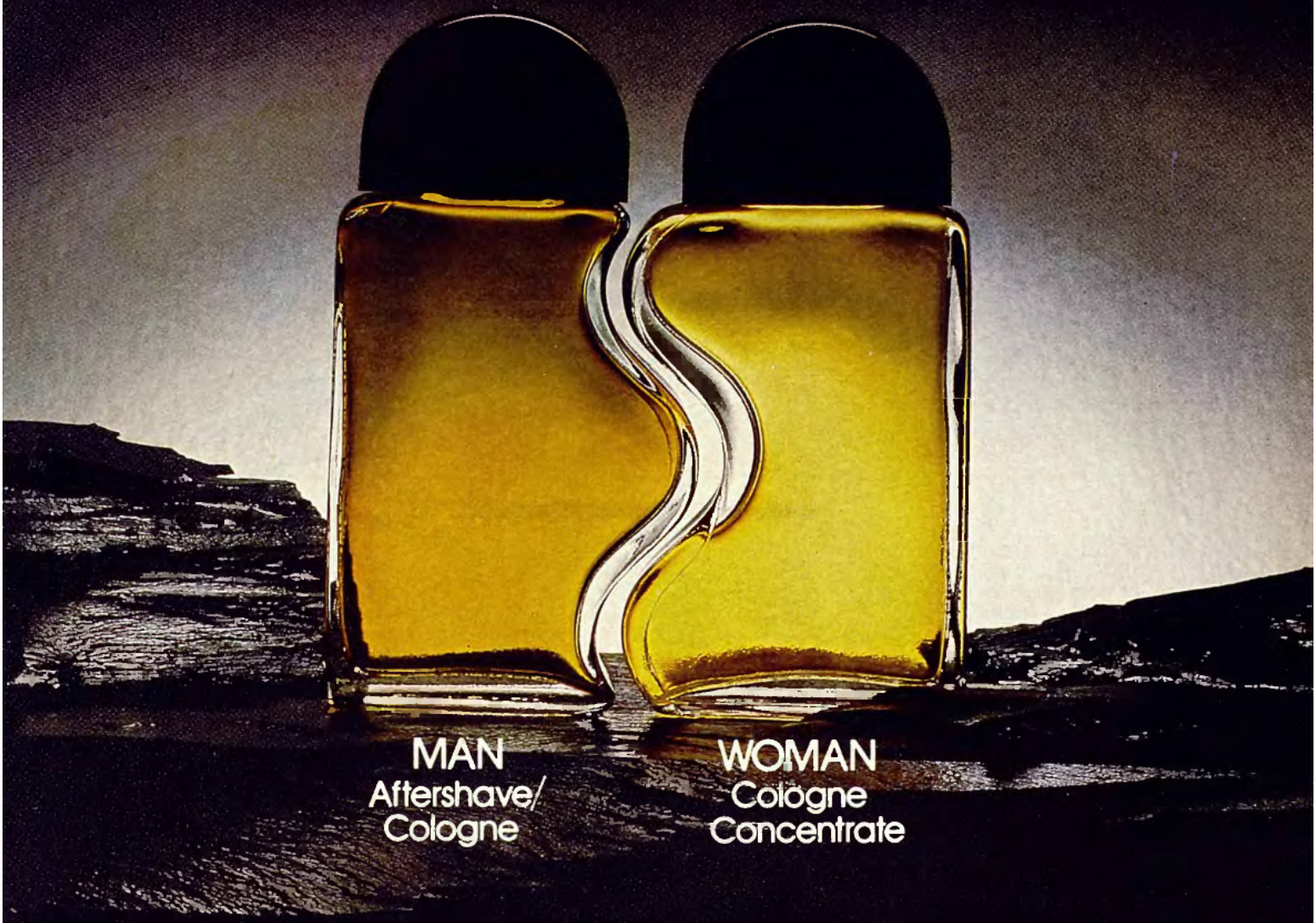

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was making me lethargic.

PLAYBOY: Are fans always trying to lay drugs on you?

MARTIN: I'm really offended by people who come up and assume that you use cocaine or smoke dope and they're offering it to you. First, they're idiots, they're out of their minds. And I got so turned off from the audiences at the rock concerts that I said, "I can't be this stupid. I'm never going to end up like that idiot." I'm against the symptoms of the drug overdose, when a guy is totally stupid. It's like the same hostility that I feel toward an absolute drunk. I know there are mature users of drugs that are aids to them, and sometimes I envy that. It would be great to get stoned, but I'm afraid of it, for one thing. It's like LSD. I'd love to take LSD when I'm 60. When you've got nothing to lose.

PLAYBOY: In the days when you did get stoned, what kind of material were you writing?

MARTIN: A lot of sketches for television.

PLAYBOY: Did you find TV writing hazardous to your mental health?

MARTIN: Yes and no. Television was a great discipline for me. You didn't have time to say one piece of poetry, it had to be a joke. The greatest thing I learned was take out the crap. It's the greatest advice you can give anybody. Lose it. Take it out. X it. And I learned the structure: it was my own structure for writing jokes.

PLAYBOY: Was what you wrote often what actually appeared on the tube?

MARTIN: Once you write a piece and think it's funny, you hand it to a producer and he changes it. Then you hand it to the star and he changes it or doesn't rehearse it and fucks it up so badly. Then the director shoots it and he misses the joke. I can remember standing there, going, "Boy, are they screwing that." Then it goes to postproduction and they sweeten it till there's no jokes left, no humor, no spontaneity, no charm, no mystery. Sometimes the distance from the printed page to what you see on the screen is so far that the joke's been homogenized and disappeared.

PLAYBOY: You started writing for the Smothers Brothers at a very young age, didn't you?

MARTIN: I was 21 years old and suddenly somebody said, "Write for television." I'd never written *anything*. The Smothers Brothers decided that year to get rid of all their old writers, meaning old in years, and hire all young people, so they got me and Carl Gottlieb, Bob Einstein, John Hartford, Mason Williams and Rob Reiner, who was younger than I was. But I wasn't prepared emotionally to handle that challenge.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

MARTIN: I teamed up with Bob Einstein the first day. He is a great comedy writer for television. He played Officer Judy on the show. He used to make me laugh so hard I thought I was dying. I was going through my anxiety stage and I'd be having these anxiety attacks *laughing*, he was so funny.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by anxiety attacks?

MARTIN: I was a little overwhelmed at that whole scene, being expected to write these hysterically funny bits. You never know if you're a good writer, you always have the next thing to write. It's like you're only as funny as your last joke. That was always the feeling on the *Smothers Brothers Show*. You wrote a great sketch this week, now what's next? I didn't know if I was capable. Even though it was proved, I didn't know what proof was then.

PLAYBOY: Did you finally crack from the pressure?

MARTIN: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: And that's when you went to a psychiatrist?

MARTIN: I was already seeing a shrink for the draft. I'm very practical about those things. I go, All right, I've got something, which was anxiety, so you read about it, find out what it is and what causes it, and once you understand it, it's not as fearful. And eventually, it leaves because you understand it.

"I'm really offended by people who come up and assume that you use cocaine or smoke dope."

PLAYBOY: Has anxiety left you?

MARTIN: That kind of anxiety—intense, don't know what's happening, physical reactions—that's pretty much gone.

PLAYBOY: Did you stop working when that happened?

MARTIN: No, I kept working. It bothered me for a long time, a couple of years. Like, I couldn't stay in a restaurant for more than five minutes or I couldn't go into public places. I couldn't go into a movie theater. I had to get out. I was fearful. The definition of anxiety is fear without an object. Fear without something threatening you. Or whatever is threatening you is so buried in your subconscious, you don't know what it is and you just have to escape. It's exactly the symptom you have that someone's charging you with a knife. Increased heartbeat. You're nervous. You don't know what you're going to do. Only someone's *not* charging you with a knife.

PLAYBOY: Did you take anything for that?

MARTIN: I used mild tranquilizers.

PLAYBOY: Do the symptoms return occasionally?

MARTIN: The only thing that bothers me now is when people look at me. It's just a matter of figuring out what the problem is now. Before, I was so optimistic all my life that I didn't realize I had a problem. And that's what causes it—you're dismissing these little intimations that you have. What's more fearful with anxiety is fear of the symptoms' striking you again. That's the most frightening thing. Once you realize that the attack is harmless, you've made a big step. It's not a unique set of symptoms. I prepare myself: I say, "This is never going to work." That way, I've already failed. And if it succeeds, then it's a bonus.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned that you were already seeing a shrink because of the draft. Did your anxiety attacks keep you out of the Army?

MARTIN: Let's put it this way: I had migraine headaches about the time I was about to be drafted. I went to the library and found out the symptoms for migraines. I was making enough money at the time to go to a shrink for two years to establish it. But it so happens I never could have gone into the Army, anyway.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

MARTIN: Because of my antiwar stance, my inability to kill someone and my lust for life.

PLAYBOY: A lot of us felt that. None of those would have kept you out.

MARTIN: Let's put it this way: I would never have gone to Vietnam. I was prepared to leave the country.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever participate in any antiwar protests?

MARTIN: I don't like to go out in crowds, so I never showed up at marches. As a writer for the Smothers Brothers, we were doing a lot of antiwar commentary on TV. I felt I was serving through that show.

PLAYBOY: What happened to that show?

MARTIN: The Smothers Brothers were politically axed off CBS. I believe the Government put pressure on CBS to get them off the air. Because the ratings were good, the show was good. They came up with a phony excuse; they said a show wasn't delivered on time.

PLAYBOY: One show?

MARTIN: Yeah. Like, two days late. And they canceled it. The Smothers Brothers were giving the Government a lot of shit.

PLAYBOY: How did you react?

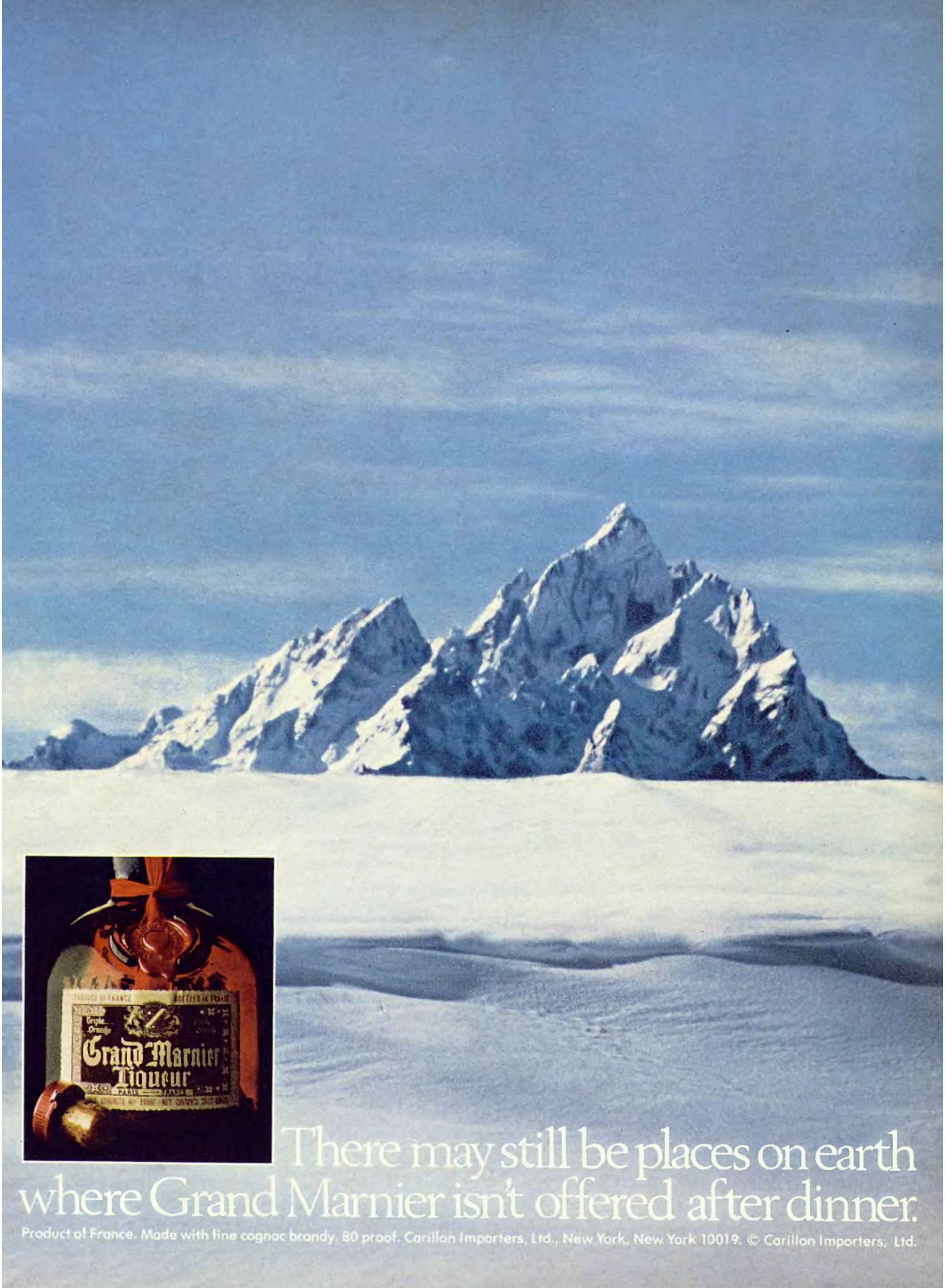
MARTIN: It confirmed my distrust of the Government and of bureaucracy. Bureaucracy is the worst evil.

PLAYBOY: After *The Smothers Brothers*, you wrote for a number of other shows, including *Sonny & Cher* and *Glen Campbell*. That didn't last long, did it?

MARTIN: Bob Einstein and I wrote a lot of funny sketches for *Sonny & Cher*, and a lot of those monologs, which you always tried to get out of writing.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MARTIN: Because you're always stuck with the same thing, you always go out on the same short joke: a nose joke. The reason I went to that show is they told me I



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could perform. I was really determined to be a performer. I said, "As long as I'm going to be there, I may as well write, too." I started writing and never appeared. Oh, I played a head one time, served on a silver tray, that did one-liners.

PLAYBOY: And how long did you last with Glen Campbell?

MARTIN: I quit after 13 weeks. I realized I was wasting my time, I was making $1500 a week, which was a lot of money, but after *The Smothers Brothers*, where you were really encouraged to write hard-hitting satire, to then go and simply write comedy, it didn't appeal to me anymore. I wanted to perform.

PLAYBOY: Which you did soon after. How many shows did you do on TV?

MARTIN: I did a lot of Steve Allen shows. Probably 35 of those. I did Della Reese, Joey Bishop, Merv Griffin. I've been on TV a *lot*, probably 500 times. *The Tonight Show* at least 35 or 40 times. When I first did *The Tonight Show*, I thought, That's it. But it wasn't. I realized after I'd done the show 15 times, I got recognized only once in the street. Then the next ten times they were going, "Oh, this guy." Then the next ten times, it was "Steve something."

PLAYBOY: What's the craziest thing you've ever done on *The Tonight Show*?

MARTIN: I had a couple of bits I rather liked, a long time ago. One was a comedy act for dogs.

PLAYBOY: You told jokes for dogs?

MARTIN: Yeah. The other bit was reading the phone book to make people laugh. You always hear that Olivier could read the phone book and make people cry, so I figured without any props or gimmicks, I could make them laugh by reading the phone book. So I'd pick up a book and go: "Aaron Adams, 612 North Frederick Street." There wouldn't be a laugh. "Bill Bosack, 647 North Atlantic." No laughs. I took out my arrow and put it on. Then I'd read a sillier name. "Mary Ann Pinball, 62. . . ." By the end of the thing, I was waving toothpicks from my head and holding up rubber chickens and then, finally, I'd say, "Don't look at me, I didn't write this shit." I thought it was hysterical. But it was the last time I appeared with Johnny for a long while.

PLAYBOY: Because he didn't think you were funny?

MARTIN: Maybe my skills weren't developed enough to warrant a reappearance. Which may have been true. Because I'd sit on the panel and I'd be uncomfortable and he'd be uncomfortable. So why should he waste time talking to me? But Carson has respect for the agony of comedy. Whatever his ego is, it's not egomania. Whatever he feels about you, if he hates you or likes you, he will always give you the break as a comedian. He also saves your ass. Sometimes my mind will sit there completely blank and he'll have something to talk about and you're going, "Thank you thank you thank you thank you."

PLAYBOY: Carson has commented on your comedy: "He has a likable comedic style . . . that's well done, but it can be limiting. He's been doing it for a while." What flashes through your mind when you hear Carson say that?

MARTIN: The thing that instantly comes to mind is: Is he right? I read that comment, and at the time, I had coming out a book, a movie and a record. All expansive material. It's not remaining the same. So I answered the question in my own head.

PLAYBOY: You don't fear becoming a cliché?

MARTIN: I fear *so much* becoming a cliché that I don't think it will happen to me. When my act started, I was a left turn from everything that was going on, and I had the courage then to do it. *Cruel Shoes* was a left turn from what I'd been doing. The third album was a left turn. And *The Jerk* is not so much a left turn, but it's me in a completely different environment. I intend to make more left turns.

PLAYBOY: Could one of them possibly be taking over *The Tonight Show* when Carson leaves?

MARTIN: No. It would put an end to what my goals are in show business, and that's

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to make funny movies. You can't make funny movies if you're working five days a week. Also, I could never host *The Tonight Show*, because I'd always be doing my own version of what Carson does, and anyone who does that is an imitator, which is so wrong it's unbelievable. The real thrill of hosting *The Tonight Show* is getting to go out and act *like* Johnny Carson. You sit at the panel and you try to come up with a witticism like Johnny would have, you try to make a look like Johnny would. That's the real truth. It's like a goal, somehow, in show business is to be able to do what Johnny Carson does, as just sort of your catalog of things you do.

PLAYBOY: What about a TV series? Has that ever been a temptation?

MARTIN: About three years ago, I turned down an appearance on somebody's show. There was an option in there for a series. Whoah! I'd be fucked right now if I had an option for a series.

PLAYBOY: What if it turned into something like *Mork & Mindy*?

MARTIN: I'm not taking anything away from Robin Williams, because I think he's outstanding on that show. If I'd been in Robin Williams' position, I would have taken that show. Because he was less along at that time than I was at this other time. That's a way in. But now I just wouldn't want to do that weekly piece of shit. And it doesn't necessarily have to be a piece of shit, but the odds are it *will* be a piece of shit.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about *Saturday Night Live*?

MARTIN: Oh, I love that. *Saturday Night* reaches my people. I work real well with Gilda [Radner] and with Aykroyd; the chemistry oncamera works. I haven't done that much with [John] Belushi. I love Murray.

PLAYBOY: Are they friends or is it strictly professional?

MARTIN: I feel some of them are friends. We get along real well, with mutual respect. They have their own lives that I'll never be a part of. It's hard to get to know Belushi. I get along with Aykroyd real well, but I know there's a point where I stop in his realm, his world. He's like I was ten years ago. He's tuned in to certain things that you really can't share. I'm not going to take Danny to "21"—although I've never been to "21"—but he wouldn't enjoy that. One time I said to Danny, "Let's go to Saks Fifth Avenue and get some clothes." He said, "I'm not into clothes."

PLAYBOY: Who thought up the two Czech brothers routine?

MARTIN: My character was in my act, but he wasn't Czechoslovakian. Then Danny saw the act and he said, "Let's do Czechoslovakian, two Middle-European brothers." It was essentially his idea to put them together as brothers.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take to get the routine working?

MARTIN: Instant. We just started talking. We were laughing at rehearsal, we were laughing when we read it, we thought it was hysterical. Repetition sold it, I think.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you could put that kind of comedy into a film?

MARTIN: I'd like to do me, Belushi and Aykroyd as *The Three Caballeros*. [*Sings*] "We are three *caballeros*, three gay *caballeros*."

PLAYBOY: Could you get them to agree?

MARTIN: Nah. That's a long way off. I don't think we could ever get the three of us on mutual deals. You've got to commit yourself so totally—it's a year. Then you start thinking, Do I want to work with Belushi for a year?

PLAYBOY: When you first appeared on *Saturday Night Live*, your father wrote in a local newsletter that that show set back your career five years. Did that bother you?

MARTIN: Frankly, it irritated me. Instead of encouragement, you get an insult. They would have liked it if I had been an entertainer they could take home to Texas and show around, one who didn't say fuck. As it turns out, I do say fuck, so they can't take me completely back to Texas.

PLAYBOY: Your mother told a reporter

that you should get some new writers. Does she know, now, that you write your own material?

MARTIN: I think she does. I don't bother to explain most of the time. It makes you a little angry or hurt sometimes. I keep telling them, "Don't do articles in the paper and don't publicize who you are." I fear that.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MARTIN: They got an obscene phone call one time about me. Some girl called them and said I was a faggot. That's evil. I was *really* upset. A sick person, to call someone's mother. And tell her all these lies. Just pure lies, and hate.

PLAYBOY: In some of your routines, you make jokes about your mother—borrowing ten dollars, making her carry your bar bells to the attic—but you've never joked about your father. How come?

MARTIN: I guess it's because the mother is so vulnerable. Like, the attitude of those routines is that I was so *sick* that I would do that to my mother. And you wouldn't do that to your father, because he was stronger.

PLAYBOY: Would you say you've always wanted to win your father's approval more than anyone else's?

MARTIN: Absolutely. You know, you're always trying to please your dad, to get approval from Daddy. Which is OK, because it motivates me. There's the symbolic father that I'm working for when I write a screenplay. I may want approval from Carl Reiner or from the producer. The symbolic father is my own knowledge of the greatness that exists in the world and in art, so maybe when I'm finished, I'm thinking, OK, T. S. Eliot, is this OK? That's why I'm always slightly ashamed of certain things that I do. I know they don't live up to the standard that's been set.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to your real father, do you think you've got his approval by now?

MARTIN: Oh, yeah, I have his approval now. My parents have become closer since I've been successful. Success has vindicated me, in a way. I can go back to them with pride and they can be proud.

PLAYBOY: Do they comprehend what's happened to you?

MARTIN: They don't understand the evil side of people. They haven't been at a concert when somebody grabs you and won't let go or you feel a little bit of that terror. They're oblivious to it. We'll go for a drive and my mother will say, "Let's stop here and get out. You walk on the street and we'll watch the people look at you." [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: What else have you given them, besides pride?

MARTIN: They have a house and I'm making the payments. But I want to throw them out and raise the rent.

PLAYBOY: How did they feel about you when you were a kid?

MARTIN: I think my parents would agree there wasn't much camaraderie in my family. Discipline was part of my growing up.

PLAYBOY: Did you and your family fight much?

MARTIN: Not fighting, no. Just kind of Orange County blasé.

PLAYBOY: Orange County and Disneyland apparently had a big influence on you, especially since you worked at the Magic Kingdom from your tenth to your 18th year. Is Disneyland where you learned to hate people?

MARTIN: I hated waiting on people. It drove me nuts. The stupidity. They used to ask me, "How much is that 25-cent thing?" I just made a vow that I was never going to work with the public on that kind of level again. *Boy*, I hated it!

PLAYBOY: Have you ever gone back there?

MARTIN: Yeah, and I've never forgiven Disneyland for what happened. I had really felt like a part of Disneyland from 1955 till I quit in 1963; it was a real part of my youth. I went back there one time with long hair and they wouldn't let me in. I felt like, "You assholes, you're really Fascists." After Walt Disney died, everything started changing.

PLAYBOY: When *Cruel Shoes* was published, Putnam put out a press release that said, "The Disneyland style of entertainment—clean, unbitter and somehow very free—influenced Martin throughout his development as an artist." Do you agree with that?

MARTIN: I don't think my comedy is totally unbitter. There's a lot of bitter cynicism in it.

PLAYBOY: What about one critic's remark that you're the John Denver of comedy?

MARTIN: I think they're implying that that's an insult. I'm not into est.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself an Orange County conservative?

MARTIN: What does that mean? When I grew up, I was never taught racial prejudice. We never discussed "Jewish," "nigger." That never came up. So I walked out when I was 21 and I didn't know you weren't supposed to like Jews or blacks. It was news to me.

PLAYBOY: You've been described as the Great WASP Hope. Why do you suppose comedy has been dominated by minorities?

MARTIN: Jews are very smart people and comedy takes smartness. They are more outgoing people. WASPs are traditionally barbecues. Richard Pryor does it perfectly. Maybe that's why there have been two great black stand-up comedians: Cosby and Pryor. Their whole lifestyle was outgoing. They're always talking. The traditional WASP dinner table is everyone sits and eats and you're real quiet. But the WASPs in the country need a WASP. Let me rephrase that. I don't call myself a WASP, because that implies that I'm a Protestant. Or was. [*Laughs*] I don't take any racial pride in my WASPness. I don't even consider myself a WASP. That term is derogatory. It implies simplicity and propriety, and I don't think of myself like that. Do you know how many WASPs it takes to screw in a light bulb?

PLAYBOY: How many?

MARTIN: Three. One to screw in the light bulb, one to mix the martinis and one to turn on the SC game.

PLAYBOY: You commented before about Richard Pryor's doing the WASP perfectly. Are you that white man?

MARTIN: Yeah. But it doesn't inhibit me. My comedy is definitely linked to the white man.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you, your manager and a sound engineer take a train from L.A. to New Orleans, recording ad-lib bits for some future record called *White Man's Vacation*?

MARTIN: Yeah. We were nuts. It was never for a record, we had an idea to do documentary comedy, like a documentary film, only we were trying to make it funny. Some of it worked. Like, I had one idea to go to Juarez, to the shops, where if something's $20, you end up buying it for two. We actually recorded this. I said to a shop owner, "Tell me the price for that hat." "Four dollars." I said, "I'll give you six." The guy said, "No." I said, "I'll give you eight." He was lost. Finally, after ten dollars, he goes, "OK." I gave him ten dollars. We did it a couple more times and then he had me: "Do you want to buy a comb? Do you want to buy . . . ?" It went on and on. The mikes were hidden, but the piece never came off on tape, we had some technical problems. *White Man's Vacation* is a five-minute piece we recorded on the train. We had a young black porter who was a little militant and it inspired us to do this piece one night. We turned out all the lights in this compartment and we sat there and drank wine and I ad-libbed the whole piece, where I played a militant black porter and Bill played the innocent white man on vacation. It was going to be on *Comedy Is Not Pretty*, but we decided to cut it from that record.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MARTIN: A lot of reasons. I've always been nervous about the language at the end—the way it was delivered. It is very hard. We just made a decision that we were going to make a record that is all dirty, put it all on one record. Besides, the piece didn't fit on the album. Would you like to hear it?

PLAYBOY: Why not?

[In his bedroom, Martin puts a tape on his stereo set. The sound of a train can be heard. Martin sets up the routine by talking of how wonderful it is to have an opportunity to talk to some of the porters who have worked on the trains for so long. Bill McEuen's voice comes in, asking straight questions.

ALKA SELTZER
n the night before Christmas
I've got some advice
For those who've been naughty instead of nice.
If you should party into the night,
You may wake up with a headache to fight.
While an upset stomach makes you want to die,
From the turkey, eggnog, and mom's pumpkin pie.
So before the children shout in your ear,
"Wake up, wake up, Santa's been here,"
Take Alka-Seltzer. The sound of fast relief
Because it'll work beyond all belief.
That's why this season you're likely to hear
This bubbly tune of holiday cheer:
"DECK THE HALLS WITH
PLOP PLOP, FIZZ FIZZ
FA, LA, LA, LA, LA,
LA, LA, LA, AHH."
Alka-Seltzer
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Martin's voice changes to a high-pitched, twangy militant black man's. Questioning the service, McEuen asks if it's a first-class-service car. Martin, in character, answers: "That's right. Then we got the superfirst class and the ultrasupersonic first class. In other words, you's in the shits. You have got the shits service. . . . It is 36 hours between New Orleans and L.A. . . . and in your room, you can't flush a toilet that whole time. That is the kind of service you got, white boy." McEuen, as the white vacationer, asks what he's supposed to do. The porter answers, "You just got to sit there and dig it." McEuen asks if he can get off. The porter says, "No way, man, you is in prison. Once you pay your money, we have got you. You may even die on this trip. If you don't die . . . you are going to get scurvy, because we ain't giving you any oranges or apples." The porter then tries to excuse himself, because, "I have to go up to the superdeluxe ultrafirst-class and clean out their toilets with my tongue." McEuen laughs. The porter says, "You better laugh now, 'cause in about two hours, you aren't going to have any lips . . . we are going to serve them to the white people up in the front cars." As a last request, McEuen asks if the porter can unlock the bunk bed, to which the porter responds, "You can take this and shove it in your goddamn motherfuckin' white ass, you shithole white man. I will come in there and take that bed, you asshole mutha." McEuen says to forget it. The routine ends with the porter saying, "No, man, listen, I want to serve you."]

PLAYBOY: We can see why you're a little nervous about releasing that. It seems to get racist.

MARTIN: I don't think it's racist at all. It is just funny. Thin-skinned people are going to get uptight about it. The truth is, it puts down white people. It takes a militant black point of view. I guess I will have to take some shit for it, though. But Richard Pryor does white people.

PLAYBOY: Do you see any similarities between you and Pryor?

MARTIN: Richard Pryor and I do two completely different things. He is a *great* stand-up comedian, a true artistic personality and the *smoothest* stand-up thinker. His performance is more stunning when you consider that he laid off for a long time, then came back with a completely new show. I mean, not one word from his old stuff. Pryor has consciously reduced the size of his theaters to 3500-, 5000-seaters. He came to me one time after he saw me in Chicago and he said, "I used to work at these big places, but it was like stealing. Half the people can't see you." He's right. I said, "Well, I'm just going to steal for another couple of months." I used to mention Richard Pryor and Lily Tomlin in the same breath and say, "That's it, that's comedy today." But now I tend to say Richard Pryor.

PLAYBOY: What happened to Lily?

MARTIN: Lily has the artist mentality, she'll always be in show business and her career will rise and fall, depending on how good her project is. She's the female Richard Pryor, although Richard's talent is more impetuous, more forceful, more satirical.

PLAYBOY: That's how you once felt about Lenny Bruce, isn't it?

MARTIN: I used to go to sleep listening to Bruce's records. I remember I first heard the name Lenny Bruce and they said he was dirty. I said, "Aw, it's just a trick, some comedian's out being dirty and it's a gag, it's a hook." Then I saw him on the news. He was speaking at Long Beach State, doing his bit about defending his act. He was being prosecuted at the time and he had to cop. He wrote down his act and had to go to the judge and do it. I thought, That's not dirty. Then I started listening to his records and I realized how great he was. He was a funny person, not a political person. Most of his records are just good, funny bits. A master, undisciplined. A dialectician. Bruce is like

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Richard Pryor to me. His punch line isn't *motherfucker*. He was firing this chorus girl: "All right, you're fired, pack up your cunt and get out of here." That's a good joke. That's not profane. He was talking like people talk. He naturally used language, naturally used profanity. Then, suddenly, he's put in a position to defend it. It's like wearing Bermuda shorts. You walk in and somebody goes, "What are those?" And you didn't even think about it. You go, "It's OK to wear Bermuda shorts, because it's hot out." You have to make up a reason. It's like me being in a position to have to defend not being political in my act. Huh? You know, just a minute, let me think up a reason.

PLAYBOY: Who are some of the comedians who tickle your funny bone?

MARTIN: Well, I grew up listening to Bruce, Nichols and May, Jack Benny, Red Skelton. Steve Allen was my great love, he was the fastest ad-libber in the West; there's nobody faster. I like Rodney Dangerfield. Andy Kaufman. Robin Williams on *Mork & Mindy* makes me laugh. Bill Cosby made me laugh. David Brenner, Henny Youngman. Don Rickles is funny. He's like Scotch, it's an acquired taste. Sid Caesar makes me laugh. And Soupy Sales.

PLAYBOY: Soupy Sales?

MARTIN: I love him. I think the format of his show is fantastic. You don't see anybody, you see a hand, a puppet. It just strikes me as clever. The jokes are stupid and every 20th joke you laugh. And he doesn't care. I love the background of the crew laughing.

PLAYBOY: What about Monty Python?

MARTIN: Makes me fall down and laugh. I think that's the greatest comedy of our time.

PLAYBOY: Is there a West Coast and East Coast brand of comedy? *Newsweek*, for instance, called you the "ultimate West Coast wacko," as opposed to the "archetypal East Coast neurotic, Woody Allen."

MARTIN: I think my comedy's West Coast, whatever that means. If we were to define East Coast comedy, it's more psychoanalytical. We're all starting at the same point: We're all depressed. Now, the East Coast approach is to show your depression, investigate it, learn about it, talk about it. The West Coast's approach is to say, "We're not depressed." It's to *be* depressed and to cover it up and go along and act as though you're not depressed.

PLAYBOY: We asked you before about possible similarities to Pryor; what about similarities to Chevy Chase?

MARTIN: Yeah, we have similarities. But I don't think it's one guy stealing from another. It's coincidental, we're reacting to similar times. I liked to watch Chevy on *Saturday Night*, he was real likable, a charmer, very funny. In *Foul Play*, he was totally underdirected. He wasn't Chevy Chase, he was an actor. He was being kind to the director and playing his script, rather than being what Chevy is capable of doing.

PLAYBOY: Did you audition for that role?

MARTIN: I read for *Foul Play*.

PLAYBOY: Why did you say no?

MARTIN: I didn't say no. They said no.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel lucky?

MARTIN: Made me realize I don't want to do murder mysteries. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Back to some of your peers. What about George Carlin?

MARTIN: You have to give Carlin a lot of credit. He came along as the hip comedian, but he still made people laugh. He never lost his sense of humor. He is real funny. I started out when there were no comedians, except Carlin. But I was still working before Carlin came along, too, around '66, that's when I really started working, and there was nobody to aspire to. Looking back, I'm proud of that. I want to stand alone. It's a matter of pride. There's also a lot of ego in that opinion.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Andy Kaufman could have made it without your having paved the way, in a sense?

MARTIN: Kaufman's real funny, but he's not for everybody. When he read *The Great Gatsby* on *Saturday Night*, it had me on the floor. I feel like I am the link for the normal audience to understand Andy Kaufman. Andy is where I may have gone if this never worked. I feel like I made a step in the direction of that comedy. A contributor. Kaufman's got enough entertainment value to make his art watchable.

"The East Coast approach is to show your depression. The West Coast's is to be depressed and to cover it up."

PLAYBOY: What about Martin Mull?

MARTIN: I *love* Martin Mull. He's a real talented cynic. He influenced me a lot. I worked with him in Atlanta and he was wearing business suits and Pierre Cardin shoes and I was wearing a suit with tennis shoes. I thought, Why do it half-assed? Then I got into the white suit, because I thought it was new and different. I realize now it was just another of those things that John Lennon did five years earlier.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that men are funnier than women?

MARTIN: Not necessarily. Lily Tomlin proved that women can be funny. The problem is that the women comedians are emulating men, and it doesn't work that way. Someone is going to come along and be a *woman* comedian. There've been as many funny women in movies as there have been men, or even more. Like Judy Holliday, Marilyn Monroe.

PLAYBOY: Rodney Dangerfield thinks it's more acceptable for a man to be a comedian than a woman.

MARTIN: It's true. The tradition of being a comedian is being hard sell. Having to really sell the material. And the female tradition is being soft and vulnerable. The two haven't met. Pretty soon they will. Because the tradition of women being soft and vulnerable will become less significant in people's minds once the old people die off. Also, someone will figure out they don't have to have the hard sell. It's now permissible for a woman to be a comedian.

PLAYBOY: But could a woman do your act? Could a woman be outrageous and dumb and get away with it?

MARTIN: Elaine May pulled it off. She played dumb and she played smart and she played pseudosophisticated in a style that really worked all the way. So it's already been done, it's just a matter of being done on a large scale.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Carol Burnett?

MARTIN: Carl Reiner says she's the best sketch player who ever lived. I said, "Even better than Lucille Ball?" But Lucille Ball wasn't really a sketch player, she was working in one sketch every week.

PLAYBOY: So who's the queen of comedy to you?

MARTIN: Gilda Radner is the queen of the female comedians to me. Gilda has the future. Her talent is so deep. She should do movies. She made a great comment about comedy one time. She said comedy was having your pants down around your ankles.

PLAYBOY: One comic whom we haven't touched upon but who might be considered a predecessor of your brand of humor is Jerry Lewis. What do you think of him?

MARTIN: I think Jerry Lewis is a real comedy genius. The movies of the Fifties with Jerry Lewis are 90 percent masterpieces of comedy. He always got a little sentimental at some point, which always turned me off, but there were great jokes and he was really in control. I'm talking about the movies he did by himself, like *The Bellboy*, *The Errand Boy* and *The Nutty Professor*. Funny movies. Sometimes I'm onstage and I feel myself doing someone. It's that little moment when you say, "I got that from a Jerry Lewis movie. Or from Jack Benny."

PLAYBOY: What do you think happened to Lewis?

MARTIN: From what I hear, he got very difficult to work with. He was the lord and master of comedy. I can't speak against him, because his accomplishments affected me and what stopped his accomplishments didn't affect me. Jerry

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Lewis always greased his hair back. What would have happened if, when the Sixties came along, Jerry Lewis grew his hair long, combed it over with the dry look? Maybe he'd still be funny. Who knows?

PLAYBOY: Since you're speculating, we'd like to ask you about Freddie Prinze. Do you think you could have handled success at the age he had to, 22?

MARTIN: I'm so glad it didn't happen to me then, because I wouldn't have had the experience to back up the demands that have been made on me. If I had to go to Vegas, like he did, when I was 21, shit . . . *I'd* kill myself. That would have been a terrible pressure. I think the reason Freddie Prinze killed himself was because he had a gun in his hand. He never should have had a gun. That kind of thing should be outlawed. That's why I won't have a gun around here. Because I get depressed.

PLAYBOY: Would you say that the pressures of being a stand-up comedian are greater than most other areas of show business?

MARTIN: Stand-up comedy is the hardest job in show business. There's no music, you can't sing for three minutes, there's no room for failure. Missing a joke or a mistimed joke or a failed laugh reduces the audience's confidence in you. Now, they have to evaluate whether something is funny. That's why it's so difficult, because there's never a chance to fail. You're literally hanging on every word. Or being hung on every word.

PLAYBOY: What do you feel when you're out there performing?

MARTIN: Fear is the biggest thing I feel out there. There's no fun, it's all work onstage. And you are always in danger of losing control. Every second you're on, you're on trial. I think of it as an enemy. As a challenge.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean you don't want to perform live anymore?

MARTIN: Stand-up comedy is transient. History shows that you can stand up for so long; after that, you're asked to sit down. To me, the object was to get out of stand-up and go into movies. A movie, a record, television, they're always new. The stand-up is such a tough thing, there's a tendency to leave it the same because it works. I just can't leave it the same anymore, for my own head.

PLAYBOY: On the tour you recently completed, how much material was new?

MARTIN: About 75 percent, but people still think they have heard it before, which I knew would happen. Why should I make up a new act? It doesn't prove anything; it's going to be more of the same. I can't change it. I can't make it 100 percent different. It's impossible. So why even do it? After one show, I started getting very depressed. I could tell the show was slipping away. At points, I thought, This is ridiculous. Toward the end of the act, I thought, I can't believe I'm out here. I felt like the worst amateur in the world.

PLAYBOY: What has that taught you about success and failure?

MARTIN: That if you're struggling to do the best you possibly can all the time, you'll fail 50 percent of the time. See, success in comedy has to do with something other than how good you are.

PLAYBOY: When did you feel you'd finally made it?

MARTIN: To us comedians, the proof of when you're big is when you start drawing. My manager and I have in our heads the date when I first played the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion in Los Angeles. It was 1976 or '77. I thought they were *crazy* to book me there. It seated 3500 and the most I had played was 500. But it sold out. I had done *Saturday Night Live*, hosted *The Tonight Show* and then did the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion. But in terms of fame, Abe Vigoda is as famous as I am. He was seen by 20,000,000 people every week for however long his series lasted. No one's more famous than TV stars. We're not talking about quality now, we're just talking about fame. There's still a lot of audience out there for me to reach yet. I think a lot of people never heard of me, because I haven't been on prime-time TV that much. Kids come up to me, their parents send them over, they say, "That's Steve Martin, get his autograph." The kid doesn't know, he comes over to the table and he asks Bill McEuen for his autograph. [*Laughs*] I know John Lennon couldn't walk down the street. I *can* walk down the street. I don't think I'm at the height of my career yet.

PLAYBOY: Still, there are things about being famous that you resent, such as people staring at you or telephoning you.

MARTIN: It's the loss of your mental privacy. Your last privacy. The biggest loss is that you can't go anywhere and be an observer. Or have fun like everybody else. You can't go to Disneyland. You can't go to a park. You can't go to the zoo, which I love. When you start to do this, you're not thinking about, Wait, I better not write this joke, because I might get so famous that I won't be able to walk down the street. All you're thinking about is writing the joke and getting a laugh. Even if I got out of the business now, it's with me for the rest of my life. Think of the people who are famous and who are bothered just as much as I am who aren't making money. Like Nixon. I mean, he's not making $100,000 a day. Or some minor political figure. Ralph Nader. He's got people coming and bothering him, and he's not making $100,000 a day. Think if I had to go through this for no reason.

PLAYBOY: But for a price, you're willing to put up with the hazards of fame.

MARTIN: Sure, I'll be famous for that kind of money.

PLAYBOY: What kind of money are we talking about?

MARTIN: I don't work on a guarantee, I work on a percentage. For a while, I was really pulling in a *lot* of money per night. There was a time when I earned $1,000,000 in two weeks. I did two days at the Nassau Coliseum in New York and made about $840,000.

PLAYBOY: That *is* a lot of money. What did you do with it?

MARTIN: Started lighting it up. [*Laughs*] You can only get what you're going to draw. It's like Albert Brooks's joke about Neil Diamond, who'd do a concert and they'd give him the building. Recording stars are the richest people in show business. Think of Barry Manilow; he must be incredibly rich. The money never stops. Every half year, they must be sending him $3,000,000, $5,000,000.

PLAYBOY: Did your sudden wealth sour old relationships?

MARTIN: Yes. Money gets people more than anything. I know people who genuinely were disturbed by my success. And not exclusively show-business people. I mean old friends.

PLAYBOY: At least you've been up front about it—you've even incorporated your love of money into your act.

MARTIN: I had one joke where I say, "I love bread." All it was was a lead in to a routine. Then I read it quoted, "Steve loves money, loves bread." It was just a joke. It's like saying, "Steve gives his cat a bath with his tongue."

PLAYBOY: Are you saying you *don't* love money?

MARTIN: I don't *love* it, no. It's a sales tool. My manager may say that to somebody to get more money.

PLAYBOY: How are your record and movie deals constructed?

MARTIN: Bill's biggest contribution to my career was that when we made it, we were totally independent, with not one contract signed to anybody. Not record companies, not agencies, not anything. Bill made the Warner Bros. deal, the record deal, the movie deal, all the big deals. Marty Klein, my agent, was really responsible for personal appearances, a lot of top television. He got me on *The Tonight Show*, on *Saturday Night*. Those were his critical contributions.

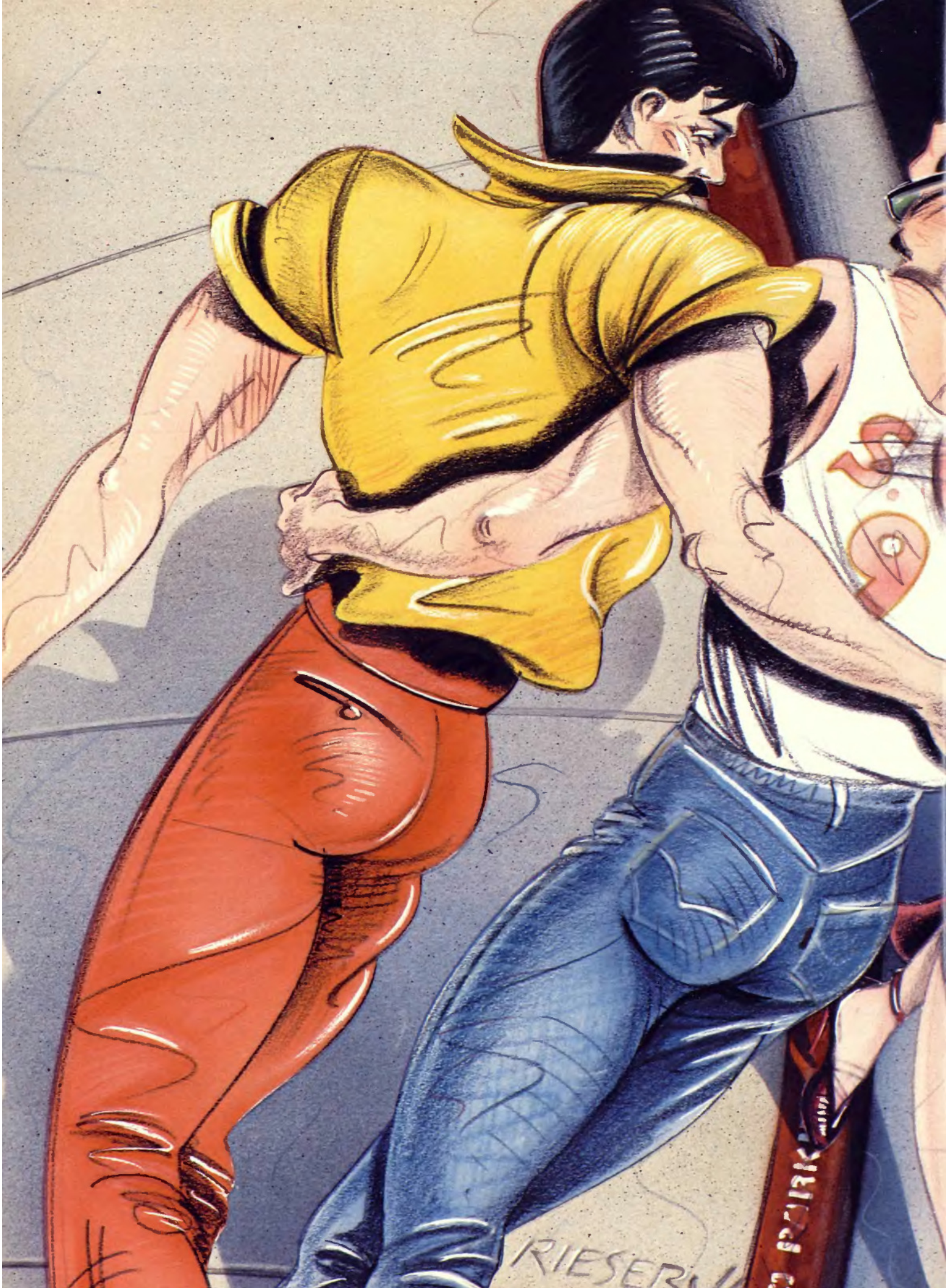
PLAYBOY: And didn't you and McEuen buy Klein a Rolls-Royce?

MARTIN: Marty had always kidded that "Someday you'll buy me a Rolls-Royce." So, since he had really helped our careers, we did. That was our joke.

PLAYBOY: Do you give money to any charities?

MARTIN: I don't believe in organized charity. I mistrust them. I always think the

(continued on page 190)



here in what has been called the country's gay mecca, the straight community finally lets its fear and loathing out of the closet

THE SAN FRANCISCO EXPERIENCE

article By NORA GALLAGHER

THE BROKEN GLASS on the steps of City Hall was two inches deep. Four lines of police—men, actually, dressed in heavy shirts, some wearing bulletproof vests, carrying three-foot batons across their chests, their faces hidden behind visors of plastic—stood in the glass, ducking bottles, cans, rocks and pieces of cement garbage bins that had been torn apart by the crowd. A hysterical policeman shouted, "Did you see them throw every fucking thing at us and us under orders not to move? Did you see it?" Everyone ducked as a pigeon flew over. To the left, another police car, so carefully painted baby blue for better community relations, went up in flames, making it

the fifth of the evening thus far; the melting plastic wires in the cars made the horns short out so there was a steady moan, like cattle lowing. "It's like Crystal night," said a sergeant, "only you can't tell who the Brownshirts are."

"Cocksuckers," hissed a boy on the steps. "Cocksuckers."

It was the night of the day Dan White was found guilty of manslaughter for cold-bloodedly killing Mayor George Moscone and gay hero Harvey Milk. The crowd milled and waxed and waned, their faces twisted in the scarlet light, but what one could see were the faces of youth, glossy beards and manicured mustaches. Their bodies were lithe and muscular and T-shirted. Many wore whistles around their necks, which they blew, adding to the moan, a sharp screeching. If they went too close to the steps, the men in the blue uniforms charged in small phalanxes, swinging their sticks like scythes, bringing them down against the tide that could be dissipated but could not be stopped.

The next day, the homosexual man who took Milk's place on the Board of Supervisors would sum it up: "Now," said Harry Britt, "the society is going to have to deal with us not as nice little fairies who have hair-dressing salons but as people capable of violence."

•

They were, at one time, the limp-wristed boys no upper-class party could do without. Everyone knew, my dear, but nobody talked. They have been in San Francisco, in scattered groups, since the city was settled in the wild days of the gold rush. At the turn of the century, there was a man called the Queen Bee who ruled all gay life and passed the OK on any person coming into town. The present descendants of the Bee are the Empress and the Emperor, mere figureheads. José Sarria, the present Empress, who reminds me that Dr. Kinsey told him he was an "ideal third gender," is the unofficial historian of the gay community. He recalls, with undisguised glee, the "Baker Street Scandal" of the Thirties, when the police raided a tasteful Victorian home in the fashionable part of town and found the male scions of several noble families dancing with one another. In the Forties, José sang at the Black Cat, a literary *salon*/saloon in the building that now houses Melvin Belli's office. He did opera imitations, in full drag, and his heroines always died. He ended each evening by making everybody stand up and sing *God Bless the Nellie Queens*—"so that for just one moment they could be proud of it."

When the action in the bushes came to their attention, the city fathers had lights put up in Union Square (San Francisco's equivalent to Times Square). José remembers when it was legal for the paddy wagons to pull up to the bar and empty its contents like peanut shells. (There were several sections of the penal code that made this possible: a red-light abatement law and another having to do with "keeping a disorderly house.") The Cat repeatedly sued the Alcoholic Beverage Commission in attempts to keep its doors open: In 1951, in *Stoumen vs. Reilly*, the California Supreme Court ruled that it was illegal for the bar to be closed down simply because homosexuals congregated there. In 1963, however, the California Court of Appeal upheld an earlier ruling that the Cat had sufficiently violated the ABC code that guards public morals to warrant closing it down. And that was the end of the Black Cat.

In the Fifties, as one more piece of fallout from Senator McCarthy's bomb, the Armed Forces were "purged of homosexuals." The job was done, in some branches, by confiscating the address book of a "known offender," then dishonorably discharging every man in it. Thus ruined, many of the soldiers, both gay and straight, came to San Francisco—because once you are kicked out of the Army for being gay, you don't go back to Cincinnati.

By the Sixties, the population had grown enough to attract voluntary *émigrés*. Ken Maley, 34, was 19 when he came to the city in 1964 from a town of 1000 in the Midwest. Back near his home town, he had once gone to a bar where he knew men danced together and had sat in a corner and watched. "Don't bother him," he remembers the patrons saying to one another. "He's confused."

Later, when he told a straight friend about his visit, the friend asked, "Ken, did you go there to see them . . . or to find yourself?"

Once in San Francisco, he lived downtown in a Tenderloin hotel in a nine-dollar-a-week room where he and his lovers registered as brothers. ("Everyone knew. But everyone knew that you were as down as everybody else; everyone knew that you got enough shit from the outside, so no one was going to give you any more.") He remembers the scene as "You got picked up in cars and taken out to Land's End, walking the streets." He saw boys in make-up, holding cigarettes just so; he tried to learn to wave his hands in the air and failed. Everyone wore peg-leg pants that were so tight the hair on their legs came through. They had to clip it with nail scissors.

"When I first came here," says Maley, "it was not acceptable in the gay community to go to the baths—you were supposed to be looking for Mr. Right, for your prince to come. There was a place called The Rendezvous, where we called them the Rendezvous Dolls: You wind them up and they go home alone. It was so terrifying, making that first move. . . .

"There was a place called the Capri, where Pat Bond, the comic, was the door dyke. When the police stuck their heads in the door, she'd yell out and the lights would go up and you had to stop dancing. You had to always stay about six to ten inches away from your partner, just in case. You always felt there was something wrong with you. If it all stopped tomorrow, if they closed down the bars again, I would know in my own self they couldn't make me feel like a second-rate person again."

Maley is now a "public-relations consultant" whose major industry, as he calls it, is "selling queer." It is to Maley that CBS goes when it wants to make a documentary on gay life in San Francisco; he assists the growing siege of writers from out of town who stand at Castro and 18th Street and go into shock. He finds the right drag queen, the member of Fist Fuckers of America, the best private gym. He promotes Casa Sanchez, a condominium-development firm, helping to sell the condominiums at Sanchez and 17th Street, a converted laundry, where the one- to three-bedroom units, 55 of them, will sell for between $125,000 and $180,000. It is understood that the buyers of the condos should be gay, but it is illegal to say so.

Numbers are what finally made the difference: As more and more men got liberated letters from their friends and former lovers—letters postmarked San Francisco—more and more men left the little towns in the Midwest where people were beginning to wonder when they were going to get married. (There is a delicate green wrought-iron bench sitting at a convenient resting spot on one of the beautiful public paths that run up Telegraph Hill and overlook the San Francisco Bay. A local gay celebrity has placed a brass plaque on the bench that reads: I HAVE A FEELING WE'RE NOT IN KANSAS ANYMORE.)

By mid-1979, in San Francisco there were seven gay gyms, untold numbers of gay bars, a gay tourist bureau, gay Realtors, gay doctors, gay dentists, gay therapists and psychiatrists, gay insurance companies, gay hotels, gay travel agencies, gay backpacking organizations, gay matchmakers, gay hair-removal services, gay holistic massage and even a gay version of est, called The Advocate Experience. Its founder is the president of the company that publishes *The Advocate*, a gay newspaper.

Gay lawyer Don Knutson, a member of Gay Rights Advocates, has lived here 20 years now and he can't remember the last time a bar was raided. The mask law (it is illegal to cover your face with an

(continued on page 130)

"Well—when you've got to go, this sure as hell is the way . . . !"

Hugh M. Hefner
invites you to
Playboy's Pajama Party
at Playboy Mansion West

December 31, 1979
10 P.M.
Sleepwear, of course

R.S.V.P.

PLAYBOY'S PAJAMA PARTIES

hef's invitations are in the mail, but you don't have to wait—just turn the page and join the revelry

Your host, Hugh M. Hefner, greets guests with the fairy queen of his pajama-party invitation come to life, model Caren Stevens (appasite). Above, a seemingly endless line of cars snakes up the driveway of Playboy Mansian West as partygoers arrive far the fun.

pictorial essay

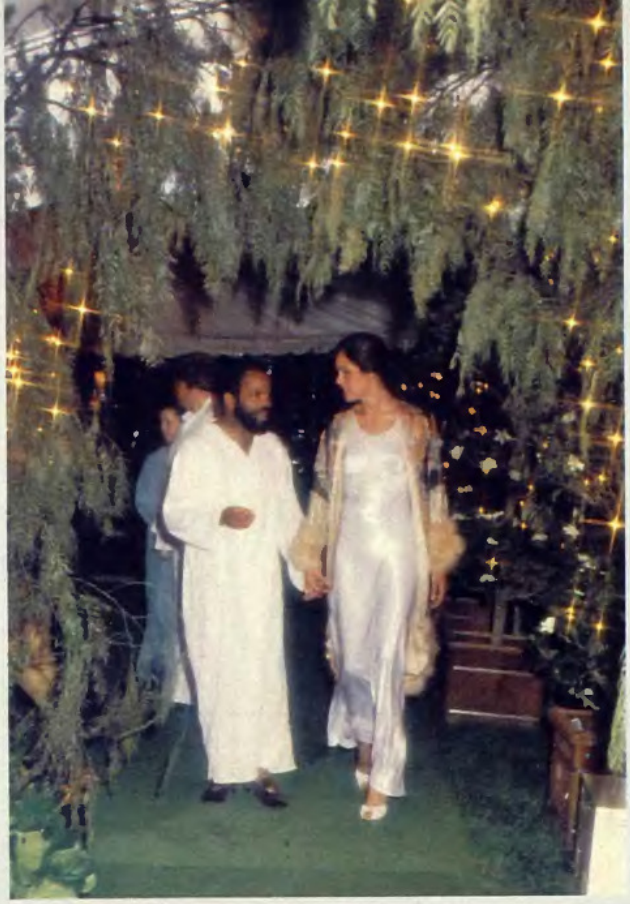
By JIM HARWOOD

HUMAN NATURE being what it is, there are only three things that will get a grown man outdoors in his pajamas: the arrival of the morning newspaper, the call of "Fire!" and a party at Playboy Mansion West. The last is by far the most fun.

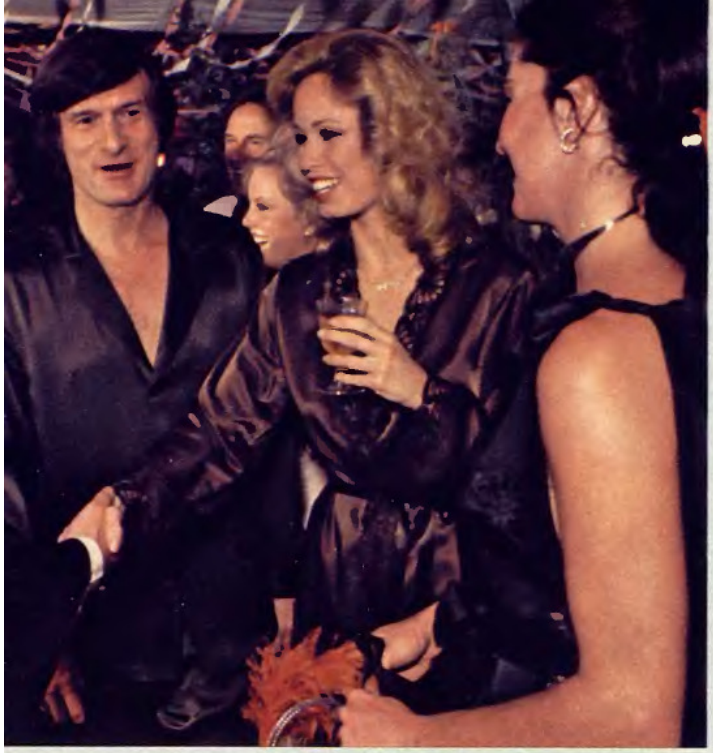
When Hugh M. Hefner inaugurated the Mansion's first pajama party on New Year's Eve 1973, a lot of people took a surprised second look at the invitation. "He has asked everybody to wear 'night clothes'—whatever that may or may not mean," puzzled columnist Nigel Dempster, thousands of miles away in his office at the *Manchester Daily Mail*. Night clothes, for the information of our colleague, are what the world outside Holmby Hills wears for sleeping. Inside Mansion West at the annual Midsummer and New Year's Eve pajama parties, they are what people wear for playing. It's a delightful tradition inspired by the preferred attire of the host, who wants his guests to be just as comfortable as he is. Hef wears pajamas all the time—for eating, working, playing and especially for an intimate soiree such as this one. An intimate soiree *chez* Hef, by the way, can include several hundred people. When the guest list goes beyond his circle of close friends, Hef has been known to bow slightly to convention and slip into more conventionally elegant threads.

Nothing mellows out a party faster than meeting your fellow guests turned out ready to turn in. Despite this obvious logic, some folks are hard to convince. Several years back, a few of Hef's guests chose to ignore the "night clothes" suggestion. That's a *gaffe* not unlike wearing Adidas to a black-tie dinner. Nonplused, Hef quickly updated an Oriental tradition and provided all unsuitably garbed guests with robes from the liberal supply in the Mansion Bathhouse. Few balked at the change.

The 1979 Midsummer Night's Dream event, held on the balmiest of Southern California nights, prompted no such confusion or reluctance on the part of the revelers. By now, Hef's PJ bashes are legend in Hollywood and invitations to the two annual events are hot tickets. As might be expected in a city with no dress code at all, the interpretation of night clothes *(text continued on page 129)*



Strolling through the grounds at last August's Midsummer Night's Dream party are record mogul Berry Gardy and companion (above). Back in 1977, long before she became Mrs. Jimmy Connors, Playmate of the Year Patti McGuire dropped her drawers at another Midsummer Eve's bash.

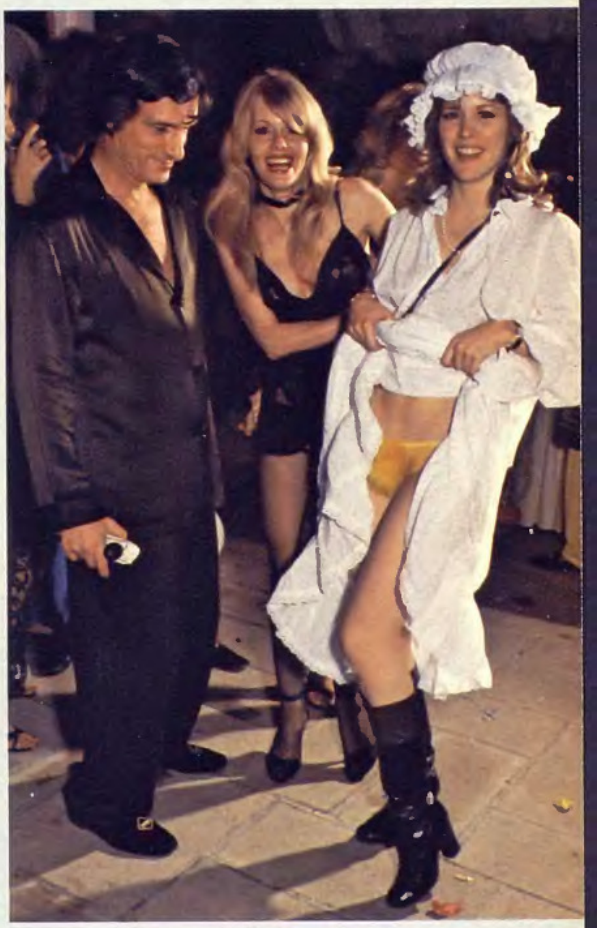


Ringing out 1977 at the Mansion West were (above, from left) actor Burgess Meredith, Hef, his dote, Playmate Sondra Theodore, and actress Edy Willioms; last year's August pajama party attracted, among athers, author and former White House aide John Dean and wife, Maureen (above right). Below, Wendy Carlson takes a moment fram last August's party to pose for a PLAYBOY photographer.

A few months before he opened in *Players*, Dean-Paul Martin wos moking the scene with Hef at 1977's New Yeor's Eve party (obove). The long and the short of it at 1979's midsummer fete were basketball great Wilt Chamberloin ond an attractive componion (below left).

At last August's bash, Hollywood agent Kurt Frings visits with February 1978 Ploymote Janis Schmitt (obove right), while (below) actor Robert Culp has his arms full with songwriter Carol Connors and September 1978 Ploymote Rosanne Katon (who has us up a tree at right).

Sharing a table during New Year's Eve of 1976: entertainer Sonny Bono and Susie Coelho, his lady since his split fram Cher (above).



New Year's '77 cutups (above): Hef, actresses Misty Rowe, Candy Clark. Below, in August '79, actor James Franciscus, Terri Welles.

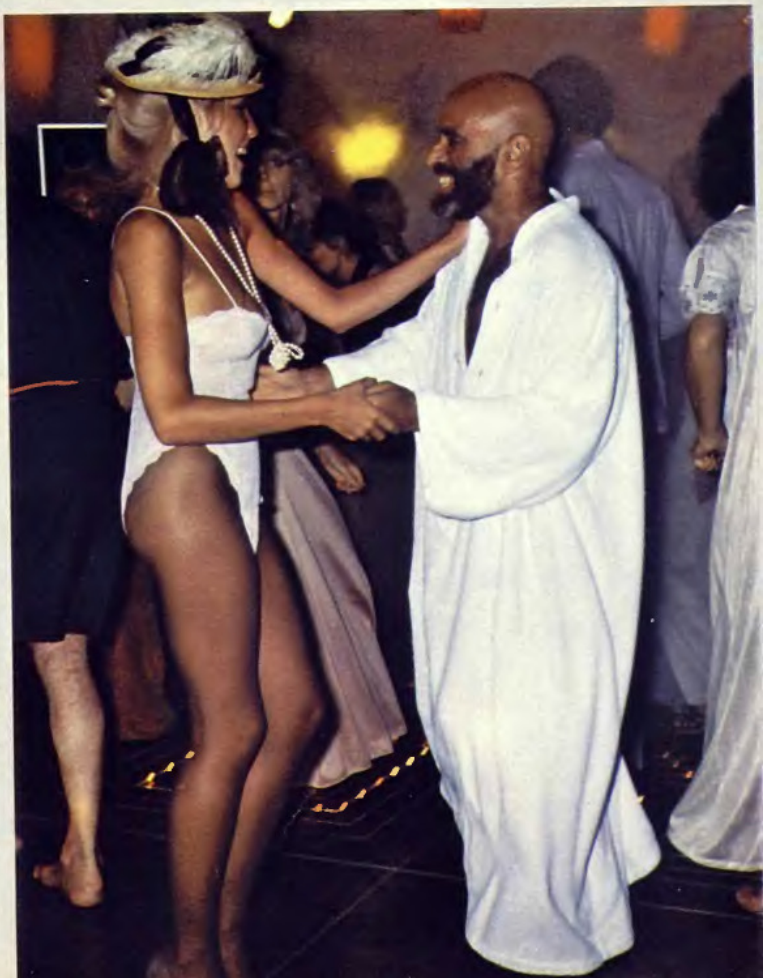
The provocatively posed prospective Playmates above are Liz Glazowski (left) and Victaria Caoke, star candidates for any man's Midsummer Night's Dream. The creator of the fantasy steps out at last year's party (below) with July 1977 Playmate Sondra Theadare. Below right, an unidentified lady leads with her chin for actor Hugh O'Brian at the Mansion midsummer fete held in August of 1977.

Miss April 1978, Pamela Jean Bryant, has obviously captivated actor Burt Young in the shot at top left, from Hefner's 1978 summer p.j. party. Enjoying the 1979 event (abave, from left): Jeona Tomasino, Ron Prather, 25th Anniversary Playmate Candy Loving, film producer Roger Camras, 1978 Playmate of the Year Debra Jo Fondren and (above right) Liz and Victoria, waging mock war.

New Year's celebronts in 1977 (left) included actor Harry Reems, October 1978 Playmate Marcy Hanson; abave, a friend gets, well, familiar with April 1977 gatefold girl Lisa Sahm at last August's do.

Merrymakers from two parties: Below, Playmate Daina House, Dean-Paul Martin and Lisa Holder, August '79; below center, Berry Gordy, Tony Curtis, Richard Brooks and Hefner, December 1975.

Above, Hef with John Derek and his wife, Bo (starring in 10), and, at right, Shel Silverstein boogies with Michelle Karlin, daughter of former Chicago Bunny Suzy Millikan, during the 1979 Midsummer Night's Dream festivities.



has gradually been stretched to include costumes of unparalleled daring.

A standard of sorts was established a couple of years back when Playmate Star Stowe arrived for the New Year's version of the party wearing a sparkling white, 100-percent-cotton diaper held seductively in place by two dime-store-variety safety pins. The simplicity of the outfit drew raves from her suddenly overdressed admirers.

Likewise, there were no complaints last summer when upcoming Playmate Liz Glazowski chose a stunning ensemble of

(text concluded on page 192)

A diapered Playmate Star Stowe rings in 1977 with Dennis Klier and Playmate Hape Olson (left).

"When you came to the end of a perfect day" . . . or night . . . nobody wants the fun to be over. Least of all Traci Spangler and Teri Peterson, clowning around in the car above. Below: At the strake of midnight, guests are showered with hundreds of balloans. Happy New Year!

SAN FRANCISCO EXPERIENCE *(continued from page 118)*

"At a gay celebration at Episcopal Grace Cathedral, the Gay Men's Chorus sang 'Stouthearted Men.'"

"intent to deceive") is still on the books but is not enforced. Sex clubs, as long as they remain private, are left alone. A recent Knutson case neatly bundles gay past and gay present into one elegant package. Last summer, British photographer Carl Hill got off a plane at San Francisco International wearing a GAY PRIDE button on his jacket. He and his lover, Michael Mason, were here to cover the Gay Freedom Day Parade for *The London Gay News*, the name of which was printed on Hill's T-shirt. He was immediately detained by an immigration official who asked him if he was a practicing homosexual. When Hill replied "Yes," he was told that he had the choice of returning to London on the next plane or of undergoing a psychiatric examination that would almost certainly result in his expulsion from the country. Hill had come up against U. S. Code, Title 8, Section 1182, Excludable Aliens, General Causes. The code has 31 subsections that include anarchists, drug addicts, alcoholics and the mentally retarded. Hill came under section (4): "aliens afflicted with psychopathic personality, or sexual deviation, or a mental defect." The deviant, who'd soon see 250,000 of his kind march up the streets of San Francisco bearing banners like DYKES ON BIKES, stayed.

He became an instant cause. The city's oldest and most prestigious large law firm, Pillsbury, Madison and Sutro, offered to assist Gay Rights Advocates *pro bono* in the fight to prevent the examination. The night before the parade, Mayor Dianne Feinstein left her birthday party at the Fairmont Hotel to drop in on a gay celebration at Episcopal Grace Cathedral (where the Gay Men's Chorus sang *Stouthearted Men*). There, to a standing ovation, she publicly apologized to Hill, adding, "I suspect these things will not happen again." The next day, Hill and Mason led the parade. And Knutson, in a turnaround, sued the United States Public Health Service (in the person of the Surgeon General) on behalf of his client. "We're now the plaintiffs," he said, "and it feels terrific." (The case was dismissed in district court on Friday, August 3, 1979. U. S. Surgeon General Julius Richmond declared that homosexuality per se no longer was viewed by the Public Health Service as evidence of a mental disease or defect.)

•

A most tolerant town, San Francisco, born in the brazen days of the gold rush, when you couldn't tell a starving miner from the next president of the Wells Fargo Bank, so everyone was welcome. The town stayed open, accepting Beats in the Fifties, flower children in the Sixties and gays in the Seventies. It is a kind of grand experiment: How many flavors in the melting pot? How many tap shoes can dance on the head of a pin?

But the population of the city is small (660,000) and geographically contained—on three sides by water. Estimates of the gay population now waver between 100,000 and 175,000 people—from 15 to 26 percent of the population. Because the gay neighborhoods tend to clump near downtown, you have what one *latino* organizer calls "an inner city of wall-to-wall gays ringed by neighborhoods with families." He is exaggerating somewhat, but the impulse behind his words comes from a sense of being overtaken.

In Macy's, the new Lifestyle section sports bomber jackets and round-collared shirts and is largely staffed by men with lilting voices. Castro Street, once an Irish-Catholic neighborhood, where a few homosexual men moved to in the Sixties, has become a blooming, blossoming garden of gay delight. In L'Uomo, a store just off the main boulevard, two mannequins in nylon briefs face each other, crotches bulging; in another window of the same store, a mannequin crouches on its hands, ass in the air to passers-by. Around the corner, the Hibernia Bank has recently modernized, indenting its walls to create a minipark with planters in front. One imagines a thoughtful bank president designing the park, imagining it as a relaxing place for elderly women. Instead, it is referred to as Hibernia Beach; every day, men with short haircuts and tight T-shirts and flat stomachs and tanned legs—either stuffed into jeans or displayed in short shorts—lounge in the sunshine, remarking on the men going by, men who look so much like those watching that they have been dubbed, by straight and gay alike, the Castro Clones.

For many people these days, it's no joke. "I walk into the area and I feel uncomfortable. I see men who look like boys. It's a shock to look at them, because they're all dressed differently from others their age and they're all dressed the same. My experience is that I don't belong and it violates my sense of what's natural, a difference between generations."

The speaker is a man I will call Paul (none of the heterosexual people I talked to would allow me to use their names). He is an editor, an educated, well-traveled, thoughtful man who has lived near Castro Street for ten years. When he and his wife bought their Victorian house there, they were "thrilled" to find so many places to shop and eat so close to home. Gradually, however, they found themselves avoiding the area.

"As I park, and get closer, it's visceral. I feel a sense of menace. I think, Why do I feel this? and I can never decide whether it's because they're different from me, a xenophobia, or whether it's an aggressive energy in the air, an Us against Them, a male energy—forget homosexual—which is potentially volatile.

"It's a similar experience to being imprisoned, and there's rivalry and jostling for position. Faggots don't come out as faggots anymore, they come out as young male athletes—it's such a male world, a sexual parade, as if all these people were training for an unarmed militia. My immediate impression of the gay world is one of militancy.

"As I get closer, I see things that make me feel crawly. I see men holding hands, kissing, touching each other's asses, behavior that adults in America, in the heterosexual world, are not used to seeing. I feel this, too, as a kind of challenge. The Italians call it *sfida*, as if the right to behave contrary to conventions is being flaunted on a massive scale.

"When I walk down the street, now that I've lost weight and go to the gym, I feel as if I look more like one of them. I have short hair. And I get the eye. I feel as if I want to shout, I'm straight! I don't want to be *mistaken*. I saw graffiti in the bathroom at the movie theater, MACHO MEN COME OUT OF THE CLOSET! There is not so much of that anymore—the 'everyone's really a homosexual at heart'; but there's enough influence that you feel you have to defend yourself against it."

On Market Street toward Castro, the men on the balcony of The Balcony bar are stuffed in like asparagus spears, most of them naked to the waist. Two men near the railing are holding each other, kissing. The couple in the car with me, one of whom was once a member of SDS, hiss, "Faggots."

About a year ago, I began to hear that word again, a word seldom mentioned here for the previous five years. It was used, I noticed, by people who were liberal, who imagined themselves to be tolerant. It was used, when it was used discreetly at all, to refer to men in groups, men kissing and holding hands, men dressed alike.

Joshua, age 15: "I saw the Donahue show and on it were two sets of parents of gays and the audience brought up a lot of issues, like, how can they be cured? Why are they like this? And the

(continued on page 234)

"Gotta tell ya, Pop—this keeping the family together for the children's sake ain't worth shit."

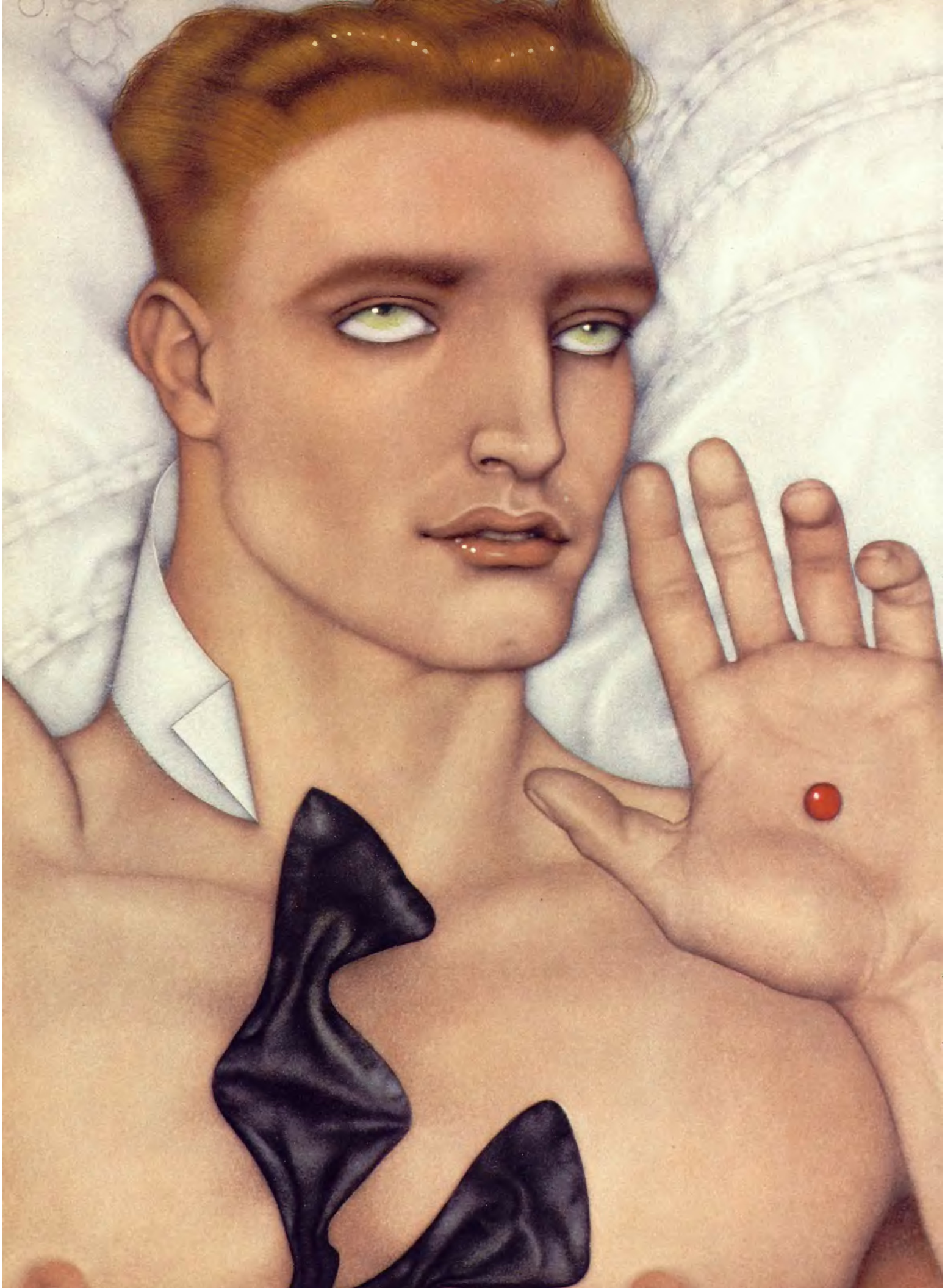


ILLUSTRATION BY MEL ODOM

MY UNCLE OSWALD

from the moment he discovered the pill that rippled men's loins, uncle oswald became a much-sought-after young man

fiction **By ROALD DAHL**

FIRST LOOK
at a new novel

I AM BEGINNING, once again, to have an urge to salute my Uncle Oswald. I mean, of course, Oswald Hendryks Cornelius, deceased, the connoisseur, the *bon vivant*, the collector of spiders, scorpions and walking sticks, the lover of opera, the expert on Chinese porcelain, the seducer of women and, without much doubt, the greatest fornicator of all time. Every other celebrated contender for that title is diminished to a point of ridicule when his record is compared with that of my Uncle Oswald. Especially poor old Casanova. He comes out of the contest looking like a man who was suffering from a severe malfunction of his sexual organ.

Fifteen years have passed since I released for publication in 1964 the first small excerpt from Oswald's diaries. I took trouble at the time to select something unlikely to give offense, and that particular episode concerned, if you remember, a harmless and rather frivolous description of coitus between my uncle and a certain female leper in the Sinai Desert.

So far so good. But I waited a full ten years more (1974) before risking the release of a second piece. And once again, I was careful to choose something that was, at any rate by Oswald's standards, as nearly as possible suitable for reading by the vicar to Sunday school in the village church. That one dealt with the discovery of a perfume so potent that any man who sniffed it upon a woman was unable to prevent himself from ravishing her on the spot.

Today, five years after publication of that perfume story, I have decided to permit the public yet another glimpse into my uncle's life. The section I have chosen comes from Volume XX, written in 1938, when Oswald was 43 years old and in the prime of life.

Here, then, is the extract from Volume XX of the Diaries of Oswald Hendryks Cornelius, word for word as he wrote it.

•

London, July 1938

Have just returned from a satisfactory visit to the Lagonda works at Staines. W. O. Bentley gave me lunch (salmon from the Usk and a bottle of Montrachet) and we discussed the extras for my new V12. He has promised me a set of horns that will play Mozart's *Son già mille e tre* in perfect pitch. Some of you may think this to be a rather childish conceit, but it will serve as a nice incentive to be reminded, every time I press the button, that good old Don Giovanni had by then deflowered 1003 buxom Spanish damsels. I told Bentley that the seats are to be upholstered in fine-grain alligator, and the paneling to be veneered in yew. Why yew? Simply because I prefer the color and grain of English yew to that of any other wood.

The new Lagondas are peerless, and I, for one, would have no other machine. But this one isn't going to be cheap. It is costing me more thousands than I ever thought it possible to pay for an automobile.

Yet who cares about money? Not me, because I've always had plenty of it. I made my first £100,000 when I was 17 and later I was to make a lot more. Having said *(continued on page 136)*

THE PARTY'S NOT OVER!

new year's eve may be a ring-a-ding night, but new year's day is when the festivities really get rolling

food and drink **By EMANUEL GREENBERG** Chances are you'll have a helluva New Year's Eve and, after cutting a few Zs, awake refreshed and ready to boogie some more. Contrary to the old adage, PLAYBOY believes you *can't* have too much of a good thing. So why not extend the holiday spirit a bit longer, with a New Year's Day open house? If you can't con a ladyfriend into tossing the bash, square your shoulders, man, and assume the duty yourself.

It needn't be a chore—if you do it right. An open house can be smart without being complicated; sybaritic simplicity is the watchword. You don't want anything too commonplace. That goes for the snacks and other sustenance, wines, spirits and the obligatory reviver. This once, forgo the ubiquitous bloody mary and offer a more distinctive pick-me-up. The two given here, one with gin, the other based on brandy, not only taste good but, *(continued on page 276)*

MY UNCLE OSWALD

(continued from page 133)

"'One tiny pinch of that powder is the most powerful aphrodisiac in the world.'"

that, it occurs to me that I have never once throughout these journals made any mention of the manner in which I became a wealthy man.

Perhaps the time has come when I should do this. I think it has. For these diaries would be incomplete without some reference to the art of money-making and the pleasures attendant thereon.

Very well, then. I have talked myself into it. I shall proceed at once to tell you something about how I set about making money.

In the year 1912, when I was barely 17, I won a scholarship in natural sciences to Trinity College, Cambridge. I was a precocious youth and had taken the exam a year earlier than usual. This meant that I had a 12-month wait doing nothing, because Cambridge would not receive me until I was 18. My father therefore decided that I should fill in the time by going to France to learn the language. I myself hoped that I should learn a fair bit more than just the language in that splendid country. Already, you see, I had begun to acquire a taste for rakery and wenching among the London debutantes. Already, also, I was beginning to get a bit bored with these young English girls. They were, I decided, a pretty pithless lot, and I was impatient to sow a few bushels of wild oats in foreign fields. Especially in France. I had been reliably informed that Parisian females knew a thing or two about the act of lovemaking that their London cousins had never even dreamed of. Copulation, so rumor had it, was in its infancy in England.

On the evening before I was due to depart for France, I gave a small party at our family house in Cheyne Walk. I had invited a dozen or so friends of both sexes, all of them about my own age, and by nine o'clock we were sitting around making pleasant talk, drinking wine and consuming some excellent boiled mutton and dumplings. The front doorbell rang. I went to answer it, and on the doorstep there stood a middle-aged man with a huge mustache, a magenta complexion and a pigskin suitcase. He introduced himself as Major Grout and asked for my father. I said he was out to dinner. "Good gracious me," said Major Grout. "He has invited me to stay. I'm an old friend."

"Father must have forgotten," I said. "I'm awfully sorry. You had better come in."

Now, I couldn't very well leave the major alone in the study reading *Punch* while we were having a party in the next room, so I asked him if he'd care to come in and join us. He would, indeed. He'd love to join us. So in he came, mustache and all, a beaming, jovial old boy who settled down among us quite comfortably despite the fact that he was three times the age of anyone else present. He tucked into the mutton and polished off a whole bottle of claret in the first 15 minutes.

"Excellent victuals," he said. "Is there any more wine?"

I opened another bottle for him, and we all watched with a certain admiration as he proceeded to empty that one as well. His cheeks were swiftly turning from magenta to a very deep purple and his nose seemed to be catching on fire. Halfway through the third bottle, he began to loosen up. He worked, he told us, in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and was home on leave. His job had to do with the Sudan Irrigation Service and a very hot and arduous business it was. But fascinating.

We sat round him, listening and not a little intrigued by this purple-faced creature from distant lands.

"A great country, the Sudan," he said. "It is enormous. It is remote. It is full of mysteries and secrets. Would you like me to tell you about one of the great secrets of the Sudan?"

"Very much, sir," we said. "Yes, please."

"One of its great secrets," he said, tipping another glass of wine down his throat, "a secret that is known only to a few old-timers out there like myself, and to the natives, is a little creature called the Sudanese blister beetle, or, to give him his right name, *Cantharis vesicatoria sudanii*."

"You mean a scarab?" I said.

"Certainly not," he said. "The Sudanese blister beetle is a winged insect, as much a fly as a beetle, and is about three quarters of an inch long. It's very pretty to look at, with a brilliant iridescent shell of golden green."

"Why is it so secret?" we asked.

"These little beetles," the major said, "are found only in one part of the Sudan. It's an area of about twenty square miles, north of Khartoum, and that's where a tree called the hashab grows. The leaves of the hashab tree are what the beetles feed on. Men spend their whole lives searching for these beetles. Beetle hunters, they are called. They are very sharp-eyed natives who know all there is to know about the haunts and habits of the tiny brutes. And when they catch them, they kill them and dry them in the sun and crunch them up into a fine powder. This powder is greatly prized among the natives, who usually keep it in small, elaborately carved beetle boxes. A tribal chief will have his beetle box made of silver."

"But this powder," we said, "what do they do with it?"

"It's not what *they* do with *it*," the major said. "It's what *it* does to *you*. One tiny pinch of that powder is the most powerful aphrodisiac in the world."

"The Spanish fly!" someone shouted. "It's the Spanish fly!"

"Well, not quite," the major said, "but you're on the right track. The common Spanish fly is found in Spain and southern Italy. The one I'm talking about is the *Sudanese fly* and although it's of the same family, it's a different kettle of fish altogether. It is approximately ten times as powerful as the ordinary Spanish fly. The reaction produced by the little *Sudanese* fellow is so incredibly vicious it is dangerous to use even in small doses."

"But they do use it?"

"Oh, God, yes. Every wog in Khartoum and northward uses the old beetle. White men, the ones who know about it, are inclined to leave it alone because it's so damn dangerous."

"Have *you* used it?" someone asked.

The major looked up at the questioner and gave a little smile under his enormous mustache. "We'll come to that in a moment or two, shall we?" he said.

"What does it actually do to you?" one of the girls asked.

"My God," the major said, "what doesn't it do to you? It builds a fire under your genitals. It is both a violent aphrodisiac and a powerful irritant. It not only makes you uncontrollably randy but it also guarantees you an enormous and long-lasting erection at the same time. I will tell you a true story, if you like," he said, "about myself and the blister beetle."

"Tell us," we said. "Go on, sir."

"One evening," he began, "I was sitting on the veranda of my bungalow way upcountry about fifty miles north of Khartoum. It was hot as hell and I'd had a hard day. I was drinking a strong whiskey and soda. It was my first that evening and I was lying back in the deck chair with my feet resting on the little balustrade that ran round the veranda. I could feel the whiskey hitting the lining of my stomach and I can promise you there is no greater sensation at the end

(continued on page 228)

LEROY NEIMAN

• SKETCHBOOK •

IT WAS AT A DINNER the night before the Robert Kennedy tennis tournament and Senator Ted Kennedy, Art Buchwald and ABC executive Roone Arledge were seated at the same table, having a fine time. They're all old friends. Arledge was smoking a grand Havana and Kennedy suddenly reached across the table, snatched the half-smoked cigar and settled back to enjoy it himself. Caught without my sketch pad, I captured the moment on a napkin. There was something about the way Kennedy commandeered the cigar that made me think: Here's a man who has decided to run for the Presidency. You'll notice that Kennedy appears to be staring into the middle distance. He often seems this way. I've found that most powerful men are what I call spatial viewers. They're always either lost in thought or scanning a room to make sure they aren't missing anything important. —L.N.

STAR TREK'S ENTERPRISING RETURN

after a decade in dry dock, tv's most enduring flight crew invades the nation's movie theaters determined to wage star wars—and reclaim some extraterrestrial turf

article
By GRETCHEN MC NEESE

SCENE: *The bridge of the refurbished Starship Enterprise, where members of the crew are staring, horrified, at their viewer screens. Four huge objects, which appear to be some destructive form of plasma energy, have just been released toward earth by an unknown force.*

On hand are the vessel's commanding officer, CAPTAIN JAMES T. KIRK*; science officer, the pointy-eared, half-Vulcan* MR. SPOCK*; chief medical officer,* LEONARD "BONES" MC COY*;* HELMSMAN SULU*; security officer,* CHEKOV*; communications officer,* LIEUTENANT UHURA*; and three new members of the crew: executive officer* WILLARD DECKER*;* ILIA *(eye-lee-ah), a hauntingly beautiful, hairless female who speaks in a strangely robotized fashion; and, at the navigator's console, another female officer—*DI FALCO*—who whispers in disbelief:*

DI FALCO: They're going to destroy every living thing on earth!

KIRK (*to* ILIA): Why?

ILIA: The carbon-unit infestation is to be removed from the Creator's planet.

KIRK: Why?

ILIA: Because the Creator has not answered.

KIRK: The carbon-units are not responsible for that.

ILIA: You infest Enterprise. You interfere with the Creator in the same manner.

KIRK: The carbon-units are not an

In these artist's renderings based an an advance look at the script of *Star Trek—The Motion Picture*, the Starship Enterprise streaks through space at warp-seven speed in pursuit of an unknown intruder. Suddenly, the Enterprise is menaced by bolts af unexplained force disturbingly like thase that have already vaparized three Klingan battle cruisers and the Starfleet manitor statian an Epsilan 9 . . .

infestation. They're a natural function of the Creator's planet. They are living things.

ILIA: They are not true life forms. Only the Creator and other similar life forms are true.

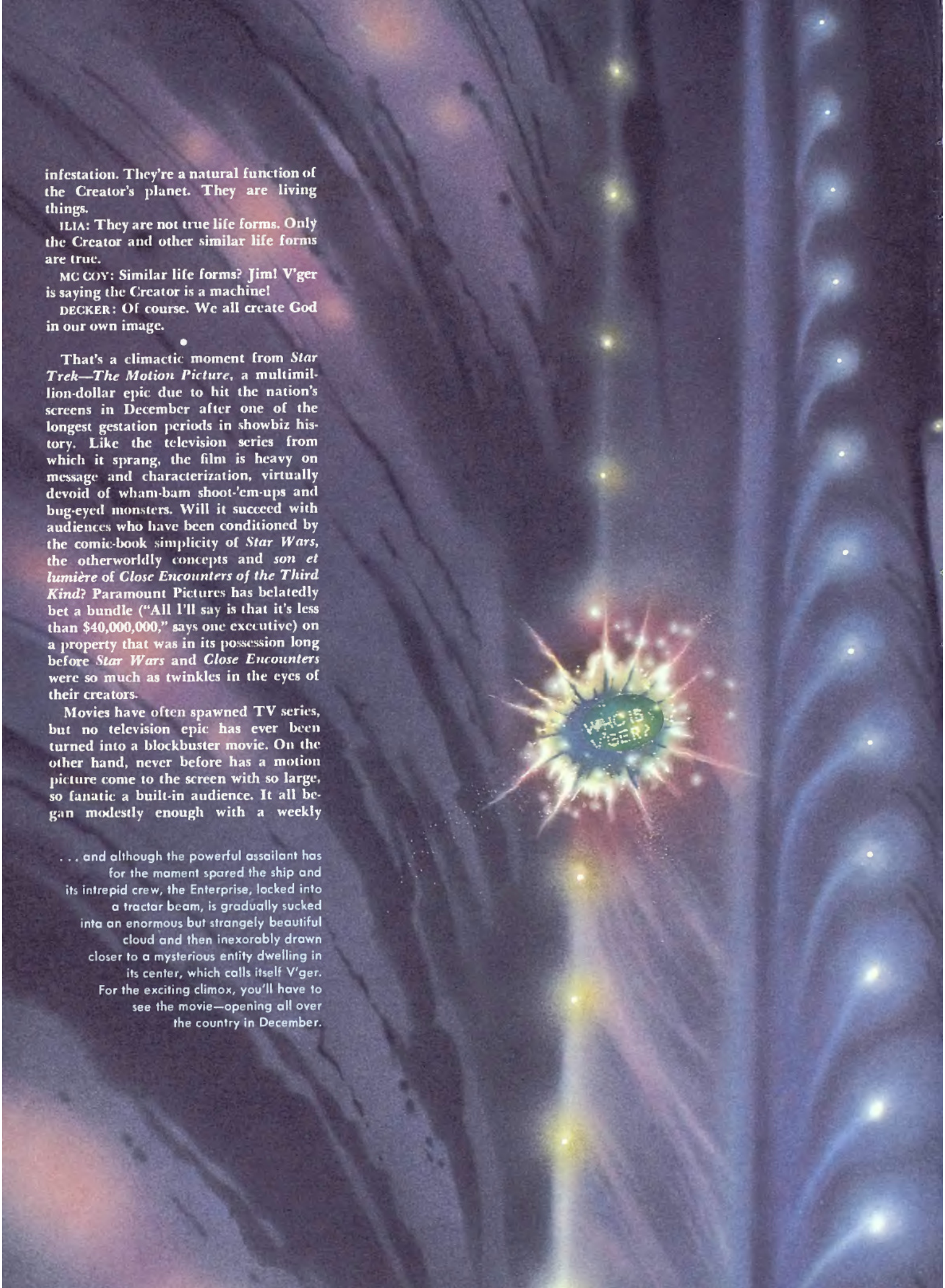
MC COY: Similar life forms? Jim! V'ger is saying the Creator is a machine!

DECKER: Of course. We all create God in our own image.

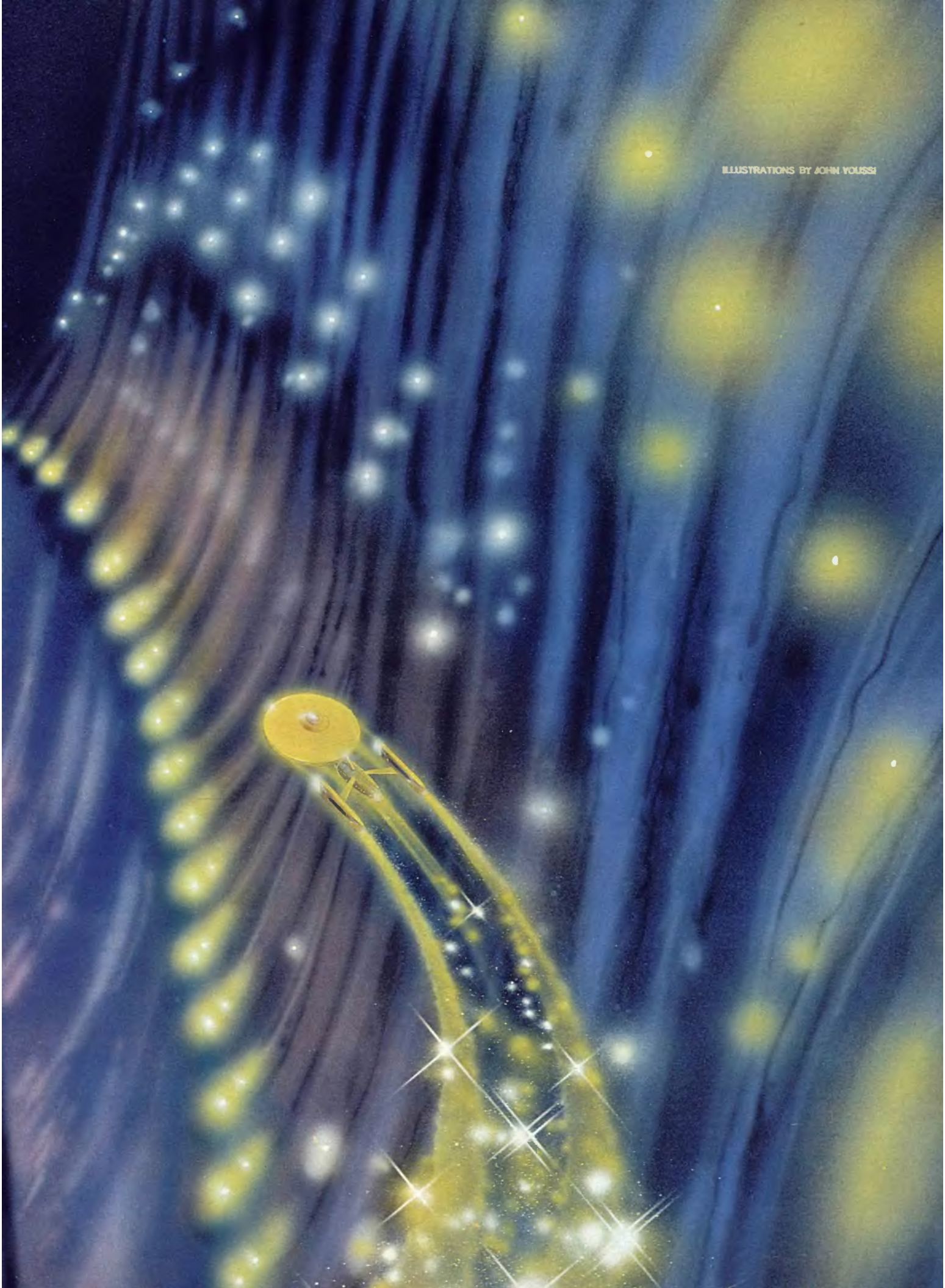
•

That's a climactic moment from *Star Trek—The Motion Picture*, a multimillion-dollar epic due to hit the nation's screens in December after one of the longest gestation periods in showbiz history. Like the television series from which it sprang, the film is heavy on message and characterization, virtually devoid of wham-bam shoot-'em-ups and bug-eyed monsters. Will it succeed with audiences who have been conditioned by the comic-book simplicity of *Star Wars*, the otherworldly concepts and *son et lumière* of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*? Paramount Pictures has belatedly bet a bundle ("All I'll say is that it's less than $40,000,000," says one executive) on a property that was in its possession long before *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters* were so much as twinkles in the eyes of their creators.

Movies have often spawned TV series, but no television epic has ever been turned into a blockbuster movie. On the other hand, never before has a motion picture come to the screen with so large, so fanatic a built-in audience. It all began modestly enough with a weekly



. . . and although the powerful assailant has for the moment spared the ship and its intrepid crew, the Enterprise, locked into a tractor beam, is gradually sucked into an enormous but strangely beautiful cloud and then inexorably drawn closer to a mysterious entity dwelling in its center, which calls itself V'ger. For the exciting climax, you'll have to see the movie—opening all over the country in December.


ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN YOUSSI

television series debuting on NBC September 8, 1966. The brain child of Gene Roddenberry, a former Pan Am pilot and Los Angeles cop, it dealt with the voyages of a 23rd Century space vessel, part of the Starfleet of the United Federation of Planets, and the adventures that befell its crew on its five-year exploratory mission through space.

From the first, *Star Trek* attracted a devoted following, but not a large one. The network tried to cancel the show after its second season, only to be deluged by letters from irate fans organized by a Los Angeles housewife and science-fiction buff named Bjo Trimble. She says the campaign resulted in 1,000,000 letters to NBC.

The gimmick worked, but only for one season. In 1968, *Star Trek* was put in a graveyard Friday-night slot, where its ratings continued to drop, and it left the air—for good, its stars assumed—at the end of that season.

As it turned out, the apparent end was only the beginning. Once the show went into syndication, local independent stations started booking it in early-evening and weekend time slots, where it would be seen by both adults and children. Audiences began to grow, and today—more than ten years since the 79th and final TV episode was shot—*Star Trek* is seen 308 times a week on 134 U. S. stations and, translated into 47 languages, in 131 international markets. Its popularity has actually *expanded 77 percent* in the past five years and it has, incredibly enough, been the subject of masters theses and doctoral dissertations.

New woman on the Enterprise (above): Persis Khambatta. Below (from left, top row): William Shatner, Captain Kirk; Leonard Nimoy, Spock; DeForest Kelley, Dr. McCoy; James Doohan, Scotty; (bottom row): Nichelle Nichols, Lieutenant Uhura; George Takei, Sulu; Walter Koenig, Chekov; Stephen Collins as Decker.

To the moviemakers, this established fandom is both blessing and curse. The hard-core *Star Trek* fan knows everything there is to know about the Enterprise and its crew, and this inexplicable, insatiable demand for even *more* has been greeted with books of Enterprise blueprints, a technical manual, trivia compilations and even a concordance of all *Star Trek* episodes (compiled by the aforementioned Trimble). Your true Trekker—as distinct from Trekkie, a term looked down upon by real fanatics as having groupie connotations—can pass the most esoteric of trivia quizzes.

"Not me," says Roddenberry merrily. "At a *Star Trek* convention some years ago, they gave me 50 multiple-choice trivia questions and I got only four of them right."

Roddenberry has been working out of an office on the Paramount lot for something over four years now. "Seems like a fucking lifetime," he says. "Sometimes it feels like being crucified: You realize it's a great honor, but you'll be glad when it's over."

There's an irony in the fact that Paramount has finally backed this project

STAR TREK'S VERY SPECIAL EFFECTS

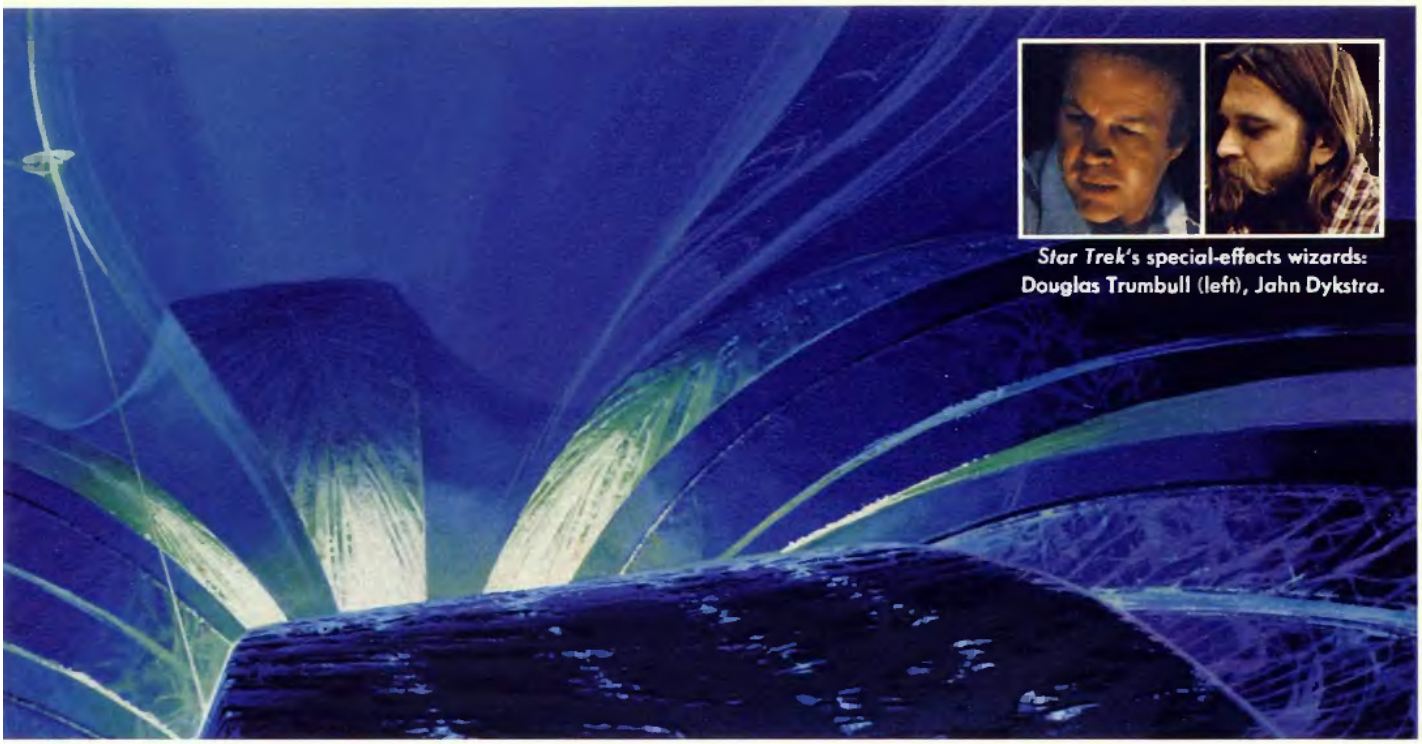
The roster of special-effects wizards working their magic on *Star Trek—The Motion Picture* reads like the technical credits behind $600,000,000 worth of box-office receipts. After a shaky start, the picture's visual magic has been turned over to director of special photographic effects Douglas Trumbull, 37, and supervisor for special photographic effects, John Dykstra, 31. Trumbull, who cut his teeth on Stanley Kubrick's masterpiece *2001*, also did effects for *The Andromeda Strain* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and directed the cult classic *Silent Running*. Dykstra's work on *Andromeda* and *Silent Running* brought him to the attention of George (*Star Wars*) Lucas; his work on that film earned Dykstra an Oscar, and a similar chore for the TV *Battlestar Galactica* pilot won him an Emmy.

Although Dykstra and his once-and-present mentor, Trumbull, were actually competitors for the Academy Award in April 1978, they appear to be working in perfect harness for *Star Trek*. That may not be surprising, in view of the fact that when Dykstra collected his *Star Wars* Oscar, he announced that he wanted to thank Doug Trumbull for having given him his opportunity.

When Trumbull and his Future General Corporation took over the *Star Trek* effects job, they found themselves with two years' worth of work to complete in a mere nine months. Fortunately, they were given plenty of money to do it. The cost of the special effects in this film may well add up to $20,000,000—helping make *Star Trek—The Motion Picture* Paramount's most expensive film ever.

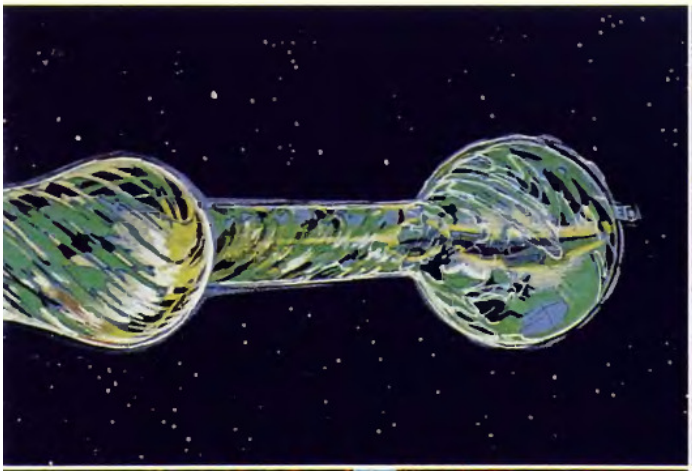
"The floodgates opened up for a period of time," Trumbull said later. "Paramount said, 'Just get it done at any cost,' so we put together good equipment, good crews and good artwork. Our emotion going in was to try to do the best job we could and pull this out of the shit."

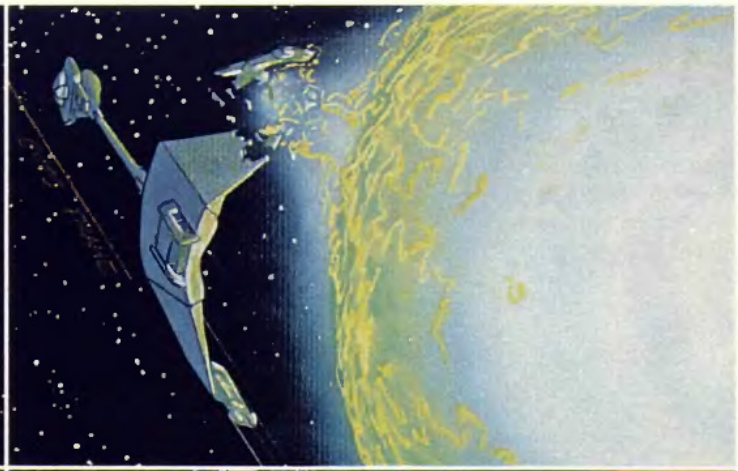
From the looks of preliminary shots we were able to see at Trumbull's Venice, California, shop and at Subcontractor Dykstra's Apogee facilities in Van Nuys, they've done it. *Star Trek—The Motion Picture* will have special effects never previously seen on the *(concluded on page 308)*

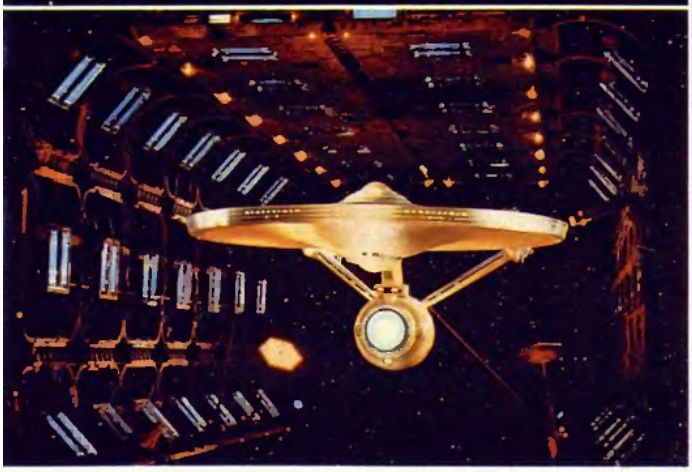


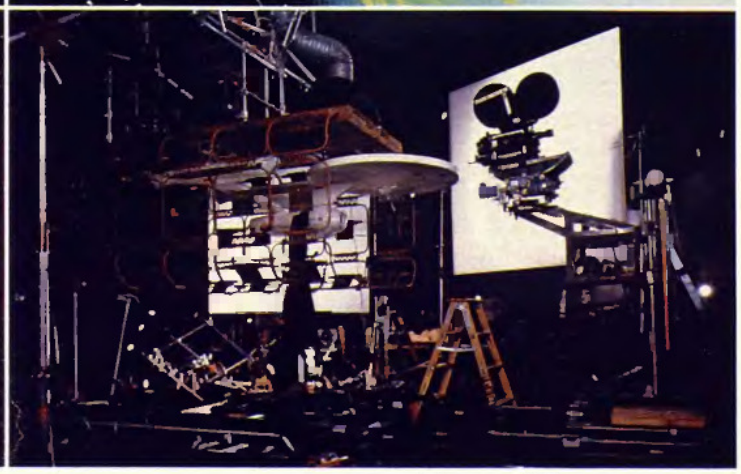
Star Trek's special-effects wizards: Douglas Trumbull (left), John Dykstra.

The undulating, sphincterlike maw that draws the Enterprise into V'ger (above) is largely a creation of computer-geometry expert Ron Resch, working for Douglas Trumbull. Below left, an early design (later revised) for the plasma-energy bolt that destroys the Klingon battle cruisers (below right) and menaces the Enterprise, not to mention the solar system; bottom left, Enterprise in the space dock, a model that required hand-fitting of 100,000 parts. Bottom right, a look at how the Enterprise and docking models were synchronized and projected; note tracks on which camera is moving. Having limited time in which to work, special-effects geniuses Trumbull, John Dykstra and their aides created new technology to accomplish a two-year task within nine months. The results will be seen onscreen December sixth, when *Star Trek—The Motion Picture* opens.









with megabucks. The studio bought the portion of *Star Trek* rights originally owned by the now-defunct Desilu organization (Roddenberry is the co-owner). After sitting on it for almost a decade, Paramount has been roundly castigated by *Trek* fans. During the early Seventies, the very name Paramount was routinely booed at conventions of fans eager for a movie, a new TV series, a special, anything to bring their heroes back. Then, in 1976, the studio got a new president: Michael D. Eisner, whose background is in TV. He reactivated the *Star Trek* project, telling a writer for *The New York Times* that his predecessors had "made a mistake" not realizing that through its TV exposure, *Star Trek* could guarantee an audience. "The project should have been done in 1975," Eisner said.

If it had, it would have beaten *Star Wars*, the box-office champion of all time, to the screen. By the time *Star Wars* hit, Roddenberry was already on the Paramount lot, set to make a middle-budget *Star Trek* movie based on a script that has been dubbed, facetiously, *The Enterprise Finds God in Outer Space*.

"Actually, it wasn't God they were meeting," Roddenberry explains, "but someone who had been here on earth before, *claiming* to be God. I was going to say that this false thing claiming to be God had screwed up man's concept of the real infinity and beauty of what God is. Paramount was reluctant to put that up on the screen, and I can understand that position. But someday it would be fun to do."

There *are* elements of that concept in the present script (by Roddenberry and Harold Livingston), which at another point in the movie's four-year pregnancy was going to be the pilot for the flagship series in a proposed fourth television network Paramount and its parent company, Gulf & Western Industries, hoped to launch. When *that* fell through, it was recycled yet again and in 1978 the making of *Star Trek—The Motion Picture* was announced with Roddenberry as producer, the highly respected Oscar-winning Robert (*West Side Story, The Sound of Music, The Day the Earth Stood Still*) Wise as director, and all the principal characters from the original TV-series cast.

Last to sign on was Leonard Nimoy, the ultralogical, half-Vulcan Mr. Spock—who said his reluctance was due to the fact that he didn't want to get tied up in another series. Insiders, however, speculated that Nimoy, like some other members of the *Star Trek* company, had been unhappy with the compensation he had received not only for residuals—back in 1966, actors were paid for only some seven reruns, and *Star Trek* is now in its umpteenth—but for such by-products as *Star Trek* character dolls and games. "Sometimes the most creative writers at a studio are in the accounting department," Nimoy once remarked; it's an observation seemingly borne out by the fact that Paramount has yet to admit—at least to Roddenberry, who owns a third of *Star Trek*—that the TV series has turned a profit.

Despite that, they're all friends now. Except with the firm of Robert Abel & Associates, which with much hoopla was originally signed on to do the movie's special effects. After reviewing his budget upward from $4,000,000 to $16,000,000 and spending a year working on optical effects, Abel was able to screen only a few partial sequences for Paramount representatives in February 1979.

On seeing them, mild-mannered Wise, who looks like a silver-haired, bespectacled cherub and is legendary in Hollywood circles for his equanimity, blew up. Studio brass huddled and Abel was canned. Months later, interviewed in his office in Building E of Paramount's sprawling lot, Wise would only say of Abel: "We have not been in touch. The air might be a little blue if we had."

Signed on—reportedly for an arm, a leg and a free hand at directing his own picture, if not for half the outstanding stock in Gulf & Western—was the reigning king of special effects, Douglas Trumbull, who directed the contemporary sci-fi classic *Silent Running* and did the effects for *2001* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. Trumbull recruited John Dykstra, the man behind much of *Star Wars* and *Battlestar Galactica*. With the hottest special-effects team in the business at the controls, work on *Star Trek—The Motion Picture*—sometimes round the clock, six days a week—began all over again (see *Star Trek's Very Special Effects*, page 138).

As this is being written, the effects wizards are in a race against time, trying to get all those visuals ready before mid-November, when the film would have to be delivered to the color labs entrusted with making the 800 prints for the mass December opening. Edgiest of all was the 29-year-old *Wunderkind* Jeffrey Katzenberg, vice-president in charge of feature production, for whom this is the first major motion-picture project. "This is your picture, Jeffrey," Paramount top man Barry Diller reportedly said to him. "You sink with it or swim with it."

Katzenberg tried to clamp a tight security lid on everything about the movie—to keep his workers from wasting valuable time talking to the press, he said, but also because he was striving, somewhat vainly, to conserve whatever surprise value he could for the opening of the film. His anxiety was not without foundation; way back in February 1978, a California man stole plans for some of the movie sets and tried to sell them to the president of the Star Trek Association of Orange County; the FBI was called in and the miscreant was apprehended, fined $750 and given two years' probation on a felony charge of stealing a trade secret. In yet another incident, bootlegged copies of the script were put on sale at a fan convention.

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What *is* there about *Star Trek* that has made its following the most fanatical in showbiz history? Roddenberry suspects that it gives people hope that mankind will survive another three centuries. William Shatner, who plays Captain Kirk, thinks it may fulfill needs people have for "otherworldliness" in their lives. Bjo Trimble thinks it's just good sci-fi: "*Star Trek*," she says, "is the first series in which the Great Rutabaga doesn't invade Seattle every week."

George Takei (Mr. Sulu) theorizes that *Star Trek* attracts a thoughtful audience that gets really involved—whereas the audience for *I Love Lucy*, another phenomenally popular series, "just sits back and enjoys itself, and that's the end of it."

Nimoy hypothesizes that the answer lies in the show's characters. "To me, there are six or eight TV shows that you could turn on and mistake one for the others," he says. "You could put the bald guy in this one and the guy with the police uniform in that one, and it wouldn't matter. We on *Star Trek*, I think, are specifically identifiable as individuals. Everybody knows who each of these characters is and feels very deep personal relationships with them. With all due respect to all the shows that are on the air, I don't know of any other that will warrant a fan convention seven or ten years from now, anyplace."

Whichever theory, or combination of theories, holds the answer to the secret of *Star Trek*, Nimoy is right on target about his audience's involvement with the characters—who had inspired 371 fan clubs at latest count. Some of the *Star Trek* actors have made a modest living out of that fandom, through lecture and personal-appearance fees, but, on the other hand, many have been so seriously typecast that they've had trouble landing other roles.

Prior to *Star Trek*, Shatner was the best known of all of them. The Canadian-born actor starred in some of the most memorable television dramas of the early Sixties: with Ralph Bellamy in the opening episode of *The Defenders*, with Lee J. Cobb in *No Deadly Medicine* on *Studio One*, as the idealistic trial attorney Lieutenant Colonel N. P. Chipman on PBS' acclaimed *The Andersonville Trial*—and, less successfully, in an abortive costume Western called *The Barbary Coast*.

(continued on page 172)

TUCKING IT AWAY

here's something you need but seldom receive this time of year—savvy advice on how to keep more of your nest egg inside your own nest

article **By ANDREW TOBIAS** The holidays are rough. There are gifts to buy, taxes to pay, contributions to make, parties to throw, ski lodges and tuxedos to rent—not to mention doormen, postmen and newsboys you may never even have seen but whom you must nevertheless appease. (Mine send second greeting cards when remittance is not received promptly from the first.) Indeed, contrary to popular belief, it is *financial* rather than emotional distress that causes the suicide rate to soar this time *(continued on page 178)*

SCULPTURE BY PARVIZ SADIGHIAN

article By ALVIN TOFFLER *you shouldn't be surprised to find that every rule you've ever lived by is changing. it always happens when one epoch gives way to another*

Ten years ago, PLAYBOY *readers caught a first, exclusive look at an extraordinary book that subsequently went on to sell 6,000,000 copies around the world and add a new phrase to the language: "Future Shock." Now* PLAYBOY *once again presents a revealing first excerpt from a major book by Alvin Toffler: "The Third Wave."*

To be published by William Morrow in March, "The Third Wave" may do for us in the Eighties what its predecessor did for us in the Seventies—change our perception of ourselves.

It is a sweeping look at the emerging future that deals with everything from new family forms and the exciting politics of tomorrow to the future of work, personality and business. It is a passionate book that starts out with the ringing charge that "a new civilization is emerging in our lives, and blind men everywhere are trying to suppress it."

It differs from "Future Shock" in one key way. While that book dealt with the processes of adaptation and change, it had relatively little to say about where we actually were heading. "The Third Wave," by contrast, presents a coherent, colorful full-length portrait of the emerging society.

Toffler calls this new civilization the Third Wave. The agricultural revolution of 10,000 years ago started what he describes as the First Wave of historic change. The industrial revolution of 300 years ago launched today's dying Second Wave civilization. Today we find ourselves caught up in the explosive Third Wave of change.

In fact, Toffler argues, many of the hard-to-understand features of life today, in our fast-changing, complex society, make sense only when we analyze the collision of this Third Wave with our existing Second Wave institutions, politics and personal habits.

IN MILLIONS of middle-class homes, a ritual drama is enacted: The recently graduated son or daughter arrives late for dinner, snarls, flings down the want ads and proclaims the nine-to-five job a degrading sham and a shuck. No human being with even a shredlet of self-respect would submit to the nine-to-five regimen.

Enter parents:

The father, just returned from his own nine-to-five job, and the mother, exhausted and depressed from paying the latest batch of bills, are outraged. They have been through this before. Having seen good times and bad, they suggest a secure job with a big corporation. The young person sneers. Small companies are better. No company is best of all. An advanced degree? What for? It's all a terrible waste!

Aghast, the parents see their suggestions dismissed, one after another. Their frustration mounts until, at last, they utter the ultimate parental cry: "When are you going to face the real world?"

Such scenes are not limited to affluent homes in the U. S. or even Europe. Japanese corporate moguls mutter in their sake about the swift decline of the work ethic and corporate loyalty, of industrial punctuality and discipline among the young. Even in the Soviet Union, middle-class parents face similar challenges from their children.

Is this just another case of *épater les parents*—the traditional generational conflict? Or is there something new here? Can it be that young people and their parents are simply not talking about the same "real world"?

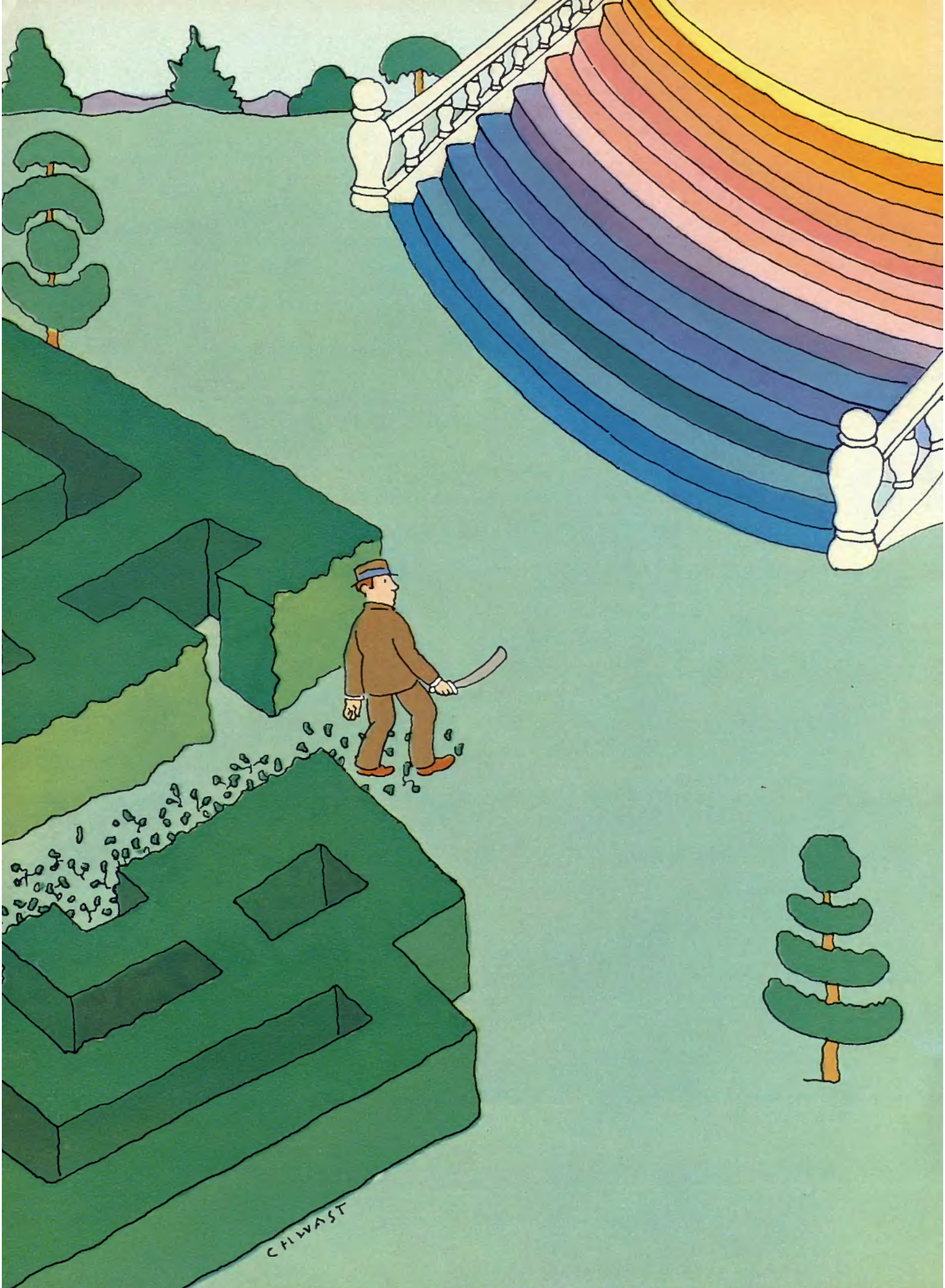
The fact is that what we are seeing is not merely the classical confrontation of romantic youth and realistic elders. Indeed, what was once realistic may no longer be. For the basic code of behavior, containing the ground rules of social life, is changing rapidly as the onrushing Third Wave arrives.

Second Wave civilization—what we call industrial society—brought with it a "code book" of principles or rules that governed everyday behavior. Such principles as standardization, maximization and synchronization were applied in business, government and a daily life obsessed with punctuality and schedules.

Today, a counter–code book is emerging—new ground rules for the life we are building on the basis of a "demassified" economy, demassified media, and on new family and corporate structures. Many of the seemingly senseless battles between young *(continued on page 152)*

THE THIRD WAVE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SEYMOUR CHWAST


CHWAST

article By RICHARD RHODES *better living through chemistry—not to mention biology, electronics and other fields too weird to imagine*

80 WAYS THE EIGHTIES WILL CHANGE YOUR LIFE

REMEMBER 1970, only ten years ago? Richard Nixon was President. Watergate was an office complex. There was a war in Vietnam. *Life* magazine discovered women's lib and Ford introduced its first compact car, the Pinto. Clocks had dials. Pan Am was promoting its new 747 service; the smallest computers you could buy were the size of breadboxes and cost $12,000—and there was no such thing as a pocket calculator.

Now it's 1980. No one can say what truly radical technological changes the next ten years will bring, because breakthroughs aren't predictable. But much that will come in the decade of the Eighties is already in production, or on the drawing boards, or, at the chanciest, looks plausible given a few breaks. And here, for your amusement and possible awe, in no particular order, are 80 of the Eighties' best shots.

GOSSYPOL. Gossypol, a pigment isolated from cottonseed, is undergoing extensive testing in the People's Republic of China as an inexpensive, effective male birth-control agent. Twenty milligrams taken daily for two months produced infertility in more than 4000 men at an efficiency of 99.89 percent—as good as the female pill, which is the best of all existing methods of contraception. Gossypol isn't a hormone; it acts locally on seminiferous tubules of the testis, damaging semen precursors and dropping the sperm count to zero or nearby. Side effects are minor: temporary weakness that passes without treatment and, for six percent of the men studied, a decrease in libido. Sperm counts returned to normal three months after daily doses were discontinued. Studies are continuing in the P.R.C. and the U. S. is watching. If gossypol checks out, sometime in the Eighties, you'll hear sighs of relief all across America.

LONG LENS. Contact-lens wearers can look forward to lenses they can wear for up to two months between cleanings. The FDA has already approved one type of continuous-wear lens for postcataract patients. With more research, a lens is likely for normal cosmetic wear. Another type of lens being developed would make soft contacts available for correction of astigmatism. And lens-industry rumor has it that someone's working on a disposable soft contact, available in six-packs, to be thrown away at bedtime.

BUG JAM. The U. S. Department of Agriculture has discovered that insects produce extremely high-frequency "radio" waves, similar to microwaves, through the anatomical equivalents of the paraphernalia of microwave generation. The tiny signals work for bug communication, and the USDA is studying bug jamming as a means of pest control: The waves would be beamed at a particular pest's radio frequencies and would interfere with communication for reproduction. Pesticides would thus give way to microwaves.

HIGH-PROTEIN POP. Developed by Coca-Cola, Samson is a soft drink with a difference: It supplies one third of an adult's daily vitamins and minerals and ten percent of his basic protein requirements—in flavors such as orange and mango. Already on sale in Mexico, Samson will appear in the U. S. in the early Eighties, adding nutritional value to the pause that refreshes.

HOME TAPE. LVR—longitudinal video recording—will overwhelm the videocassette-recording market in the Eighties. Toshiba announced in 1979 a forthcoming new generation of LVRs; Kodak is said to be working on an LVR system of its own. LVRs use half-inch tape and a fixed recording head; they have two thirds fewer moving parts than VCRs, they use less power, they're lighter and more portable and they'll cost half as much. Toshiba has figured out how to prerecord tapes in less than real time, which means cheaper prerecorded programing as well.

GREEN GAS. According to Nobel laureate Melvin Calvin of the University of California at Berkeley, a wild shrub named *Euphorbia lathyris*, grown under cultivation for its hydrocarbonlike latex, could ease the gasoline shortage in the Eighties and Nineties. Calvin calculates *Euphorbia* could produce 10 to 20 barrels of oil per acre, which means that an area the size of Arizona could meet all U. S. oil needs. *Euphorbia* grows on land too dry and too poor for food-crop cultivation. Other plant researchers think goldenrod and guayule—the latter a woody shrub of the arid Southwest—could supply natural rubber to replace synthetic rubber based on petroleum.

WHOLE CLOTH. Fabrics of the Eighties will do more for you than fabrics do today. Wrinkle-free 100 percent cotton is already coming into use nationwide. Specially treated natural fibers begin looking good again as the cost of artificial fibers based on oil goes up. The textile industry expects to create cloth that changes color—an offshoot of the same liquid-crystal technology that gave us mood rings—but garmentmakers don't think there'll be much demand for it. More practical *(continued on page 156)*

for those of you who don't like to sleep alone

fiction **By ROBERT COOVER**

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY SUZANNE SEED

So one night he comes in from using the bathroom takes off his clothes stretches scratches himself puts on his pajamas yawns sets the alarm turns down the sheets crawls into bed fumbles for the light switch above him bumps something soft with his elbow which turns out to be a pale white-haired lady in a plain gray nightgown lying in bed beside him *wha—?!* he cries out in alarm and demanding an explanation is told she has been assigned to his bed by the social security it's the shortage she says the Ss not coming out just right her teeth he sees now in a glass of water on the night table private beds are a luxury the world can no longer afford she explains adding that she hopes he won't kick during the night because of her brother who has only one leg is ailing poor soul and is sleeping at the foot of the bed (this is true he feels him there sees him knobby old gent in a cloth cap and long underwear one leg empty pinned up to the rear flap) all of which since he has not heard about the world bed shortage takes him by surprise and with a gasp he says so to which the old lady replies in her prim toothless way that yes yes life in the modern world what there is left of it is not always easy young man it's what they call the progress of civilized paradox she's heard about it on the television but at least at least he still has his own bed has he not he's after all luckier than most naming no names (she sighs) even if it is only a three-quarter and a bit tight for five and—*five!!* he cries rearing up in panic *five—!* and sure enough there they are two more three in fact how did he miss them before a skinny oriental huddling down behind the old lady dishwater hands shifty eyes antiseptic smell quivering taut as a mainspring and on this side just arriving a heavy-bellied worker in oily overalls staggering toward the bed with a fat woman tottering on

IN BED ONE NIGHT

stiletto heels huge butt squeezed shinily into a tight green dress hair undone eyes wet their faces smeared with sweat and paint and cockeyed the—look out!—both of them as they—*crash!*—hit the night table send it flying lamp water glass teeth and all upsetting the old lady needless to say who goes crawling around on the splashed bed on her hands and knees looking for the teeth spluttering petulantly through her flabby lips that woman's not allowed here it's not fair they said five! the worker paying no mind or too drunk to hear hauling off his overalls kicking them aside his underwear belching growling pushing the woman toward the bed cracking her big ass soundly when she hesitates making her yelp with pain not here Duke not with that old lady watching shut up goddamn you I don't ask for much the old lady is complaining still scratching about for her dentures justice that's all justice a little respect dignity a dress rips the worker blows a beery fart it's a hard thing growing old but I don't ask for any prizes—pwitheth she says—and look at that chink Duke look at his goddamn eyes bug what's he staring at but the worker just grunts irritably and shoves her roughly onto the bed and onto its erstwhile owner now too overcome by the well-meant outrages of a world turned to rubble and mercy even to move ah me! all this order he thinks as the worker plummets down upon them both like a felled tree and commences to fumble groggily for the bawling fat woman's seat of bliss (he could show him where it is but if he doesn't know how to ask politely to hell with him) all this desperate husbandry this tender regulation of woe the woman on him weeping and groaning now ass high and soft legs flailing believe me says the old lady crankily still on her bony knees if I don't find my dentures there'll be the dickens to pay I mean *(concluded on page 316)*

THE THIRD WAVE *(continued from page 146)*

"The Third Wave, as it sweeps in, carries with it a completely different sense of time."

and old, as well as other conflicts in our classrooms, board rooms and political back rooms, are, in fact, nothing more than clashes over which code book to apply.

The new code book directly attacks much of what the Second Wave person has been taught to believe in—from the importance of punctuality and synchronization to the need for conformity and standardization. It challenges the presumed efficiency of centralization and professionalization. It compels us to reconsider our conviction that bigger is better and our notions of concentration. To understand this new code, and how it contrasts with the old one, is to understand instantly many of the otherwise confusing conflicts that swirl around us, exhausting our energies and threatening our personal power, prestige or pay check.

THE END OF NINE TO FIVE

Take the case of the frustrated parents. Second Wave civilization synchronized daily life, tying the rhythms of sleep and wakefulness, of work and play, to the underlying throb of machines. Raised in this civilization, the parents take for granted that work must be synchronized, that everyone must arrive and work at the same time, that rush-hour traffic is unavoidable, that mealtimes must be fixed and that children must, at an early age, be indoctrinated with time consciousness and punctuality. They cannot understand why their offspring seem so annoyingly casual about keeping appointments and why, if the nine-to-five job (or other fixed-schedule job) was good enough for them, it should suddenly be regarded as intolerable by their children.

The reason is that the Third Wave, as it sweeps in, carries with it a completely different sense of time. If the Second Wave tied life to the tempo of the machine, the Third Wave challenges this mechanical synchronization, alters our most basic social rhythms and, in so doing, frees us from the machine.

Once we understand this, it comes as no surprise that one of the fastest spreading innovations in industry during the Seventies was "flexitime"—an arrangement that permits workers, within predetermined limits, to choose their own working hours. Instead of requiring everyone to arrive at the factory gate or the office at the same time, or even at prefixed staggered times, the company operating on flexitime typically sets certain core hours when everyone is expected to show up, and specifies other hours as flexible. Each employee may choose which of the flexible hours he or she wishes to spend working.

This means that a day person—one whose biological rhythms routinely awaken him or her early in the morning—can choose to arrive at work at, say, eight A.M., while a night person, whose metabolism is different, can choose to start working at ten or 10:30 A.M. It means that an employee can take time off for household chores, or to shop, or to take a child to the dentist. Groups of workers who wish to go bowling together early in the morning or late in the afternoon can jointly set their schedules to make it possible. In short, time itself is being demassified.

The flexitime movement began in 1965, when a woman economist in Germany, Christel Kämmerer, recommended it as a way to bring more mothers into the job market. In 1967, Messerschmitt-Bölkow-Blohm, the *"Deutsche Boeing,"* discovered that many of its employees were arriving at work worn out from fighting rush-hour traffic. Management gingerly experimented by allowing 2000 workers to go off the rigid eight-to-five schedule and to choose their own hours. Within two years, all 12,000 of its employees were on flexitime, and some departments had even given up the requirement for everyone to be there during core time.

In 1972, *Europa* magazine reported that "in some 2000 West German firms, the national concept of rigid punctuality has vanished beyond recall. . . . The reason is the introduction of *Gleitzeit*"; i.e., sliding, or flexible, hours. By 1977, fully a fourth of the West German work force, more than 5,000,000 employees in all, were on one or another form of flexitime and the system was being used by 22,000 companies with an estimated 4,000,000 workers in France, Finland, Denmark, Sweden, Italy and England. In Switzerland, 15–20 percent of all industrial firms had switched to the new system for all or part of their work force.

Multinational firms (a major force for cultural diffusion in today's world) soon began exporting the system from Europe. Nestlé and Lufthansa, for example, introduced it to their operations in the U. S. By 1977, according to a report prepared by Professor Stanley Nollen and consultant Virginia Martin for the American Management Associations, 13 percent of all U. S. companies were using flexible hours. Within a few years, they forecast, the number will reach 17 percent, representing more than 8,000,000 workers. Among the American firms trying out flexitime systems are such giants as Scott Paper, Bank of California, General Motors, Bristol-Myers and Equitable Life.

Some of the more moss-backed trade unions—preservers of the Second Wave status quo—have hesitated. But individual workers, by and large, see flexitime as a liberating influence. Says the manager of one London-based insurance firm: "The young married women were absolutely rapturous about the change-over." A Swiss survey found that fully 95 percent of affected workers approve. Thirty-five percent—men more than women—say they spend more time with the family.

One black mother working for a Boston bank was about to be fired because—though a good worker in other respects—she was continually turning up late. Her poor attendance record reinforced racist stereotypes about the "unreliability" and "laziness" of black workers. But when her office went on flexitime, she was no longer considered late. It turned out, reported sociologist Allan R. Cohen, "that she'd been late because she had to drop her son in a day-care center and could just never quite get to the office by starting time."

Employers, for their part, report higher productivity, reduced absenteeism and other benefits. There are, of course, problems, as with any innovation, but, according to the A.M.A. survey, only two percent of the companies trying it have gone back to the old rigid time structure. One Lufthansa manager summed it up succinctly: "There's no such thing now as a punctuality problem."

THE SLEEPLESS GORGON

But flexitime, while widely publicized, is only a small part of the general restructuring of time that the Third Wave carries with it. We are also seeing a powerful shift toward increased night work. This is occurring not so much in the traditional manufacturing centers like Akron or Baltimore, which have always had a lot of workers on night shifts, but in the rapidly expanding services and in the advanced, computer-based industries.

"The modern city," declares the French newspaper *Le Monde*, "is a Gorgon that never sleeps and in which . . . a growing proportion of the citizens work outside the [normal] diurnal rhythms." Across the board in the technological nations, the number of night workers now runs between 15 and 25 percent of all

(continued on page 180)

THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA

rest ye merry, gentlemen procrastinators. playboy once again comes up with a sleighful of last-minute yuletide goodies

1 For those who want to get a grip on such easy-to-lose items as house or car keys, there's a solid-brass skeleton key tag (yes, it will even open doors), $4, or a solid-brass ruler key tag, $3, both by Lord Pendleton Ltd., that should end your fumbling forever.

2 This talking electronic hand-held translator both pronounces and displays foreign words, phrases and sentences in a variety of languages from Chinese to Spanish, by Texas Instruments, $300, including carrying case; each plug-in language module, $60.

3 If you think the smell of the wild West is all horse manure and sweat, take a whiff of the fresh, woodsy Chaps by Ralph Lauren spray cologne, $8, or after-shave balm, $6, that come in handsome tooled-looking flasks, both by Warner Western Fragrances, Inc.

4 January may not be the month for picnics, but come next spring, you'll be glad that you stocked up on six six-piece snap-apart sets of French plastic plates, cups and utensils in red, orange, purple, yellow and light and dark green, from Abitare, New York City, $10.

5 The First Alert Family Protection System that operates on A.C. or battery includes a console that monitors intrusion transmitters on doors and windows, smoke and gas detectors and from which one can also activate a siren, by Pittway, $160 for basic unit.

6 This Dimitri Petrohilos–designed bed-sit corner chair with a zip-off fabric cover is comprised of three hinged segments; flip it once from a seating position and you have a long, low recliner; flip it once again and you have a full-length bed, by Adeptus, $190.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA

7 Computer Perfection, an electronic game that challenges both mind and memory, offers different skill levels that allow players to challenge the computer or compete with friends as they seek clues that will light lights in proper order, by Lakeside, $40.

8 The Heuer Wrist Microsplit, a Richard Sapper–designed electronic quartz stop watch with a large, legible liquid-crystal display that can be read even in bright sunlight, measures up to 59 minutes and 59.99 seconds, $165, including elastic band.

9 For electronic TV-game freaks, there's Mattel's Intellivision System that includes a Master Component and two component controllers and a football game, $275; 13 other game cartridges are available for realistic onscreen competition, $23 each.

10 With the price of gas these days, you may well want to tank up on whatever you chill in a vinyl-coated five-quart Gasohol ice bucket in gas-pump red, $22.50, plus six matching Gasohol glasses, $17, both from Neiman-Marcus gift galleries.

11 The next time you play Jimmy Connors or John McEnroe, one-up him with the latest status symbol, a solid-brass 3" x 8" tennis-ball caddie that holds three balls and has a leather shoulder strap, from Accents & Images, New York City, $42.

12 Hands Free speaker phone needs no outside power and works on all telephone exchanges; to place calls, just plug in, touch the button and the phone numbers you wish to call—to redial, push RE button, from McDonald Distributors, $129.95.

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13 If you're a better-than-average skier, try hitting the slopes in a pair of good-looking Stiletto ski boots that offer both comfort and performance by combining a racing-shell exterior with a soft, malleable Flolite interior, by Hanson, $240.

14 The original Rainbow Wallet, an extremely durable, ultralightweight waterproof billfold that's made of nylon pack cloth with a Velcro closure, holds money, cards and whatever without making a bulge, by Rainbow Wallets of California, $9.

15 Model PMS 7000 is a portable AM/FM cassette that operates on both A.C. and D.C.; features include front loading for cassettes, phase locked loop tuning, Dolby noise-reduction system and speakers with built-in amplifiers, by Marantz, $750.

16 Want great sipping? Brew your own espresso in a Richard Sapper–designed Alessi stovetop six-cup coffee maker of stainless steel that converts to a three-cup model by simply inserting a reducer filter, from Maurice Duchin, New York City, $60.

17 For those seeking status and organization, too, there's an Italian-made pigskin briefcase containing an ingenious tax organization system, including a manual, summary sheets and 22 compartments, by LaFata, $695—and it's tax-deductible.

18 Mini-alarm with mechanical mechanism and a battery-powered alarm features luminous hands, hour markers, sweep second hand and a chrome-and-white rotating alarm ring with red indicator, by Timex, $21.95, including travel case.

80 WAYS (continued from page 149)

"The secretary will be a luxury or a highly trained office manager, and the clerk will be obsolete."

in the coming days of energy conservation will be cloth that adjusts itself to temperature extremes, expanding and opening its weave in heat, contracting and tightening its weave as a barrier against cold. On the comfort front, Du Pont has experimented with blending small amounts of Lycra Spandex into fabrics such as wool, flannel and corduroy. This process makes scratchy fabrics more comfortable and changes tight, highly tailored fashions into garments that won't cramp your style.

CARIES OFF. Dental scientists continue to pursue methods to prevent tooth decay. It's now known that dental caries is an infectious disease caused, in susceptible individuals, primarily by the bacteria *Streptococcus mutans*. Eliminate this organism from the mouth by inoculation, deprive it of the nutrients it feeds on or increase the resistance of the teeth against its acid attacks, and you eliminate caries (*S. mutans* is spread by kissing, by the way). Most researchers think one approach or more will prove practical within the next decade. Look, Ma, no cavities.

FIVE BY FIVE. Nonprojection wall TV—a flat screen probably five feet square—will be in volume production in the Eighties. Small flat-screen video displays already exist in prototype. By the end of the decade, the new systems will display images in full color at resolutions comparable to fine photography. Small units will sell for less than $20. True three-dimensional television imaging requires breakthrough holographic technology; don't look for it until the Nineties.

PLASTIC VENDING. Vending-machine manufacturers are searching out multidollar sales with the appearance of the Susan B. Anthony dollar. Next on line, in the early Eighties, are vending machines that accept major credit cards. Buy complete meals, oil for your car, wine—almost anything solid enough to store behind a slot. Since reliable microprocessors will run the machines, you won't have to kick them as often.

FEAST OF FUNGI. The French National Institute of Agronomic Research has successfully cultivated the elusive French black truffle, the fungus *Tuber melanosporum*, and from a pitiful 25 tons in 1979 expects the French crop to increase in the Eighties to 250 tons—joyous news to truffle fanciers everywhere. At the same time, American research may soon lead to commercial production of a delectable and little-known mushroom, the morel, which will expand from a wild crop picked in river bottoms several weekends a year to rival the supply of ordinary white mushrooms in supermarkets across the land.

FAST TRACK. Harvard introduced the world's first "tuned" running track in 1977. Its synthetic surface, attached to a wooden substructure, acts as a spring to propel runners in comfort at optimum speed. The track gives an average speed advantage of 2.91 percent, improves comfort and dramatically improves safety. Tuned-track design should spread to other schools in the Eighties. When outdoor tracks are tuned, Harvard designers predict a seven-second improvement in the world record for the mile.

HIGHLIGHT. In 1981, General Electric will introduce a better light bulb, an octagonal bulb with built-in electronics that will burn for five years and save at least $20 in electricity. It's a scaled-down version of the metal-halide lights that turn ball-park night games into day games. It's weird-looking, takes a standard socket and a 75–150-watt bulb; G.E. expects to collect ten dollars apiece.

POCKET PAL. What won't the Eighties-generation computer do? The personal computer of the next decade will be notebook-sized, with a flat-screen graphic display—but it will weigh in with as much computing power as the most powerful computers of today. It will be capable of three-dimensional graphic simulation, extensive data storage and individual programming. It will affect your life at least as much as television and the telephone do. You'll program it to your personal and professional needs and use it every day. Businessmen will actively model their businesses, students will study, physicians will diagnose, artists and architects will design. It will be, in effect, an extension of your brain, vastly increasing your memory and assisting you at problem solving and in making decisions. You'll feel naked without it, and when you're naked may be the only time you won't have it with you.

SPACE TRUCK. The space shuttle, scheduled to fly in the Eighties, is no one-shot program. It's more like a near-earth truck service. No fewer than 487 missions are expected between 1980 and 1992. After that, a private corporation will probably buy the used shuttles and keep them going commercially until they wear out. Boeing has already expressed interest. While NASA's flying the shuttles, it thinks it might take a few private citizens along for the ride when there's a spare seat. If you're a journalist, an artist, a poet, a philosopher or a teacher, that private citizen could be you.

JESUS WEPT. In the interest, presumably, of energy conservation, and after long labor, *Reader's Digest* will publish a 40,000-word condensation of the Bible.

ACCESS. A phone/home TV/computer data link is in the works for the Eighties. Such systems are already being tested in Great Britain, France and other countries; General Telephone and Electronics has acquired rights to offer an American version of the British system. The decoder costs about $100, the telephone carries the information and it's displayed on the TV. British customers have access to up to 250,000 pages of data—weather, news, plane schedules, sports results, TV schedules, price lists, you name it. It is, in effect, an electronic newspaper.

GOOD OFFICES. Factory productivity goes up with automation, but office productivity has dawdled far behind. In the Eighties, the numbers will change. Automated equipment—copiers, computers, word processors—will move into the office at an annual increase of nearly 20 percent. Desktop video displays will pop up everywhere to supply business data from central company computers. Next will come computerized work stations. One system, by Xerox, is already under test at the White House. It's called an Advanced Multifunction Work Station, and it links a computer terminal to a copier to edit letters and documents electronically, to store information, to design graphic displays and then to print out finished hard copies. By the turn of the century, office work stations will understand speech and speak when spoken to. The secretary will be a luxury or a highly trained office manager, and the clerk will be obsolete.

SWEET PEAS. Sugar snap peas, the hottest new vegetable sensation going, will be marketed commercially in the mid-Eighties. Developed by Gallatin Valley Seed Company, sugar snap peas are delectably sweet and have tender, edible pods. They can be eaten raw or cooked.

TOUCH AND GO. A solid-state switch that senses direction is already at hand. Touch its surface and slide your finger and it detects the motion. In the Eighties, it will make possible solid-state controls—on your stereo, solid-state dimmer switches, electronic games, equipment controls—wherever there's a dial or a slide today.

BLUE-COLLAR BACTERIA. Recombinant DNA is a technology for tricking bacteria into doing useful work. Scientists insert DNA—the material of genetic instruction—from various kinds of cells into bacteria. When the bacteria reproduce, they follow the instructions of the guest

(continued on page 200)

"As of now, you're the screw of the decade."

ISLAND LADY

ever fantasize about finding the girl of your dreams on a deserted isle? meet gig gangel

Gig lives year round on Texas' South Padre Island (above), a tiny piece of land surrounded by the Gulf of Mexico—and, for a while last year, by a Mexican oil slick. "Fortunately, it wasn't as bad as we'd feared," she says.

YES, HER REAL NAME actually *is* Gig Gangel and, no, she wasn't named after actor Gig Young, nor is she a rock musician, nor is her first name really Brigitte or Gidget or any mutation thereof. "Gig is my full first name," she tells us. "It derives from the word giggles, because, as a baby, I laughed a lot, so my sister coined the name Gig, although my parents had a distinct preference for Geraldine." Now that your skepticism has been assuaged, you're probably wondering where you've seen her before. On our October cover, of course, cavorting with the one and only Burt Reynolds. Her account of what really went on at that cover shooting: "To tell you the truth, when I heard I was going to pose with Burt Reynolds, I wasn't excited at all. I know that sounds abnormal, but I never thought of him as quite my type. I was expecting a conceited movie star, but he walked into the studio in jeans and a sweat shirt and was extremely warm and friendly—a little shy, in

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

fact. He cracked us all up and, well, my whole attitude changed. I walked away from that shooting just floating on a cloud. Now he excites me a lot!" What else excites her? "The beach is really my main weakness," says Gig, who spends most of her time on Texas' South Padre Island (population 300) in the Gulf of Mexico. "I'm an early riser—5:30 A.M. I get up and run seven miles along the beach. Later, I go surfing or water-skiing; and a short time ago, I took up motorcycle racing, because I once went out with a guy who was into that." Highly opinionated and somewhat "bullheaded" by her own admission, Gig says her future plans are on hold for the moment, though she has had some pretty strong ideas about what she's *not* interested in doing: "For one thing," she says, "marriage doesn't appeal to me *at all*. I tried it once—it

"I've definitely been around," says Gig. "I'm what they call an Army brat—we lived in Germany, Panama, Egypt, Hong Kong, you name it. After high school, I settled on South Padre Island."

"My ideal man is someone who is not too dominant, who can communicate and embrace my ideas, someone who can protect me and who can take me as I am, someone who won't linger on my past. He's got to like the ocean as much as I do and he's got to be independent. Physically, I prefer large-chested men with hair on their faces and I've always had a weakness for blue eyes."

"I love to cuddle on a bed stacked with pillows."

lasted three months—and, needless to say, I don't believe in it. Nowadays, that little piece of paper just isn't necessary. If you're not getting along, you should up and leave any time you please. Second, I'm not interested in acting at all. How's that for a switch? If someone were to come up to me tomorrow and ask me to play the lead role in the remake of *Gone with the Wind*, I wouldn't take it. It just doesn't interest me. Right now, my main interest lies in the possibility of studying marine biology, with an emphasis on sharks, which fascinate me. Another vision I get is to one day raise Dobermans; but for the moment, I'm content to just laze around." And we're content to watch.

Surfing and running along the beach with her Doberman, Bubba, are two of Gig's favorite pastimes.

Gig appeared as the Bunny on the cover of PLAYBOY *last October with the ever-debonair Burt Reynolds. "I always thought he was good-looking, but not my type exactly. That is, until I met him," she says.*

MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Gigi Gangel

BUST: 38 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 115 SIGN: Libra

BIRTH DATE: 10/17/58 BIRTHPLACE: Harlingen, Texas

TURN-ONS: Blue eyes, Surfers, the beach, Ferraris, sunsets, roses, singing.

TURN-OFFS: False people, violence, cold weather, Crowds, people who gossip, cigarettes.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Deliverance, The Godfather, The End.

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: Saturday Night Live, Blind Ambition Mork & Mindy, 60 minutes.

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: George Benson, Barbra Streisand Burt Reynolds, John Belushi, Johnny Carson.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Surfing, motorcycle racing, football.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Entity, Shogun, The Betsy, Looking Out for No. 1, My Mother, My Self.

SECRET DREAM: One day be a famous singer.

IDEAL EVENING: Barbecues with friends, watching the sunset, then a walk along the shore line.

All smiles
age 1

animal lover
age 3

Waiting to be
"Sweet sixteen"
age 6

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Guess what I dreamed about you last night, baby?" the brash salesman pitched to the somewhat sensitive receptionist. "What I dreamed was that you were a powerful, purring, well-tuned luxury-car motor."

"That's odd, Barry, but it's also sort of nice in a way," responded the girl. "Not like the offensively suggestive things you sometimes say to me."

"I also dreamed," grinned Barry, "that I was the dipstick."

Legal Defense Note: A man hauled into court by his frigid wife for having forced intercourse on her pleaded that he had simply availed himself of a traditional domestic nocturnal privilege—raiding the icebox.

A multimillionaire hedonist had an arrangement whereby the madam of a high-class establishment would bring him three girls every afternoon from whom to make a selection. On one occasion, the trio consisted of a statuesque blonde, a petite but well-developed redhead and, between them as the girls lined up for inspection, a dark-haired beauty of obviously Eurasian blood. "Lovely girls, all three," commented the wealthy client, "but I don't like politics intruding into my personal pleasure."

"Politics?" questioned the flustered madam. "Whatever do you mean?"

"I mean," smiled the man, "that there is East in the middle piece today."

My girlfriend never makes a sound during our lovemaking to indicate her satisfaction," said the young man. "Do you have any suggestions?"

"Maybe ribbed prophylactics," suggested the pharmacist, proffering a packet. "Here—try these on for sighs."

An ardent Scots lass in Rangoon
Went down on a Burmese quadroon.
While the rising wind rasped
Round the temple, she gasped,
"What a night for a blow! Come, mon—soon!"

This is truly the plastic age," remarked the career girl. "My two best friends are my credit card and my vibrator."

When an Indian shaman succeeded in driving an evil spirit out of a beautiful maiden of the tribe, she exclaimed, "Thank you very much!" and proceeded to hug the medicine man.

The latter's squaw was, however, angered by the maiden's touching gesture of gratitude and in no uncertain terms told her not to squeeze the shaman!

N.F.L. Report: The Tampa Bay Buccaneers have, on reflection, decided against changing the name of their cheerleader squad to the Tampack.

Who needs men?" sneered the independent young woman to her psychiatrist. "Whenever I want to get off, I masturbate."

"But aren't there times when, for one reason or another, you are unable to climax through masturbation?" asked the shrink. "What do you do then?"

"When that happens," answered the girl, "I simply fake an orgasm."

The first successful entertainment-field cloning was recently accomplished. The original and the duplicate plan to perform as a duo—under the name Cher and Cher Alike.

A coquettish young lady named Pru
Thought her peekaboo blouse was a coup,
But returned to the shop
To declare it a flop,
For the fellows would peek . . . and then boo!

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *fruit cup* as a jockstrap for gays.

Since the birth-control pills I buy for you come out of my personal funds," a liberated mother said to her daughter when the latter came back from a date at breakfast time, "maybe you should suggest to your boyfriend that he at least share the cost."

"But, Mom," protested the girl, "I don't know Ken well enough to talk about money!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *buffoon* as a naked clown.

Having surprised her husband in the act of cheating on her with the hired girl, the rural housewife left the bedroom but then went right back with a .22 rifle. Aiming the weapon at the genital area of her spouse, who was cowering buck-naked in a corner, the woman announced coldly, "I'm agoin' ter turn a bull inter a steer, Jake."

"No, no!" pleaded Jake. "Not like this! Gimme some sorta sportin' chance, Rachel!"

"Awright," agreed Rachel through clenched teeth. "You kin set 'em aswingin'."

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.*

"So your kids, Mr. Hoffman, are with their mother at 116 Shady Lane Drive. And your kids, Mrs. Reese. . . ."

STAR TREK'S RETURN *(continued from page 144)*

"'Star Trek' is the first series in which the Great Rutabaga doesn't invade Seattle every week."

Perhaps because of all that varied experience in the limelight—some of it with his actress wife, Marcy Lafferty, who plays DiFalco in *Star Trek—The Motion Picture*—Shatner has not fallen into the typecasting trap to the extent that some of his subordinate officers have. "Actually," he says, "I suppose there was less danger of being typecast the year after *Star Trek* was canceled than there is now, because of the increasing popularity of the series. On the other hand, Captain Kirk is a leading man, a man of action; so if I'm typecast as a man of action, that's not such a bad way to go." Making the best of both worlds, Shatner has been touring with a music-and-light show called *Star Traveler*.

Nimoy has been in constant demand since the TV *Trek* shut down—appearing in *Mission: Impossible*, narrating *In Search of . . .* on the tube, starring in *Equus* on Broadway, touring his one-man show *Vincent*, in which he appears both as the painter Van Gogh and as the artist's brother Theo, and, most recently, playing the sinister psychiatrist in the movie remake of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. Still, when people see him on the street, they're liable to shout, "Hey, Spock, where are your ears?" And when he toured in *Sherlock*, audiences invariably laughed when the man they'd known as the superlogical Spock, now Holmes, had to deliver a line containing the word logic. Not content with acting, Nimoy has waxed five record albums and written three books: two volumes of poems and photographs and an autobiography, *I Am Not Spock*.

De Forest Kelley (Bones McCoy), a veteran character actor—usually a Western villain whom you can catch on the late-night tube in *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral*—has virtually retired to his home in Sherman Oaks, California, since the TV series wrapped.

"The stuff offered to me after the series ended was crap," he says, "and I thought, I've done so much crap I don't need to do that again. Fortunately, I learned a long time ago in this business that when you make some money, you had better put a little bit of it aside. So I'm not going to go hungry now. I'm not talking about living in Bel Air; I'm talking about living a nice normal life." Which he does with Carolyn, his wife of 34 years, plus a dog, a cat and a 75-year-old turtle.

Despite his recent semiretirement, Kelley still finds himself instantly recognized. "I'll never forget the time Carolyn and I went to New York and decided to take in a matinee at the Palace," he says. "Carolyn went to the ladies' room and I waited for her beside an empty candy counter. A lady came up and asked me to sign her program, and then another, and another, and by the time Carolyn came out, the lobby was packed and she couldn't get to me. I had to have a couple of policemen escort me to my seat, and as I walked down the aisle, the audience was all yelling, 'Bones! McCoy!' It was absolutely wild. And when we sat down, there were four nuns on one side of us and three on the other, and the people were passing their programs down for me to sign. And one nun said, 'This must be terrible. You can't go anywhere, can you? Well, just remember, Mr. Kelley, with every blessing that comes, there are penalties.' "

Jimmy Doohan (Scotty) thinks he's probably the world's best-known Scotsman—though he's mostly Irish. "I was conceived in Ireland and born in Canada—Vancouver, British Columbia," he says. "But I fool all the Scotsmen—they think I'm really a Scot." Doohan can, in fact, reproduce almost any accent, but the one he's stuck with is Scottish—chosen for the series, he explains, "because in the great days of the British mercantile navy, practically every engineer was a Scotsman; they were the ones who built the ships." A World War Two artilleryman and then a stunting reconnaissance pilot, Doohan appeared on 4000 radio shows and in 100 stage plays before joining the crew of the Enterprise. The *Star Trek* phenomenon brought him a unique fringe benefit: young wife Wende, a *Trek* fan who came to see him during a theatrical engagement in San Francisco.

George Takei is the politician of the Enterprise crew. Back in 1973, he ran for the Los Angeles City Council seat left vacant when Tom Bradley became the city's mayor; he came within seven percent of winning. Now he's vice-president of the Southern California Rapid Transit District board—"Mayor Bradley calls me his futuristic bus driver"—and vice-president of human resources for the American Public Transit Association. Takei's biggest campaign at the moment: getting a subway built in L.A.'s Wilshire Corridor, from downtown under Wilshire Boulevard and out to North Hollywood. Takei carries his rapid-transit gospel wherever he goes—and believes his *Star Trek* cachet has helped him tremendously in public life. "If I'd been Bozo the Clown, it wouldn't have helped," he says, "but my *Star Trek* image gives me a broad-based support, which has kept me from having to go to fat cats for aid." Takei has just written his first novel, *Mirror Friend, Mirror Foe*, published in December by, coincidentally, Playboy Press.

Takei and Nimoy aren't the only writers, though, among this Enterprising crew. Walter Koenig (former Ensign, now Lieutenant and Security Chief Chekov) is writing, rather than acting, almost full time now. "To be absolutely candid," says Koenig, "my film career has come to a screeching halt." He can't say the same about his writing career: His credits include episodes of the TV series *Class of '65* and *Family*, a novel about the supernatural and a journal about the filming of the *Star Trek* movie, *Chekov's Enterprise*. (Everybody, it seems, is writing about the making of the movie; a book is also due from Roddenberry and his longtime assistant, Susan Sackett.)

Nichelle Nichols (Communications Officer Uhura), a black former ballerina and supper-club singer, was catapulted by *Star Trek* into a genuinely way-out career: a consultantcy for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, in which she was assigned to recruit women and members of minorities into NASA's astronaut program. As such, Nichols was present at the roll-out of America's first space shuttle, the Enterprise—named after you-know-what—and was appointed to the board of directors of the National Space Institute. The American Society for Aerospace Education presented her with its Woman of the Year, Friend of the Year award for 1979, and she has recently produced an orientation film, *What's in It for Me?*, for the Smithsonian's National Air and Space Museum.

Besides serving as president of Women in Motion, a consultant firm specializing in career education, Nichols has written a musical, *Ancestry*, set—you guessed it—in outer space. "It's called *Ancestry* because we are the ancestors of future generations, and we have a responsibility to them," she says. "We are paying now for the mistakes our ancestors have been making ever since 1492; in the virgin frontiers of space, we won't have to make the same mistakes. This musical is my way of doing my bit, my propaganda."

Majel Barrett and Grace Lee Whitney round out the ranks of the veterans in the cast. Barrett—who has been Mrs. Gene Roddenberry since 1969—was Nurse Chapel on the tube; in the film version, she has completed medical school and become Dr. Chapel. Whitney, who was the blonde, miniskirted

(continued on page 308)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

BIRTH OF A NOTION

just for us—five manhattan designers interpret the eighties

attire BY DAVID PLATT

TO WELCOME the dawning of a new decade, we asked five leading New York fashion designers to select one look from their forthcoming line of clothes that best sums up the direction they feel menswear will be taking in the Eighties. Interestingly, each designer based his look on the sports jacket, suggesting a universal desire to start with familiar forms. But don't let that mislead you; each of the outfits shown is decidedly individual—as you'll see for yourself. Our prediction: The Eighties will be the decade of the designer.

GIL TRUEDSSON

"Design in the Eighties will involve a cleaner line and a more geometric shape, with wardrobe flexibility becoming increasingly important," says Truedsson, whose spring/summer collection for Tiger of Sweden includes the silk and linen jacket with padded shoulders shown here. Truedsson coupled it with a rib-knit shirt, a raw-silk iridescent tie and trim linen/polyester slacks. Ultralight kid shoes complete the look.

BILL BLASS

A giant name in menswear designers, Blass thinks "it's a terrific idea to interpret the freedom of sportswear into a look that's comfortable yet dressy," while suggesting that "stretch fabrics for slacks will play an even more important role in the future." On this page, he offers us a look at what may be part of his fall line: a cashmere sweater/jacket coupled with a cashmere crew-neck, a cotton shirt and corduroy slacks.

JEAN-PAUL GERMAIN

A transplanted Frenchman, Germain believes that "after years of being bullied by Europe, New York is becoming more influential than Paris or Milan. They are going dark. I am going bright." To emphasize that point, from his spring collection, he offers us a red ventless double-breasted jacket with padded shoulders, combined with blue inverted-pleat slacks and a striped cotton boat-neck T-shirt.

ALEXANDER JULIAN

"I think men's fashions in the Eighties will become more versatile, with components thot con be used together or separately in a number of ways. A key factor is the resurgence of color. Mine are generolly subdued, but offbeot colors lend themselves to o variety of mixings." Here, Julian has combined o multicolor jacket with corduroy slocks, three-button sweoter ond a ploid shirt ond silk striped tie.

ALAN FLUSSER

Flusser is inaugurating his new line of clothes with a nod to classic American styles. "The silhouette is traditianal American-English, the cut is easy and saft, with a definite line allowing for drape." Far this feature, he selected a wool single-breasted jacket with slightly padded shoulders and cambined it with a pair of flannel pleated and cuffed slacks, a checked shirt, striped tie and a cashmere sweater.

TUCKING IT AWAY

(continued from page 145)

"Knowledgeable People turn away from you, revulsed, when you even mention the stock market."

of year. What most of us need is a whopping windfall profit—any kind will do—or, failing that, some business school type in a pinstripe Santa suit to drop down the chimney with a hot tip or bizarre tax straddle to help us sock something away for next year.

It is a sad predicament and one I have confronted before. "We asked 21 people for their advice," I once wrote, lying through my teeth, "and every one of them, amazingly enough, told us to buy stock in Shoney's Big Boy Enterprises!"

They had told us nothing of the kind, of course, as I immediately confessed—my point having been, simply, that there *was* no one terrific thing to do with your money, let alone, God forbid, that you should put it all into some el-weirdo stock. I had picked Shoney's Big Boy Enterprises simply by flipping through my stock guide for the most improbable, outlandish company I could find. (What was it, anyway, some kind of stud service?)

Two things happened, and I suppose I should have expected them both. First, I got a letter from the president of Shoney's Big Boy Enterprises. He believed his company to be neither improbable nor outlandish; rather, he predicted great things for his shareholders. Second, the stock *did* great things for his shareholders. In the four and a half years since, it has about quadrupled.

Actually, a lot of stocks have done great things for their owners these past few years, even though you would hardly know it from the way the Dow Jones industrial average has lumbered nowhere in particular or from the way Knowledgeable People turn away from you, *revulsed*, when you even mention the stock market.

Anyhow, I recently went back to the same 21 people, explained our problem and asked for their advice. Three suggested marrying well, one mumbled something about cocoa futures (or was it cocaine futures?) and the rest, amazingly enough, told us to buy stock in Shoney's Big Boy Enterprises. *Plus ça change. . . .*

Of course, there *are* other things you can do. You can, for example, agree to celebrate Christmas in January, as some families do, buying gifts for your loved ones at sale prices. Wait a few days and save piles of cash. But you won't do that. Then there's that watch you've been meaning to buy. You could get one as accurate for $29.95, but, no, you have a compulsion to spend $495. You could buy vodka from your kid brother, the chem major, but you will go the extra ten bills for Smirnoff. I know. (Nor will you save the bottle to refill with the economical Mexican brand, as I do, even though that, too, could put the healthy drinker $100 a year ahead.) You have a lust for life.

In fact, about the only thing in your budget you would be willing to cut down on—not that I think for one minute you actually *have* a budget—is taxes. And maybe finance charges. And here I have a few pedestrian suggestions.

Tax Dodge Number One: If you are one of the many people who have almost, but not quite, enough deductions each year to itemize—or just enough to itemize but not enough to get any real benefit from doing so—try this. Plan to bunch your deductions every second year. Determine here and now, for example, *not* to give to charity the money you ordinarily would in December—give it in January 1980 instead. Similarly, don't pay your local taxes in 1980 if you can help it—dump them into January 1981. About to pay for a $4500 hair transplant? Wait! Pay it off in January. (Cosmetic surgery is a deductible medical expense.) But in 1980, *do* make your contributions in December. And try to *prepay* as much local tax as you can.

That way, you could take the standard deduction in 1980, 1982 and 1984, the years in which your actual deductions are purposely low—but itemize substantial deductions in 1981, 1983 and 1985. The difference, perhaps as much as $2000 in added deductions every second year, could save you close to $1000 in *taxes* every second year. Just by keeping track of when you write some checks. Right there you save enough money to buy, at current prices, more than 80 shares of you-know-what.

Tax Dodge Number Two: This I am almost embarrassed to suggest, because you've doubtless heard it a hundred times. But hearing it is one thing; doing it, another. I refer to Individual Retirement Accounts (IRA), for people on payrolls but not covered by a pension plan, and the Keogh Plan, for people who have any income from self-employment. There are 10,000,000 or 20,000,000 people who qualify for one or the other of these tax-deferred savings plans—food stamps for the middle class—and have not bothered to take advantage of it. And yet by putting money into either, whether down at the local savings institution, which can provide all the (simple) details, or through a trusteed stock-and-bond portfolio you can direct yourself, you manage to do what we always joke about doing: You make *yourself* your own favorite charity. Instead of taking the last $1000 you earn, paying Federal and local income taxes on it, and putting the remaining $500 or $600 into some iffy corporate bond that pays 12 percent (you know it's iffy if it pays 12 percent), which is to say six percent or seven percent after taxes—instead of doing that, with an IRA or a Keogh you get to put away the *whole* $1000 and to have it appreciate at the *full* (albeit iffy) 12 percent.

Eventually, at the end of 1,000,000 years—when the chief risk is that in your befuddlement you will have forgotten that you even *have* this by-now fairly sizable fortune—you do have to pay taxes as you take the money out. The assumption is that by then, retired, you will be in a lower tax bracket. *But even if you're not*, you will have had the use of the Government's share of your money all that time, so you will come out far ahead.

Take a man of 30 who socks away $1500 a year for 20 years, to the age of 50; and then, having put in not another dime, withdraws his fund 15 years later. (You are not *required* to make contributions to either plan, and you may withdraw the money without penalty at the age of 59 and a half.) Let us assume this man is in the 50 percent tax bracket—that 50 percent of the last $1500 he earns would go to Federal and state income taxes—and that he chooses nothing more sophisticated than the long-term savings-bank certificates that yield around eight and a half percent.

Without the shelter of a Keogh Plan or IRA, paying taxes on the $1500 each year and then on the interest, he will have $42,794 at the age of 65. *With* either of those plans and the same assumptions, he will have $246,704. And although that latter amount would be subject to tax (with special income-averaging provisions available), the difference is still enormous. All for taking an afternoon to set up a tax-deferred savings plan.

How to Save $10,000 on Your Next Car: Do you think I am going to recommend that you buy a Porsche instead of a Mercedes? (That would do it.) Or that—since I labeled these suggestions, at the outset, "pedestrian"—I am going to suggest that you do without a car altogether? (*That* would do it.)

No. The first thing I am going to recommend, even in these inflationary times, is that you not finance the car. That you pay for it with cash. Why pay 13 percent to finance a car, when at the same time you may be lending money to a savings association at five and a half

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"And did your seven other wives give head, too, Henry, dear?"

THE THIRD WAVE (continued from page 152)

"Third Wave rhythms spring from deep psychological, economic and technological forces."

employees. In France, for example, the percentage has soared from only 12 in 1957 to 21 by 1974. In the U. S., the number of full-time night workers jumped 13 percent between 1974 and 1977; the total, including part-timers, reached 13,500,000.

Even more dramatic has been the spread of part-time work—and the preference for it expressed by large numbers of people. In the Detroit area, an estimated 65 percent of the total work force at the J. L. Hudson department stores consists of part-timers. Prudential Insurance employs 1600 part-timers in its U. S. and Canadian offices. In all, there is now one voluntary part-time worker for every five and a half full-timers in the U. S. A decade ago, it was about half that many. Even more noteworthy is the fact that the percentage of *unemployed* workers who want only part-time work has also doubled in the past 20 years.

This opening up of part-time jobs is particularly welcomed by women, by the elderly and semiretired and by many young people who are willing to settle for a smaller pay check in return for time to pursue their own hobbies, sports, religious, artistic or political interests.

What we see, therefore, is a fundamental break with Second Wave synchronization. The combination of flexitime, part-time and night work means that more and more people are working outside the nine-to-five (or any fixed-schedule) system, and that the entire society is shifting to round-the-clock operations.

New consumer patterns, meanwhile, parallel changes in the time structure of production. Note, for instance, the proliferation of all-night supermarkets. "Will the four-A.M. shopper, long considered a hallmark of California kookiness, become a regular feature of life in the less flamboyant East?" asks *The New York Times*. The answer is a resounding yes.

Mealtimes are also affected by these changes and are similarly "desynchronized." People do not all eat at the same time, as most of them once did. The rigid three-meal-a-day pattern is broken as more and more fast-food shops spring up serving billions of meals at all hours. Television watching changes, too, as programers devise shows specifically aimed at "urban adults, night workers and just plain insomniacs." Banks, meanwhile, give up their celebrated bankers' hours.

Manhattan's giant Citibank runs television commercials for its new automated banking system: "You are about to witness the dawn of a revolution in banking. This is Citibank's new 24-hour service . . . where you can do most of your everyday banking any time you want. So if Don Slater wants to check his balance at the crack of dawn, he can do it. And Brian Holland can transfer money from savings into checking any time he wants to. . . . You know and I know that life doesn't stop at three P.M. Monday to Friday. . . . The Citi never sleeps."

SCHEDULE-A-FRIEND

These changes in our social rhythms have deep, only partly noticed effects on the environment and economy. For example, while the increasing individualization of time patterns certainly makes work less onerous, it also can intensify loneliness and social isolation. If friends, lovers and family all work at different hours, and new services are not laid in place to help them coordinate their personal schedules, it becomes increasingly difficult for them to arrange face-to-face social contact. The old social centers—the neighborhood pub, the church clambake, the school prom—are losing their traditional significance. In their place, new Third Wave institutions must be invented to facilitate social life.

One can, for example, easily imagine a new computerized service—call it Pers-Sched or Friend-Sched—that not only reminds you of your own appointments but stores the schedules of various friends and family members, so that each person in the social network can, by pushing a button, find out where his or her friends and acquaintances will be when, and can make arrangements accordingly.

The shift toward more flexible and personalized schedules also reduces energy costs and pollution by leveling out peak loads. Thus, electric utilities in a dozen states are now using "time-of-day" pricing for industrial and residential customers to discourage energy use during traditional peak hours, while Connecticut's Department of Environmental Protection has urged companies to institute flexitime as a means of complying with Federal environmental requirements.

Even these, however, are among the most obvious implications of the time shift. As the process continues to unfold in the years and decades ahead, we will see far more powerful and as-yet-unimagined changes and consequences. The new time patterns will affect our daily rhythms in the home. They will affect our art, our politics and our play. They will affect our biology. For when we touch on time, we touch on all of human experience.

THE COMPUTER

These Third Wave rhythms spring from deep psychological, economic and technological forces. At one level, they arise from the changed nature of the population. People today—more affluent and educated than their parents, and faced with more life choices—simply refuse to be massified. The more people differ in terms of the work they do or the products they consume, the more they demand to be treated as individuals—and the more they resist socially imposed schedules.

But, at another level, the new, more personalized Third Wave rhythms can be traced to a wide range of new technologies moving into our lives. Video cassettes and home video recording, for example, make it possible for televiewers to tape programs off the air and view them at times of their own choosing. Writes columnist Steven Brill, "Within the next two or three years, television will probably stop dictating the schedules of even the worst tube addicts."

The computer, too, is beginning to recast our schedules and even our conceptions of time. Indeed, it is the computer that has made flexitime possible in large organizations. At its simplest, it makes possible the complex interweaving of thousands of personalized, flexible schedules. But it also alters our communications patterns in time, permitting us to access data and exchange it both synchronously (i.e., simultaneously) and asynchronously.

What that means is illustrated by the growing number of computer users who are today engaged in what is called computer conferencing. This permits a group to communicate with one another through terminals in their homes or offices. Some 660 scientists, futurists, planners and educators conduct lengthy discussions of energy, economics, decentralization or space satellites with one another through what is known as the Electronic Information Exchange System. Teleprinters and video screens in their homes and offices provide a choice of either instant or delayed communication. Many time zones apart, each user can choose to send or retrieve data whenever it is most convenient. A person can work at three A.M., if he or she feels like it. Alternatively, several can go on line at the same time, if they so choose.

But the computer's effect on time goes much deeper, influencing even the way we think about it. The computer introduces a new vocabulary (with terms such as real time, for example) that clarifies,

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SUCCESS AND THE SIS-BOOM-BAH

when we unveiled some choice cheerleaders last year, the controversy threatened to end their high visibility, but, as you'll see, you can't keep a good cheerleader down

SOMETIMES you can't lose for winning. Just ask a girl who's been thrown off the cheerleading squad of a National Football League team. Finding such a girl isn't too difficult. The controversy that resulted from our first pro cheerleaders pictorial (*Pro Football's Main Attractions*, December 1978) led to the firing of nearly 50 girls from six teams and a sudden outbreak of morality among N.F.L. management. (Commissioner Pete Rozelle met with the owners and then gave a nice speech to the press about their intentions to go back to selling wholesome American football without so many artificial sweeteners.) The reaction of the press to the firings was a mixture of outrage and amusement, but the over-all effect was to focus even more attention upon the cheerleaders. We followed the progress of many of the girls who'd lost their places in line on Sunday afternoon in last March's pictorial *What Do You Say to a Naked Cheerleader? Goodbye!* and found that being fired had often proved to be a blessing in disguise. The publicity led to better job offers, proving that the cheerleader concept could spill over into other areas of public relations.

Take, for example, the Texas Cowgirls, Inc. This group of 25

When the N.F.L.'s Atlanta Falcons discovered last summer that cheerleader Penney Miller (below) had posed nude for another magazine, they dropped her. So she tried out for the N.B.A.'s Atlanta Hawks' cheering squad and made it. (Hawks owner Ted Turner has impeccable taste.)

"Everybody is an exhibitionist at heart," replied Penney Miller (below), when asked why she had modeled in the altogether. Now one of the cheerleaders for the Atlanta Hawks basketball team, the FastBreaks, the 25-year-old Riverdale, Georgia, resident likes to spend her spare time boating and water-skiing.

former Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders had just formed their own corporation when we published pictures of six of them in December 1978. At the time, their founder, Tina Jimenez (who got the idea for the Cowgirls after she was cut—she says unfairly—from the Dallas rally squad in 1977), said the girls were trying to make ends meet doing department-store openings, T-shirt parties, charity softball games and the like. Now, little over a year later, most of the Cowgirls are earning more than $1000 per week. Obviously, Jimenez has been booking in a bigger league. "Being in PLAYBOY last year really turned it around for us," she says. "Right away, we began getting bigger jobs for more money. The greatest demand was for the girls in the poster, especially Debbie Kepley and Linda Kellum." "The poster" is a story in itself, and one that illustrates the renegade cheerleaders' tremendous potential. When we asked the Dallas Cowboys in the summer of 1978 if we could photograph some of their cheerleaders for our forthcoming pictorial, they refused to cooperate with us. So photographer Arny Freytag did a spoof of the original best-selling Dallas Cheerleaders poster, using the bare-breasted Texas Cowgirls in place of Cowboys Cheerleaders. We published a picture of the poster and Freytag, in an agreement with Texas Cowgirls, Inc., began to market it for twice the price of the Cowboys poster. Freytag put out $25,000 of his own money to print it, but initial sales were spectacular, so he didn't worry about making his money back. Not, that is, until the Cowboys filed suit to prevent the poster from being sold, claiming that Freytag's satirical production was an infringement of trademark and copyright. Freytag claims he's exercising freedom of speech. "We know our poster was outselling the Cowboys' poster," says Jimenez, "and we figured it'd sell a million easy. Since the Cowgirls were to get 50 cents from the sale of each one, I think the Cowboys cost us upwards of a half million dollars." But she says there was a bright side to the story. "What we lost in money, we've made up in publicity." The publicity led to (among other things) six Cowgirls' appearing on the Merv Griffin show, six more opening comedian Gabriel Kaplan's show in Las Vegas, a six-week tour of Japan by a six-girl troupe, compliments of the Mitsubishi Corporation and the casting of ten Cowgirls in the movie *North Dallas Forty*, starring Nick Nolte and Mac Davis.

Now the Cowgirls are coming out with their own poster, and Jimenez expects

Ita Siders (left) and Jackie Rahrs (bottom) were fired from N.F.L. cheerleading ranks a year ago, after appearing in aur December 1978 issue. Jackie was a Chicago Honey 8ear and Ita a New England Patriots cheerleader, but both girls are now on the same team: They're assistants in Bob Fellaws' magic act. Appearing at the Chicago Playboy Club (below), Jackie (inside the bax) is about to be sawed in three as Ita looks on. Later in the shaw, Ita, not to be outdone, is levitated.

to sell several hundred thousand over the next year. This year, the Cowgirls will also tour Europe and Australia, put on a show in Atlantic City and help promote nearly a score of automobile shows across the country.

Getting away from the 50-yard line has also proved profitable for Jackie Rohrs, who was fired from Chicago's Honey Bear squad last year after she posed for us. Jackie has her own cosmetic line, Jacquelyn K Creations, and she says it's been selling better than ever since she appeared in PLAYBOY. And just for fun, she took up magician Bob Fellows' offer to be his *(text concluded on page 188)*

The popularity of pro-football cheerleaders isn't only an N.F.L. phenamenon; Canadian Football League teams have their own gorgeous pompon girls, such as Vicki Clark, 21 (left and below), and Wendy Len, 19 (bottom), both of whom are members of the Montreal cheerleading unit, Les Gentilles Alauettes. Vicki alsa works for a company that provides technical services to computer firms, and Wendy's aiming for a career in modeling.

Lynda Hatfield (left and below) and Kimberly Smith (bottom) have been Denver Bronca cheerleaders for three and two years, respectively, but both plan to move on to other things after the Broncos see this pictorial. Lynda appeared, clothed, in our December 1978 cheerleaders pictoriol, but this year decided that the team's ban on nude posing for its Pony Express girls is hypocritical. "Apparently, it's OK to use sex to promote football, but not the girls themselves," she says. Kim, a computer operator, says, "I know I won't be back on the Pony Express after this appears, but I don't mind. I'd rather develop my skills as a professional dancer and choreographer, anyway."

The Texas Cowgirls have been in business only a little over a year, but already that business is booming. Some of the ex–Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders who joined the Cowgirls were featured in our December 1978 pictorial; and they were doing gigs such as record and T-shirt store openings and birthday parties. This year, they'll tour Europe and Australia and promote more than a score of auto shows around the country. Last year, Deborah Kepley (right) appeared with nine other Cowgirls in *North Dallas Forty*, was one of six Cowgirls who opened comedian Gabriel Kaplan's Las Vegas show and also toured Mexico and Canada. Susan Grissaffi (below left) and Deborah Wagener (below right) are the newest recruits to the 25-member Cowgirls. Wagener, a Dallas Cowboys Cheerleader from 1976 through 1978, was on the now-famous original Cowboys Cheerleader poster.

Last year was a gaod one for Texas Cowgirl Linda Kellum (left). She appeared on the Merv Griffin shaw and did a stint with Gabriel Kaplan in Las Vegas. She and Sherie O'Brien (below) are, according to Texas Cowgirls founder Tina Jimenez, "two of aur most popular Cowgirls." Sherie was a Cowboys Cheerleader in 1971, 1973 and 1974. Twenty-six-year-old Sherie is considering entering the field of medicine when she hangs up her Cowgirl spurs.

Wouldn't you just love to help Los Angeles Roms Cheerleader Susan Shauna Sullivan (right) clean her machine? A native Texan, she gave her first cheer for her high school team in Houston, continued in college (Texas Tech, North Texas State) and, after a stint as a stewardess, landed last year in Los Angeles Coliseum, where she can cheer her heart out. But Susan's heart is in acting, and she has already appeared in TV's *Charlie's Angels*, *Supertrain* and *Fantasy Island*.

Julie Jourdan (far left and below) is one of the most popular and best-known L.A. Rams Cheerleaders. Ironically, she didn't plan it that way. She posed for an unscheduled PLAYBOY pictorial four years ago, and when we ran our first cheerleaders feature, we used a nude photo of her from that shooting. Unlike the Atlanta Falcons, who fired Penney Miller for having posed nude before becoming a Falconette, the Rams didn't blame Julie for the publication of her earlier picture. Then, last November, our sister magazine *Oui* finally published the entire pictorial starring Julie (titled *Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde*) and, once again, the Rams were understanding. However, they asked Julie if she'd please cover up *this* time. Here's to your imagination!

assistant. Another fired cheerleader, Ita Siders, has also joined Fellows as an assistant. Because such nice things have happened to those who posed for PLAYBOY, Denver Broncos cheerleaders Lynda Hatfield and Kim Smith risked almost certain cuts from the Pony Express by posing for this pictorial. Lynda has been the choreographer for that group for the past two years; she's now setting her sights on acting school. "After all," she asks, "how long can you be a cheerleader?" Reasons Kim: "Appearing in PLAYBOY is worth more than being a cheerleader."

Still, everybody loves a cheerleader. Penney Miller found that out when she was axed by the Atlanta Falcons because someone wrote the management informing them that she had appeared nude in another men's magazine. Despite the fact that Penney signed her contract with the Falcons several months *after* she appeared in the magazine, the team fired her anyway. But she was immediately chosen for the Atlanta Hawks' cheering section, the FastBreaks. Not only didn't the Hawks see anything wrong with having Penney cheer for them but the whole city of Atlanta seemed to think she was special. She entered a contest to find Atlanta's Top 10s (a promotion for the movie *"10"*) and was selected "the number-one 10." Falcons, eat your hearts out. As a matter of fact, look out, you N.F.L. owners; you'd better keep a closer eye on your $15-per-game cheerleaders. Some of them are sneaking away and getting rich and famous.

To round out our story of success and the sis-boom-boh, here are Irma Rahwyler (left and at left in bottom photo) and Lenni Wood (at right in bottom photo), two very good-looking, well-educated professional women who decided to try out for the Rams' cheerleading squad for a lark (that's they at the audition, below). Not only did they make it, they stayed on the team a year, then quit to write what will probably be a much-talked-about book recounting their experiences.

STEVE MARTIN *(continued from page 115)*

funds are being misspent. I like the small kind of charity. I think it's the best value for your dollar. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: You own five cars, three houses, an apartment . . . for a guy who tells jokes, you're not hurting. What's the most extravagant thing you've ever done?

MARTIN: In '72, I was in London and I bought a $1000 watch. I was probably making $30,000 a year, but it didn't matter if I was making $1,000,000, it was overcoming the psychology of buying a $1000 watch. Another extravagant moment was when I bought my first painting. I think it was $800. The greatest thing with money for me is paintings. And relief from the phone bill. Carl Gottlieb told me you can never have enough money if you collect art. People like me are an art dealer's dream.

PLAYBOY: How many Early American paintings do you own?

MARTIN: More than 40. I'm buying rapidly with caution. I can't be fooled. I always have the pictures looked at by experts.

PLAYBOY: Why did you choose Early American paintings to collect?

MARTIN: To learn that language. There was a Doonesbury cartoon that was fantastic, it really related. He's a rich kid, collecting stamps, and he says, "I've found this new hobby, collecting stamps. It's really thrilling." He picks up the phone and he calls the stamp shop. "Send me all the stamps from Nicaragua." Hangs up and says, "This is great."

PLAYBOY: Do you mind talking about your collection?

MARTIN: I'll talk about it, but let me preface it with saying I don't want to talk about it. I mean, I'm criticized for performing, for making records, for making movies, and I know one day I'm going to be criticized for my art collection. That's the one thing I feel I don't have to stick out. I don't have to have somebody write that this is a piece of shit, that this artist is lousy. So with that in mind, after I said "Fuck you" to all the people who are going to talk about it, I'll talk about it.

PLAYBOY: Why do you collect?

MARTIN: It occupies my time, my spare time, my energy. It's like going to the Bahamas.

PLAYBOY: Are you collecting as an investment?

MARTIN: I haven't made a fortune on these pictures. I look at it as a luxury, not an investment. People are very unfamiliar with the language of paintings.

PLAYBOY: What's the most you ever paid for a painting?

MARTIN: I don't like to talk about that stuff, because what seems reasonable to me, to most people is going to seem insane.

PLAYBOY: Would $150,000 be a good guess?

MARTIN: There're none that are more. But there are a lot that are less.

PLAYBOY: Could you pay $1,000,000 for a painting?

MARTIN: It's not against my nature to do it. The price of paintings is the biggest example of existentialism there is. There's almost no explaining it. I mean, can a work on canvas be worth that much money? But they are, because people pay it. That's the only explanation. A painting is worth $1,000,000 because someone will pay $1,000,000.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite painting?

MARTIN: One of my favorites is the Rembrandt at the L.A. County Museum of Art: *Raising of Lazarus*. It's a pretty somber picture. You can see Lazarus sitting up, he's just been risen. And Christ is there, he's got his hand up and a look of surprise on his face, like he really did it. And Lazarus is amazed, he doesn't know where he is. It's just the most dramatic, beautiful thing I've ever seen.

"The greatest thing with money for me is paintings. And relief from the phone bill."

PLAYBOY: Didn't you, around ten years ago, actually have a show in a Los Angeles art gallery?

MARTIN: I did a whole show in '68 at a gallery in Los Angeles. It was essentially good jokes. I was intense about it, I meant it. I had an empty framed mirror on one side of the wall and the other side was blank and it was titled: *Infinite Reflections. Two Mirrors, One Invisible.* Then I had a rose in a vase: *Invisible Rose, Unfinished.* A lot of little puns and jokes.

PLAYBOY: You studied philosophy in college but came to the conclusion that performing was the better choice. How did you reach that decision?

MARTIN: After studying Wittgenstein and Sartre, I realized that the creative process is the only thing that can't totally be torn apart in philosophy. That it exists without rules, without problems of language and semantics. So I left philosophy for that reason. See, there are certain rules—you can't walk through a wall, you can't fly. Everything else is what you create. So the creation of your life is what it's all about. That's when I said I'll be an artist, I'll be in theater. It was the time to build my catalog of actions and accomplishments and creations.

PLAYBOY: Would you say that your studies in philosophy left you pretty cynical?

MARTIN: I would think so. Pretty cynical. Man is no better by nature than an animal until you do something to elevate yourself above that level. Honestly, I would rather save some animals' lives than some people's lives.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of animals, you're a cat man, aren't you?

MARTIN: I like cats because I don't have to take care of them that much. Dogs are like having a kid.

PLAYBOY: Someone once observed that you never show emotion, which is why you like cats.

MARTIN: It's false to say I've never shown my emotions toward anything. But I do like cats for that quality. Their ability to take it or leave it.

PLAYBOY: Do they protect you from burglars?

MARTIN: Yeah. Killer cats.

PLAYBOY: What's your biggest argument with the human race?

MARTIN: That people don't take pride in what they do. Businessmen and executives put out shit. They make shit. They sell shit. It's all crap. There's no pride in it.

PLAYBOY: Like junk food?

MARTIN: Those Saturday-morning commercials drive me nuts. "Wholesome goodness." You look at it and it's all sugar. Followed by corn sugar, vanilla sugar and every kind of sugar. Then it goes into chemicals.

PLAYBOY: Enough to turn one into a vegetarian, which you are, aren't you?

MARTIN: I once went on this Atkins diet, which is pure protein, pure meat. I got to hate meat so much that I thought, What do I really love? What I really love is cheese and vegetables and grilled-cheese sandwiches. That's what I turned to. I just cut meat out. I eat fish. I hate killing animals, but I love to kill fish.

PLAYBOY: Is it true you stopped taking vitamins because they started turning your hair brown?

MARTIN: Yeah. But since then, I reconsidered and I take some vitamins again.

PLAYBOY: When did your hair turn gray?

MARTIN: I got my first one when I was 15. It runs in the family. I've given two minutes of thought to my gray hair.

PLAYBOY: You gave a lot more thought to Somerset Maugham's book *The Razor's Edge*, which had a big influence on you when you read it. What was it that reached you?

MARTIN: The questioning of everything sacred. That was the first time I had ever heard that kind of thought.

PLAYBOY: Any other books really help you lately?

MARTIN: I'll tell you the best self-help

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"Your pudendum is like spring grass on the hills, your labia majora are the very gates to paradise, your vagina is the infinite cosmos itself and your clitoris. . . ."

PAJAMA PARTIES *(continued from page 129)*

"The girl is clouding your mind with her gold G string, magic wand, diaphanous angel wings and no top."

black corset, net stockings, boots and whip—all offset by a single red rose. She carried the rose for its beauty and bouquet. One doesn't ask a lady why she carries a whip.

Hef inaugurated the Midsummer Night's Dream event on August 26, 1977. The New Year's parties had become so popular that it was obvious that once a year before bedtime was no longer the right prescription. Guests were in exuberant form that year and Mansion memories fondly include the delicious sight of Playmates Patti McGuire and Marcy Hanson flashing for fellow revelers. Perhaps in anticipation of a similar happening, this year's partygoers were in even better spirits, which you'll see as *Variety*'s man in Hollywood, Jim Harwood, recaps last summer's PJ extravaganza:

As the party gets under way, the aptness of the title Midsummer Night's Dream begins to be apparent. Outside in the driveway, a constant stream of Bentleys, Rolls and Mercedes pull up and unload guests who have driven miles in their nightwear through areas where such garb would be very difficult to explain; only to arrive at a spot where any other would be *impossible* to explain.

Still unsure of their own wakefulness, they are confronted with apparition after apparition. Timothy Leary, currently unattached guru, with a shock of white curls topping his ankle-length robe, passes by, declaring somewhat cryptically, "I think Hefner is one of the four great cultural influences on America." Ordinarily, such a statement would demand pursuing, but this is no night for heavy philosophizing. Not when the girl just off to your left is clouding your mind with her outfit of gold G string, magic wand, diaphanous angel wings and no top. As cultural influences go, Hef has obviously hit on something big.

Beyond the entranceway, the darkened Main Hall is exploding in pin points of brightness as a spotlight bounces glittering shards of light off the revolving mirrored ball overhead. Shel Silverstein, in a white terrycloth caftan, can be seen sharing a lollipop with a beauty in a shortie; Robert Culp walks by, resplendent in his own caftan, gaily decorated in a tropical-bird motif. Actress Misty Rowe (*Misty*, PLAYBOY, November 1976), soon to be seen in *The Man with Bogart's Face*, is already catching glances in a black corset and choker.

Although young ladies may wear less at a Mansion gala than they would in the ballroom of the Beverly Hilton, bare skin does not a party make, as many of Hef's imitators have found out. More than anything, Hefner's parties reflect first-class care and planning—while seeming so effortless that guests are immediately at ease. It's one thing to think, Wouldn't it be fun to have a pajama party? It's another to make one work.

Ordinarily, the Mansion is regarded as a fairly magical setting, but the sheer elegance of the grounds this night defies description. Suddenly, being outdoors in night clothes seems to be the most natural way to spend a summer's eve.

Decorations for the party have a suitably lavish feeling. Hundreds—perhaps thousands—of mums and gladioli splash their colors all the way from the house to the pool, part of which has this time been taken under cover, allowing buffet diners an alfresco feeling even while inside a gigantic white tent. The tent encompasses not only the sloping lawn but also the pool area and the hill behind it. A specially erected dance floor shares the tent space and the warm breezes. As the dancing starts, the water of the pool casts reflections on the roof of the tent, pulsing to the disco beat as pink, blue and yellow lights flash in rhythm overhead.

On the dance floor, more lights sparkle underfoot as big Jim Brown and bigger Wilt Chamberlain, both veterans of these functions, choose their partners. They boogie side by side, Brown in a caftan and Chamberlain in a jogging outfit. (If Wilt wants to sleep in a jogging suit, we certainly aren't going to argue the point.)

Director Peter Bogdanovich takes the floor, gorgeous girl in one hand and expensive cigar in the other. Handsome actor–tennis pro Dean-Paul Martin looks on, his white robe barely visible through the crowd of pretty tennis buffs gathered around him. Lovely Polly Bergen appears in a feathered silver nightgown, bared at the midriff.

Before long, the dance floor jumps with a dazzling array of caftans, PJs, see-through nighties, garter belts and corsets; plus one unexplained toy Teddy bear that's stark-naked. As the loudspeakers blast the Village People's *YMCA*, synthetic fog wraps the floor in a dreamlike cloud, but the couples just keep on kicking the molecules.

The quintessential host, Hef moves slowly and graciously through the crowd, greeting guests, pausing to pose for pictures, alternately biting on the stem of his pipe and taking a sip from his ever-present Pepsi. If his red-silk pajamas are any indication, tonight he is in an exceptionally festive mood. Companion Sondra Theodore, Miss July 1977, has let all the stops out, too, sporting an iridescent white lounging outfit that challenges even the flashing disco lights for brilliance.

In fact, the whole Playmate contingent is in great form tonight. Debra Jo Fondren, 1978 Playmate of the Year, accentuates the positive with the sheerest of shorties, while 25th Anniversary Playmate Candy Loving is overwhelming in a long flowing pink gown. Each woman seems more striking than the last. One must be very careful at these functions to avoid whiplash.

Of course, if the whiplash doesn't get you, the calories will. One of the unsung joys of a Mansion party is the food. This is quite simply one of the best places to eat in town. Any town. Many a dancer makes a pit stop only to find that his boogie no longer works after refueling. At that point, the conversation gets lively. Informal discussion groups spring up to critique the sartorial onslaught. People watching and star spotting get serious. And, finally, romance permeates the air. Couples huddle in corners or drift over the Mansion grounds, seeking one of the many special places where libidos can rise undisturbed.

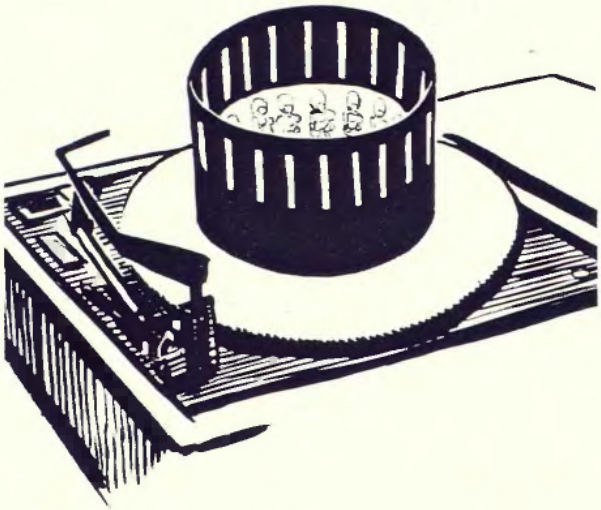
It's nights like this that keep people coming back—and others maneuvering months ahead for an invitation to either of these new Hollywood phenomena. Even burly Burt (*Rocky, Rocky II*) Young, who admits to feeling "pretty silly" in pajamas, says 1979's Dream may be one of the best among the dozen or more parties he's attended at the Mansion. But will it be his special favorite?

Burt says with a glance at the many girls nearby, "Check with me about four A.M. It could be tonight."

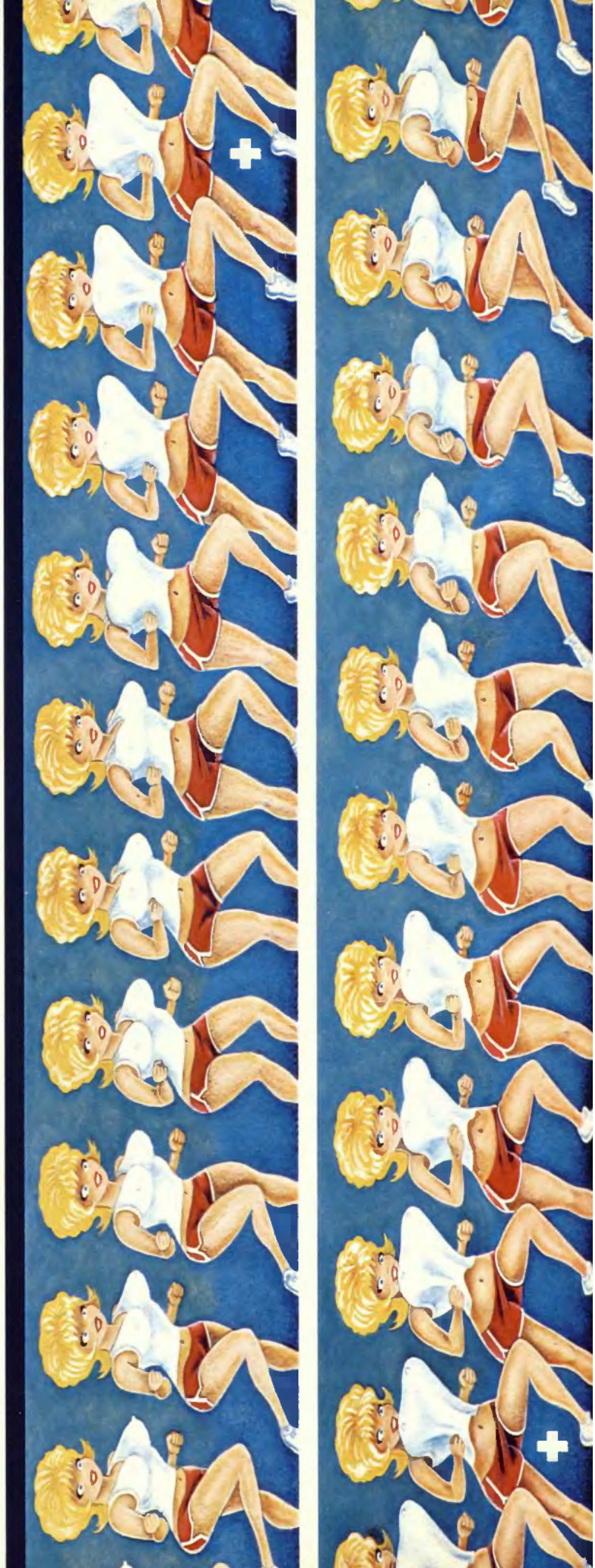
Why not throw your own Playboy pajama party and tell us all about it? Or better yet, send a photo to PLAYBOY *Picture Department, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

PLAYBOY'S PHOTO FLICKS

turn the tables to get a little action in your life

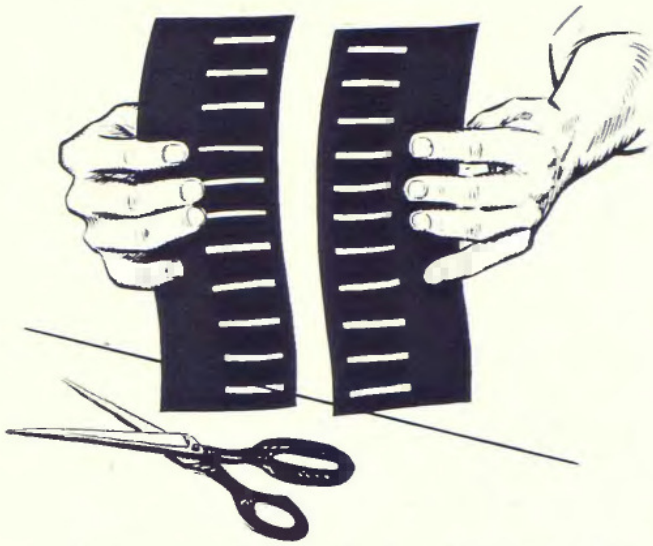


FOR A FEW MINUTES, just put your records away, you vinyl junkies. If you've got a pair of scissors, a roll of cellophane tape and a turntable that will move at 78 rpm, you're ready to start building your own zoetrope (illustrated above). So what's a zoetrope? It's what Martin Scorsese would be using if it were not for Eastman Kodak, that's what. Basically, it's a slotted cylinder lined with little pictures showing different stages of an action. See those little picture strips at the right? When you rotate them inside a slotted cylinder, the little pictures appear to be a single picture of something in motion. *Voilà!* Animation. Everyone wants to make movies nowadays, right? So here's a low-budget home production for you. We've updated the zoetrope with a little modern technology and socially redeeming art. Just cut out, assemble and place it on your Garrard. For full assembly instructions and diagrams, turn to page 194.

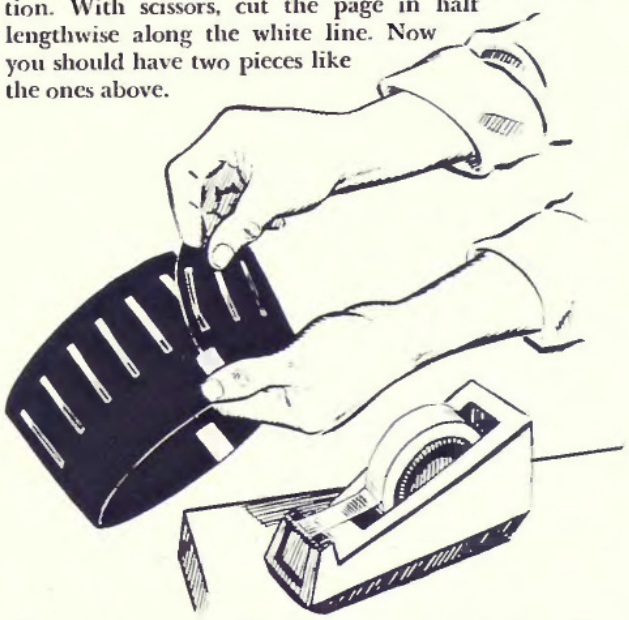


PRODUCED BY JAY LYNCH AND SKIP WILLIAMSON

INSTRUCTIONS FOR ASSEMBLING YOUR ZOETROPE



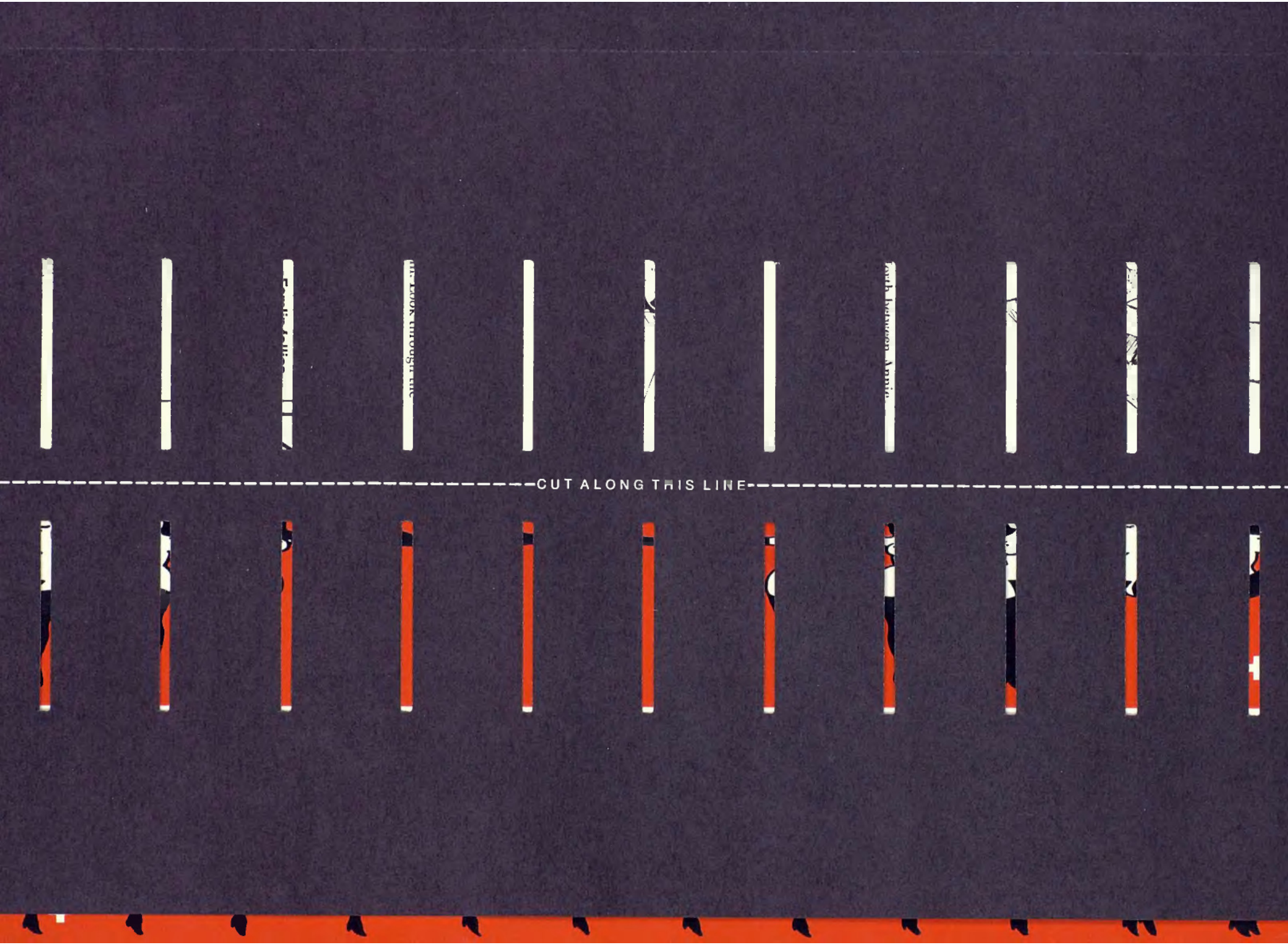
1. Fold the opposite page (the heavy black paper with the slits in it) along the perforation near the fold in the magazine. Tear the page out along the perforation. With scissors, cut the page in half lengthwise along the white line. Now you should have two pieces like the ones above.

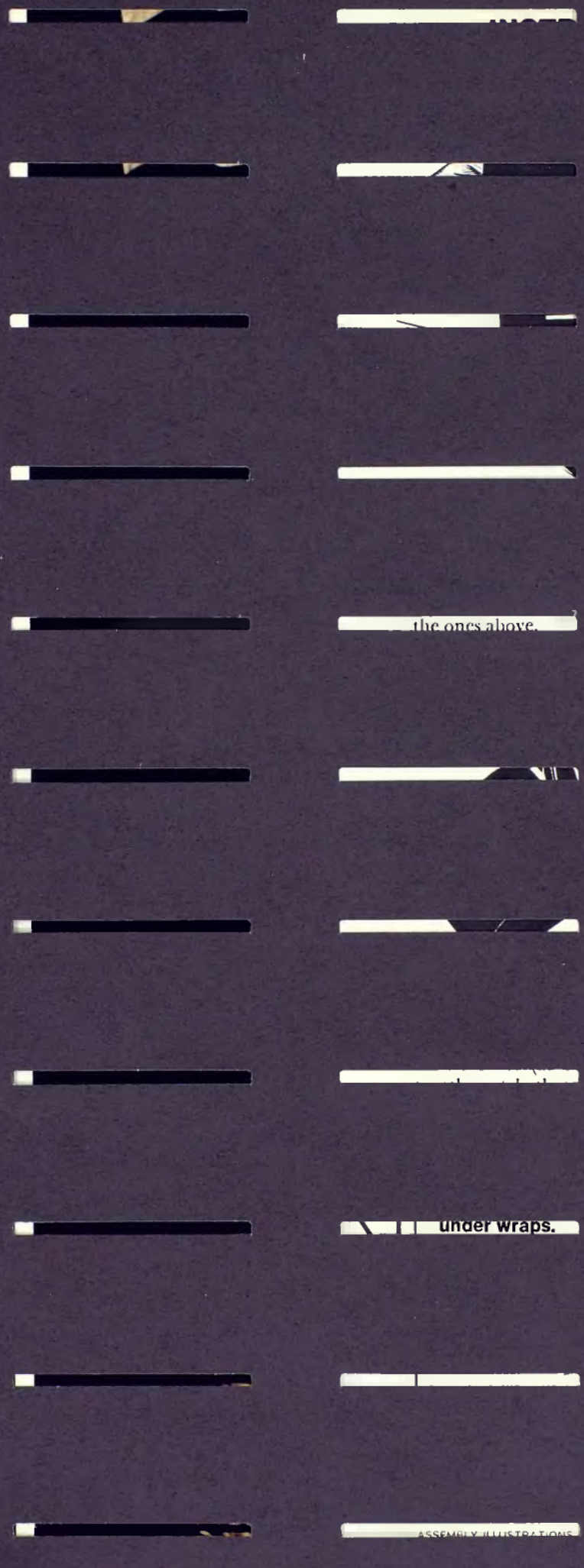


2. Aligning the first slit of one piece with the first slit of the other (as shown above), tape the two pieces together at both ends to form a cylinder. Center the new object on your turntable. Now you're ready to work on the movie strips.

This shy ms. keeps a surprise under wraps.

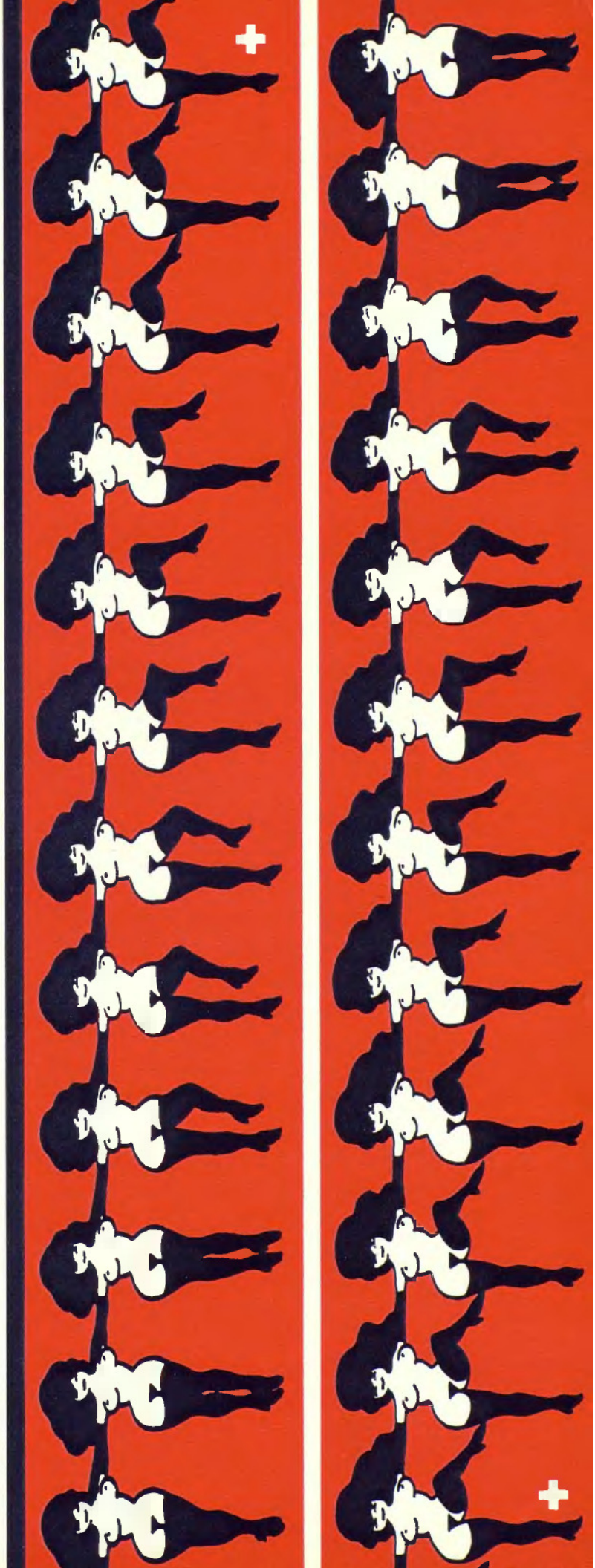
ASSEMBLY ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETE POPLASKI


CUT ALONG THIS LINE


the ones above.
under wraps.
ASSEMBLY ILLUSTRATIONS

3. Find the movie strips with Annie Fanny on one side and the flasher on the other (pages 193–194). Cut out the strips along the heavy black and white lines. Overlap the last *full* images (they're marked with a plus sign) and tape the strip in place. Do not make a cylinder. You'll want to flip back and forth between Annie and the flasher, we assure you. Do the same thing with the Femlin/Steve Martin strips on pages 197–198.

4. Now you're ready for the show—movies without movie lights. Place one of the picture strips inside the cylinder, flush with the turntable, bending the strip to conform to the cylinder's curve. Now position yourself in front of your movie cylinder. Set your speed control at 78 rpm and let the turntable spin. Look through the slits and see Annie Fanny jog, the flasher flash, the Femlin kick and Steve Martin get small. Ready? Go!



WE DON'T WANT TO PUSH the panic button, but it seems once you start fooling around with the immutable laws of physics and the secrets of the universe, strange things start to happen. You saw *The Time Machine*? From the days when Icarus crashed to the sea in a molten heap (hence the term molting), man has investigated with trepidation the hoary wonders of science. The same holds true for man's attempts at animation. It wasn't all Mickey Mouse, you know. In the 16th Century, long before 70-millimeter film and Sensurround, tinkers tried to make images jump with little flip books or paper rolls that showed a person dancing when they were rapidly flipped or unrolled. Anyone caught with such entertainments was accused of deviltry and worshiping graven images and was punished accordingly. It's no wonder animation didn't take off until the early 19th Century, when a guy named Roget delved into persistence of vision, known as the stroboscopic effect. All of that refers to the process wherein the brain retains an image of an object for a fraction of a second after the object is gone: The vision persists. Another guy, named Plateau, produced a simple animation device—but, unfortunately, became partially blind while testing his theories. He stared at the sun for 20 seconds; his vision did not persist. We told you this wasn't kid's stuff. Baron Franz von Uchatius, an Austro-Hungarian artillery officer, concocted a sophisticated contraption for animation involving projection. Gleefully, he sold the patent to Ludwig Döbler, who amassed great wealth and bought a castle. Uchatius tried to get recognition for his work but concluded his failure with suicide. A messy business, no? A fellow in France conjured up images of dead French Revolutionary heroes. When he tried to bring back Louis XVI, French authorities shut him down. In 1834, when Englishman William Horner came up with a device similar to ours in concept, Britons dubbed it "the wheel of the Devil." Typically, the French later named a similar device the zoetrope, or "wheel of life." The French and English zoetropes required a hand crank and produced somewhat jumpy animations. Ours has been streamlined for use on a modern record turntable and includes more frames than the traditional ten, giving smoother action. Traveling at 78 rpm, our strips are nearly as smooth as real movies, which pass before your eyes at 24 frames per second. By the way, the dark side of animation tried to smother our project, too. Cartoonist Jay Lynch and PLAYBOY Associate Art Director Skip Williamson, boy wonders behind the scenes, muddled through countless technical snafus, gauging just the right amount of distortion to make the image work realistically. Just when the work seemed to be on the right track, Lynch returned home one night to find his apartment destroyed by fire, his book on zoetropes swallowed by flames. Lynch says he's now ready to settle down, have a family and forget this gadgetry, once and for all.

"Great little party, huh? And we're still in the elevator!"

80 WAYS *(continued from page 156)*

"Powdered drinks are coming, via microencapsulation. Look for powdered wine and daiquiri."

DNA along with their own and manufacture whatever is programed. Think of a miniature Xerox machine. In the Eighties, bacteria factories will produce human insulin, growth hormone, clotting factor and other scarce or expensive medical substances in plentiful supply and at reasonable cost.

HOME MOVIES. Video-tape and disc systems already make it possible to watch recent-vintage motion pictures without interruption at home. In the Eighties, as the number of units increases into the millions, film-production companies will begin making feature-length films for home release. Theaters won't fold, but increasingly they'll be reserved for high-ticket extravaganzas. Can a home popcorn pipeline be far behind?

FIVE-FINGER EXERCISE. If you don't know how to type, you've been stuck so far with laborious handwriting. No more. Britain's Microwriter Ltd. is currently producing, but not yet selling, a five-key writing machine utilizing microprocessor technology that makes it possible to "handwrite" typing. Your fingers on a keyboard, hardly moving, will imitate roughly the shapes of letters, numbers and punctuation marks; the machine will do the rest, displaying the text visually for editing and then printing it out on a line printer. You'll want one in the Eighties, especially since the Microwriter can give nontypists access to computer terminals.

LAID-BACK LOBSTER. Researchers in aquaculture at San Diego State University have discovered that tasty lobsters descended from the best New England stock grow up to four times as fast in warm water and cost less to produce. Lobster farming approaches the commercial stage: Look for lower-priced *Homarus americanus* from Southern California on your supermarket shelf as the Eighties roll.

ASTHMA CURE. Swedish researchers recently identified the substance that causes bronchial tubes to contract and choke off air to asthma victims. Now that they know what it is, they can figure out how to inhibit it. Expect relief from the painful symptoms of bronchial asthma in the airy Eighties.

HALLEY'S COMET. The best and brightest of all the comets will make its last 20th Century appearance beginning in 1985, with perihelion on February 9, 1986. Its head is luminous and spherical and bright as the brightest star, its spectacular tail two thirds as long as the distance from the horizon to overhead. Halley's comet will spark fads, songs and names for the baby. People will get together for comet parties; there'll be predictions of the end of the world.

DRY MARTINI. Powdered drinks are coming, via microencapsulation. The flavoring's a dry coating outside; inside is the liquid booze. Water makes it a beverage again. Look for powdered wine, bloody mary, screwdriver, daiquiri and Irish coffee as soon as the U. S. Treasury Department figures out how to tax them.

HAPPY HOME. Another major microprocessor fix: the American home. With suitable sensors, and probably working through your electrical wiring, the microprocessor can open and close garage doors, turn lights on and off, adjust heating/air conditioning to any sequence of preset levels or in response to outside temperature changes, run stereo, TV and kitchen equipment, collect and deliver messages, control security, turn on heaters to melt sidewalk and driveway snow *and*. . . . And almost anything else you can think of that can be plugged into a wall. The first such automatic houses are already in operation. Obviously, they cost a bundle. In the Eighties, the cost will come down.

WAR CLUB. The U. S., the U.S.S.R., Great Britain, France, the People's Republic of China, India and probably Israel presently have nuclear weapons. In the next decade, the nuclear club is likely to expand to include Argentina, Brazil, South Africa, Pakistan and Taiwan, dramatically increasing the risk of nuclear war. Some military analysts consider war likely between the U.S.S.R. and the P.R.C. before 1984. Duck!

TELEPHONE TALK. Phones will begin going all electronic in the Eighties, which means they'll be smaller, lighter and as varied in shape, color and function as designers choose to make them. Videophones will become available for residential use in some major cities. Call forwarding, already offered as a local option in cities with electronic switching, will go national, meaning you can have some or all of the calls you receive forwarded to you wherever in the U. S. you might be—forwarded from your Santa Barbara condo to your New York hotel room, for example. Your phone will become your computer link, and through it you'll be able to control home systems, send and receive mail, call up a vast variety of information, vote, order someone's phone number by punching in her name and, probably, bank and shop directly—without going through clerks. Eventually, you'll have a national phone number and a portable pocket phone. Anyone will be able to call you from anywhere; the switching system will find you and give you a ring.

STEREO TV. Japan added multichannel sound—stereo sound—to its television-broadcasting system in the autumn of 1978; the FCC is studying licensing it in the U. S. It's two or three years away. Sound quality is said to approach that of broadcast FM stereo. The second channel of sound can also provide a second language channel for dubbing foreign-language films, or a second, audio-only program such as broadcast music or sports coverage.

SATELLITE MAIL. The U. S. Postal Service is testing instant international message service via COMSAT to London, Paris, Frankfurt, Amsterdam, Brussels and Buenos Aires. Used mostly by banks and corporations now, it will become even more widespread in the Eighties—as additional satellites go up and transmission costs come down.

BEST BEEF. Genetic engineering advances more rapidly in animal science than in human; in the Seventies, cattle breeders routinely implanted fertilized eggs from prize cows into grade "carrier" cows and increased the prize cows' lifetime average number of offspring from five to more than 40. In the Eighties, expect cattle breeders to clone their highest-quality animals and grow the clones to birth weight in carrier cows—making high-quality prize beef routinely available in quantity.

SOMETHING BORROWED. Reliable organ transplantation is a major medical blessing predicted for the Eighties. It depends on breakthroughs in understanding the body's immune system that haven't yet come but that researchers believe are tantalizingly near. Manipulating the immune system to avoid rejection, surgeons will be able to transplant all major body organs: liver, heart, lungs, kidneys; even, probably, the head.

JOCK INFLATION. Texas inventor Byron Donzis' inflatable sports equipment will sweep the field in the early Eighties. Donzis is designing gear to replace all the National Football League's existing padding with inflatables. The National Hockey League comes next. The national Forest Service wants inflatable smoke-jumper suits and Donzis expects to outmode goose down (the inflatable stuff is warm) and to expand to inflatable luggage and clothing. His inflatable running shoes can be adjusted at heel and toe with valves.

ADDITIVE SUBTRACTION. Red dye number two causes cancer, right? Right, but only if it's absorbed into the body. New technology coming in the Eighties will leash

(continued on page 263)

ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDO CARUGATI

SHERO'S SYSTEM

sports

By LARRY SLOMAN

the inscrutable force behind hockey's new york rangers moves men by moving them to move themselves

MIKE BOSSY is flying. The National Hockey League's leading goal scorer is effortlessly gliding down the right side of the rink. Everything is in harmony—his legs are pumping with rhythmic precision, his skates are barely scratching the frozen surface, the puck is gently caressing the blade of his stick.

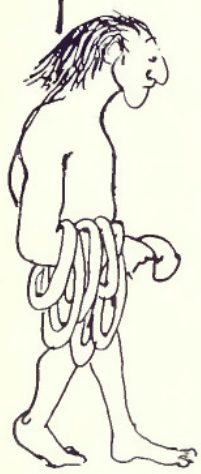
At center ice, he slides the rubber disk over to his Islander teammate, center Bryan Trottier. Then, unburdened, he bursts toward the Rangers' blue line, down an open lane near the boards. The 17,500 fans packed into Madison Square Garden breathe as one when Trottier slaps the puck into the corner.

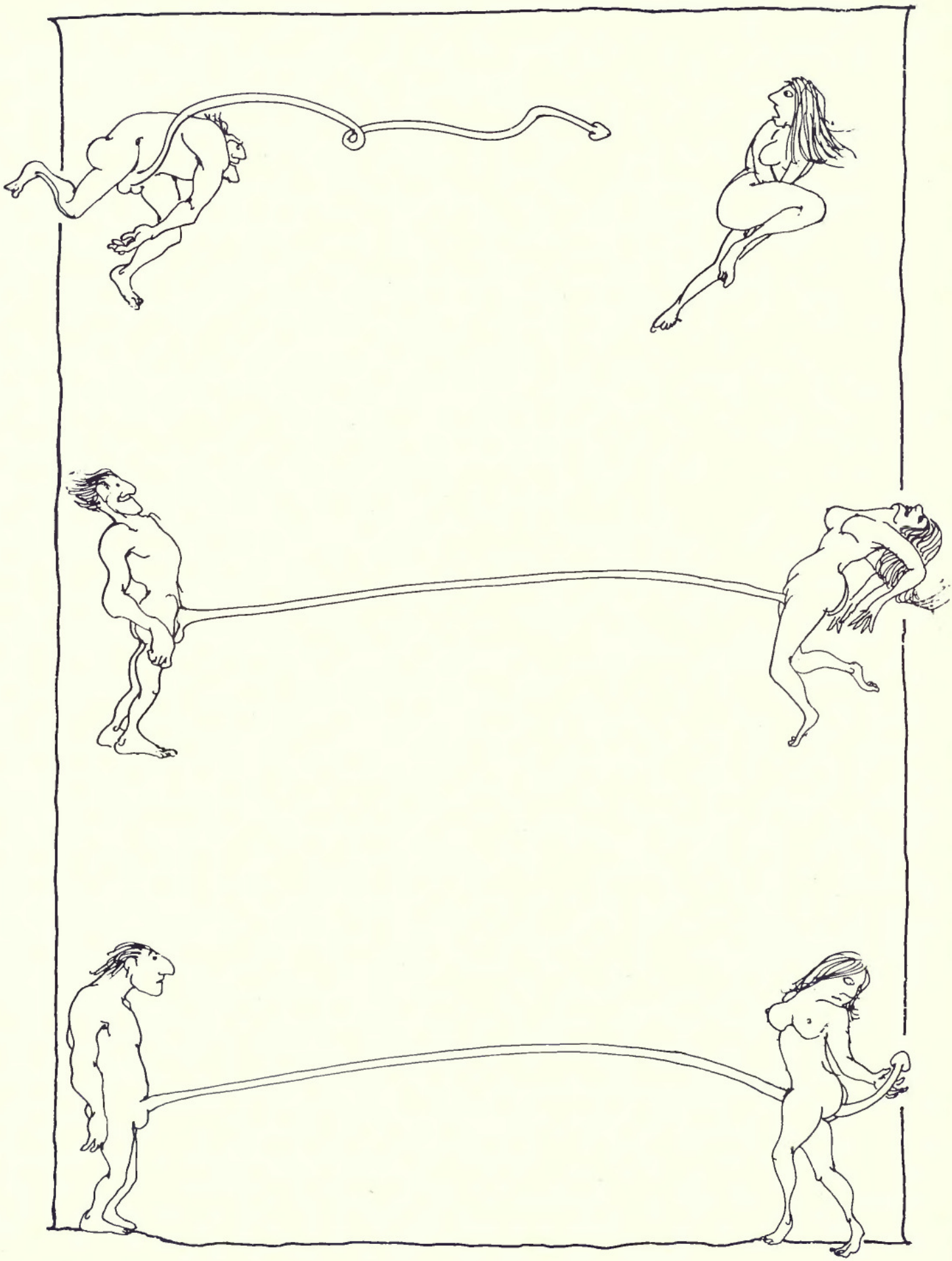
Bossy lowers his helmeted head and starts in pursuit of the projectile. If he beats the defenseman to the puck, his wicked slap shot can find its way into the net from almost any angle. In goal, John Davidson tenses up for the imminent encounter.

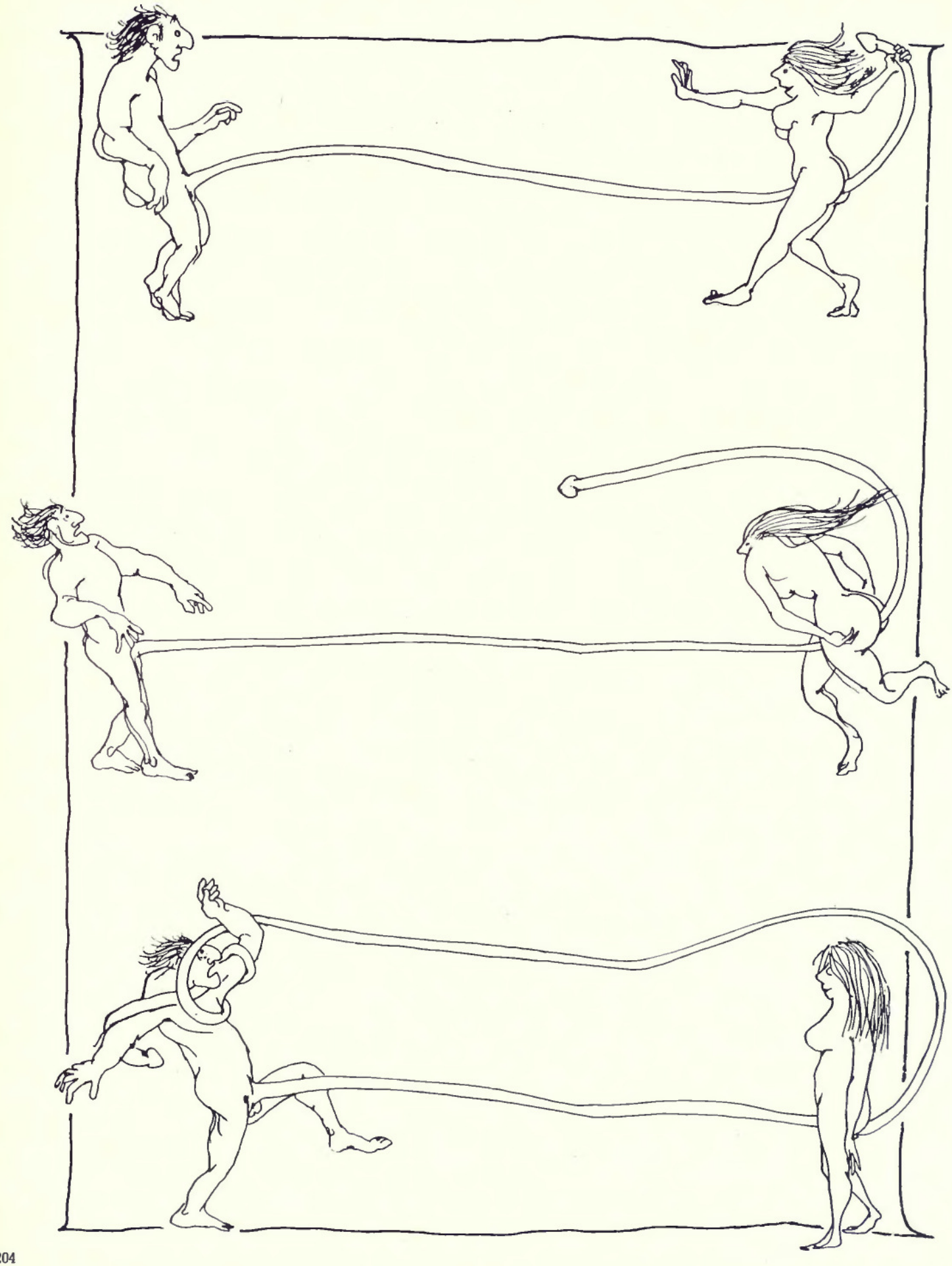
Boom. Mike Bossy is flying. Only this time, he's got help. Thanks to Don Maloney, the Ranger rookie left wing, who precisely drives the Islander into the boards, placing Bossy's face in harmony with the crystal-clear tempered glass that spares the front-row fans from such indignities as a puck in the mouth or a stick behind the ear. *(continued on page 206)*

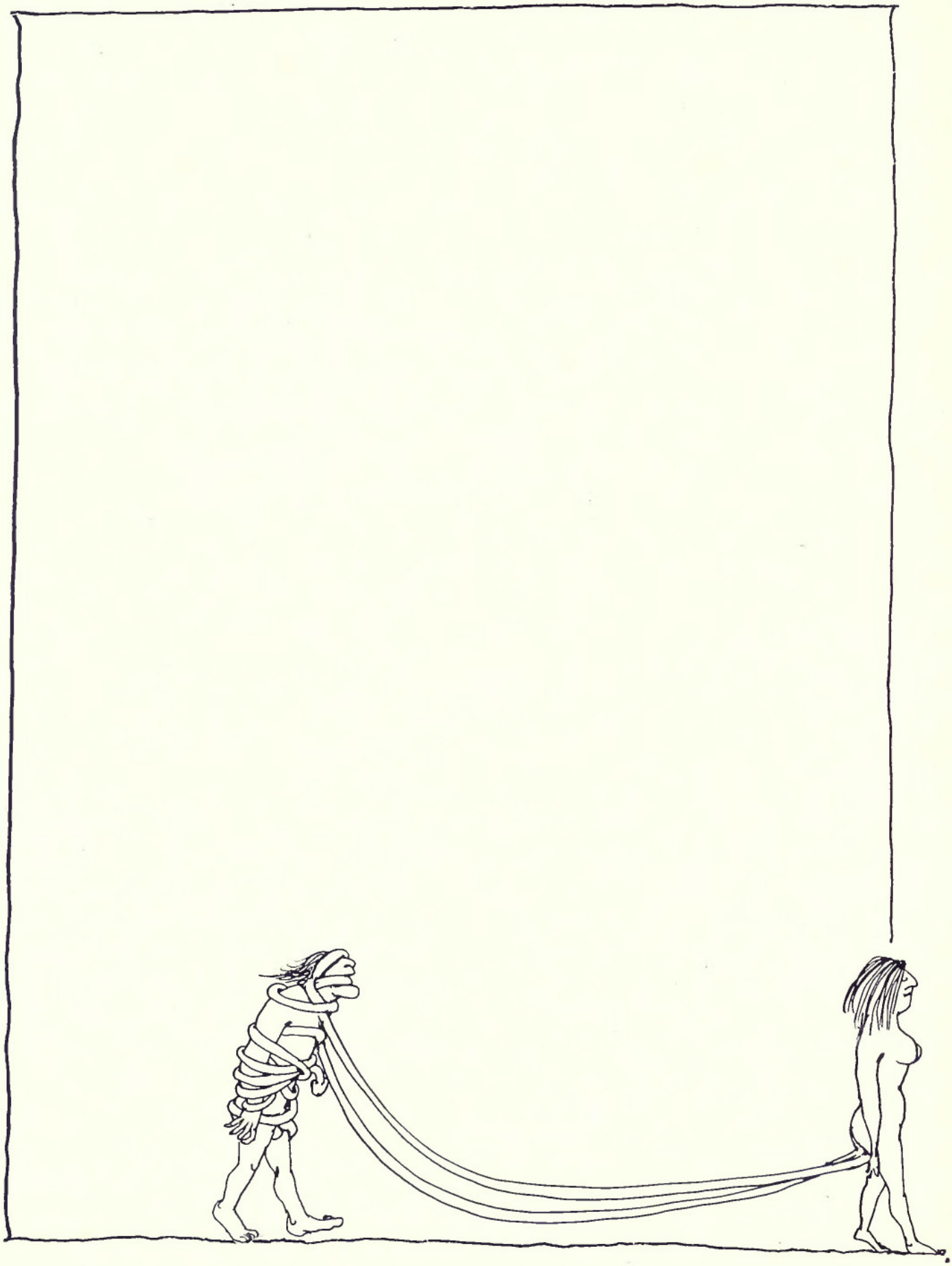
Silverstein

The Deadly Weapon









SHERO'S SYSTEM *(continued from page 201)*

"'We may not make a lot of money,' says $650,000-a-year man Ulf Nilsson, 'but we sure have fun.'"

A roar envelops the ice. Behind the Ranger bench, a smallish, bespectacled man interrupts his pacing to watch the collision on the other side of the rink. "That's the way to do it, kid," Fred Shero, the Rangers' coach, softly tells Maloney, as if his words had wings. "Rub the winger. Good one." But on the bench, it's like the E. F. Hutton commercial, everyone leaning in toward the coach. When Shero talks, everybody listens. With good reason. It might just be the most he'll say to them all year.

"I used to come in and say, 'Good morning, Freddie,'" Phil Esposito, the Rangers' star center, remembers. "Nothing. So I walk out and say, 'Nice talking to you.'" After a year under the Shero regime, the players have grown accustomed to their coach's little idiosyncrasies. Like sitting out someone who's scored a flurry of goals because he might have been lucky. Or sending out onto the ice someone who's already in the penalty box. Or walking up, firing an enigmatic one-liner, then drifting away like smoke.

But no one's complaining. For 39 years, the Rangers understood their coaches perfectly and never won a Stanley Cup. Last year, the Shero team, which includes assistants Mike Nykoluk and Mickey Keating, brought New York three games from upsetting the Montreal dynasty and lugging that legendary hockey hardware home to Manhattan—where the Rangers have become instant heroes. Bar owners fall over one another for their patronage, young models and actresses vie for their attention, celebs like Joni Mitchell, country singer Kinky Friedman, Glenn Frey (of the Eagles) and Andy Warhol invite them to parties. Even the red-velvet ropes at Studio 54 yield obediently at their approach. "We may not make a lot of money," says $650,000-a-year man Ulf Nilsson, "but we sure have a lot of fun."

•

In sports, it's easy to have fun when you're winning. And when the Rangers wooed Shero from Philadelphia with a five-year pact worth a reported $1,250,000, they knew they were getting a winner. Six play-off championships as a coach in the minors. Two Stanley Cups and four division titles in seven years with the Philadelphia Flyers, an expansion team known more for its tactics of intimidation than for its finesse.

New York was also getting hockey's leading iconoclast. A coach who shunned pep talks, and talk in general, preferring to communicate to his players through memos and inspirational aphorisms left furtively on dressing-room blackboards. A coach who believed curfews were for children and who supplied his players with beer in the dressing room after a game, a heresy in the conservative hockey world. But, above all, a man whose enigmatic ways left him a virtual stranger to his players. And his family, too. He dedicated his hockey memoirs to his children, two sons who "don't know me." His wife has said, "If you had to open his brain, you would see a little hockey rink there. That's all he thinks about."

Which accounts for the legendary stories that led the Philadelphia hockey media to dub Shero Freddie the Fog. Stories like the time the coach was so deep in thought planning strategy before a road game that he walked right out of the rink and into the parking lot, where he patiently remained, locked out, until he was discovered just minutes before the game. But the most famous episode happened in Atlanta, where, before a play-off game, Shero turned up dazed, the victim of a mugging. Naturally, he offered no explanation for his bruises and broken glasses, but the next day the blackboard read, "Temptation rarely comes in working hours. It is in their leisure men are made or marred."

The following day, someone responded: "God must love muggers, He made so many of them."

"He's the only person I know it's polite to ignore in a hotel lobby," a Flyer official once said—a freedom that leads one to believe that much of the Fog façade may be consciously manipulated demystification. "I don't want them [the players] to think I'm God," Shero once told a reporter. "I want them to humor me, to kid me, even if it's very embarrassing at times. I want them to know it's not like Russia, that they're allowed to assert themselves. I don't want robots. Championships are won by those not afraid to dare."

While Shero remains synonymous with Fog, he's also known for his famed "system," an approach to hockey that blends the tactical advances of Soviet coach Anatoli Tarasov with the latest motivational techniques culled from everything from Zen Roshis to post-est fad therapies. Shero claims the system was born back in Winnipeg, Manitoba, when, as a child during the Depression, he was responsible for weeding and watering his family's vegetable garden. "I soon realized that nature had a system," he wrote. "If I didn't water or weed the garden, the results were disastrous."

If nature taught him the importance of approaching things orderly and systematically, he learned another great lesson his first year of coaching with the Shawinigan Falls Cataracts of the Quebec Hockey League. The team had played about as well as its name implied, but when Shero took over in 1957, he tried a new tack. He refused to threaten the players or point out their obvious weaknesses. Instead, he appealed to them at their first meeting, asking them for their help, since he was a novice at coaching. Miraculously, it worked. The Cataracts finished second in the play-offs. And Shero had a better idea. Not only would he refine his system but he would extend his psychological strategy. Next time, he wouldn't ask his players for help. He'd have them coach themselves.

•

Some guys are getting over a hundred grand a year. Surely they've got enough brains to do some thinking.—Coach Shero

Pat Hickey, for one. After a season of playing for Freddie, the left wing is still not sure about him. "I think he's in the game, but there are times I don't know. A lot of times I think he's just testing us. Like, he says, 'Forty-three seconds left in the penalty.' So you say, 'Freddie, don't bother us, there's a minute and 43 left in the penalty. Let me get back to my job, the game, OK?'

"Like, if it's a penalty or a tight situation, he says, 'What's going on?' or 'Who's up?' and everyone throws in his two cents. I feel like we're little cheat sheets for him, like a guy who's on TV and they're whispering in his ear. It keeps us in the game. Because we know every game he needs our help, so there's 20 guys on the bench thinking that. It's not that he's out of it or into it, it's that we're all a part of it."

Which means that you take care of yourself. No Supreme Authority around to crack the whip or snoop through keyholes. No curfews, no bed checks. The key is self-discipline. Which accounts for practices that last barely an hour, consisting mainly of strange drills or playful scrimmages.

The Rangers always had a problem with body checking, a reputation for not taking the body during an enemy attack. So Shero had a five-on-three situation in practice in which the three defenders were forced to play holding their sticks upside down—by the blade. "It was kind of strange when we first did it," Ranger captain Dave Maloney admits. "It turned

(continued on page 257)

FIRST LOOK
at a new novel

SMILEY'S PEOPLE

a dead russian forces smiley out of retirement—in a game played by moscow rules

fiction **By JOHN LE CARRE**

author of *The Honourable Schoolboy*

"KNEW HIM PERSONALLY at all, did you, sir?" the detective chief superintendent of police asked respectfully in a voice kept deliberately low. "Or perhaps I shouldn't inquire."

The two men had been together for 15 minutes, but this was the superintendent's first question. For a while, Smiley did not seem to hear it, but his silence was not offensive, he had the gift of quiet. Besides, there is a companionship about two men contemplating a corpse. It was an hour before dawn on Hampstead Heath, a dripping, misty, no-man's hour, neither warm nor cold, with a heaven tinted orange by the London glow and the trees glistening like oilskins. They stood side by side in an avenue of beeches and the superintendent was taller by a head: a young giant of a man, prematurely grizzled, a little pompous, perhaps, but with a giant's

ILLUSTRATION BY CONCEPT I

gentleness that made him naturally befriending. Smiley was clasping his pudgy hands over his belly like a mayor at a cenotaph, and had eyes for nothing but the plastic-covered body lying at his feet in the beam of the superintendent's torch. The walk this far had evidently winded him, for he puffed a little as he stared. From the darkness round them, police receivers crackled on the night air. There were no other lights at all; the superintendent had ordered them extinguished.

"He was just somebody I worked with," Smiley explained after a long delay.

"So I was given to understand, sir," the superintendent said.

He waited hopefully, but nothing more came. "Don't even speak to him," the deputy assistant commissioner (crime and ops) had said to him. "You never saw him and it was two other blokes. Just show him what he wants and drop him down a hole. Fast." Till now, the detective chief superintendent had done exactly that. He had moved, in his own estimation, with the speed of light. The photographer had photographed, the doctor had certified life extinct, the pathologist had inspected the body *in situ* as a prelude to conducting his autopsy—all with an expedition quite contrary to the proper pace of things, merely in order to clear the way for the visiting *irregular*, as the deputy assistant commissioner (crime and ops) had liked to call him. The irregular had arrived—with about as much ceremony as a meter reader, the superintendent noted—and the superintendent had led him over the course at a canter. They had looked at footprints, they had tracked the old man's route till here. The superintendent had made a reconstruction of the crime, as well as he was able in the circumstances, and the superintendent was an able man. Now they were in the dip, at the point where the avenue turned, where the rolling mist was thickest. In the torch beam, the dead body was the centerpiece of everything. It lay face downward and spread-eagled, as if it had been crucified to the gravel, and the plastic sheet emphasized its lifelessness. It was the body of an old man, but broad-shouldered still, a body that had battled and endured. The white hair was cut to stubble. One strong, veined hand still grasped a sturdy walking stick. He wore a black overcoat and rubber overshoes. A black beret lay on the ground beside him, and the gravel at his head was black with blood. Some loose change lay about, and a pocket handkerchief, and a small penknife that looked more like a keepsake than a tool. Most likely they had started to search him and given up, sir, the superintendent had said. Most likely they were disturbed, Mr. Smiley, sir; and Smiley had wondered what it must be like to touch a warm body you had just shot.

"If I might possibly take a look at his face, Superintendent," Smiley said.

This time it was the superintendent who caused the delay. "Ah, now, are you sure about that, sir?" He sounded slightly embarrassed. "There'll be better ways of identifying him than *that*, you know."

"Yes. Yes, I am sure," said Smiley earnestly, as if he really had given the matter great thought.

The superintendent called softly to the trees, where his men stood among their blacked-out cars like a next generation waiting for its turn.

"You there. Hall. Sergeant Pike. Come here at the double and turn him over."

Fast, the deputy assistant commissioner (crime and ops) had said.

Two men slipped forward from the shadows. The elder wore a black beard. Their surgical gloves of elbow length shone ghostly gray. They wore blue overalls and thigh-length rubber boots. Squatting, the bearded man cautiously untucked the plastic sheet while the younger constable laid a hand on the dead man's shoulder as if to wake him up.

"You'll have to try harder than that, lad," the superintendent warned in an altogether crisper tone.

The boy pulled, the bearded sergeant helped him and the body reluctantly rolled over, one arm stiffly waving, the other still clutching the stick.

"Oh, Christ," said the constable. "Oh, bloody hell!"—and clapped a hand over his mouth. The sergeant grabbed his elbow and shoved him away. They heard the sound of retching.

"I don't hold with politics," the superintendent confided to Smiley inconsequentially, staring downward still. "I don't hold with politics and I don't hold with politicians, either. Licensed lunatics most of them, in my view. That's why I joined the force, to be honest." The sinewy mist curled strangely in the steady beam of his torch. "You don't happen to know what did it, do you, sir? I haven't seen a wound like that in fifteen years."

"I'm afraid ballistics are not my province," Smiley replied after another pause for thought.

"No, I don't expect they would be, would they? Seen enough, sir?"

Smiley apparently had not.

"Most people expect to be shot in the chest, really, don't they, sir?" the superintendent remarked brightly. He had learned that small talk sometimes eased the atmosphere on such occasions. "Your neat round bullet that drills a tasteful hole. That's what most people expect. Victim falls gently to his knees to the tune of celestial choirs. It's the telly that does it, I suppose. Whereas your real bullet these days can take off an arm or a leg, so my friends in brown tell me." His voice took on a more practical tone. "Did he have a mustache at all, sir? My sergeant fancied a trace of white whisker on the upper jaw."

"A military one," said Smiley after a long gap, and with his thumb and forefinger absently described the shape upon his own lip while his gaze remained locked upon the old man's body. "I wonder, Superintendent, whether I might just examine the contents of his pockets, possibly?"

"Sergeant Pike."

"Sir!"

"Put that sheet back and tell Mr. Murgotroyd to have his pockets ready for me in the van, will you, what they've left of them? At the double," the superintendent added, as a matter of routine.

"Sir!"

"And come here." The superintendent had taken the sergeant softly by the upper arm. "You tell that young Constable Hall that I can't stop him sicking up, but I won't have his irreverent language." For the superintendent on his home territory was a devoutly Christian man and did not care who knew it. "This way, Mr. Smiley, sir," he added, recovering his gentler tone.

As they moved higher up the avenue, the chatter of the radios faded and they heard instead the angry wheeling of rooks and the growl of the city. The superintendent marched briskly, keeping to the left of the roped-off area. Smiley hurried after him. A windowless van was parked between the trees, its back doors open and a dim light burning inside. Entering, they sat on hard benches. Mr. Murgotroyd had gray hair and wore a gray suit. He crouched before them with a plastic sack like a transparent pillowcase. The sack had a knot at the throat, which he untied. Inside, smaller packages floated. As Mr. Murgotroyd lifted them out, the superintendent read the labels by his torch before handing them to Smiley to consider.

"One scuffed leather coin purse, Continental appearance. Half inside his pocket, half out, left-side jacket. You saw the coins by his body—seventy-two pence. That's all the money on him. Carry a wallet at all, did he, sir?"

"I don't know."

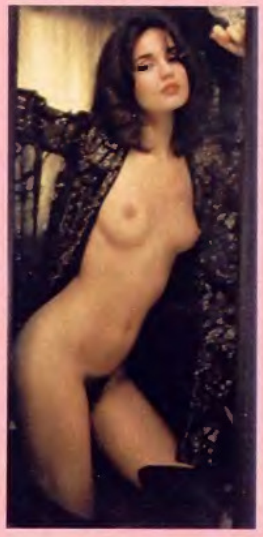
"Our guess is they helped themselves to the wallet, started on the purse, then ran. One bunch keys domestic and various, right-hand trousers. . . ." He ran on, but Smiley's scrutiny did not relax. Some people *act* a memory, the superintendent thought, noticing his concentration, others *have* one. In the superintendent's book, memory was the better half of intelligence, he prized it highest of all

(continued on page 290)

Playboy's Playmate Review

a roundup of the past delightful dozen

JUST AS THIS was an extraordinary year for PLAYBOY, it was an extraordinary year for Playmates. After all, 25th anniversaries come around only once. Each girl who graced our centerfold in 1979 was painstakingly selected for qualities above and beyond the norm. Eight of the 12 were discovered during our Great Playmate Hunt. What a way to usher in the Eighties!



Miss April

An alumna of the PLAYBOY Great Playmate Hunt, Mississippi-born Missy Cleveland has now settled permanently in Los Angeles. Having satisfied her travel bug, she's now pursuing an acting career ("I've done several commercials and am currently negotiating a TV series"). And, for the time being, her passion for motorcycling has been replaced by one for scuba diving.

Miss January

Twenty-fifth Anniversary Playmate Candy Loving was about to shirk the limelight and complete her last year in college, when a call came in from Woody Allen's casting director. Woody, it seemed, wanted her for his new film, so Candy flew to New York and met him. Lo and behold, after a 20-minute interview with Woody ("He's one of my idols," says Candy), she got the part!

Miss June

Our "coed with a cause," Louann Fernald (opposite, above) has graduated from the University of Florida. With graduation, she admits, came a slight softening of her rebellious stance—"You might call me more of a nonconformist now," she tells us. As for the future, Louann may go back on her vow to stay in Florida and move to L.A. "We'll have to see," she says.

Miss May

Michele Drake (opposite, below) has been one superbusy young lady in recent months. Aside from realizing her pet dream of going to Hawaii, she's gotten film roles galore—including a part in *American Gigolo*, starring Richard Gere. So profitable has her career been that Michele is currently thinking about buying a condo, "if only," she says, "I could decide where I want to live!"

Miss August

"I've been working very hard, pushing for my career," says Vancouver-born Dorothy Stratten, who gave up Bunnydom for a starring role in the soon-to-be-released Canadian feature *Autumn Born*. On her Canadian publicity tour, Dorothy helped PLAYBOY Photographer David (*Girls of...*) Chan round up candidates for an upcoming PLAYBOY pictorial, *Girls of Canada*.

Miss July

When Dorothy Mays became our July gatefold, she told us that her dream was to open her own hair-styling shop in her home state, Maryland. You'll be pleased to know that Dorothy has used her modeling fees to achieve her dream; the shop is called, appropriately enough, Hot Locks. Between styling appointments, she's even found the time to get her pilot's license.

Miss December

Ever since her Playmate story appeared last month, Candace Collins' schedule has been a hectic one, indeed. Aside from a whirlwind promotional tour for PLAYBOY and a few short trips to Los Angeles, Candace continues her fast-paced modeling career in her favorite town, Chicago, where she's one of the Windy City's hottest models, popular in both print and television media.

Miss November

Another discovery of our Playmate Hunt, Sylvie Garant (opposite, above) reports that ever since her story came out in PLAYBOY, her agent's phone hasn't stopped ringing. Already a top model in Toronto, Sylvie's on her way to becoming the most popular model in all of Canada and has plans to invade the modeling scene south of the border in the U. S. as well.

Miss February

Now a full-time resident of sunny Los Angeles, where she sports a year-round tan, English-born Lee Ann Michelle (opposite, below) is gearing up for her first movie starring role—that of a disillusioned singing star in *The Golden Goose*. "We've been in preproduction for the last few months," Lee Ann tells us, "but shooting ought to commence any time. I'm looking forward to it."

Miss March

This past year was an extraordinary one for Playmates, and March gatefold girl Denise McConnell—our first private-eye Playmate—was no exception. Since she made her bow in our pages, Denise reports that business has picked up a bit in the detective game. In spite of that, though, Denise would like to move to L.A. and work in Playboy's Playmate Promotion Department.

Miss September

Vicki McCarty, our Phi Beta Kappa Playmate, hasn't had a dull moment all year long. Last spring, she took a bicycle tour through Europe, from Luxembourg to Milan. In the fall, she represented Playboy on numerous nationwide talk shows and, in her words, "every A.M. show ever devised." Now she's back in San Francisco, completing her last year at Hastings College of Law.

Miss October

German Playmate Ursula Buchfellner has been so in demand since her appearance in PLAYBOY, we couldn't even track her down ourself. Informed sources tell us that she has become one of Germany's leading models, commanding fees as high as $500 a day, and that film offers have been nonstop. The last we heard, Ursula was shooting a German film in Greece.

Playmates' Progress

When 25th Anniversary Playmate Candy Loving appeared on *The Merv Griffin Show* (above), her gatefold caused a few smirks from guests (left to right) Virginia Graham, Livingston Taylar and Jash Taylor.

February gatefald girl Lee Ann Michelle went for a screen test (above) for the film *The Golden Goose* (Berry Gordy will direct). Also an hand were actor Gary Judis and Motown executive Arnold Orgalini.

Chicago madel and ex-Bunny Candace Collins turned more than a few heads at newsstands as our February cover girl (left), enough to warrant more thoraugh follow-up caverage as our December Playmate.

September Playmate Vicki McCarty's credentials (*summa cum laude*, Phi Beta Kappa) were so appealing we sent her an a natianwide publicity tour. She wowed audiences on the Tam Snyder shaw (above).

One af our mare enthusiastically received 25th Anniversary extravaganzas was the Playbay Jazz Festival held at the Hollywood Bowl in mid-June. On hand to promote the festival (30,000 people attended) was April Playmate Missy Cleveland (above), who aided happy d.j.s Mike Horn and Jack Roth at radio station KRLA in Los Angeles.

Playmatedom seems ta have became a swift steppingstane to a career in show business and no exceptian ta this rule is November Playmate Sylvie Garant, who is shown (above) being guided by director Bob Schulz in a scene from his new film, *High Spirits*. A romantic comedy, the flick is based on Isak Dinesen's *The Monkey*.

California-born Michele Drake (Miss May) obviously was the type director Floyd Mutrux was looking for to play a cheerleader in his upcoming film, *Hollywood Knights* (above). The greaser beside her is actor Randy Gornel.

Senior year at the University of Flarida ended on a happy note for June Playmate Louann Fernald (above) as college friends Paul Jacobson and Chip Clark helped her move more than just her belongings offcampus.

Na, Miss March, Denise McConnell (above), has not gone from being a private eye ta running a plant nursery. Readers who thought her the epitome af the girl next door deluged her with congrotulatory flowers.

July's Dorothy Mays (above) gigged with some friends, The Jock of Diamonds, at the Sheffield studio in Baltimore, where they recorded *Come Sweet Darlin'*, to be releosed soon.

During her short sojourn in Chicago, October Playmate Ursula Buchfellner (below) entronced her share of admirers, who, no doubt, are reacting fovorably to her sexy Germon accent.

Shown here with director Neil Israel ond Meat Loaf (the lucky guy!) in the film *Americathon* is August Playmate Dorothy Stratten (obove), whose movie schedule has been virtually nonstop since the time she completed her Playmote shooting. You can bet you'll be seeing plenty more of her.

the education of a guardsman from the 13th Century Japanese *Uji shui monogatari*

DURING THE REIGN of the Emperor Yozei, one of his personal bodyguards, named Michinori, was ordered to go to Mutsu. One night, along the way, he and his eight soldiers stopped at the house of a provincial governor. After a good dinner, the household went off to bed, but Michinori found himself wakeful and he soon arose. He walked about and finally came to a distant part of the house partitioned off by screens. The room, with its mats on the floor, a small light burning and the fragrance of incense in the air, charmed him, and he stepped inside. A young woman was asleep on one of the mats and Michinori gazed a long time at her. She was, he thought, a remarkably beautiful and elegant creature.

The guardsman hesitated, first because he felt some shame at allowing himself to be tempted by the sight of a lady who might well be the governor's wife and, second, because there was something strange about this lack of precaution

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

with nine strangers in the house. But Michinori was a rash man and the beauty was too much for him. She was wearing nothing but a light robe and her perfume was exquisite. He lowered himself to the mat beside her. When he took off his robe and embraced her, she opened her eyes sleepily and lay with her hand over her mouth, not resisting excessively.

Michinori touched her small nest and prepared to slide himself into it when he suddenly felt a great itching in his private parts—and then no feeling at all. He quickly put his hand to them, but it was like groping in his beard. His penis had vanished completely!

While he was frantically searching, the lady lay with a faint smile on her face, but Michinori was no longer struck with her beauty. He arose in panic, took his robe and went back to his room. He explored again, but the penis was truly gone.

Then a thought struck him. He awakened one of his retainers who slept nearby and described the beautiful woman to him, pointing out how to find her. "I've just come back from her room. What about you?" Michinori whispered.

The soldier went off looking happy and returned a little while later looking thunderstruck. Michinori then awakened another trooper. Off he went, chuckling, and back he came woebegone. Michinori was a stubborn man. One by one, he sent all eight of them into battle and all came back with the same look, clutching the place where it ought to have been.

By now, it was very late. Michinori thought, Our host was very hospitable last night, but his hospitality obviously has its limits. I think it is time to get away now. The small detachment rode out dejectedly just before sunrise.

They had gone less than a mile when they suddenly heard a shout and looked back to see someone racing after them on horseback. It was a man holding a package wrapped in white paper, and they reined in their horses. As he approached, they could see that he was one of the servants who had waited on them. He held the package out to Michinori.

"What is this?" the guardsman asked suspiciously.

"The district governor has instructed me to say that you gentlemen are only too kind to repay his hospitality with such a valuable—and personal—gift. But, really, sir, he feels himself unworthy of such a unique and outstanding present. We were preparing breakfast for you when the governor, going to a certain room, discovered the bounty you had left behind. He ordered me to make a parcel of them and return them."

Bewildered, Michinori opened the package, and nestling inside, like so many eels, were the nine penises. The retainers all clustered round and counted them. They stared at one another and groaned.

Suddenly, the box was empty.

The servant turned his horse and spurred away.

And then there was a great shout, Michinori and his men all yelling at once, "I've got it back!"

When Michinori had completed his mission, he took some gold and fine presents and journeyed alone back to the governor's house. Again, he was given a fine dinner and, afterward, when he and the governor were relaxing, Michinori said, "Do you remember that when I was here before, a strange thing happened?"

"Dear boy," the governor said, "please forgive my little trick. I learned it myself, the hard way, when I was a young man trying to seduce a certain sorcerer's wife. Do you have a wife? Would you like to learn the art? If so, we must go into the mountains."

Michinori did have a wife, and a very pretty one. Lecherous noblemen were present in droves at the emperor's court. "Of course," he said.

They came to the bank of a great river and the governor made Michinori take oaths of frightful wickedness. Then he instructed Michinori that he must embrace anything he saw coming downriver, even an ogre. At that, the governor walked upstream and was lost to view.

Torrents of rain came down and the wind blew fiercely. The river rose. Soon Michinori saw a great serpent, all dark blue and crimson, with a great head like a lump of smooth metal. Michinori cowered in the grass and let it swim by. Shortly after, there appeared a giant boar, bristling with rage, sparks flying from the rocks under its hooves. Michinori steeled himself, roused his courage and rushed to clasp it in his arms. He found himself holding a rotten log.

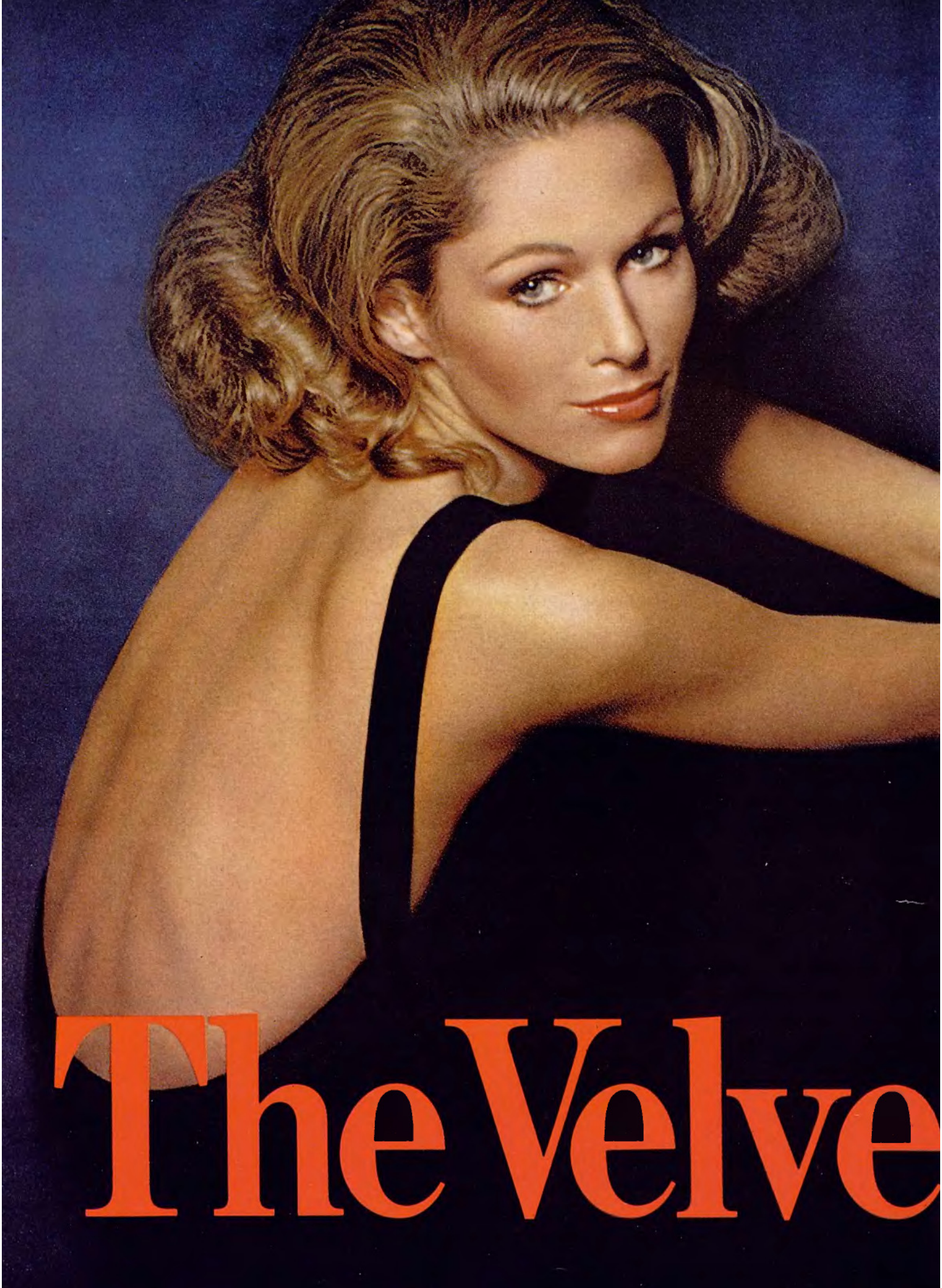
"Well, my friend," said the governor as he reappeared. "You failed the first test, and so you will never know the fine art of making a penis vanish into thin air. But you did meet the second test—and so you have become master of one of the lesser arts. You can now change a thing of no particular value into something else of no particular value."

Michinori looked at the sly old governor, who seemed to be smiling a bit sarcastically, and he cursed himself.

But it was true. Once back at the palace, Michinori would take bets on whether or not he could turn boots into puppies and make them run around. Or whether he could make a straw sandal into a living carp that would jump onto a table. He always won.

Word of this got to the emperor, who summoned Michinori to a place called the Back Door Gallery, where Yozei learned the art from him. After that, the emperor happily applied it by making the figures in a Kamo Festival procession seem to come to life and march across the screen on which they were painted.

But, not having the greater art, Michinori worried about his wife the rest of his days. —*Retold by Ken Matsuda*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THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

humor **By TOM KOCH**

The Ayatollah named Iran
A pure religious state.
Now Sabbath shootings all must clear
The ministry of hate.

Chicago's old machine broke down.
The world's not quite the same.
The ballot box came all unstuffed.
The mayor's now a dame!

Top men at Chrysler made the best
Proposal they could lodge,
And begged the Government to buy
A billion-dollar Dodge.

To Peking, U. S. salesmen swarmed,
With order books and pluck.
Their pressure tactics were enough
To make a mandarin duck.

Ham Jordan learned a lesson from
The FBI's fine folk:
When visiting a *discothèque*,
Don't ask if they serve Coke.

A summit meeting sought to bring
The arms race to a halt.
Some found its plan for peace quite weird:
On open wounds, pour SALT.

A rousing battle cry was raised
By every Teddy foe:
"Remember Chappaquiddick and
Forget the Alamo!"

Israeli peace did not work out
The way Sadat had planned.
He's threatened now with Six Day wars
Against each Arab land.

A curvy Aussie kissed Prince Charles.
It made each newscast segment.
We're waiting now for her to claim
It also made her pregnant.

New owners of the Nixon home
Weren't sure what they liked best:
The back-yard gunboat landing dock
Or front machine-gun nest.

The *Marvin* case showed single men
What perils lie ahead.
Girls sharing bed and board get bored
And want to share the bread.

The TV family's shown great change
Since Bob Young ruled the nest.
Now *Diff'rent Strokes* might well be named
A Smart-ass Kid Knows Best.

Somoza felt profound surprise
As rebel troops he hunted.
He'd long assumed the land he ruled
Was someplace no one wanted.

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL UTTERBACK

tongue-in-cheek remembrances of sundry people and places that made the headlines in '79

They call it Three Mile Island,
And some folks wonder why.
Because its plant is three miles long
Or may blow three miles high?

Mideast mistakes plagued Andrew Young.
His last one was a gasser.
When asked if he'd shunned dark intrigue,
He promptly answered, "Yasir."

Count Dracula won plaudits as
The nice guy of the year.
He turned Samaritan to save
George Hamilton's career.

Each White House hopeful aired his plan
And challenged all to match it.
Many tossed their hats into the ring
And Bob Dole tossed his hatchet.

As down the river Rosalynn cruised,
Her charm was quickly seen.
Perhaps the Iron Magnolia had
Become the Delta Queen.

Ronstadt and Brown in Africa
Made gossipmongers spin.
Was their vacation hut equipped
With double beds or twin?

Vanessa, cast to play a Jew,
Drew quite a picket line
Demanding that she play instead
The Road to Palestine.

To *discothèques* more millions flocked
And heeded deafening drummers.
Quite mesmerized, they boogied through
The long hot Donna Summers.

Press Secretary Jody Powell
Faced chores that were gigantic,
Much like the men who sang aboard
The sinking ship Titanic.

In Europe, wealthy chums of kings
Are very often knighted;
But over here, Bert Lance found out,
They only get indicted.

Hoods vied to get Galante's job,
Which, grudgingly, he died for.
Will Harold Stassen seek the post?
It's one he's never tried for.

When Lee and Farrah called it quits,
They settled many wagers
That no ship can two captains have
And no boudoir two Majors.

Muhammad Ali quit the ring.
He'll answer no more bells,
Because his waistline's now as large
As that of Orson Welles.

MY UNCLE OSWALD

(continued from page 136)

"'Within a few seconds, my member was as stiff and erect as the mainmast of a topsail schooner.'"

of a long day in a fierce climate than when you feel that first whiskey hitting your stomach and going through into the blood stream. A few minutes later, I went indoors and got myself a second drink, then I returned to the veranda. I lay back again in the deck chair. My shirt was soaked with sweat, but I was too tired to take a shower. Then, all of a sudden, I went rigid. I was just about to put the glass of whiskey to my lips and my hand froze, it literally froze in mid-air, and there it stayed, with my fingers clenched around the glass. I couldn't move. I couldn't even speak. I tried to call out to my boy for help, but I couldn't. *Rigor mortis.* Paralysis. My entire body had turned to stone."

"Were you frightened?" someone asked.

"Of course I was frightened," the major said. "I was bloody terrified, especially out there in the Sudan desert miles from anywhere. But the paralysis didn't last very long. Maybe a minute, maybe two. I don't really know. But when I came to, as it were, the first thing I noticed was a burning sensation in the region of my groin. 'Hullo,' I said, 'what the hell's going on now?' But it was pretty obvious what was going on. The activity inside my trousers was becoming very violent, indeed, and within another few seconds, my member was as stiff and erect as the mainmast of a topsail schooner."

"What do you mean, your *member*?" asked a girl whose name was Gwendoline.

"I expect you will catch on as we go along, my dear," the major said.

"Carry on, Major," we said. "What happened next?"

"Then it started to throb," he said. "I could feel every beat of my heart all the way along it. Pulsing and throbbing most terribly, it was, and as tight as a balloon. You know those long sausage-shaped balloons children have at parties? I kept thinking about one of those, and with every beat of my heart it felt as if someone was pumping in more air and it was going to burst."

The major drank some wine. We sat still, waiting.

"So of course I began trying to puzzle out what might have happened," he went on. "I looked at my glass of whiskey. It was where I always put it, on top of the little white-painted balustrade surrounding the veranda. Then my eye traveled upward to the roof of the bungalow and to the edge of the roof and, suddenly, presto! I'd got it! I knew for certain what must have happened."

"What?" we said, all speaking at once.

"A large blister beetle, taking an evening stroll on the roof, had ventured too close to the edge and had fallen off."

"Right into your glass of whiskey!" we cried.

"Precisely," the major said. "And I, thirsting like mad in the heat, had gulped him down without looking."

The girl called Gwendoline was staring at the major with huge eyes. "Quite honestly, I don't see what all the fuss was about," she said. "One teeny-weeny little beetle isn't going to hurt anyone."

"My dear child," the major said, "when the blister beetle is dried and crushed, the resulting powder is called cantharidin. That's its pharmaceutical name. The Sudanese variety is called cantharidin *sudanii*. And this cantharidin *sudanii* is absolutely deadly. The maximum safe dose for a human, if there is such a thing as a safe dose, is one minim. A minim is *one sixtieth* of a fluid ounce. Assuming I had just swallowed one whole fully grown blister beetle, that meant I'd received God knows how many hundreds of times the maximum dose."

"Jesus," we said. "Jesus Christ."

"My member," the major said, "was now like a white-hot rod of iron burning into my body. I leaped up from my chair and rushed to my car and drove like a madman for the nearest hospital, which was in Khartoum. I got there in forty minutes flat. I was scared fartless. I dashed into the hospital and found the casualty room, where an English doctor was stitching up somebody's knife wound. 'Look at this!' I cried, taking it out and waving it at him."

"Waving *what* at him, for heaven's sake?" the awful Gwendoline asked.

"Shut up, Gwendoline," I said.

"Thank you," the major said. "The doctor stopped stitching and regarded the object I was holding out to him with some alarm. I quickly told him my story. He looked glum. There was no antidote for blister beetle, he informed me. I was in grave trouble. But he would do his best. So they stomach-pumped me and put me to bed and packed ice all around my poor throbbing member."

"Who did?" someone asked. "Who's they?"

"A nurse," the major answered. "A young Scottish nurse with dark hair. She brought the ice in small rubber bags and packed it round and kept the bags in place with a bandage."

"Didn't you get frostbite?"

"You can't get frostbite on something that's practically red-hot," the major said.

"What happened next?"

"They kept changing the ice every three hours, day and night."

"Who, the Scottish nurse?"

"They took it in turns. Several nurses."

"Good God."

"It took two weeks to subside."

"Two weeks!" I said. "Were you all right afterward, sir? Are you all right now?"

"I was out of action for six months," the major said, smiling wanly. "But that is no hardship in the Sudan. Yes, if you want to know, I'm all right now. I made a miraculous recovery."

That was the story Major Grout had told us at my little party on the eve of my departure for France, and it set me thinking. It set me thinking very deeply, indeed. In fact, that night, as I lay in bed with my bags all packed on the floor, a tremendously daring plan began rapidly to evolve in my head. I say daring because, by God, it damn well was daring when you consider I was only 17 years old at the time. Looking back on it now, I take my hat off to myself for even contemplating that sort of action. But by the following morning, my mind was made up.

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I bade farewell to my parents on the platform at Victoria Station and boarded the boat train for Paris. I arrived that afternoon and checked in at the house where my father had arranged for me to board. It was on the Avenue Marceau, and the family, who were called Boisvain, took paying guests. Monsieur Boisvain was a civil servant of sorts and as unremarkable as the rest of his breed. His wife, a pale woman with short fingers and a flaccid rump, was in much the same mold as her husband, and I guessed that neither of them would give me any trouble. They had two daughters, Jeanette, aged 15, and Nicole, who was 19. Mademoiselle Nicole was some kind of freak, for while the rest of the family were typically small and neat and French, this girl was of Amazonian proportions. She looked to me like a sort of female gladiator. She could not possibly have stood less than 6'3" in her bare feet, but she was nonetheless a well-made young gladiator with long, nicely turned legs and a pair of dark eyes that seemed to hold a number of secrets. It was the first time since puberty that I had encountered a woman who was not only

(continued on page 279)

NEW!

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

10 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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Real's new golden leaf tobacco blend does it.
Tastes richer...mellower...more satisfying.
A taste that's pure gold.

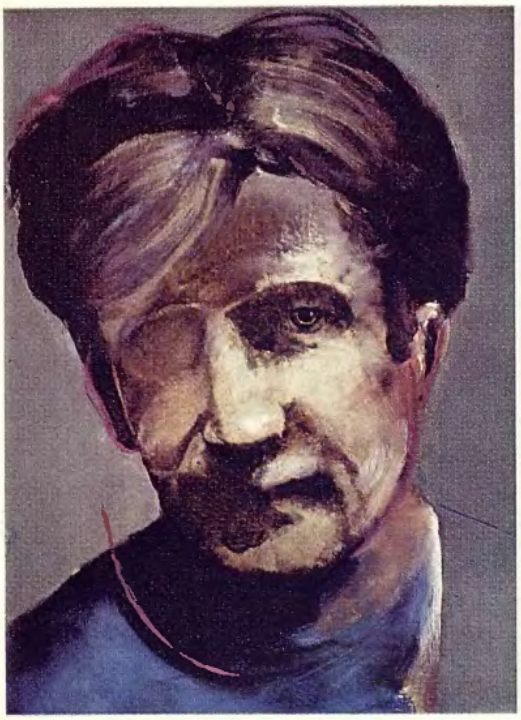
The smoking man's low tar

PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL AWARDS

announcing the prize-winning authors, artists and photographers whose contributions were judged by our staff to be the past year's most outstanding

WRITING

Best Major Work



part one of a stunning new work

THE EXECUTIONER'S SONG

By NORMAN MAILER

you remember how gary gilmore died. now here's the tale of how he lived... and the story of the people whose lives he changed

NORMAN MAILER is accustomed to producing masterpieces. (He hos previously won two PLAYBOY writing owards, one for Best Nonfiction, the other for Best Major Work: Fiction.) This year he did it again, with *The Executioner's Song* (October, November, December), a stunning three-part excerpt from his current best seller on the life and deoth of convicted murderer Gary Gilmore. Mailer's norrotion, told through the reminiscences of those whose paths hod crossed Gilmore's, is more than just a peek at the demise of a born loser; it's olso a tome on criminal pathology that is destined to become a classic.

Best Short Story

white lies

By Paul Theroux

PAUL THEROUX, author of travel journals about Asia and South America, took us to darkest Africa with his aword-winning story *White Lies* (May). This thoroughly chilling tale, about a deceitful mon who gets his due, truly made our skin crawl. A prolific writer, Theroux has won two previous PLAYBOY prizes for fiction.

Best New Contributor: Fiction

LYNDA LEIDIGER snores the honors in this cotegory for *Snoke Head* (October), a bizarre story obout a young woman who dons a snoke mask for o Halloween party and then can't beor to take it off. Leidiger wos an unpublished author until she sold this extraordinory tole to PLAYBOY. She lives in North Hollywood.

Each year, the staffs of the Editorial, Art and Photography departments choose the articles, artwork and photos to be singled out in January for special praise. It's a given, of course, that *everything* we publish is mighty fine. Arguments occur only when we try to separate what's terrific from what's merely great. No, there aren't gunshots in the halls and nobody has had his car tires slashed. The whole process, in fact, is a joy, because we feel that writers, artists and photographers do not get anywhere near the recognition and praise that their often underfed egos need and deserve. (Their bank balances often need to be fed, too.) Besides, they do make the world a better place. So here are our picks for the best of the best that has appeared in PLAYBOY's pages during the past 12 months. Along with this mention, each winner receives a $1000 check and an award medallion to look at after the money is gone. Our congratulations to all.

SPECIAL AWARD

LAWRENCE GROBEL, who previously had interviewed Dolly Parton, Henry Winkler ond Barbra Streisond for us, thought he wos committing journalistic hora-kiri by accepting our assignment to interview Marlon Brondo (January). The elusive superstor hod never agreed to an in-depth interview, often choosing to seclude himself on his privote Tohition islond, Tetiaroa, for indefinite periods. After many months of dealing with Brando's secretary, Grobel felt his luck suddenly change when Superman's own dad picked up the phone and invited him to the South Seas. No less challenging was the reclusive actor Al Pacino in last month's issue.

Best Nonfiction

ASA BABER tokes the Best Nonfiction aword for *The Condominium Conspiracy* (November). A no-nonsense investigative reporter, Baber picked up the some prize in 1977 for a hard look at the commodities morket. This time, a fellow journolist worned him that he'd be "creomed" if he dug too deeply into condos. Tough job; tough guy.

Best Humor

TONY HENDRA, CHRISTOPHER CERF ond **PETER ELBLING** brought together a talented group of New York writers who split our sides with *And Thot's the Way It Was, 1980–1989* (October). Cerf ond Hendro are *Notional Lompoon* mogazine refugees; Elbling is a California actor/director who thought of the idea.

Best New Contributor: Nonfiction

RICHARD PRICE is our pick for his profile of college football's major institution in *Bear Bryant's Mirocles* (October). Price, one of America's brightest young novelists, took his biases as a New York street kid south to 'Boma and come back with the most balonced account of the Crimson Tide's coach we've yet read.

ILLUSTRATION

Best Nonfiction Illustration

MARSHALL ARISMAN, who won many awards with his macabre illustration for *Mr. Death* in PLAYBOY several years ago, is this year's recipient for his chilling depiction of Gary Gilmore in December, third in the three-part masterpiece *The Executioner's Song*, by Norman Mailer. Arisman unforgettably illustrated the entire series.

SPECIAL AWARD

SHEL SILVERSTEIN's long association with PLAYBOY has yielded countless forays into iconoclastic humor. For over 20 years, Silverstein's pen and wit have given birth to such satirical gems as *Teevee Jeebies*, *Silverstein Around the World* and his redoubtable *History of Playboy*. Lately, he's kept our pages buzzing with a series of irreverent poems about life on the new frontier—sex and drugs. Last year, his poem *The Smoke Off* was runner-up in the humor category. When he's not poking fun at American foible in drawings, Silverstein turns his attention to songwriting and singing. You may recall his bromidic fighting man's song, *A Boy Named Sue*, recorded by Johnny Cash. This year, our Renaissance man provided us with a very special book, *Different Dances*, a collection of his cartoons (see page 202) that we've been excerpting in recent months.

Best Fiction Illustration

ROGER BROWN, a Chicago artist who's shown in virtually every major museum in this country, wins with his illustration of o strange landscape for *Used in Evidence* (December), a Frederick Forsyth murder mystery. Brown used curious gridlike cloud formations to create a feeling of terminal loneliness and impending danger.

Best Service Illustration

MARTIN HOFFMAN's versatility is truly astounding; the same man who produces superrealistic paintings can also create stylish Thirties-type fashion illustrations, such as the ones we ran last January in our annual designer feature. (They're in this issue, too.) Hoffmon's work is also featured in PLAYBOY's traveling art exhibit.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Best Playmate Pictorial

MARIO CASILLI, who previously hos won two awards, wolks oway ogoin o winner for his coveroge (or perhops we should say uncoverage) of Ploymote Lee Ann Michelle in February. The foct that most of the shooting wos done in chilly old Englond didn't foze Cosilli; his use of the location, os usuol, wos superb.

SPECIAL AWARD

DAVID CHAN weighs only 120 pounds sooking wet. But when he flies into a strange city ond places on od in the newspoper for locol femoles to test for a future *Girls* of feoture, many think thot he's the most powerful mon in town. Chan's most recent accomplishment was *Girls/Women of the Ivy League* (September), in which he was confronted by hostile college administrators ond women's rights groups. Undaunted, he returned with superb shots—os he's done for *The Girls of Washington, The Girls of the New South, Girls of the Big Ten, Girls of the Pac 10,* oll the while colmly handling hundreds of reporters, TV interviews and other hossles. Chon's latest assignment? A soon-to-be-published *Girls of Canada* thot brought some lovely creatures out from behind the maple leaves. With tolented Chan behind the lens, you won't be disoppointed, Charlie.

Best Pictorial Essay

ARNY FREYTAG shores our Best Pictoriol Essoy aword with Richard Fegley. Freytag's contribution: *Another Loving Look* (August), in which he not only recoptured Condy Loving's exceptionol charms but olso showed the Chicago Playboy Monsion in on architecturolly brilliont monner. Our eyes were on Condy.

Best Pictorial Essay

RICHARD FEGLEY hos o rough life. Not only does he get poid to photograph beoutiful naked lodies but he wins awards, too. This one is for the Bond beouties in our July "Moonraker" feoture. It wos o very difficult ossignment, Fegley reported, "because I wos competing with Roger Moore." Somehow, he survived.

SAN FRANCISCO EXPERIENCE *(continued from page 130)*

"Glory holes, like other aspects of gay culture, are outgrowths of what was once forbidden."

parents were defending them, saying, you know, 'You don't cure someone who's left-handed, you don't cure heterosexuality, it's just a fact now.'

"And I agreed. But they should be a little more discreet. The making out on the street, it makes me a little bit sick. There's a sameness in the way they dress, and a sameness in the way they talk, and a sameness in the way they look. And the way they act pretty much is sort of dangling it in front of our faces. Like putting on a show. I have a feeling it might have been cute a few years ago, but it's making me sick and it's making a lot of the rest of the city sick. And I feel they're losing as opposed to winning by doing that.

"Because the longer they do it and the longer they flaunt it, it's not going to make people feel better about it. It's going to bring out more violence and more hatred as opposed to if they, not laid low, necessarily, but went through a sort of 'coming out.' Two centuries ago, if a man and a woman were seen doing that, were seen making out on the street—even kissing on the street—there was a bit of a tiff raised and everybody would gasp and it went through a period of centuries before it became just an accepted thing. I have a feeling that homosexuality here has gone through that period in about a year and a half. It's gone through everyone's acknowledging the fact that it's there and seeing it wide open—'Blah, we're here'—really fast, without having a period to, you know, sort out, come into it. . . ."

Joshua wears his hair long, his shirts large, his pants baggy ("I can't buy jeans anymore. It makes me look too much like them"). Last year, he was walking with his mother down Castro Street to visit a friend and "some guy whistled, and we both looked at each other and sort of laughed, because we didn't know who he was whistling at."

Later in the year, Joshua was going to visit the same friend and was alone on a bus. "This guy got off the bus with me. Obviously gay, he was wearing jeans and a short-sleeved tank-top shirt, boots, and his haircut, and the voice, and he started walking after me and he sort of whistled at me.

"Every woman I've told this to has said, 'Now you know how *we* feel.' I have a very slight tolerance for gays, but I've never been particularly bothered by them to a point where I wanted to yell or be physical or just real hate, real deep-down, public goddamn-it-leave-me-the-fuck-alone hate. When he whistled at me, though, I just cursed him out and ran like hell and he started running after me. I was right down at, like, 18th and Eureka, and it's not a good place to be cursing out gays. I jumped on a bus and then I jumped off and then I tried to call our friends and they weren't home and then I just started running."

"What did you think he was going to do to you?"

"I don't know, but I really had less interest than I could possibly say to find out. And I was a little scared."

"Your father says you decided to go to school out of town because there were so many gays in town."

"Yeah. Not only gays but all-around weirdos. I'd like to be the majority. Every time I come into the city from Mill Valley or take the Golden Gate Transit into the city, I find the first people I see are gays. And, you know, it's really the leather jackets, the flaunting it. . . . I sort of feel as though I'm running out of people who are like *me*."

•

Somewhere in the middle of Joshua's loathing and fear comes the question, What is it that they do in bed? And somewhere in the middle of that is the club known as the glory hole. It is a private club where gay men go to engage in anonymous sex, specifically by entering a booth that has holes in its walls, putting their penises through the holes and getting sucked off by someone on the other side. A glory hole is a sort of grand version of the public-toilet liaisons homosexual men were once forced to search out because of laws forbidding sodomy and vice squads that enforced them. In 1975, State Assemblyman Willie Brown introduced a bill in California making it legal for consenting adults to participate in sodomy, cunnilingus and fellatio in private. The bill passed. Glory holes, like other aspects of gay culture, are outgrowths of what was once forbidden—as if certain things that were once necessary because of restrictions became habitual.

I went to this place, the one called The South of Market Club, which is painted white and has the initials G. H. painted large on the outside walls. To get in, I disguised myself as a gay man [see page 254]. I used the membership card of an actor who goes to the glory holes occasionally when he visits San Francisco.

Entrance takes a membership card and two dollars. The room is about the size of a small gym or medium dance studio, with a balcony at one end. The floor is concrete. The ceiling is very high, maybe 20 feet or more. The area of concentration is four rows of booths, nine to a row. They are paired off, 18 to a side with a common wall between them. In the corner, there is a soft-drink machine that doesn't work, but for six dollars you can buy a vial of butyl nitrite, sold through a window in the back. The disco music is loud and, at the moment, it is playing *We Are Family*.

The man in the booth beneath the balcony is lighting a cigarette. With one hand, he strikes the lighter, while the other hand hangs on to a handle on the wall over his head. For an instant, his face and upper torso are frozen in butane light. His chest, sprinkled with grayish hair, is pressed firmly against the wall of his booth. Because of the dark, his hips have disappeared, so he looks disembodied, like a satyr hanging from a hook. Just as the flame goes out, he sighs.

Outside his booth in the dim red light, the men, many of them naked to the waist, walk up and down the aisle, opening and closing doors. The booths are painted white and are the size of portable toilets; the men enter and exit with frantic speed, as if there had been an outbreak of dysentery at a convention of bodybuilders.

The dance here is simple. Walk the center aisle. Choose a booth by picking at the doors. When you find one that isn't locked, enter. You are faced almost immediately with a wall that has an oblong hole in it, pelvis high, about four inches long. The paint is marked and in some places peeling. There are some graffiti on the walls: GAY BOREDOM. There are holes in each of the walls and a metal stool in the corner. There are handles screwed into the walls high above each of the holes.

As I enter a booth, I see a pair of thighs through one of the holes. The person in the booth to my right is standing against one of the side holes, occasionally rubbing his groin against the wall, his pubic hair splayed against the aging plywood. His penis is through the hole, so that at first glance from this side angle, he might as well be a girl. The ass is pale white and the legs are skinny. It reminds me of a photograph from *Life* magazine, a shot of a bunch of boys leaping into a swimming hole, all moons and sweet legs. He is breathing in short takes.

Through the hole next to my left knee, I see a piece of face, a partial mustache, a lock of hair, what appear to be brown eyes. The eyebrows arch expectantly. I frown, dig my hands into my pockets, pull my cap down, feel ungenerous. The face disappears.

Etiquette has it that if you are interested in the man next door, you rub your index finger along the bottom of the hole, as if you were checking for

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

dust. This signals him either to place his cock through the hole or to receive yours into his mouth.

I leave that booth and try one down the aisle. Several men are walking the aisle. Squeak, slam. I peer through a hole of my new booth. A young man with a blond beard sits on the stool, his pants down around his Army boots, casually kneading his cock as if it were a kitten.

Someone knocks at my door, then marches on, and I am reminded of the poetic response of a gay friend when I mentioned this club. "Just when I'd stopped opening doors," he said, quoting a Stephen Sondheim lyric. "Finally knowing the one that I wanted was yours." This friend tells me that this place is less anonymous than one might imagine. Each man is looking, he says, for a particular fantasy: the boy next door or a cowboy or a tough horny dude.

"He was extremely well endowed," my friend says, recalling a particular night. "Which is my thing. I'm a cock queen. I get my pleasure orally. And we had such a wonderful time together that we left the booths after we were finished and leaned against the wall, talking. And he said, 'I knew you were the one the minute I saw you.' And I wondered what it was, because, well, I'd say that 75 percent of the guys here are turned off by my smooth skin, my lack of a beard. And I was thinking, Well, maybe it was my great body. Then he said, 'You know what it was? It was your Weejuns. I just love Weejuns.' "

The search for fantasy stretches far beyond the glory holes. If my friend's partner liked fraternity boys, the men in The Trench, a bar down the street, like cops. You enter through a flap, like that on an Army tent, and are almost immediately confronted with a room full of men dressed in black leather: police hats, motorcycle jackets with studs, tight pants with the ass cut out (most men out of respect for the weather wear blue jeans underneath), chains across the chest and around the waist, keys dangling from one hip or the other (left side means you like to give it in the ass, right side that you like to take it), dark aviator glasses, heavy knight's gloves. Some men have managed to put together a complete San Francisco Police Department uniform, complete with 36-inch baton.

In the past ten years, there has been an evolution: from limp wrists to bodybuilders to *macho*, and the violence attendant in stripping an animal of its skin and wearing it. There are back rooms there and in other bars where, I am told, late in the night, orgies will take place. Over the bar hangs a T-shirt bearing the words TUESDAY IS UNCUT NIGHT, which means that uncircumcised men are particularly welcome that evening. Outside, the back yard of the Backstreet Bar, formerly the Black and Blue, is beginning to fill for what my friends call an "orgy alfresco." They say that at the Backstreet there is a motorcycle that hangs from the ceiling on wires. At midnight, at the first several bars of *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, the men bow down to the bike.

I have been told stories about the places where they have slave auctions on Wednesday nights, where they hang up boys by their thumbs, where they pour hot wax on their testicles, where a noose is hung around a neck to tighten just at the moment of orgasm. There have been murders, unsolved, related to the bars. Men have been picked up, taken out to the beach or to anonymous hotel rooms, where they are later found manacled and shot. No one knows if the killers are gay or straight. A friend of mine hired detectives when the nice young man who worked in her office didn't show for a week. They found him in a hotel room, his hands cuffed behind his back. He was dressed in leather and shot through the head. She had never known that he liked to exchange his neat suits for motorcycle gear and heavy chains and go down to The Brigg, where whoever it was who killed him had picked him up.

There are men who die of peritonitis (an infection of the abdomen caused by leakage from the intestine—women in the 19th Century used to die of it regularly after childbirth) or of internal bleeding after fist fucking. The authors of *The Joy of Gay Sex* point out that fist fucking is "extremely dangerous" and that if a man has been fucked and feels the symptoms of internal bleeding (chills, stomach cramps, fever), he should get himself to a surgeon, who is quite likely to reroute his intestine to a neat little sack on the outside of his body. They add, "Fist fucking is becoming more and more popular, usually as a side line among sadomasochists, but some men practice it tenderly and gently, almost as though it were a form of yoga." The whole fist, by the way, is not simply jammed inside the ass. You do it one lubricated finger at a time, then clench the fist inside. The danger is that you might tear the sigmoid colon, an organ made of tissue the consistency—as *The Joy* describes it—of "wet paper towels."

There is an ad in a local gay paper that reads: "You tell me about that embarrassing enema you got as a jr. high schooler and I'll reply, telling you about mine. . . ." An ad for the movie *Born to Raise Hell*, in which the action "develops as a series of brutal, yet beautiful, happenings on the screen." Ads for "fuck soup" and its neighbors on the gourmet's shelf, "cream of sperm" and "split pea with tits and ass"; ads for catalogs that sell harnesses for the face while someone "rides" you and, next to it, an ad for "exact replica—your endowment hard/soft sculpture." And, of course, there are the ads for "models and escorts"—"Paul, muscleman, 50" C, 19" A, 32" W, hung, good looks, vers."

Paul says that 99 percent of his customers are gay, "a real cross section of the gay community, younger guys, old guys, guys who are better-looking than me, regular customers, guys I've been seeing for ten years." He came here in 1967 and worked as a clerk, "modeling" on the side until it got so lucrative he gave up working for Pacific Gas and Electric. He charges $50 an hour in your hotel, $30 if you go to his apartment. He makes $400 to $800 a week.

"One person I had yesterday. I went over to this guy's apartment on Franklin. We went into the bedroom. He had a drink. I had a glass of water. He sucked me off for a while while I flexed. Then I screwed him for a while. He had one of those big rubber dildos. I stuck that in his ass. Then he sat on it while I stood on the bed, masturbating. I wore black-leather boots. He masturbated while he looked at me. When he had an orgasm, I had one. We had another drink.

"He had a beautiful cat, a white cat with blue eyes. Did you know that all white cats with blue eyes are deaf?"

•

It took the riot of May 21 to convince the city of San Francisco that its gay population was here in such numbers—and such strength—as to be impossible to ignore. While the riot began as the outraged reaction to the verdict in the trial of Dan White, it ended as a scream to be *seen*: "We are here," they said, "and we are not going away." And it was a riot different from the black riots in Watts, for example, because it took place not in a ghetto, not on Castro Street but in front of City Hall. It was a weird combination of both oppression and power. While truly powerful people don't take to the streets to express anger, truly oppressed people are not allowed to riot for several hours with marginal police response. "Could you see a group of 1000 blacks burning police cars?" asks an embittered black woman. "They would have dropped a small bomb on that crowd."

The police were definitely restrained, either by direct command or by the lack of any real order to disperse the crowd. Damages came to $250,000 and included 12 police cars, all the bottom and front windows at City Hall—115 in all—windows in stores on nearby Market Street and in cars parked nearby. One hundred twenty police and 45 demonstrators were injured. There were 28 arrests. Policeman after policeman echoed the words of officer Daniel A. McDonagh, who wrote an angry open letter to the Police Officers Association newsletter: "Every man looked at the others' eyes, searching for someone to tell us to go out and end all this mess, but the order was not forthcoming."

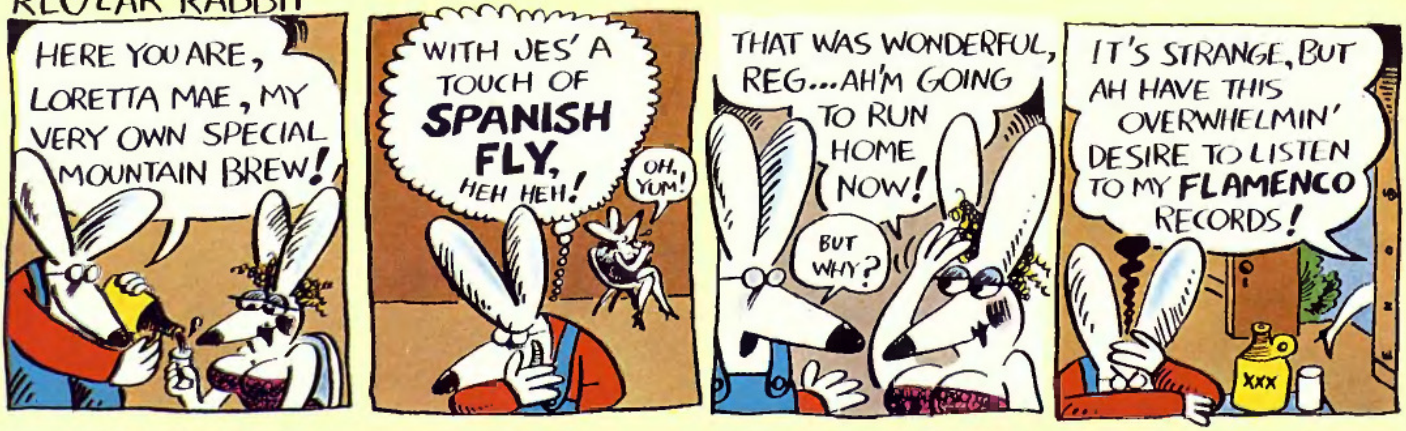
It left liberals in this tolerant town in

(continued on page 250)

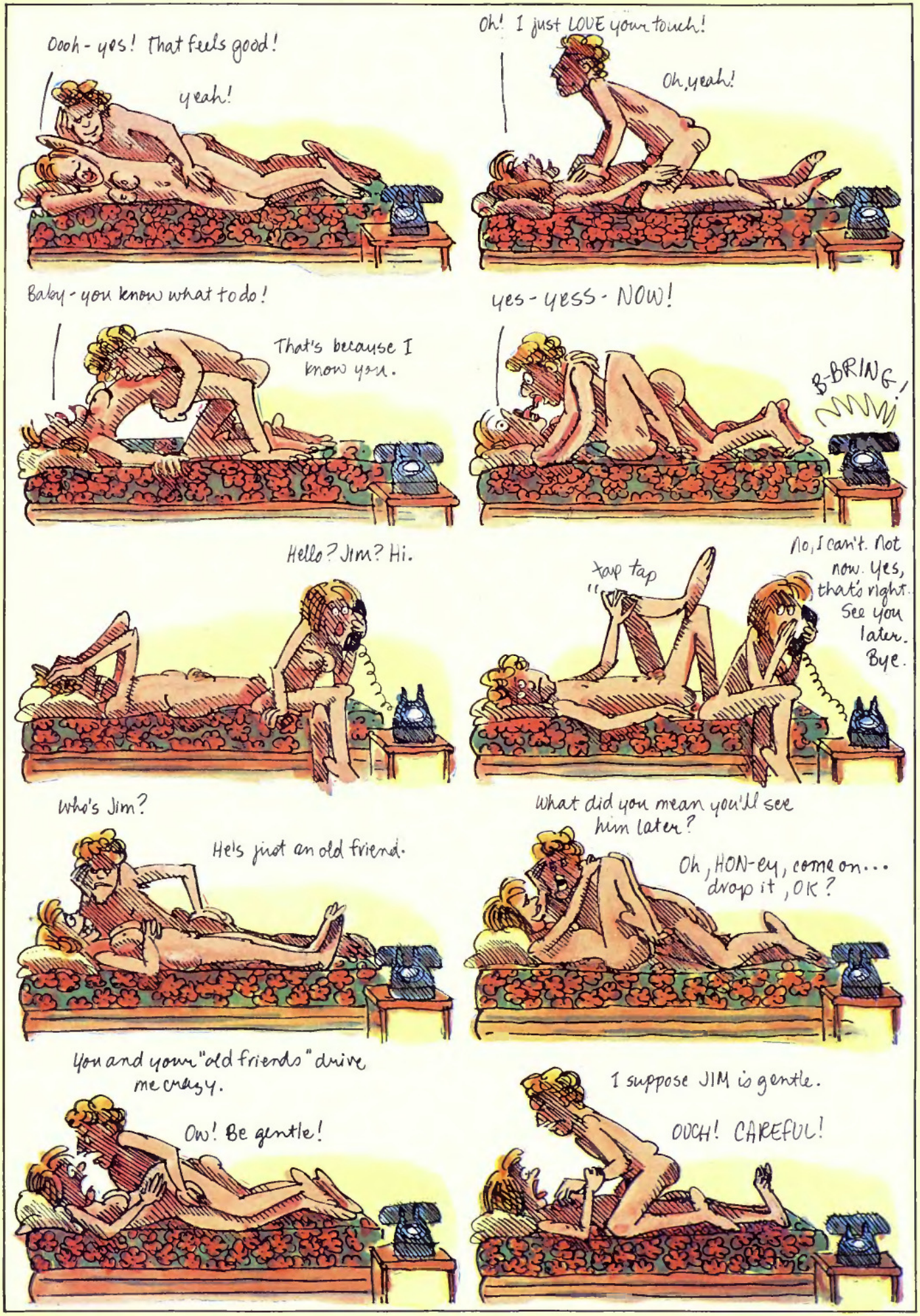
ACID FUN!

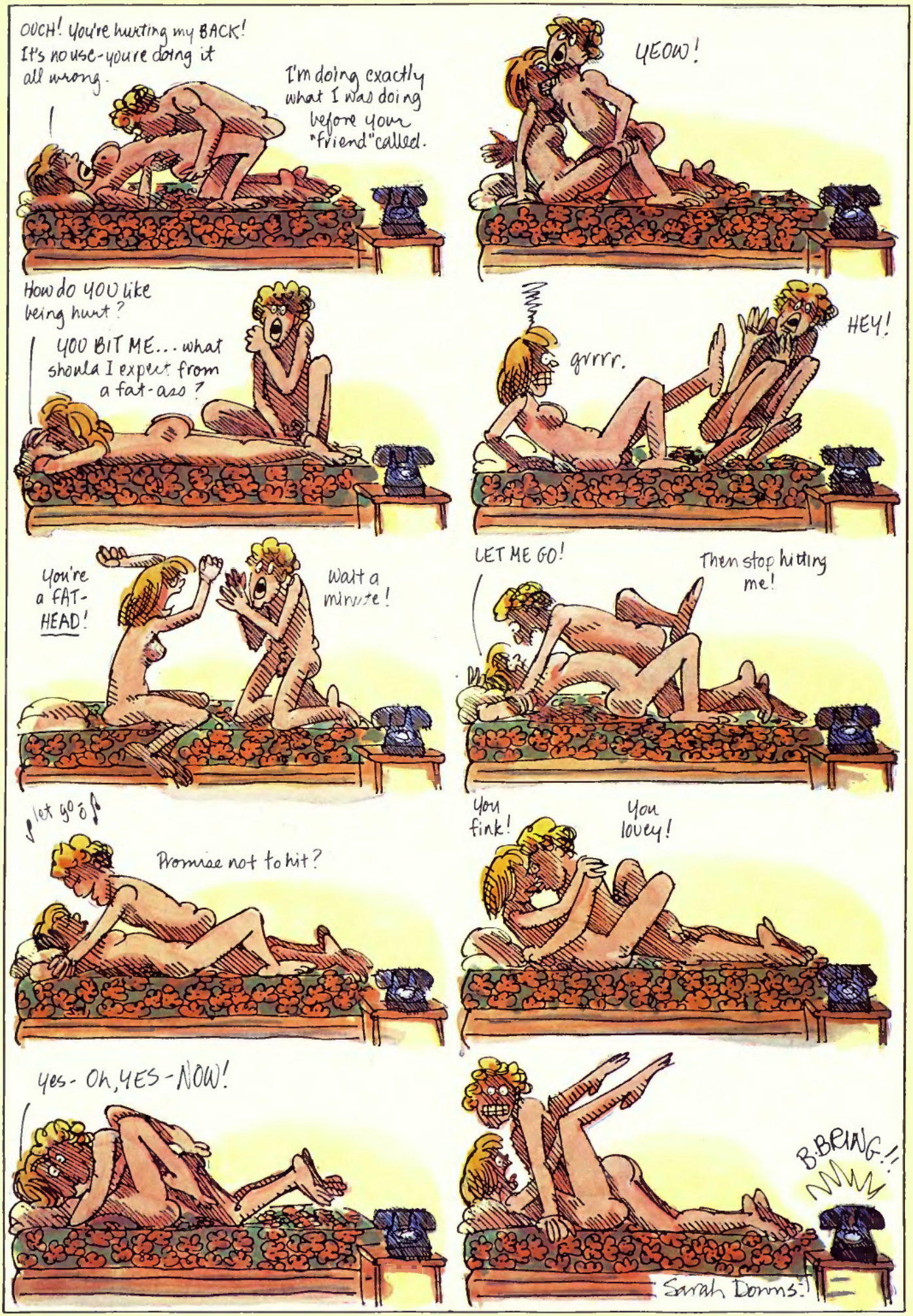
by Christopher Browne

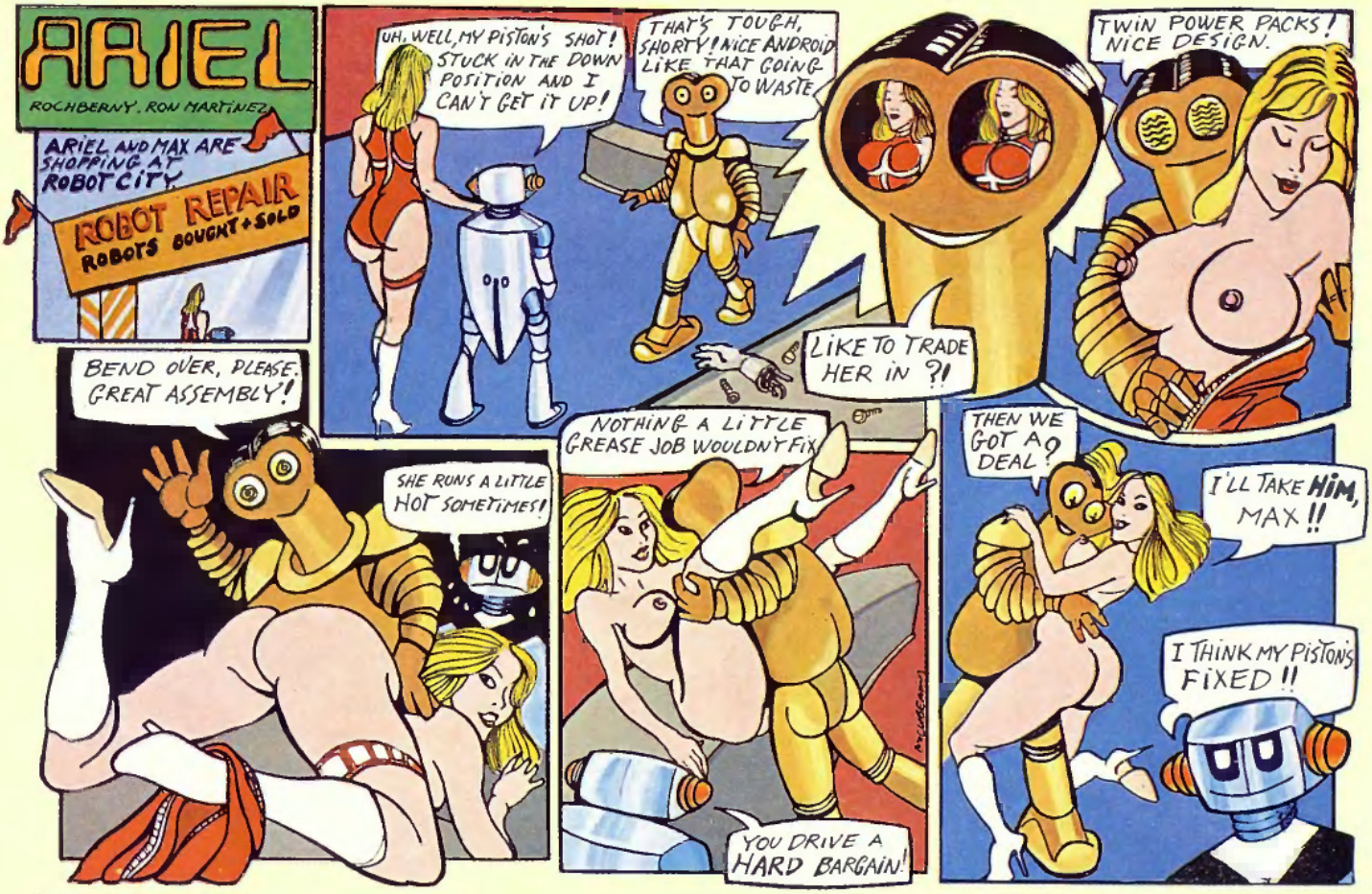
REG'LAR RABBIT

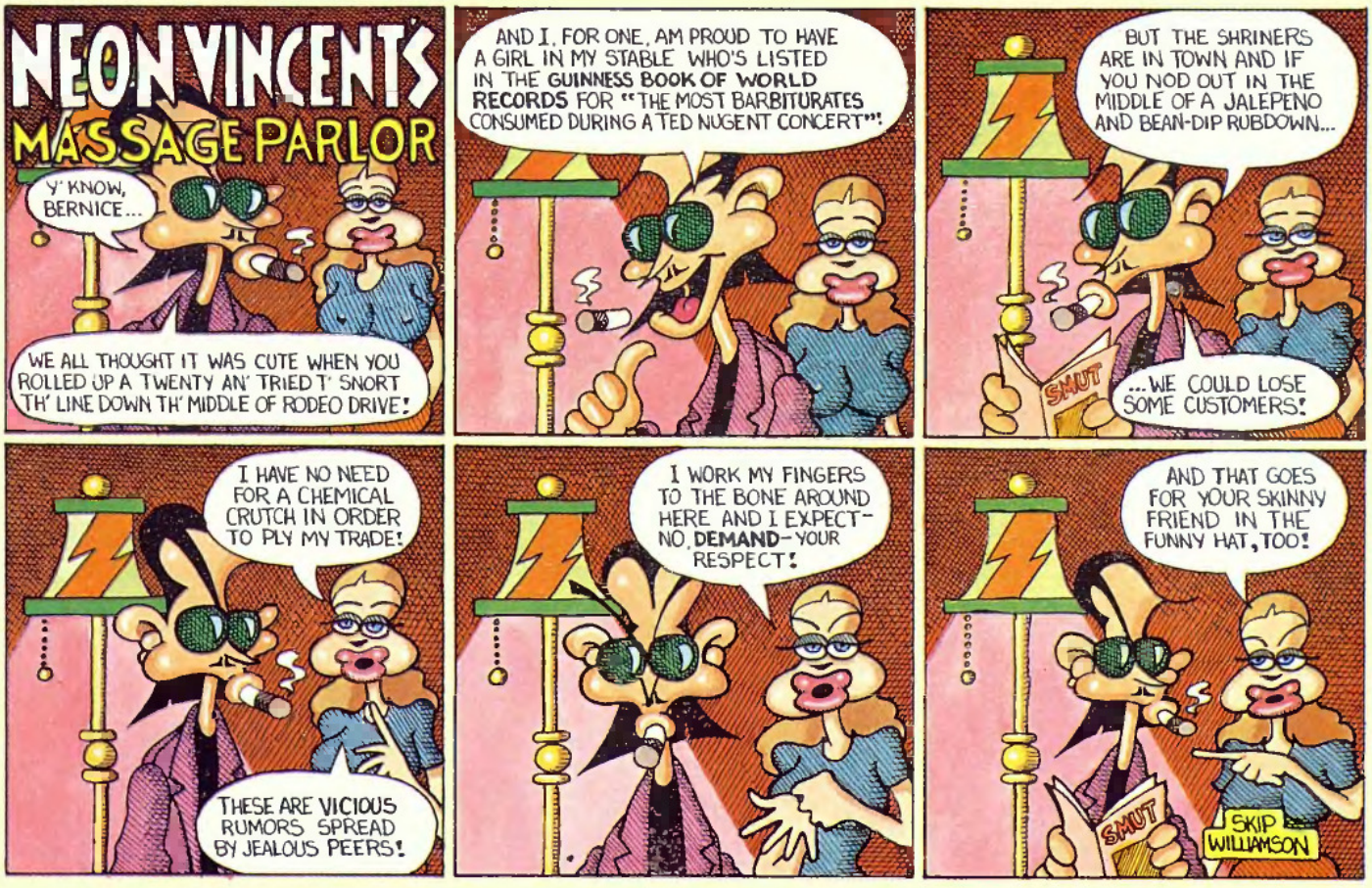


PHONUS INTERRUPTUS




OUCH! You're hurting my BACK! It's no use-you're doing it all wrong.
I'm doing exactly what I was doing before your "friend" called.
YEOW!
How do YOU like being hurt?
YOU BIT ME... what should I expect from a fat-ass?
grrrr.
HEY!
You're a FAT-HEAD!
Wait a minute!
LET ME GO!
Then stop hitting me!
♪ let go ♪
Promise not to hit?
You fink!
You lovey!
Yes- Oh, YES - NOW!
B-BRING!!
Sarah Downs


ARIEL
ROCHBERNY. RON MARTINEZ
ARIEL AND MAX ARE SHOPPING AT ROBOT CITY
ROBOT REPAIR
ROBOTS BOUGHT + SOLD
UH. WELL, MY PISTON'S SHOT! STUCK IN THE DOWN POSITION AND I CAN'T GET IT UP!
THAT'S TOUGH, SHORTY! NICE ANDROID LIKE THAT GOING TO WASTE
LIKE TO TRADE HER IN ?!
TWIN POWER PACKS! NICE DESIGN.
BEND OVER, PLEASE. GREAT ASSEMBLY!
SHE RUNS A LITTLE HOT SOMETIMES!
NOTHING A LITTLE GREASE JOB WOULDN'T FIX
YOU DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN!
THEN WE GOT A DEAL?
I'LL TAKE HIM, MAX !!
I THINK MY PISTON'S FIXED !!


NEON VINCENT'S MASSAGE PARLOR
Y' KNOW, BERNICE...
WE ALL THOUGHT IT WAS CUTE WHEN YOU ROLLED UP A TWENTY AN' TRIED T' SNORT TH' LINE DOWN TH' MIDDLE OF RODEO DRIVE!
AND I, FOR ONE, AM PROUD TO HAVE A GIRL IN MY STABLE WHO'S LISTED IN THE GUINNESS BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS FOR "THE MOST BARBITURATES CONSUMED DURING A TED NUGENT CONCERT"!
BUT THE SHRINERS ARE IN TOWN AND IF YOU NOD OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF A JALEPENO AND BEAN-DIP RUBDOWN...
SMUT
...WE COULD LOSE SOME CUSTOMERS!
I HAVE NO NEED FOR A CHEMICAL CRUTCH IN ORDER TO PLY MY TRADE!
THESE ARE VICIOUS RUMORS SPREAD BY JEALOUS PEERS!
I WORK MY FINGERS TO THE BONE AROUND HERE AND I EXPECT- NO, DEMAND- YOUR RESPECT!
AND THAT GOES FOR YOUR SKINNY FRIEND IN THE FUNNY HAT, TOO!
SMUT
SKIP WILLIAMSON

The drink you'll enjoy alone... together.

If you were taught to share, isn't it time you shared with someone special the secret of Martini & Rossi Dry on the rocks? For what could be more companionable at cocktail time than this bright, light, uniquely refreshing wine. Aha... you didn't know it's a wine? That's a secret we're sharing with you.

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book I've ever read: *How I Found Freedom in an Unfree World*, by Harry Browne. His tenets are complete honesty at all times, which is almost impossible. His point is that the only person who feels guilty in saying no is you.

PLAYBOY: Do you still have a lot of guilt to work out?

MARTIN: I think there are several years' worth of things to work out. I'm working out things constantly now. Finally getting off the road for a while and getting into a normal situation, where you're in the same bed every night and around the same friends all the time. I was working out a lot of things: the question of numbers, how they determine your validity; charts; how reviews affect you. How to regard your privacy. What to say in an interview. What I want to reveal about myself.

PLAYBOY: How do you think you've done so far?

MARTIN: I think I've said more than I wanted to say. I don't know if I'll even read this. I'll just get depressed, no matter how good it is. I feel like some asshole who's been asked questions of sophistication.

PLAYBOY: How shaky is your mental balance?

MARTIN: I feel very fragile mentally, sensitive to everything.

PLAYBOY: What makes you cry?

MARTIN: I was on the road about three years ago, making about $1000 a night. I was in New York at the St. Regis, watching TV, and this old comedy came on. It was, like, W. C. Fields. It was a shock to me, watching him be the buffoon. I just sat there and suddenly I started crying. I was all by myself in this room, weeping. I could've stopped myself, but there was no one around, so I didn't. This had never happened to me before. The next time, I was talking to my mother, recently, on the phone. It was just something like, "We really appreciate what you've done." That kind of thing. We were both sort of weeping. Two years ago, I was driving to Aspen and I'd made cassette tapes of e. e. cummings' six records, called *Six Nonlectures*. He speaks very hypnotically, talking about the artist's responsibility, the artist's life, and his dedication was so strong and so beautiful and moving that it made me weep.

PLAYBOY: You're a very romantic person, aren't you?

MARTIN: I think so. Romantic in the capital-R, classical sense. In your youth, you are so romantic and your emotions are so strong about certain things that when they're finally crushed, like in your childhood love affairs, it's very hard to go back to being overtly romantic in your own life. Maybe that's why you turn to painting and music and literature instead of sailing to Tahiti on the pirates' boat.

PLAYBOY: How happy are you, even if you haven't gotten on that boat?

MARTIN: Happiness is so hard to define and foolish to define. Am I acting? That's the worst thing you can ask yourself. You can be happy suddenly. It can spring on you, not when you reach a plateau. You can be happy going backward or going down. You can be happy at the loss of something.

PLAYBOY: That's a pretty serious happiness.

MARTIN: If I could correct one thing about myself, it would be to exploit my creativity in a more jubilant way; to take everything with the old "Fuck you" attitude. It's the idea of not taking yourself seriously.

PLAYBOY: Not being afraid to blow it?

MARTIN: The only fear I have is of blowing it all. It's the old show-business story. You make it and you're a flash, and then you're sitting there with nothing left. I've always kidded I'd be a bum in the gutter. But that's not going to happen to me.

PLAYBOY: You said that low.

MARTIN: I'll say it high. *It's not going to happen to me!*

PLAYBOY: Well . . . *excu-u-use me!*

MARTIN: One thing I'd like to clear up about people imitating me. I read in reviews or interviews that I created these clichés or catch phrases. But no one sets out and says, "I think I'll think up a cliché." I never wanted to encourage it. It just started happening. I had to drop the "Excuse me" routine, because people knew it too well. Sometimes I still do it, but I try to twist it around a little. For a while, I was saying, "I don't say '*Excuse me*' anymore. And if you don't like it, well, *excuuuse me*." It's like singing a hit song over and over. But I'm not premising my act on it anymore. I don't want to be identified with "Excuse me," because once "Excuse me" dies, then I go with it.

PLAYBOY: You don't want to go the way of the Hula Hoop or pet rocks?

MARTIN: I realize I'm a fad, so I don't get too excited. It's interesting to have made up a fad or to make up a saying.

PLAYBOY: Like the license plate in California that says GET SMALL?

MARTIN: I used to get pictures of people with their birth announcements and pictures of their kids with nose glasses announcing the birth of a wild and crazy guy. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Do you feel funny just before you go onstage? Lenny Bruce said that he threw up three times before he could go out there.

MARTIN: I don't feel funny until I hit the stage and get my first laugh. In fact, I *only* feel funny onstage. A person's work and who he is are two different things.

PLAYBOY: Many people don't know that about you.

MARTIN: They told me about a guy up in Philadelphia who has my personality to the point of psychopathy. He can't get out of it. He is in the hospital, he goes to a shrink. He talks like me.

PLAYBOY: It might help him to know what you're like offstage.

MARTIN: I really *am* two people!

PLAYBOY: The comedian and the quiet depressive. Actually, three: the musician. Where did you learn to play the banjo?

MARTIN: I was at a friend's house and I heard a record and said, I'm going to learn how to play that. As I said, I was stoned. It just slayed me. I used to slow records down to 16 and pick up the notes.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite music?

MARTIN: I like classical guitar, bluegrass and Irish music. I'm eclectic when it comes to music. I don't have one pop record.

PLAYBOY: Now that you've become an actor, will you study acting?

MARTIN: No, I don't have the time or the inclination to practice. I say earn while you learn. [*Laughs*] I think I have enough natural experience to get by. I'm a beginning actor; experience will make me better.

PLAYBOY: What would you consider your greatest accomplishment to date?

MARTIN: *The Absent-Minded Waiter*. And the position I achieved in stand-up comedy. To me, that's a true accomplishment. I can look back on last summer and say, "I did the impossible. I did what one in a million do. Or one in 10,000,000 do." Even for a moment, to be on top. That's all on top is, a moment, no matter who you are, even if you're Elvis, you're on top momentarily in terms of time. That's the thrill, to say, "Yeah, I was the biggest comedian in the world."

PLAYBOY: Earlier, you said you're not at the height of your career; now you're putting yourself in the past tense.

MARTIN: I never expected it to *last* a long time, because that kind of frenzy can't. It's almost like breathing a sigh of relief. Bob Newhart told me when he was the biggest comedian he kept wondering, Who's going to be next? And when Cosby came along, he said he went, Uhhh, thank God. That's the way I feel. It's like I can level out and let my talent come out rather than my ability to manipulate.

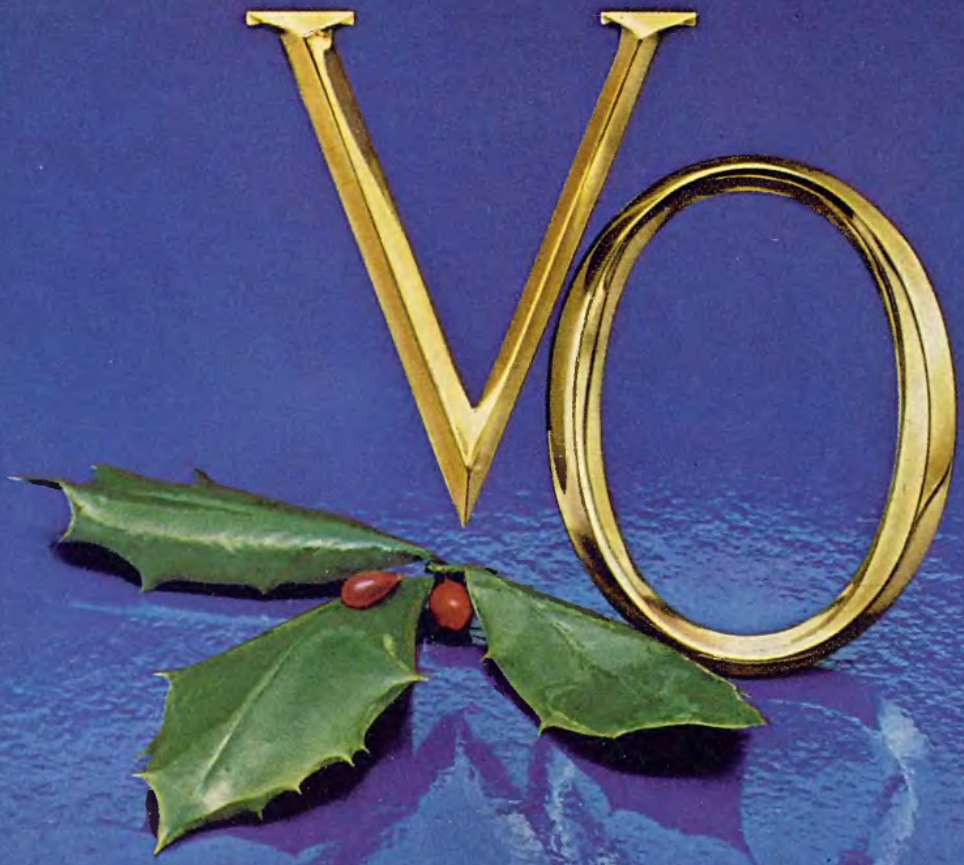
PLAYBOY: And where would you like that talent to lead?

MARTIN: I will be very happy if, when I'm 60, I can look back, having made 40 comedies, and say, "I was a funny person in this world."

PLAYBOY: And what would you say to young comedians from that vantage point?

MARTIN: Always take your wallet onstage with you.

The Standard of Giving.



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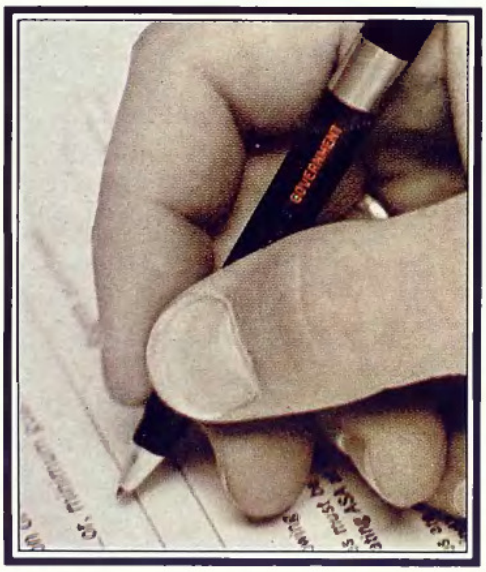
MAN & WORK

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

WORKING FOR THE FEDS



If you sign on with Uncle Sam, you risk getting stuck with a humdrum job and having friends blame you personally for every Government blunder. In addition, you risk being described by the only President you have as "underworked, overpaid and insulated from the consequences of incompetence." On the other hand, there are just about 3,000,000 nonelected Civil Service jobs in the Federal merit system, many neither dull nor trivial, and if your priorities are decent pay, super benefits, public service and womblike security, you might consider working for the Man.

JOY OF CIVIL SERVICE

Job security is probably the best reason for working in Government. Your firm won't go out of business and because of incredibly complicated dismissal procedures, you're unlikely ever to get fired. It takes three months to fire an employee who doesn't even show up and it is alleged that supervisors find it expedient to keep promoting the least competent employees and eventually palm them off on somebody else. Promotion, based theoretically on merit, is in practice based on inertia: Federal employees are promoted on average every 22 months.

Salaries of civil servants are by law "comparable" to salaries of similarly employed civilians. For each October-first pay adjustment, the Bureau of Labor Statistics surveys private-sector salaries and the President's Pay Agent recommends an average raise that the President can accept, reject or modify. (Last year they haggled: Agent recommended 10.4 percent increase; Carter offered anti-inflationary 5.5 percent; Fed workers beefed; Carter boosted increase to seven percent voluntary limit.) In 1978, average pay for Federal nonmilitary employees was $18,304 a year; for nonfarm private employees, it was $13,323. Over 7.5 percent of the Federal workers receive more than $25,000 a year, the most lucrative agencies being the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, National Science Foundation and National Aeronautics and Space Administration. And although the basic top salary remains pegged to Presidential appointees' $50,000, the Civil Service Reform Act of 1978 created Senior Executive Service, in which high-level employees can with merit incentive bonuses earn up to $66,000.

But it's benefits that really separate the G men from the industry boys. A *U. S. News & World Report* special study reveals that during 1977, average annual Federal employee benefits cost $7174 compared with a niggardly $4677 for civilians. Beginning employees get 13 yearly vacation days—in Fed parlance, "leave"—and, after 15 years' service, 26 days. They also receive 13 sick-leave days, which, if unused, can accumulate credits toward pensions. Uncle Sam really splurges on pensions by offering the possibility of full retirement at the age of 55 and pensions adjusted upwards for inflation *twice every year*. Martin Lefkowitz, a senior economist at the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, explains, "Assume that a man who retires from the Government at the age of 55 with a $20,000 pension is going to live 22 more years. If inflation continues at six and a half percent, by the time he dies, his pension will be about $80,000 a year. A private employee who retires with a $20,000 pension will still be getting only $20,000 22 years from his retirement."

What may be even better than the pension is the chance to crack the so-called revolving door with industry. As a rule of thumb, a Government policy maker with five years' experience can expect to double his salary by entering the private sector.

SIGNING ON

Like to be a helicopter pilot, Customs dog handler, procurement officer, interdisciplinary engineer? Or ship out as a fire fighter in Bermuda, an entomologist in Zanzibar, an agriculturist in Kenya or, what sounds like the most frustrating job in history, a mess manager in Italy?

Those are admittedly the more exotic positions among the 30,000 monthly Federal job openings and you find out what's available at a Federal Job Information Center. Although last year nearly a third of the centers were closed, hours were shortened to ten A.M. to three P.M. and "800" numbers were disconnected, there is still at least one office in each state you can call, write or, preferably, visit to learn what's open in your area. For most jobs, you have to be at least 18 years old and, if not an American citizen, a resident of American Samoa. After that, the merit system guarantees "fair and equal treatment without regard to politics, race, color, religion, national origin, sex, marital status, age or handicapping condition and with regard for individual privacy and constitutional rights."

Job descriptions stipulate the qualifications and whether or not written exams are required. With a college degree or equivalent experience, you will probably take the four-and-a-half-hour Professional and Administrative Career Examination (PACE) to be eligible for a wide variety of entry-level positions with high-level potential. Jobs that require PACE include economists, computer specialists, writers and editors.

When you're ready, the *Federal Jobletter* can show you where to cut some corners. It is the only comprehensive listing of vacancies in all agencies for jobs in all areas. It is not affiliated with the Government and the Government, for reasons best known to itself, publishes no comparable list. Besides helping break the Washington residents' stranglehold on access to recent openings, *Federal Jobletter* (ten dollars for three issues, from Washington Research Associates, P.O. Box 32096, Washington, D.C. 20007) keeps up with new developments in Government employment and enables you to send your résumé directly to the person doing the hiring. You won't untangle all the red tape, but you may alleviate enough aggravation so at least it won't seem so sticky.

—THEODORE FISCHER

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SCI-FI COMES TO HI-FI

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

The Avalon of audio *aficionados* is a room whose acoustic properties and apparent size can be changed to provide an optimum environment for the music played (or recorded). In this room, there are loudspeakers without diaphragms, tape recorders with a dynamic range at least as wide as that of live music and record players that operate with no friction of a stylus against a disc groove.

Fifteen years ago, such desiderata would have been considered more in the realm of sci-fi than of hi-fi. Today, some of it actually is here, while portents of the future loom promisingly.

ROOM SERVICE

For control of the musical environment, there's a plethora of devices that can simulate the acoustics and ambience of rooms other than your own. They span the acoustic gamut from disco to concert hall. The "space enhancer" is connected to the preamp outputs of a stereo system. Most of the original signal is still fed to the original power amp and speakers. Part of it, however, is processed and fed to a second amplifier driving another pair of speakers, usually placed toward the rear or along the side walls.

A related technique is room equalizing—that is, adjusting portions of the frequency range up or down as required. A stumbling block in the past was how to determine just how much up or down and at what frequencies. Enter the real-time analyzer, a heavy-tech device that functions like an array of meters all at once. Until recently, real-time analyzers were priced out of consumer reach, and they were too complex even for dedicated sound buffs to master. Today, real-time analyzers are available that cost no more than a receiver or a tape deck. Operation has been simplified. The newest fantasy come true in this product area is a combination analyzer and graphic equalizer. The first of this new kind of all-in-one is Audio Control's Model C101, priced at $549. The product, not to mention the price, was unbelievable a few years ago.

HOT NEWS IN SPEAKERS

Speakers without physical diaphragms have long been a designer's goal. Why? Without the need to move a physical member to produce sound, a speaker can be freed of inertia and of mass, which limit performance. Such a speaker could approach that theoretically ideal "point source," radiating equal amounts of acoustic power evenly into the room. While attempts to make such a speaker are not new, none has totally succeeded. But the quest goes on. The latest version is the Hill Type I built by Alan Hill, who heads a company in Albuquerque, New Mexico, involved in laser physics. Briefly, the Hill Type I's driver element is a purple plasma of air-mixed helium from tanks within the system's four-and-three-quarter-foot enclosure. The plasma handles frequencies above 700 Hz; lower tones are reproduced by conventional elements. A stereo pair of Hill Type I speakers costs about $8000.

MUSIC BY THE NUMBERS

The tape recorder with a dynamic range of 90 decibels or better is a reality. It is, of course, the digital recorder that encodes musical signals via a binary computerlike numbering system, and thus avoids the distortions and other limitations of conventional analog recorders.

Prices have been out of sight, heading upwards of $20,000 for the basic machine. A 32-track monster developed by the 3M Company was not even for sale initially; the first four were leased to major recording companies for a reservation and installation fee of $10,000, plus a monthly rental of $4000 and four dollars per hour of actual use. Currently, the sale price is $115,000 for the basic recorder.

While digital recording at realistic consumer prices is still far off, there is word of a few companies' adapting their video-tape systems for recording digital audio. The names mentioned most in this area are Mitsubishi, Sony, Hitachi, JVC and Panasonic. The Sony device—the Model PCM-1, priced at $4000—will record sound digitally on Beta video-cassette decks.

THE MUSIC GOES ROUND

For most of us, the main home music source remains the disc recording. Digital technology could create a record with no groove wear or surface deterioration caused by the friction of a stylus in the groove. Instead of being cut with wiggles, such a disc would be modulated digitally and a series of pits could be sensed by something like a laser beam from a noncontacting tonearm. The technique is similar to that used for video discs. It already has been demonstrated by Sony, Magnavox/Philips and Pioneer. RCA, JVC and Matsushita have come up with alternate systems that use a contacting arm with an element that senses changes in capacitance between the arm and the metal base of the disc. But it's all digital, one way or another. No one is sure just when these units will hit the market or what they will cost; the most optimistic speculation has them at under $1000.

SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

If laser-beam record players aren't futuristic enough, consider the implications of a new computer development known as the magnetic bubble. Evolving from the memory chip (an incredibly small glob of material on or in which an enormous amount of coded binary data can be stored), the bubble could eventually be used to store, say, all of Beethoven's nine symphonies, with perhaps his chamber music included, on a block a few inches long and maybe one inch thick. You insert the block into a slot on a machine about the size of a cigar box and out comes the music—in full gorgeous stereo and unrestricted frequency and dynamic range. The name of the game is information density—and many high-tech types are up to their golden ears in it behind closed doors. —NORMAN EISENBERG

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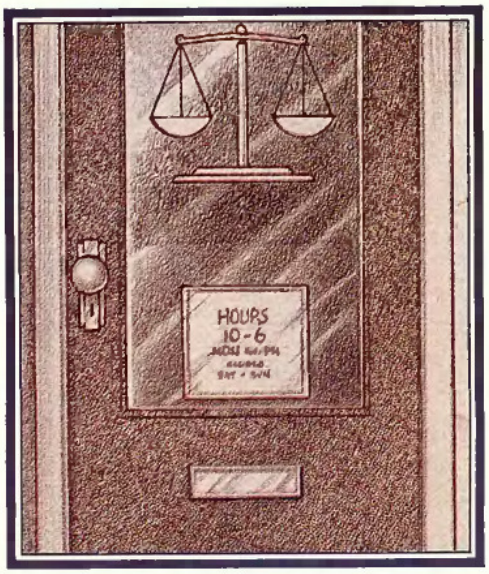
HOW TO GET LOW-COST LEGAL ADVICE

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

Legal clinics are the new wave for delivery of legal services. There is an inexorable trend to lower the cost, move the offices into the neighborhoods, standardize legal services and use modern technology for the efficient processing of legal matters.



WHY LEGAL CLINICS?

Legal services, like everything else, have become an expensive commodity. A major factor in the decision to use a lawyer has always been the expense involved. You may postpone or deny yourself legal rights because the cost of getting what's coming to you cannot be justified or because the remedy may be more expensive than the status quo. The affluent have no trouble utilizing the services of lawyers, who are frequently on retainer and are available to answer questions and litigate rights. The rise in professional conscience in the Sixties also resulted in a proliferation of legal services for the poor—public defenders, legal-aid societies and public-interest groups who were willing to sacrifice lucrative law practices for what they viewed as a social obligation. Between the very rich and the poor were many mainstream people who were gradually being denied legal services because of the expense. Even routine matters—divorces, wills, leases, product-warranty protection, etc.—were frequently regarded as beyond the financial ability of the ordinary citizen. This set the stage for the proliferation of legal clinics.

In 1977, the United States Supreme Court accelerated the trend by finding that traditional restrictions on advertising of legal services violated the First Amendment, and thereafter the advertising of legal services, including the fees charged, was permitted as long as the ads were not false or misleading. This broke the log jam that had long prevented low-cost neighborhood legal offices, which are now appearing in every state and which are certain to expand in location, services and sophistication. Regional—and even national—chains are already emerging.

WHAT DO LEGAL CLINICS DO?

Legal clinics are a combination of the traditional neighborhood law office and the new world of data processing and systems. Their goal is to provide high-quality legal services to the middle class for low fees. Legal clinics avoid complicated or highly specialized legal problems and concentrate on the kinds of problems the average person is likely to face. The most frequent matters handled by legal clinics are domestic cases (divorce, adoption, child custody, support, etc.), debtor/creditor disputes, landlord/tenant relationships, residential sales, simple incorporations, simple wills and estate plans, bankruptcies, personal-injury actions and workmen's-compensation claims and, in many clinics, the defense of criminal charges.

HOW DO LEGAL CLINICS OPERATE?

There is no standardized manner in which legal clinics are organized or in which they function. Generally, the fees that are charged are from one half to two thirds of traditional costs. Some clinics are single-unit offices with ambitious and dedicated young lawyers; some are highly sophisticated networks of interstate offices using standardized manuals, techniques and word-processing systems. Nationally known chain stores are already offering legal services on an experimental basis.

Advertising and promotion to encourage clients and to define services and fees are common characteristics. Solicitation of clients, honestly and fairly done and without misrepresentation, will be common practice of legal clinics of the future. Technical assistants—paralegals—are utilized to free the more expensive time of an attorney who is available to make crucial legal judgments. In that way, it is hoped that the consumer will benefit. In addition, where there is a network of legal clinics, a circuit-riding expert might be available for more complicated legal problems or where the service of a legal specialist is appropriate.

Initial consultation is either free or made at a nominal charge in comparison with traditional hourly rates. Already, sophisticated computerized legal research is available that replaces the hours spent in dusty stacks searching for the elusive precedent. Tradition has given way to efficiency.

One caveat: Although legal clinics may be the wave of the future, the sea may well be stormy. The potential of clinics is substantial, but the quality and consistency of legal services have yet to be proved.

The law is steeped in tradition that conflicts with the concept of clinics. The promotion and advertising of legal services are relatively new. The ethical standards of the profession are being reassessed and redefined. There have been failures, there have been successes, just as in the past, but legal practice will never be the same.

In your visit to a clinic, you should expect a booklet on its services and procedures, a courteous interview, an explanation and estimate of future services and costs. You should not expect legal services for complex, protracted litigation.

HOW CAN I GET MORE INFORMATION?

A number of organizations exist that will help you locate a legal clinic in your community and will provide additional helpful information. Write or call: National Resource Center for Consumers of Legal Services, 1302 18th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036, 202-659-8514; American Legal Clinic Association, 294 Main Street, East Greenwich, Rhode Island 02818, 800-556-6882 or 401-884-9433; Playboy Foundation, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611; or your local bar association.

The friendly, efficient, low-cost legal office is definitely here to stay and will undoubtedly handle an ever-increasing percentage of legal affairs—to benefit those who have too long been denied those services.

—BURTON JOSEPH

SAN FRANCISCO EXPERIENCE *(continued from page 236)*

"'I watched the annual Gay Freedom Day Parade. I was appalled, uneasy, guilt-ridden, saddened.'"

dismay. The White verdict was to no one's liking: A man who had clearly killed two public officials had "gotten away with" voluntary manslaughter and a sentence of seven years, eight months. Those who were present in the courtroom could see how the jury had arrived at this seemingly incomprehensible decision: The jury was comprised of people very much like White. He was a former policeman, a former fireman, a man who believed in the traditional values of home, family and honesty. He was also, it was important to note, a man trained to fight in Vietnam, trained by the police in shooting guns, a man who believed in the ethic of *macho*—a man is a man is a man.

He had been betrayed, the defense was quick to point out, by the two politicians he finally killed. George Moscone, the mayor of the city, and supervisor Harvey Milk, the first open homosexual in San Francisco to be elected to office, were political allies who were elected on the strength of minority coalitions. Milk had worked against White, had counseled Moscone not to reappoint him after White had resigned his supervisory chair and then asked for it back. Defense attorney Douglas Schmidt wondered aloud how someone like White could have shot those two men. And he supplied the answer: White was suffering from manic depression, "a vile biochemical change, a mental illness."

The jury, people who worked in insurance, at auto repair, as secretaries and housewives—people who had children, who lived near White's neighborhood—heard his story over and over again. They heard confident psychiatrists testify to his illness. A mismanaged and probably ambivalent prosecution provided them with no evidence for premeditation. Verdict? Voluntary manslaughter. Conclusion: Dan White was a man like "us," frustrated and angry at political expediency, suffering from economic pressure, furious with two men whom he considered to be "out to get him."

It is not fair to assume that the jury went easy on White simply because Milk was a homosexual. Moscone was married and the father of four children. But what the jury stands for, in this unfolding drama, are the people who, like White, are growing invisible in San Francisco. Their stories, their fears, frustrations, hopes, dreams are not talked about here much anymore. They live in the outer neighborhoods, pay taxes, try to raise children. And they see a sprawling Sodom and Gomorrah at their gates.

Tolerant people who once welcomed gays to their children's piano recitals have started to feel the ground shifting underneath. The riot made them uneasy. But what side are they to take? While many felt anger at the White verdict and even sympathized with the riot, the suddenly apparent strength of the community that broke the glass was frightening.

Of 11 officials on the city's Board of Supervisors, only Harry Britt is gay. By 1981, says a savvy political reporter, there may well be three. Speculation aside, open homosexuals hold only two commissioned appointments in town; they had three until David Scott, former head of the city's Board of Permit Appeals, decided to run for mayor and was subsequently fired from his position—an almost routine political move—by the present mayor, Dianne Feinstein.

While at least one gay man, Leonard Matlovich, who came out in the Army and graced the cover of *Time* magazine, will run against Britt, straight candidates are running as well, spawning infighting in the liberal Democratic ranks: Britt supporters claim that his district should *de facto* be represented by a gay. This rankles neighborhood people, who don't feel that Britt has proved he can represent more than his own special-interest group. "We believe in marriage, having kids and being poor," says Idaree Westbrook, a black woman active in politics in the district. "Britt's philosophy runs against mine; he says what he can do for gays, not what he could do for me."

Britt does feel what he calls a backlash in town. "A lot of people," he says, "are having to deal with some realities they would prefer not to deal with. But I don't feel the riot has changed people's attitudes toward gay people in a negative way; I think it has perhaps brought to the surface a great deal more.

"On the other hand," Britt continues, "I think those events heightened people's awareness of our needs: I was taught to be nice to 'colored folks,' but when they started asserting themselves and demanding their fair share of society, all of a sudden I wasn't supposed to be nice to them. I was raised to feel that I was part of a majority, as a white male, and that we should be nice to everyone else. But all of us are minorities. This whole sense of all-American . . . maybe all-American means Vietnamese-American.

"I don't want anything from you that is a threat to you unless there's something about your image of yourself that's being challenged. We ain't going back to Africa is what I'm saying."

Last June 27, a local humor columnist, Arthur Hoppe, wrote: "Once again I watched the annual Gay Freedom Day Parade. Once again I was appalled . . . uneasy, guilt-ridden and, in the end, saddened. . . . I feel belligerence and hostility these days wherever homosexuals congregate. Because of it, I do my best to avoid gay neighborhoods, gay parties and gay bars. It makes me ill at ease, insecure and often a little frightened. Yet I think I understand it. I understand it for they treat me exactly as I once treated them. . . . I may not be prejudiced against individual homosexuals, but I am still prejudiced against homosexuality."

•

We are tolerant people, we say to ourselves. Many of us voted against the Briggs Initiative that tried to prevent gays from teaching in the schools, and the initiative failed. But there's a voice, hidden in the deeper waves of the brain, a voice uneasy and petulant: What if *they* have the power in the city; will they take care of the schools? Women who live near Castro feel safer at night on the streets than in any other neighborhood, but they feel like lepers, in the day, in the night, in certain stores, certain restaurants. There are bars where you just don't walk in the door.

So? says a second voice. So don't go into those stores, those restaurants, those bars.

And the first voice answers. Why the fuck not? This was *my* neighborhood before it was theirs.

Women are not allowed in certain discos because they are wearing "open-toed shoes," and if your shoes are closed, you are asked for two pieces of pictured I.D. During a tour of a private gay gym, surrounded by tawny bodies clad in black Speedos, I felt a flush of shame, as if my underwear had slipped down around my ankles, as if my body, which is not muscled or tan, is something to hide.

Are we like those liberals who wanted blacks to be free but not next door? Or are we coming to the edge of our understanding here in this sexual place, which carries our fears about ourselves as well as our inborn terror of people in groups? "It's the cult of it," says the pretty typist-bookkeeper. "They make me feel so much like just a little tiny person, alone."

Scene: a cottage overlooking San Francisco Bay. A Sunday brunch is in full swing. Enter a young woman writer for an East Coast newspaper. She has just seen a house for rent. "And it's not too bad," she says, excited, "only $650."

Her hostess sighs. "That's the place I told you about," she says. "They only rent to gays."

Adds another, "The last time I checked that house, they were very up front about it. 'We only rent to gays,' they said. And I said, 'But that's illegal.' And they replied, 'We don't intend to put it in the ad.'" Almost in one motion, everyone

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in the room clenches a fist.

Heterosexuals out here may look like a conspiracy, but we don't feel like one. We are fumbling about with our open marriages and our trial separations and our pathetic statistics: One out of four children will end up being reared by a single parent; one out of three marriages end in divorce. In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, the House of Representatives—upset over the governor's proclamation designating the week of last June 24 as Gay Pride Week—voted to call that same week Family Pride Week.

Stanley Keleman, therapist and director of the Center for Energetic Studies at Berkeley, says that as long as there is a loud defense of the heterosexual lifestyle, there is nothing to worry about. "But," he says, "when the entire sexual ethic is attacked, when the family is broken down and when being 'conservatively sexual' is labeled as dysfunctional, then I think we have something to worry about. Castro Street doesn't bother me. Homosexuals parading and loving each other don't bother me. But when they insist that we're all homosexual or that their ethic is equal to ours in terms of the culture or that there's an attempt to weaken the family and do away with sexual roles, then we're in trouble."

Harry Britt: "The point is that American society has not begun to deal with natural sexuality at all—that between us and natural sexuality there are these deep layers of cultural myths and avoidances. The visible gay presence challenges that. Gay people from the time we are born simply cannot buy the cultural attitudes toward sexuality. My boyish sexual fantasies were pretty tame in terms of heavy breathing and all that, but there was a very real sense that there was something I wanted that was very loving and very real from other boys, and that—from society's point of view—was bad. We are raising questions we've wanted to raise for so long."

"You say *No, no, no*—and then finally do it," says a gay man named Chet. "And then you've done something in defiance of great taboos and lived through it. It's really the way so many problems can be faced. You have to come out of repression. It's not just sexual. The problem is, many gays open the doors to sexuality and close them to everything else; a lot of men can only repeat that moment endlessly and never go on from it."

Chet tells of a friend from New York who came to San Francisco on a research stint. "He said he felt a most unpleasant atmosphere here, an underlying tension. He felt the whole attitude toward gays was very hypocritical.

"It may be," says Chet, "that The Gay Mecca is a past euphemism. It may be that we've changed from a mecca to the first lines of the war. Before, it was OK. People knew about it and it was OK, separate but equal. But the fight will happen here because of this city's openness. Harvey Milk ran on a gay platform. He was the first gay city official to be important, to have a voice. One of the things about the Dan White case is that no one mentions Moscone anymore.

"I am harassed more and more now. I was walking with a friend and some kids screamed, 'For he's a jolly good faggot!' Then I was walking the dog in the park and a car came up the road with four guys in it. They yelled out, 'It's because of people like you that we don't have a City Hall anymore.'

"I said, 'What?' And they sped away. I would like to have gotten to them.

"What did they think I had done? Who did they think I was?"

•

The parade undulated up the wide boulevard: Lavender Harmony Band, Parents of Gay People, Gay Fathers, Lesbian Mothers, Dykes on Bikes, Sexual Identity Center, Gays Against Nuclear Power, Committee to Defend Reproductive Rights, the Bisexual Center, Church of the Androgyne, Dentists for Human Rights, Gay Softball League, Order of Displaced Okies, Goat Hill Pizza, Gay American Indians, Gay Men's Chorus.

With flutes and banners and roller skates, floats and disco music and lavender balloons, for three and a half hours, the women (in sober greens and grays) and the men (three-piece suits to pink ballet tutus) took over downtown San Francisco on a foggy Sunday in June near brunchtime. The weather was cold and the wind was fierce, but still the crowds stood five deep as they watched up to 250,000 marchers strut up Market Street to the heart of San Francisco, City Hall, where three weeks before, thousands had rioted protesting the White verdict.

Onward they marched: The Reno Gay Rodeo, the Gay Freedom Day Marching Band, San Francisco Sex Information, Women Against Rape, Lesbian Schoolworkers, Lesbians Against Police Violence. And each bloc of marchers was marked by the passing of a smiling, waving politician.

(text concluded on page 255, following "Crossing Over" on page 254)

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CROSSING OVER

forget everything you've heard—there's only one way to find out what they really do to each other

The mustache isn't working. Carefully chosen (the $8.95 edition) and carefully carried in its pristine pink-plastic box over to a gay friend's house, where I am dressing, it is the key to my success and it's not working. I look, even in the square mirror in the bathroom, even with the rheostat turned down to zero, like a girl with a mustache on.

The Nora Gallagher nobody knows.

My wig, however, is terrific. My wig is dark red and has curls. It makes me look about 16 and mean. When I put on my Army hat, a pillbox job with a baseball-cap bill, I look about 17 and stupid. The leotard under my exquisitely gay flannel shirt flattens my breasts just right; and if there is any doubt left, we have added a navy-blue, front-zippered sweat shirt. I will be told all evening to take my hands out of the front pockets and put them in my pants pockets, where they belong. "What are you, a kangaroo?" says my friend's roommate/lover.

"No," I respond. "I'm a woman." I have on a pair of tight-assed jeans and a heavy belt and my friend's larger-than-my-feet-will-ever-be running shoes (green), because, though I was proud to walk in my *own* shoes, it has been explained to me that my feet, like my wrists, are so small as to invite trouble. I am now wearing the costume that 90 percent of the men on Castro Street wear—the costume my other friend, Chet, calls "as traditional as a Chanel suit, darling." On them it looks boyish, careless, reckless. It makes me look, says my friend kindly, "like a scrappy kid."

I have darkened my eyebrows and thickened them with pencil. We have discovered in much mirror comparing that men's faces are somehow rougher, heavier, more lined than women's. I have drawn circles under my eyes and given myself a daring five-o'clock shadow. But the mustache isn't working. My friend and his roommate look worried. We stare into the mirror like three weird sisters. Suddenly, one of them grabs the mustache and slides it one eighth inch down, so that it covers my upper lip. We gasp. With the move of the mustache, my rather full—dare I say heart-shaped?—upper lip is gone and in its place is a brush of brown fur that transforms my face from that of a delicate blonde woman into a ruddy brat. "*Voilà*," says one of my valets. "It's going to work."

•

I am doing all this mustache gluing and arranging, all this dressing and painstaking looking in the mirror, because I want to go down to a club I have heard about in which the men stick their cocks through holes in the walls of private booths and get sucked off. Almost since I heard about it, I have known that I must go down there and see this place that strikes terror into my heart. It has seemed to me to be the ultimate anonymous experience, the nitty-gritty of casual relations. I know very well that all gay men do not go to these "glory holes," and I know that a straight man could go as easily and I know that some men view them as sport—occasional, like duck hunting. It is not something I can easily imagine women doing (the logistics, for example, might stop you before you begin). I want to see what it is that scares me about the combination of anonymity and sex.

Just before I walk out the door, my friend appears with a sock rolled within another sock. "You're, ah, in need of an endowment," he sighs, handing me the bundle. I ask them to stand in profile, so that I can see how big theirs are. They tell me I'm a cock queen and ought to behave myself.

Outside, I am told to square my shoulders and take my hands out of my sweat-shirt pockets. "You're walking too loose," says one of my advisors. "Walk stiff." I square my shoulders and imagine an ironing board stuck in my pants. I take my hands from the front pockets of the sweat shirt and dig them deep into my jeans pockets, so that my wrists don't show. With my back stiff and my hands in my pockets, I tend to walk like a cowboy, all rolling gait. I feel the burden of self-consciousness begin to fade. I know that I am unendurably ugly, but rather than feel ashamed, I feel free. There will be no one looking at me the way men do on the street, no remarks to head off, no respect to demand. I am an ugly, scrappy kid. And I'm gay, to boot.

We get out of the car—by now five gay men, having been joined by two friends—on a street in North Beach, the old bohemian neighborhood. Three of us stand on the street corner, avoiding the light, while the two others go to buy film. A tall man in a business suit with a nice face walks up the street toward us. I look up at him, forgetting who I am, and stare at his good looks. A look of revulsion passes over his face. For a minute, he looks as if he will hit me. I quickly look down, staring at my feet as his shoes crunch past. I feel ashamed, queer, dirty, ridiculous. I huddle closer to my friend, who pats me on the back. I want very much to be with him and his roommate and I want their friends to come back and we will stand together in a group on that corner and I will then, no matter how that man looked at me, not feel frightened.

Soon four of us are standing against a wall nearby, one leg up "hustler style," while the fifth takes our pictures. A woman in a white Mercedes drives up, slows and stops her car. She stares directly at us. Slowly she lifts one gloved hand to her mouth and drives on.

We finish the pictures and the three other men wave goodbye. My friend and I drive down to the warehouse district, where the streets are wider and darker. He hands me the membership card of a famous movie star and explains that I will show the card to the man behind the glass, pay him two dollars and walk in—that's all there is to it.

My friend wants to go in ahead of me, so that if I am asked to leave, he will not be implicated. As he disappears into the white painted club with the big G. H. printed on its walls, I stand alone on the street, watching the traffic, feeling freer and safer than I have ever felt in this neighborhood. I notice also that my left hand is shaking. And then I toss my head, tighten my cap and go in.

—NORA GALLAGHER

Past the bums on Market Street and the discount clothing stores and Flagg Brothers Shoe Store, where the boys, fresh off the bus from Iowa, lean against the wall ("Let me do you, mister. Suck? Five bucks."). A tourist couple in permanent press took a home movie and smiled at a roller skater in nothing but blue-nylon Jockey briefs and glittered nipples. Chants: "Two, four, six, eight, do you know if your wife is straight?" A truck full of firemen in drag. The Gay Men's Chorus singing, "I'll soon give you ten thousand more."

Placards: THE SAN FRANCISCO V.D. CLINIC IS PROUD OF THE GAY COMMUNITY. EVEN FEINSTEIN MASTURBATES—SHE'S REALLY A GUY. THE LOST TRIBE: LESBIANS AND GAY JEWS. I LOVE MY GAY DAD. OUR TIME HAS COME. And on the back of a gay dentist, I AM A TOOTH FAIRY. . . .

The floats: Stud, The Stallion, The Trench, the bars that resemble Chinese tongs, receiving a loyalty beyond mere social affection: the leather bars for the boys who dress in black and blue; the fern bars for the thin Castro men, alternately called (by one another) clones and castroids. And the lighter-hearted disco bars that collectively make up the Gay Softball League.

The Society of Janus, with its signs, CONSENTING S/M IS OK, and one of its members wearing a dog collar. Beneath pink cranes, the San Francisco Sex Information float floated by: A pink Cinderella and a pink prince blew kisses to the crowd. The "world's oldest gay softball player, 61," trotted along, waving, until the entire mix of genders was crowded into the park beneath the spreading chestnut trees.

"We are people who have suffered more than anyone else in the history of the world," screamed Robin Tyler, an entertainer, "and when we destroyed a little property, they called us violent. We were violated in the Inquisition, nine million of us were burned at the stake . . . one million of us were murdered by the Nazis . . . we were violated by scientists, who called us sick, violated by religion, which called us sinful, violated by society, which alienated us by taking away our family and friends. We were violated by the Government by denying us equal opportunity and equal rights and killing us for being homosexual. . . . Don't tell *us* about violence!"

And throughout the park, the people packed shoulder to shoulder screamed and cried and clapped hands and the air above them thickened into the same fever that had caught the crowd the night of the riot—a rebellious, threatening anger that grew out of outrage, out of humiliation, out of shame and, finally, out of power, *faggot is beautiful.*

And then the rage dissipated, quick as a swallow, into music.

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SHERO'S SYSTEM *(continued from page 206)*

"'He just lets the team personality come out, then he becomes part of it. He kind of joins along.'"

the game upside down. It threw my game off completely." That was the point. After eight months of such drills, the defensemen automatically took the body in a game. What's more, it helped the forwards, too. After all, it's bad enough if you don't score in a game, but if you get shut out in practice, too. . . .

Shero understands how much of the game is mental, how a sagging spirit can contribute to poor effort on the ice. So he uses the slogans, he rewards good efforts with optional practices, he never criticizes without first praising a player's strong points. And often during a tense moment in a game, Shero will walk silently up and down the bench, gently massaging the small of his players' backs. "Have you seen that?" Esposito marvels. "Honest to God, when he puts his hands on my back and he sort of rubs it a little, it gives me a feeling like I want to go through the wall for him."

But he always insists that his players take responsibility for their play. And he often remains remote and unpredictable. Mike McEwen remembers the only time last season that he got up the nerve to go and talk to his coach. McEwen, an exciting rushing defenseman who in the past had often been criticized for his offensive-mindedness, sought advice from Shero on some techniques for rushing. But the encounter sounds more like an audience with a zen master.

"He was sitting there looking bored," McEwen recalls. "He said, 'I don't care what you do. Make sure you carry the puck all the way in and if you're gonna go in, stay there. Don't come racing out quick. Guys'll cover for you. If they don't cover for you, it's their fault, right?' I says, 'Yeah,' and he says, 'So do that.' And there was this fight on TV, he started watching that. I was still talking to him, but he didn't care, he'd said what he wanted to say. And that's the first time I ever had anybody say 'Do what you want' as far as rushing was concerned. It's always been 'What are you trying to be, another Bobby Orr? It's not gonna work, it's no good for the team to have a defenseman going all over the place.' But with him, it was do what you want, fuck, don't bother me."

In fact, McEwen can recall only two times last year when he saw his coach display emotion. "We were losing to Winnipeg five to two at the end of two periods of an exhibition game," McEwen says, "and we were brutal. We weren't even putting out. So he comes into the locker room and you could tell he was pissed and he says, 'In everything you do, there's feeling, there's emotion. Even when you're making love, you have an emotion. We have no emotion on that ice whatsoever.' He was, like, raising his voice, getting mad. So we went out there and blitzed them, scored four goals in the first eight minutes. We won eight to seven. That's the only time I saw him mad. Except for the time in Philly when there was no beer on the bus after a game. He says, 'What do you mean no beer?' and he gets up and walks to the back of the bus. 'Where's the beer? No beer?' And then he just walked right out, talked to some people and we stopped for beer. He was pissed."

"When we got the big goals of the game, he had emotion," trainer Joey Bucchino argues. "His right arm goes up a little bit and his right foot kicks."

•

Always behave like a duck. Keep calm and unruffled on the surface, but paddle like the devil underneath.—From the blackboard of Coach Shero

Shero may keep his emotions in check, but his passion for hockey is legendary. In Philly, he would often drive to the rink at three A.M. to work on his system. There's a classic story of Shero's exchanging his theories on hockey with some visiting coaches, talking far into the night in their hotel room, on the carpeted floor on his hands and knees, using empty beer bottles to illustrate the system. He searches everywhere for inspiration and knowledge—even to pop psychologies such as José Silva's Mind Control Method, a mixture of alpha-wave technology, Eastern meditation and good old American pragmatism. In Shero's copy of Silva's book, the following passage is underlined:

> During meditation before going to sleep, review a problem that can be solved with information or advice. Be sure that you really care about solving it; silly questions evoke silly answers. Now program yourself with these words: "I want to have a dream that will contain information to solve the problem I have in mind. I will have such a dream, remember it and understand it."

In the margin, Shero had written, "Power play."

"Maybe he's on the brink of being a genius or going nuts, I don't know," says Ranger defenseman Ron Greschner. Of course, it was Shero himself who once noted that the difference between sanity and insanity was an oyster jump. But he still walks the corridors, lost in his thoughts of perfecting the system. "I remember getting up real early one morning in Detroit," Hickey smiles at the memory, "and I opened the curtains of my room and Freddie was walking around in the snow in the parking lot, wiggling through the cars. There was this big shopping mall across the way, so I don't know if he was going to it, but he wasn't going as the crow flies, that's for sure."

"He doesn't seem to have any set of values as far as directing the team," McEwen theorizes. "He just lets the team personality come out and then he becomes part of it. He kind of joins along. But he always says you gotta have fun."

Fun. Another cornerstone of the Shero system. "Life has to be fun, if one can find it," he says. Cut to the Ranger practice-rink dressing room during the Stanley Cup semifinal play-off series last year, when all the pressure in the world is on the young athletes' shoulders.

Water fight! It begins in the showers, then spills out into the dressing area. There's Nick Fotiu, the toughest guy in the league, chasing Don Murdoch and Greschner, all of them scampering through the locker rooms nude. While this is going on, someone is filling Fotiu's loafers with shaving cream. All to the ear-shattering sounds of Donna Summer, blaring out of the locker-room stereo system. After the chase scene is finished, the guys settle down. To practice their latest disco steps in a nude circle.

On road trips, it's sort of like *Animal House* with wings. If you dare fall asleep on the plane, odds are you'll wake up with a lapful of coffee, a hand smeared with shaving cream or a tie neatly snipped in two. Murdoch once fell asleep with his brand-new $200 beige kid-leather boots propped up on the seat in front of him. When he woke up, everyone on the team had thoughtfully autographed them, in indelible ink. They now reside permanently in his closet. But at least he's got a souvenir. John Davidson once took his shoes off to nap and wound up walking off the plane, through the terminal and two blocks home in foot-high snow, barefoot.

•

I think every man deserves a second chance, third chance, whatever it is.—Coach Shero

Don Murdoch is a charming, cherubic 23-year-old. His long, almost feminine eyelashes frame his watery blue eyes and when he rolls into one of his patented rollicking laughs, you can see why Esposito nicknamed him Chubby Cheeks. Murdoch is typical of many of the younger N.H.L. players who hail from western

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Canada, places like Cranbrook, British Columbia, and Goodsoil, Saskatchewan. Who come from the farms and the mill towns and find themselves in places like New York or Chicago or Los Angeles before their 20th birthday. And find themselves instant heroes in a world they were just still dreaming about.

"I came from a small town where you might get ten good-looking chicks out of the whole town," Murdoch recalls. "And remember—there's 500,000 guys going for them. I come to New York and I used to get sore necks from turning around looking at all these chicks. I used to walk around with a semiboner all the time. And all these nice-looking chicks were coming up to me. I didn't have nothing to do, didn't have to work up any lines. They'd come up, ask the questions, do all the answering and it was, like, no problem taking a chick back home. It was too easy. I used to say to myself, This isn't right, me taking home a beautiful chick and giving her a quick shot. It was too good to be true."

But it was real. Murdoch was a rookie sensation, so it was natural that the chic corps would be attracted to the one with the chubby cheeks. "Yeah, people were going out of their way, inviting me to parties, buying me drinks, wanting me to come to their house for dinner. 'C'mon, wanna meet some chicks?' I'm 20 years old, I *guess* I want to meet chicks. Everything was handed to me on a silver platter."

Including the cocaine. The summer after that first year, Murdoch was "routinely" searched going home and the customs officials at Toronto International Airport found 4.8 grams of cocaine in a sock. For the next year, as the court case dragged out, Murdoch lived in a public purgatory, branded a drug freak by hostile fans, a fallen hero by his home town.

Murdoch eventually sat out the first half of last season, suspended by the N.H.L. And during that time, there were the doubts, the apprehension that maybe they wouldn't take him back. Then he met his new coach.

"I knew things were going to be OK after the first press conference when I came back," Murdoch says, smiling. "Freddie took me aside and said that we'd get along fine, because he finally met someone who was as good a bullshitter as he was. He never said that he would see if I could fit into his system, he said, 'Yeah, he'll play for us.' And when I hear him saying that, I say to myself, Well, Jesus, at least the guy's got confidence in me."

But the ice is still bumpy for the right winger. Two years after the bust, he's still trying to live down the image. For some, it's still "Don Murdoch, who was arrested for cocaine use, scored two goals tonight." Murdoch winces at those

"Obviously, someone screwed up."

stories. "Why don't they leave me alone? You go through your years and you do realize that you don't need all the parties or the glamorous girls 24 hours a day. Those good times will always be there. You learn to pick your spots."

•

I know if I were 20 years old and just getting into pro hockey, I'd go for the bundle.—Coach Shero

"This is for PLAYBOY?" Ulf Nilsson leans toward the recorder. "I get a hard-on when I score a goal." Nilsson is one half of the dynamic duo known as The Swedes, who were courted from the World Hockey Association and signed with the Rangers for an incredible sum of about $2,600,000 for two-year contracts. Nilsson is the Americanized one, the one known for his puckish humor and devil-may-care attitude. Anders Hedberg, the blond one, is more earnest. He could have been a sincere, stoic leading man in a Bergman film.

They're in Oren & Aretsky's, a hot celebrity hangout in the 80s on Third Avenue, lunching with their agent. Teammate Ron Greschner walks in.

"Hey, did you guys get paid today?" Greschner inquires. The Swedes look puzzled. "I thought I saw two Brinks trucks parked out front."

Over soup, the Shero stories start to fly. "He was the coach of a team that Jake Milford managed," the agent begins. "It was in St. Paul. One of the players there was driving Milford crazy, so he went to Shero and said, 'Freddie, you've got to do something about this guy's bloodshot eyes. They're driving me crazy. Would you speak to him?' The next day, the player showed up at practice with dark glasses on. Freddie had said to him that he'd better start wearing sunglasses because his eyes were driving Milford crazy."

"You know, we have seven captains," Nilsson says. "I'm the seventh, in charge of the foreigners. Freddie once said that. My goal is to get one language in the dressing room, but I'm having trouble with the French guys."

"Freddie gives all the players confidence," Hedberg says, getting serious, "and that's the best motivation. There are never any negative things said in our dressing room about anybody."

Another afternoon, Hickey is talking about Shero. "Somewhere in his life," he says, "Freddie has grabbed ahold of all he wants to be. And he's still educating himself, he doesn't feel he's complete, which always makes a strong man. Sometimes after a game, I'd look at him and almost be a little bit sad. Are you happy, Fred? I'd wonder. But after getting to know him, or not know him, he rejoices. He doesn't pat himself on the back, he just goes away happy that the boys are happy and that they worked hard and they deserve to be happy. Like, when he has to do those interviews after the game, it must be the most trying time of his life. Interviewing the *coach of the team*. He always says, 'Ask them. They did it.' "

The TV reporter sticks his microphone in Shero's face. About five reporters surround the coach in a dank exercise room in the bowels of Nassau Coliseum, where Shero's Rangers have just upset the New York Islanders, leaving them one game away from eliminating the best team in hockey from the Stanley Cup play-offs.

"Fred, people are talking about inspiration," says the TV man, squeezing the last word out. "That the Rangers are inspired. Where does all this inspiration come from?"

"I'm sorry it doesn't come from me," Shero shoots back, his eyes half closed behind his glasses. "I hardly talk to them. I think they're inspired because they're living in New York and they're having a good time. They've got a beautiful new rink and they're all living in the best areas. And they like each other; I guess that's it."

"So you're saying that it filters down." The TV man is hearing what he wants to hear. "How do you keep a team playing at the level of intensity that the Rangers are playing at?"

Shero shrugs. "I have no idea. If I knew, I'd tell you." A pause. "No, I wouldn't tell you. I'd bottle it." The coach chuckles to himself.

"Are you surprised?" The interviewer is groping for words now.

"Yes, I don't think any team has played for so long so well in the play-offs. Even Montreal has its bad nights."

"Where is the bad night for the Rangers?"

"Well, I hope when the series is over." The words seem to spurt out of Shero's mouth.

A buzz goes through the room. "Montreal, against Montreal?" another reporter asks, thinking ahead.

"No," Shero says patiently, "I mean they can have a bad night after the game. Some of them might not get anything."

•

In the pros, it's different. Boys become men. This is life. A coach has to go out and let them taste it—the bitter and the sweet. That's how they learn.—Coach Shero

"The players don't know that Freddie's more intelligent than them," says Rod Gilbert. "They feel sorry for him because he's so inside. They don't want to be like him. It's like your father. At some point, you say that he doesn't understand you, that he's so fucking dumb. He's dumb like a fox, eh? He doesn't want to compete with you, so he lets you go your own way if he's a good parent. Well, that's what Shero does, he's a good parent."

The Rangers are 17 seconds away from one of the biggest upsets in hockey history. The mighty Islanders, possessors of the best record in the league, are about to be eliminated in this semifinal Stanley Cup series, four games to two, unless they can miraculously score in the next few seconds and tie the game. The face-off is deep in the Rangers end and the puck is dropped. Both teams battle for it along the boards as the seconds tick off. With two seconds to go, the puck suddenly floats toward the net and Ranger defenseman Carol Vadnais, who was almost booed out of New York last season, makes one more brilliant clear, and suddenly it's over. Pandemonium reigns—they'll play Montreal for the Stanley Cup. Everyone mobs goalie Davidson, Murdoch is leaping around like a kid and the traditional handshaking ceremonies begin.

A few minutes later, in the players' lounge, Esposito, Davidson, Dave Maloney and Murdoch are being interviewed for TV.

"Those last 17 seconds," Murdoch says, still seeming to be gulping for breath. "Steve Vickers and I were on our hands and knees, going, 'Oh, God, please. I will never do another bad thing in my life.' "

Espo pats Murdoch on the back and they smile and say, in unison, "Wrong."

A half hour later, Greschner, who scored the winning goal, walks into Charley O's, a restaurant where the Rangers regroup after each game. He casts a wary eye over the room. "Not too many front runners here, eh?" Tonight, the scene is reminiscent of V-E Day. Hundreds of well-wishers have poured into the bar and, on the street, hundreds more stand with their noses pressed against the glass, looking like extras from *The Dawn of the Dead*. Outside the Garden, thousands of fans have spilled onto Seventh Avenue, stopping traffic, cursing at the Islanders' bus as it takes the losers for the long ride home.

By now the champagne is flowing as one Ranger after another hits the room, to resounding cheers. After basking here, they will move on to some of their other favorite spots, Studio 54, Oren & Aretsky's, and then a nightcap at Herlihy's.

The next day, at practice, someone has tacked up the *New York Post*'s front page that features a picture of some Rangers dancing at Studio 54 in celebration. Before they hit the ice, Shero arrives.

"You guys went to Studio 54 last night, eh? How come nobody invited the coaches?" he asks, then is gone.

Shero at the Studio. It would have been historic. He could have brought along his own fog. And with the strains of Donna Summer filling the disco, at last we could have heard the sound of one hand clapping.

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 (continued from page 200)

"In the Eighties, any athletic bicyclist will be able to pedal himself aloft and stay there for two hours."

small-molecule additives such as food colorings and antioxidants to large-molecule inert polymers, so that additives won't pass through the intestinal wall. They'll do their work of coloring and preserving without increasing the load of carcinogens we all carry. And maybe red M & M's will come back.

EVERYMAN-POWERED FLIGHT. AeroVironment's Gossamer Condor won the Kremer prize for man-powered flight in 1977. In 1979, Bryan Allen pedaled an improved Gossamer Albatross of Mylar film and Kevlar fibers across the English Channel in two hours, 49 minutes. Further improvements will reduce weight and wing drag until only .29 horsepower keeps a Gossamer flying. In the Eighties, any athletic bicyclist who can afford one will be able to pedal himself aloft and stay there for two hours.

TOOTHLESS TRANSMISSION. An automobile transmission without gears cuts friction and saves fuel—up to 20 percent, some researchers think. It's on its way. It uses rollers and needs a special transmission fluid, one that lubricates moving parts but also keeps them from slipping. Monsanto has developed the unlikely fluid. It turns into a solid under pressure—between the rollers, for example. Five years for industrial vehicles, two more—1987 or so—for cars.

Z TABS. The body produces a chemical, called the sleep factor, to induce sleep. It has been isolated and is under study. In the Eighties, it will become available for medical use, and that's a wrap for insomnia.

SIGN HERE. Your signature will be virtually safe from forgery with a new machine recently invented by scientists at IBM. The system, likely to come into common use in the Eighties, involves accelerometers—devices that measure acceleration—and a pressure sensor built into a special pen. You write your signature; the machine compares pressure, speed and direction against a reference pattern you've left on file. The muscular movements that produce your writing style are automatic and are extremely difficult to forge. Until voice-pattern recognition, probably in the early Nineties, the IBM invention is likely to be the standard personal-identification system for banks and for access to computers and records.

SOLAR SOLUTION. A limit to the possible self-sufficiency of rooftop solar-cell electrical generation has been the problem of where to store the electricity that isn't needed, so that it can be used at night or during cloudy weather, when it is. Texas Instruments is working on the problem in the laboratory. Sunlight causes silicon beads in its new, low-cost solar cells to decompose a fluid electrolyte into hydrogen and iodide. The hydrogen is stored and burned on demand in a fuel cell that produces electricity. The Department of Energy has assigned Texas Instruments a four-year development agreement: the system should become available commercially in the late Eighties, at which time a wireless, all-electric house could be built anywhere there's sunlight.

NEW NETWORKS. Cable TV, linked nationwide today by communication satellites, is poised to spawn any number of special-interest networks in the Eighties. Already broadcasting to 4,000,000 homes—as of September 1979—is the Entertainment and Sports Programing Network, which beams the equivalent of *Wide World of Sports* to subscribers day and night, seven days a week. Due in 1980 from Ted Turner's Turner Communications in Atlanta is a 24-hour Cable News Network, with news updates interspersed with human-interest features and with a two-hour program of evening news. An old folks' network is coming, and there'll be more as cable subscribers increase.

SYNTHETIC FUEL. We'll have it in the Eighties whether it's a good idea or not: gas and gasoline from coal. The Germans developed the process in World War Two. It involves cooking up coal with steam, the steam adding hydrogen. The resulting goo can be refined much like oil, and synthetic gas is a by-product. Fill up and pretend you're Rommel. The catch: Synthetic-gasoline exhaust smells like rotten onions.

SOLID CASE. The attaché case of the Eighties will carry more than lunch: clock, calculator and telephone will also be inside, built in and run by a single microprocessor chip.

B_1 BOOZE. Two physicians at the University of California at San Diego School of Medicine have proposed fortifying all alcoholic beverages with thiamine—vitamin B_1—as a practical and money-saving measure of preventive medicine. Alcoholics with diets short on thiamine often contract a nervous-system disorder called the Wernicke-Korsakoff syndrome that leads ultimately to chronic psychosis and institutionalization. Wernicke-Korsakoff costs American society some $70,000,000 a year. Enough thiamine to fortify all U. S. alcoholic beverages

"As a lawyer, Miss Kimball, I feel we were meant to obey the spirit of the injunction against adultery, not follow it blindly to the letter."

would cost no more than about $17,000,000. Maybe in the Eighties. There's talk, too, of a warning label on booze bottles like the one on cigarettes.

DRUG DRAW. Awaiting FDA approval, probably in the Eighties: a technology for packaging drugs in magnetic microspheres. Injected into the blood stream, the drugs can be drawn to a treatment site—a tumor, an abscess—by applying a magnet to the body surface over the site. The drug matrix dissolves and delivers the dose only locally, and so more potently than if the entire body were pervaded.

HOME HOLOGRAPH. White-light integral holography—laser photography—makes possible short 3-D holographic movies like the movie R2-D2 projected of Princess Leia in *Star Wars*. One enterprising New York photographer now offers holographic portraits: they come as film cylinders that you look through as you walk around them. The subject of the portrait appears in miniature, in 3-D, in motion inside the cylinder. Expect the technique to become available nationwide in the Eighties. Great for weddings and *bar mitzvahs*.

FAT ATTACK. A pathology professor at Harvard Medical School has proposed that not cholesterol but a product of the body's protein metabolism, homocysteine, causes arteriosclerosis—hardening of the arteries—the leading cause of death by stroke and heart attack in the United States. If he's right—and the evidence is building that he is—then there's a simple preventive available: vitamin B_6, taken daily in a ten-milligram dose. Its presence is required to change the deadly homocysteine to another harmless compound. Research will proceed, and probably settle the question finally in the Eighties. In the meantime, some of us are adding B_6 to our daily pile of pills.

READ TO ME. Computer-software manufacturers are actively working on designing a scanner that can read printed text, with the U. S. Postal Service as a clamoring customer. In the Eighties, they will combine the scanner with a sophisticated version of Texas Instruments' solid-state voice-simulation system to produce scanners that read aloud.

DIRECT DIAL. The United Nations is devising a 17-digit universal telephone numbering system, to be installed worldwide in the Eighties, that will make it possible to direct-dial almost anywhere on earth. The UN expects phones to increase to about one billion by the end of the decade. Nearly all of those one billion phones will be interconnected.

SPEED LIMIT 88.5. By 1983, the Federal Highway Administration will have completed all planning necessary to change U. S. highway signs to show speed limits and distances in metric only. Brush up on your kilometers; you may need them.

ROACH CLIPPED. After 30 years of research, scientists have finally synthesized the female American cockroach sex excitant. It drives male roaches crazy. They mount anything in sight, including each other. In the next decade, the hormone will be used to reduce roach populations by sowing confusion and so preventing mating.

MEMORY PILLS. More than 12 drugs are presently known that improve alertness and memory, some of them dramatically. They're hung up on medical-research politics and FDA licensing, but one or more of them may pass go in the Eighties. They'll have dramatic effects on over-50 memory decline and on senility. If you can just remember to *take* the damn things!

HOME BURIAL. Expect to see increasing numbers of underground homes in the Eighties as soaring fuel costs encourage innovation. A few feet underground, the temperature is the same from season to season—in the U. S., between about 55 and 65 degrees Fahrenheit. Underground homes are dug into hillsides or sunk in flat ground with dirt mounded over them. Properly designed, they're not damp. With interior courtyards and skylights, they're as bright as surface houses, and they save from 40 to 80 percent of energy costs.

VIRUS FIGHTER. Medicine has a cure (really a preventive) for the common cold. It's called interferon, and it's a substance naturally produced in your body. The catch is that it's expensive to produce. Every cold prevention would cost you thousands of dollars. Interferon has other, more important uses. It combats secondary infections associated with cancer treatment; it's being tested on virus-induced cancers and chronic serum hepatitis. Workers are trying to synthesize it to bring the cost down. They'll succeed, probably in the Eighties, and one by one, the viruses will say goodbye.

AUTO-MATION. Speeded by gas shortages and EPA pollution-control standards, the computer-controlled automobile is coming up fast. By the mid-Eighties, microcomputers will control your car's ignition and fuel-injection systems, will shift gears, balance cornering, govern speed, monitor security, adjust heating and air conditioning and gauge systems and performance. Your instrument panel will be digitized, reading out numbers and alerting you to problems. Your car will be smaller and fractionally lighter than the X cars of 1979; by the mid-Eighties, the body may be plastic—and, later, so will the frame. Air bags or automatic restraints will protect you in collisions. Don't look for a spare: It's going, and jack and tire iron with it, to save weight. Your tires will drive flat. All in all, the Eighties mean less car, but what's left will be sleeker, as responsive as automobiles of old, almost entirely automatic and capable of hauling you a lot farther between fill-ups.

FAST FILM. Color-film speed—the chemical sensitivity of the film to light—has been doubling every ten years. Kodak introduced 400 ASA film late in the Seventies; in the Eighties, you can expect color film of at least 800 ASA, making the flashbulb a thing of the past. The film industry also expects to develop a universal film that will simultaneously produce transparencies and prints.

MERRY OLD SOL. Solar power will come of age in the Eighties in its most important immediate application: space heating of commercial buildings and homes. Far more valuable than such exotica as giant mirror-boiler electrical-generation systems or solar satellites in space, active and passive home solar-heating systems already make long-term economic good sense. Their advantage will improve as fuel costs go up. Recently, San Diego County passed an ordinance requiring all new residential buildings to be supplied with solar hot-water heating after October 1980. The trend will spread.

FM QUAD. The Federal Communications Commission is taking another look at broadcast quadraphonic FM, heralded in the Seventies but never actually installed in the U. S. The technology is available to multiplex four signals instead of the two required for stereo—with a dramatic gain in fidelity. But the FCC has to digest massive technical studies before it can decide on licensing. Look for mid-Eighties approval of surround sound.

WARM MILK. Nonrefrigerated milk, already on the shelf in Europe, is coming to America in the Eighties. An ultrahigh temperature process keeps it sweet; until you open the carton, you can store it in the cabinet with the corn flakes for weeks, which means you don't have to run to the supermarket every three or four days.

SHOCK CAR. General Motors, no less, is working on an electric commuter vehicle that would carry two passengers back and forth to work at reasonable cost on one battery charge per 100 miles. G.M.'s not alone—a few such cars have already gone on sale, but they use standard lead-acid batteries that don't meet G.M.'s standards of mileage per charge and long battery life. With its battery design, G.M. says electric commuter vehicles could roll sometime late in the Eighties.

SOFT TRANKS. Beta blockers are a class of experimental drugs that prevent adrenaline from working on cells to produce the high-speed jitters of nervousness, stage fright and stress. In one experiment, for example, string players with shaky hands have been steadied. Because they work directly on all body cells, beta

"I think I heard somebody say there's two new flavors of Schnapps."

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blockers don't dull the brain, but they do have a variety of side effects and need more study. The road to FDA approval is long. Look for soft tranks late in the next decade. Great for exams.

NEWS LINE. Millions of Americans don't see that extra channel of news, weather and advertising that cable systems provide. There's a remedy, a system that uses the vertical blank lines among the 525 lines of scan that make up each flashed frame of a TV picture. It already supplies subtitles for the deaf over PBS. It requires a decoder, which will probably be built into standard sets once the FCC authorizes its use—by 1985.

GRUNT GADGETS. The microprocessor revolution will reach even the lowly foot soldier in the next ten years, arming him for warfare on a scale the front-line troops have never known before. One system already in production will arm a forward observer with a laser designator to accurately target enemy arms and armored vehicles. The system supplies real-time computer calculation to pinpoint the enemy and digital launching of smart missiles or shells to destroy him on the ground. The system has a very high kill rate in tests.

SYNTHETIC BLOOD. The Green Cross Corporation of Osaka, Japan, has developed synthetic blood. It's made of starch, egg-yolk product and perfluorochemicals. It carries more oxygen than good red blood; rats survived replacement of 90 percent of their blood with the synthetic mixture and regenerated the lost blood within two weeks. Unlike real blood, the synthetic stuff is shelf stable for a year. Expect it in the Eighties if it passes FDA licensing.

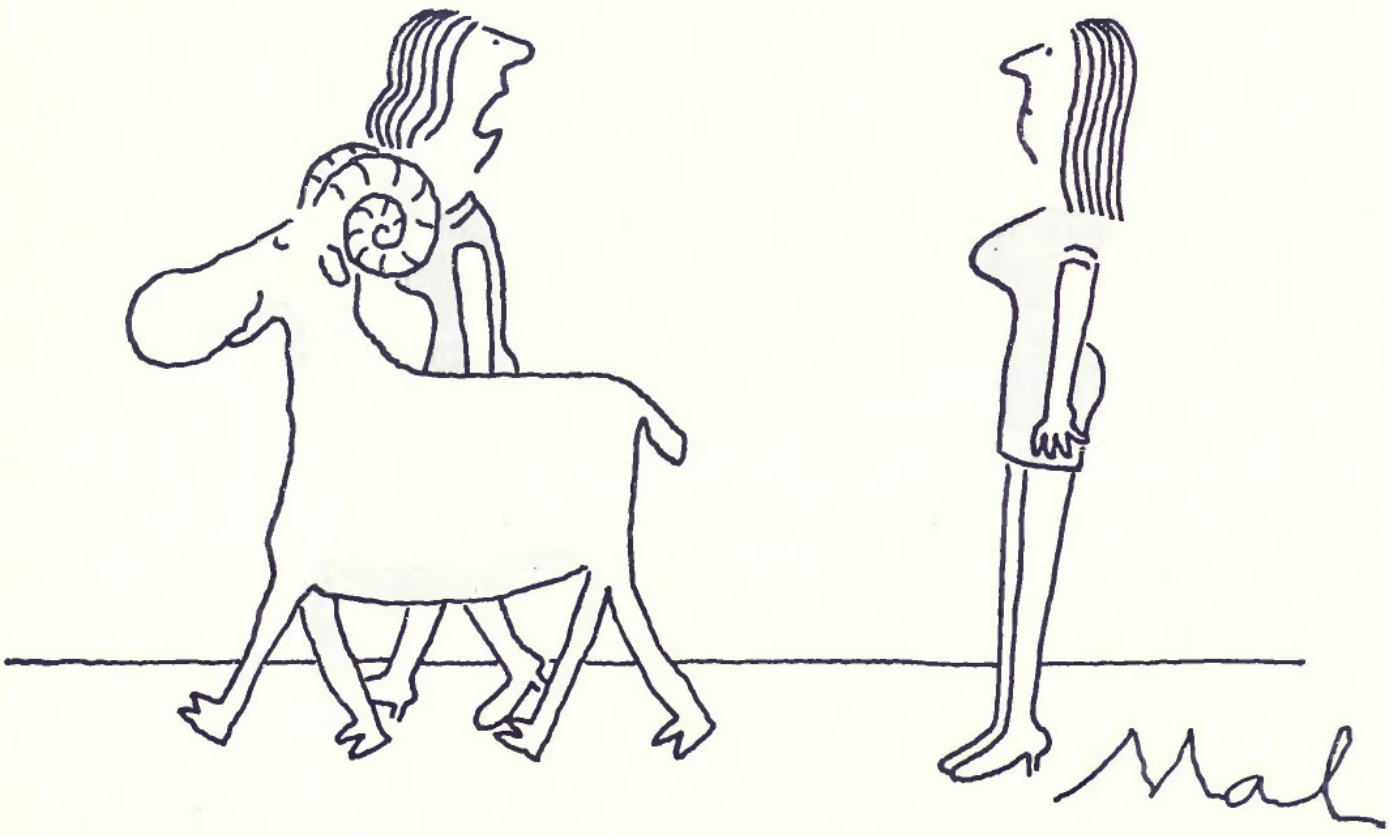
PAIN CONTROL. The Chinese have progressed in understanding acupuncture scientifically; we've progressed in testing naturally occurring painkillers. One or both approaches will give medicine new and effective methods of controlling pain in the decade to come. Chinese doctors are replacing mechanical needle twirling with applications of low-voltage electricity, and they've identified drugs that enhance acupuncture's relief. In the U. S., research progresses on the endorphins and the enkephalins, natural substances in the human pituitary and brain that block pain much as morphine does. Trouble is, they're addictive, too. If they turn out to be less addictive, or if analogs can be synthesized that *aren't* addictive, they'll replace the opiates.

SOLAR COLDING. Solar-powered home air conditioning will be marketed by Lennox in the mid-Eighties. NASA developed the system in conjunction with other research labs: A solar-heated fluid turbine drives a conventional compressor to deliver 36,000 B.T.U. per hour.

POCKET TRANSLATOR. Texas Instruments introduced a talking translator for international travelers late in 1979. You punch in your native tongue; the translator speaks the French, German, Spanish equivalent. With the development of computers that understand speech, at the end of the decade, you should be able to buy a shoulder-bag device that translates back and forth, hearing you in English and speaking to your listener in whatever language he understands.

UNCHECKED. In the Eighties, your bank will no longer return your canceled checks. Instead, you'll receive a computer print-out showing the checks in miniature, complete with a facsimile of your signature to verify that you wrote each check in the first place. Burroughs is developing the system for banks; Amoco has already bought a similar system for those millions of service-station charge slips and will be deploying it nationwide as the Eighties begin.

PRACTICAL PROSTAGLANDINS. Prostaglandins will be the wonder drugs of the Eighties. They're a class of hormonelike substances that the body manufactures in bewildering variety to direct many of its functions; they're called prostaglandins because they were first thought to originate in the prostate glands. In the Eighties, they will control high blood pressure; protect the stomach from bleeding and prevent ulcers; dissolve blood clots and therefore improve the chances of survival of heart-attack and stroke victims; possibly, prevent heart attacks; induce therapeutic abortion and labor; and



"If you haven't tried it, don't knock it."

replace the pill with a single capsule—already in use in hospitals in the U. S.—to be taken two or three weeks after a missed period, that induces menstruation and therefore averts pregnancy. These benefits from prostaglandin analogs are likely or certain. More are under study from the 1000 or so analog variations that have so far been synthesized.

HEATED EXCHANGE. Home heat exchangers that extract heat from waste water, clothes dryers and furnace and hot-water-heater exhausts, and use the heat to warm your living quarters, could cut energy bills by 40 percent in buildings heated electrically and by 80 percent in buildings heated with natural gas. A British agency is developing designs; expect commercial units to be on sale in the U. S. in the Eighties.

TEENY TV. Large-scale integrated-circuit computer chips will make possible shirt-pocket television sets with nickel-size screens. By the end of the decade, Chester Gould's two-way wrist TV should be a reality. With mass production, the TVs should be essentially throwaways, costing less than $20 per unit. Remember, you saw it first in *Dick Tracy*.

CLAP CURES. The several varieties of herpes simplex afflict 3,000,000 of us a year—cold sores for some, venereal infections for others, blindness for the unlucky. A compound patented in 1977, AIU, permanently blocks the reproduction of herpes-simplex viruses. It has to clear the FDA. Maybe in the Eighties. More certain of FDA approval before 1990: a reliable vaccine against gonorrhea. Pass it on.

STEREO AM. FM went stereo almost two decades ago, but AM continues to lag behind and, with few exceptions, is still monaural. Now the FCC is studying five stereo AM radio systems currently competing for licensing and expects to make up its mind in the Eighties. Why stereo AM? Greater range for high-fidelity programing than line-of-sight FM, better-quality car radio, more choices on more stations.

CELLULOSE CELLS. Wood, straw and cotton waste are all made of cellulose, which is a long chain of glucose—sugar—molecules. People can't eat it, but yeasts and bacteria can when it's properly treated. And 1000 pounds of yeast growing on treated cellulose can produce 12,000 pounds of yeast babies—6000 pounds of single-cell protein—in 24 hours. That's animal feed, tons of it, growing on sawdust or straw or old newspapers, and that's one of the answers forthcoming in the Eighties to increasing the world's protein supply and holding down the prices you pay for beef and pork.

SELECT SEX. Medicine has already learned to determine the sex of unborn fetuses; in the Eighties, it's expected to learn to select sperm for artificial insemination separated by sex: boy sperm, girl sperm. One promising technique requires unsorted sperm to swim upward through a column of nourishing fluid—the more vigorous female sperm swim faster, effectively sorting themselves. Social critics fear that practical sex selection would result in a preponderance of couples choosing boys rather than girls for offspring, tragedy in the making when the mobs of boys grow up.

WHOSE FAULT? Chances of a major earthquake along the San Andreas Fault—past Los Angeles and Monterey and out to sea at San Francisco—increase every year. The Eighties will be riskier than the Seventies. Unfortunately, reliable earthquake prediction isn't likely before the early Nineties. Estimated deaths among Californians if a big quake hits: 60,000 or more. Still want to move to California?

SOLAR BALLOONING. No more hissing propane and limited two-hour flights: Silent, all-day ballooning is here. Frederick Eshoo of Iran developed the solar balloon and flew it successfully in the United States early in 1978. It's half transparent lens, half black-and-silver collector (black inside, silver outside). A curtain inside adjusts the collector area. Small battery-powered fans on the outside walls rotate the balloon. When more collector area is exposed to sunlight, the balloon rises; less area and it maintains altitude or sinks. Eshoo packs a small propane burner for emergency lift, but he sails hour after hour in sunlit silence. In the Eighties, so will you.

SAFE MEAT. Twenty-five years after it began R&D, the U. S. Army Research and Development Command thinks it's close to proving the safety of irradiated meats—meats dosed with high-energy radiation that can be stored without refrigeration for long periods of time because the radiation kills all microorganisms that might decompose them. Irradiated meats aren't much yet for taste, and the Army's working on that problem. If the FDA approves, irradiated bacon, sausage, ham, precooked chicken and turkey, corned beef and other meat products will appear on supermarket shelves in the mid-Eighties. They'll be safe and storable, and they'll no longer be dosed with sodium nitrite. Sodium nitrite, presently used to prevent botulism, can transform itself in cooking into a potent carcinogen. It has an older name: It used to be called saltpeter.

PLASTIC GASKET. Will you spend eternity in a plastic coffin? They're presently coming into use, the first ones manufactured by Atlas Casket Company of sheet acrylic and fiberglass-reinforced resin. They're double-walled and made without seams. In the Eighties, they'll displace metal on the low end of the undertaker's casket line.

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THE THIRD WAVE

(continued from page 180)

"Being on time—as our children perhaps sense—no longer means what it used to mean."

labels and reconceptualizes temporal phenomena. It begins to replace the clock as the most important timekeeping or pacesetting device in society.

Computer operations occur so rapidly that we routinely process data in what might be termed subliminal time—intervals far too short for the human senses to detect or for human neural response times to match. We now have computer-operated microprinters capable of turning out 10,000–20,000 lines per minute—more than 200 times faster than anyone can read them, and this is still the slowest part of computer systems. In 20 years, computer scientists have gone from speaking in terms of milliseconds (thousandths of a second) to nanoseconds (billionths of a second)—a compression of time almost beyond our powers to imagine. It is as though a person's entire working life of, say, 80,000 paid hours—2000 hours per year for 40 years—could be crunched into 4.8 minutes.

"I gave her the most nonsexist years of my life."

Beyond the computer, we find other technologies or products that also move in the direction of demassifying time. Mood-influencing drugs (not to speak of marijuana) alter the perception of time within us. As far more sophisticated mood drugs appear, it is likely that, for good or for ill, even our interior sense of time, our experience of duration, will become further individualized and less universally shared.

During Second Wave civilization, machines were clumsily synchronized with one another, and people on the assembly line were then synchronized with the machines, with all the many social consequences that flowed from this fact. Today, machine synchronization has reached such exquisitely high levels, and the pace of even the fastest human workers is so ridiculously slow in comparison, that full advantage of the technology can be derived not by coupling workers to the machine but only by decoupling them from it.

Put differently, during Second Wave civilization, machine synchronization shackled the human to the machine's capabilities and imprisoned all of social life in a common frame. It did so in capitalist and socialist industrial societies alike. Now, as machine synchronization grows more precise, humans, instead of being imprisoned, are being freed.

One of the psychological consequences of this is a change in the very meaning of punctuality in our lives. We are moving now from an across-the-board punctuality to selective or situational punctuality. Being on time—as our children perhaps dimly sense—no longer means what it used to mean.

Punctuality was not terribly important during First Wave civilization—basically because agricultural work was not highly interdependent. With the coming of the Second Wave, one worker's lateness or absence could immediately and dramatically disrupt the work of many others in factory or office. Hence the enormous cultural pressure to assure punctuality.

Today, because the Third Wave brings with it personalized, instead of universal or massified, schedules, the consequences of being late are less clear. To be late may inconvenience a friend or a co-worker, but its disruptive effects on production, while still potentially severe in certain jobs, are less and less obvious. It is harder—especially for young people—to tell when punctuality is really important and when it is demanded out of mere force of habit, courtesy or ritual. Punctuality remains vital in some situations, but, as the computer spreads and people are permitted to plug into and out of round-the-clock cycles at will, the number of workers whose effectiveness depends on it decreases.

The result is less pressure to be "on

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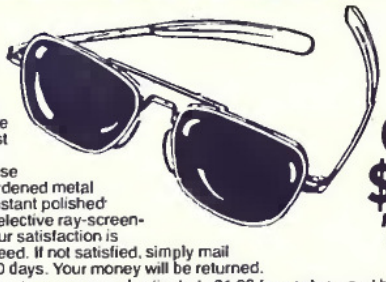

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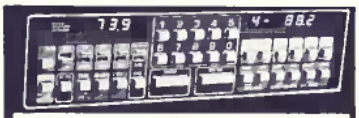

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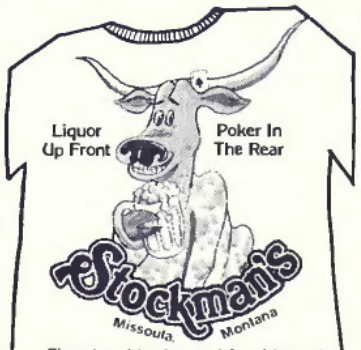

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time" and the spread of more casual attitudes toward time among the young. Punctuality, like morality, becomes situational.

In short, as the Third Wave moves in, challenging the old industrial way of doing things, it changes the relationship of the entire civilization to time. The old mechanical synchronization that destroyed so much of the spontaneity and joy of life and virtually symbolized the Second Wave is on its way out. The young people who reject the nine-to-five regimen, who are indifferent to classical punctuality, may not understand why they behave as they do. But time itself has changed in the "real world" and, along with it, we have changed the ground rules that once governed us.

THE POST-STANDARDIZED MIND

The Third Wave does more than alter Second Wave patterns of synchronization. It also attacks another basic feature of industrial life: standardization.

The hidden code of Second Wave society encouraged a steam-roller standardization of many things—from values, weights, distances, sizes, time and currencies to products and prices. Second Wave businessmen worked hard to make every widget identical, and some still do.

But today's savviest businessmen, by contrast, know how to customize (as opposed to standardize) at least cost, and find ingenious ways of applying the latest technology to the individualization of products and services. Paradoxically, they frequently use carefully standardized components but fit them together in highly customized configurations. More and more, we find ourselves, therefore, moving to post-standardized production, and farming out to the hitherto preindustrial countries the manufacture of standardized goods.

As we do so, we simultaneously begin to shift away from social and economic standardization. In employment, the number of workers doing identical work grows smaller and smaller as the diversity of occupations increases. Wages and fringe benefits begin to vary more from worker to worker. Workers themselves become more different from one another and, since they (and we) are also consumers, the differences immediately translate into the market place.

For that reason, the shift away from traditional mass production is accompanied by a demassification of marketing, of merchandising and of consumption. The dazzling variety of goods and services—increasingly customized, partially customized or, at least, customizable—means that marketers and distributors must aim for individuals or small groups of consumers, rather than for undifferentiated masses. This accounts for the rise of "boutique" marketing.

It also means that consumers begin to make their choices not merely because a product fulfills a specific material or psychological function but also because of the way it fits into the larger configuration of products and services they require. Those configurations are highly transient, as are the lifestyles they help define. Consumption, like production, becomes configurational. Post-standardized production brings with it post-standardized consumption.

Even prices, which were standardized along with goods during the early Second Wave period, begin to be less standardized, since custom products require custom pricing. The price tag for an automobile depends on the package of options selected; the price of a hi-fi set similarly depends on the units that are plugged together and on how much work the buyer wishes to do; the prices of aircraft, offshore oil rigs, ships, computers and other high-technology items vary from one unit to the next.

In domestic politics, we see similar trends. Our views are increasingly diversified. Consensus breaks down in nation after nation, and thousands of new "issue groups" spring up, each fighting for its own narrow, often temporary, set of goals. Regional and local differences, characteristic of First Wave societies, were obliterated by the Second Wave steam roller. New ones now spring to the fore, sparking a drive for autonomy and cultural diversity—all part of the Third Wave push to a post-standardized society.

At yet another level, we also see the breakup of the mass mind as the new communications media come into play. The demassification of the mass media—the rise of minimagazines, newsletters and small-scale, often Xeroxed communications, along with the coming of cable, cassette and computer—shatters the standardized image of the world propagated by Second Wave communications technologies and pumps a diversity of images, ideas, symbols and values into society. Not only are we using customized products; we are using diverse symbols to customize our own view of the world.

Thus, *Art News* summarizes the views of Dieter Honisch, director of West Berlin's National Gallery: "What is admired in Cologne may not be accepted in Munich and a Stuttgart success may not impress the Hamburg public. Ruled by sectional interests, the country is losing its sense of national culture."

Nothing underlines this process of cultural destandardization more crisply than a recent article in *Christianity Today*, a leading voice of conservative Protestantism in America. The editor writes, "Many Christians seem confused by the availability of so many different translations of the Bible. Older Christians did not face so many choices." Then comes the punch line. "*Christianity Today* recommends that no version should be the 'standard.'" Even within the narrow bounds of Biblical translation, as in religion generally, the notion of a single standard is passing. Our religious views, like our tastes, are becoming less uniform and less standardized.

The net effect is to carry us away from the Huxleian or Orwellian society of faceless, deindividualized humanoids that a simple extension of Second Wave tendencies would suggest and, instead, toward a profusion of lifestyles and more highly individualized personalities. We are watching the rise of a post-standardized mind and a post-standardized public.

This will bring its own social, psychological and philosophical problems, some of which we are already feeling in the loneliness and social isolation around us, but these are dramatically different from the problems of conformity that exercised us during the industrial age. We are moving away from the mass society, from mass marketing, mass merchandising, mass consumption and mass communications, and anyone who still thinks of massification as the wave of the future is peering through a rearview mirror.

Because the Third Wave is not dominant yet even in the most technically advanced nations, we still feel the tug of powerful Second Wave currents. We are still completing some of the unfinished business of the Second Wave. For example, hardcover book publishing in the U. S., long a backward industry, is only now reaching the stage of mass merchandising that paperback publishing and most other consumer industries attained more than a generation ago. Other Second Wave movements seem almost quixotic, such as the one that urges us at this late stage to adopt the metric system in the U. S., to bring American measurements into conformity with those used in Europe. Still others derive from bureaucratic empire building, such as the effort of Common Market technocrats in Brussels to "harmonize" everything from auto mirrors to college diplomas—"harmonization" being the current gobbledygook for industrial-style standardization.

Nevertheless, all these attempts to achieve uniformity are, essentially, the rear-guard actions of a spent civilization. The thrust of Third Wave change is toward increased diversity, not toward the further standardization of life. And that is just as true of ideas, political convictions, sexual proclivities, educational methods, eating habits, religious views, ethnic attitudes, musical taste, fashions and family forms as it is of automated production.

A historic turning point has been reached and standardization, another of the ground rules of Second Wave civilization, is being replaced.

THE NEW MATRIX

The Third Wave subverts the old rules in yet another way, as the intensifying

"Frankly, I don't think that whether I've been a good little girl or a bad little girl is relevant. Let's just say I've been a highly articulate, thoroughly motivated, totally self-actualized human being."

battle against centralization suggests.

While all societies need some measure of both centralization and decentralization, Second Wave civilization was heavily biased toward the former and against the latter. The great standardizers who helped build industrialism marched hand in hand with the great centralizers, from Hamilton and Lenin to Roosevelt.

Today a sharp swing has begun to carry us in the opposite direction. New political parties, new management techniques and new philosophies are springing up that explicitly attack the centralist premises of the Second Wave. Decentralization has become a hot political issue from California to Kiev.

In Sweden, a coalition of largely decentralist small parties drove the centralist Social Democrats from power after 44 years in office. Violent struggles over decentralization and regionalism have shaken France in recent years, while across the Channel and to the north, the Scottish Nationalists now include a wing committed to "radical economic decentralization." Similar political movements can be identified elsewhere in Western Europe.

In the U. S., too, decentralism has gained wide support. It is decentralism that supplies at least some of the fuel for the tax revolt that is, for good or for ill, flaming across the country. At the local level, decentralism has a growing constituency, with local politicos calling for "neighborhood power."

In schools of architecture and planning, meanwhile, from Berkeley and Yale in the U. S. to the Architectural Association in London, students are immersing themselves in decentralist philosophies. They are, among other things, exploring new technologies for environmental control, solar heating or urban agriculture that, taken together, might help make communities partially self-sufficient—and, hence, decentralize the economy, the social system and the political structure. The impact of these young planners and architects will be increasingly felt in the years to come as they move into responsible positions.

It is apparent that something is happening to our Second Wave assumptions—and not just in politics. The term decentralization has also become a buzz word in management, and large companies are racing to break their departments down into smaller, more autonomous "profit centers." A typical case in the U. S. was the reorganization of Esmark, Inc., a huge company with operations in the food, chemical, oil and insurance industries.

"In the past," declared Esmark's chairman, Robert Reneker, "we had an unwieldy business. . . . The only way we could develop a coordinated effort was to divide it into bite-size bits." The result: an Esmark cut into 1000 profit centers, each one largely responsible for its own operation.

"The net effect," said *Business Week*, "is to lift the routine decision making from Reneker's shoulders. Decentralization is evident everywhere but in Esmark's financial controls."

What is important is not Esmark—which has probably reorganized itself more than once since then—but the general tendency it illustrates. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of companies are also in the process of continual reorganization, decentralizing, sometimes overshooting and swinging back, but gradually, over time, reducing centralized control over their day-to-day operations.

At an even deeper level, large organizations are changing the authority patterns that underpinned centralism. The typical Second Wave firm or government agency was organized around the principle of "one man, one boss." While an employee or an executive might have many subordinates, he or she would never report to more than a single superior. This principle meant that the channels of command all went to the center.

Today it is fascinating to watch that system crack under its own weight in the advanced industries, in the services, the professions and many government agencies. The fact is, growing multitudes of us have more than a single boss.

In *Future Shock*, I pointed out that big organizations were increasingly honeycombed by temporary units such as task forces, interdepartmental committees and project teams. I termed that phenomenon ad-hocracy. Since then, many large companies have moved to incorporate these transient units into a radically new formal structure called matrix organization. Instead of centralized control, matrix organization employs a "multiple-command system."

Under this arrangement, each employee is attached to a department and reports to a superior in customary fashion. But he or she is also assigned to one or more teams for jobs that can't be done by a single department. A typical project team may have people from manufacturing, research, sales, engineering, finance and other departments. The members of this team all report to the project leader as well as to their "regular" boss.

The result is that vast numbers of people today report to one boss for purely administrative purposes and to another (or a succession of others) for practical, get-the-work-done purposes. This system lets employees give attention to more than one task at a time. It speeds up the flow of information and avoids their looking at problems through the narrow slit of a single department. It helps the organization respond to quickly changing circumstances.

Spreading from such early users as General Electric in the U. S. and Skandia Insurance in Sweden, the matrix-style organization is now found in everything from hospitals to accounting firms. Matrix, in the words of Professors Stanley M. Davis of Boston University and Paul R. Lawrence of Harvard, "is . . . not just another minor management technique or a passing fad. . . . It represents a sharp break . . . matrix represents a new species of business organization."

And this new species is inherently less centralized than the old one-boss system that characterized the Second Wave era.

We are also decentralizing the economy as a whole. Although the fact is only dimly appreciated as yet, national economies are swiftly breaking down into regional and sectoral parts—subnational economies with distinctive and differing problems of their own. Regions, whether the Sun Belt in the U. S., the Mezzogiorno in Italy or Kansai in Japan, instead of growing more alike, as they did during the industrial era, are beginning to diverge from one another in terms of energy requirements, resources, occupational mix, educational levels, culture and other key factors. Moreover, many of the subnational economies have reached the same scale many national economies had only a generation ago.

The result has been the utter bankruptcy of Second Wave economic policies based on centralized controls or programs. Every attempt to offset inflation or unemployment through nationwide tax rebates or hikes, or through monetary or credit manipulation, or through other uniform, undifferentiated Second Wave policies, merely aggravates the disease.

Those who attempt to manage Third Wave economies with such centralized, Second Wave tools are like a doctor who arrives at a hospital one morning and blindly prescribes the same shot of Adrenalin for all patients—regardless of whether they have a broken leg, a ruptured spleen, a brain tumor or an ingrown toenail. Only disaggregated, decentralized economic management can work in the new economy, for it, too, is becoming progressively decentralized at the very moment it seems most global and uniform.

All these anticentralist tendencies—in politics, in corporate or government organization and in the economy itself (along with parallel developments in the media, in the distribution of computer power, in energy systems and in many other fields)—are breaking the old Second Wave patterns, substituting new ground rules for a Third Wave society.

SMALL WITHIN BIG IS BEAUTIFUL

Many other sections of the Second Wave social code are also being rewritten as the Third Wave arrives. Even a fleeting look shows us that Second Wave

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civilization's obsessive emphasis on maximization is also under sharp attack. Never before have advocates of "Bigger is better" been so assailed by advocates of "Small is beautiful." It was only in the Seventies that a book with that title could have become an influential, worldwide best seller.

Everywhere, the shift toward decentralization has been accompanied by a dawning recognition that there are limits to the much-vaunted economies of scale and that many organizations have exceeded those limits. Corporations are now actively searching for ways to reduce the size of their work units. New technologies and the shift to services both sharply reduce the scale of operation. The traditional Second Wave factory or office, with thousands of people under a single roof, will be a rarity in the high-technology nations.

In Australia, when I asked the president of an auto company to describe the auto plant of the future, he spoke with utter conviction, saying, "I would never, ever again build a plant like this one with 7000 workers under the same roof. I would break it into small units—300 or 400 in each. The new technologies now make this possible." I have since heard similar sentiments from the presidents or chairmen of companies producing food and other products.

Today, we are beginning to realize that neither big *nor* small is beautiful but that appropriate scale, and the intelligent meshing of both big *and* small, is most beautiful of all. (This was something that E. F. Schumacher, author of *Small Is Beautiful*, knew better than some of his more fanatic followers. He once told friends that, had he lived in a world of small organizations, he would have written a book called *Big Is Beautiful*.)

That is why we see experiments with new forms of organization that attempt to combine the advantages of both. The rapid spread of franchising, for example, in the U. S., Britain, Holland and other countries is often a response to capital shortage or tax quirks. But it also represents a method for rapidly creating small units and linking them together in larger systems, with varying degrees of centralization or decentralization.

Second Wave maximization is on its way out. Appropriate scale is in.

Society is also taking a hard look at specialization and professionalism. The Second Wave code book put the expert on a towering pedestal. One of its basic rules was "Specialize to succeed." Today, in every field, including politics, we see a basic shift in attitude toward the specialist. Once regarded as the trustworthy source of neutral intelligence, specialists have been dethroned from public approval. They are increasingly criticized for pursuing their own self-interest and for being incapable of anything but "tunnel vision." We see more and more efforts to restrain the power of the expert by adding laypeople to decision-making bodies—in hospitals, for example, and many other institutions.

Parents demand the right to influence school decisions, no longer content to leave them to professional educators. After studying citizen political participation, a task force in the state of Washington a few years ago concluded, in a statement that summed up the new attitude, "You don't have to be an expert to know what you want!"

Second Wave civilization encouraged yet another principle: concentration. It concentrated money, energy, resources and people. It poured vast populations into urban concentrations. Today, this process, too, has begun to turn around. We see increasing geographical dispersal, instead. At the level of energy, we are moving from a reliance on concentrated deposits of fossil fuels to a variety of more widely dispersed forms of energy.

In short, one could move systematically through the entire code book of Second Wave civilization—from standardization to synchronization, right on down to centralization, maximization, specialization and concentration—and show, item by item, how the old ground rules that governed our daily life and our social decision making are in the process

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

of being revolutionized as Third Wave civilization sweeps in.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE FUTURE

When all those old Second Wave principles were put to work in a single organization, the result was a classical industrial bureaucracy: a giant, hierarchical, permanent, top-down, mechanistic organization, well designed for making repetitive products or repetitive decisions in a comparatively stable industrial environment.

Now, however, as we shift to the new ground rules and begin to apply them together, we are led necessarily to wholly new kinds of organizations for the future. These Third Wave organizations have flatter hierarchies. They are less top-heavy. They consist of small components linked in temporary configurations. Each of these components has its own relationships with the outside world, its own foreign policy, so to speak, which it maintains without having to go through the center. These organizations operate more and more around the clock.

But they are different from bureaucracies in another fundamental respect. They are what might be called dual or poly organizations, in the sense that they are capable of assuming two or more distinct structural shapes, as conditions warrant—rather like some plastic of the future that will change shape when heat or cold is applied but spring back into a basic form when the temperature is in its normal range.

One might imagine an army that is democratic and participatory in peacetime but highly centralized and authoritarian during war, having been organized, in the first place, to be capable of both. We might use the analogy of a football team whose members are not merely capable of rearranging themselves in T formation, or a multiplicity of arrangements for different plays, but who, at the sound of a whistle, are equally capable of reassembling themselves as a soccer team, a baseball or basketball squad, depending upon the game being played. Such organizational players need to be trained for instant adaptation, and they must feel comfortable in a wider repertoire of available organizational structures.

We need managers who can operate as well in an open-door, free-flow style as in a hierarchical mode, who can work in an organization structured like an Egyptian Pyramid, as well as in one that looks like a Calder mobile, with a few thin managerial strands holding a complex set of nearly autonomous modules that move in response to the gentlest breeze.

We don't as yet have a vocabulary for describing these Third Wave organizations of the future. Terms like matrix and ad hoc are inadequate. Various theorists have suggested different terms. Advertising man Lester Wunderman has said, "Ensemble groups, acting as intellectual commandos, will . . . begin to replace the hierarchical structure."

Tony Judge, one of our most brilliant organization theorists, has written extensively about the "network" character of these emerging organizations of the future, pointing out, among other things, that "the network is not 'coordinated' by anybody; the participating bodies coordinate themselves, so that one may speak of 'autocoordination.'" He has also described them in terms of Buckminster Fuller's "tensegrity" principles.

But whatever terms we use, something revolutionary is happening. We are participating not merely in the birth of new organizational forms but in the birth of a new civilization. A new code book is taking form—a set of Third Wave principles, new ground rules for social survival.

It is hardly any wonder that parents—still mainly tied to the Second Wave code book—increasingly find themselves in conflict with children who, if anything, are aware of the growing irrelevance of the old rules but uncertain, if not blindly ignorant, of the new ones. They and we alike are caught between a dying industrial society and the Third Wave civilization of tomorrow.

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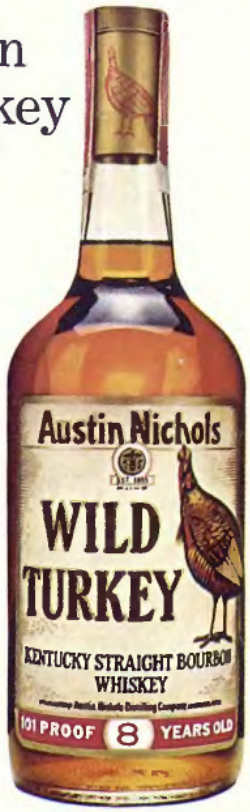

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THE PARTY'S NOT OVER!

(continued from page 135)

"As the day wears on and appetites sharpen, bring on the Caviar Cheese Bar and Soused Shrimp."

allegedly, do good as well. There's also black velvet—champagne and stout—or steely, iced *brut* champagne, preferably a *grande marque* in honor of the day. And do see to it that the bourbon, Scotch, vodka, rum and liqueurs you serve are all top shelf.

We'll leave the drink nibbles to you—but if you intersperse the nuts and pretzels with tiny pickled whole corn, black Niçoise olives and spiced quail eggs, your guests will brighten up noticeably.

Although they're handy, cold platters aren't going to excite anyone—if you have the usual assortment. But it needn't be boiled ham, Swiss cheese and Genoa salami again, when there's *Grisons*, the zesty, air-dried beef *filet* from Switzerland, savory *capocollo*, smoked eel and sensuous *taleggio*, Italy's answer to camembert. Smoked salmon is no novelty, of course, but the Icelandic breed, relatively new to the States, is a mite smokier than most—and a nice counterpoint to Scotch. As the day wears on and appetites sharpen, bring on the Caviar Cheese Bar, Bagna Cauda, Chicken Wings Lucifer and Soused Shrimp. And for your *pièce de résistance*, an Oriental dish that's both stylish and satisfying, Cold Pork Cellophane Noodles. All are easy to do and may be prepared ahead.

Dessert can be as simple as *panettone* and chilled *asti spumante*, a Roman holiday custom. Coupe Spumante plays off that ambrosial combination, but it's more festive. *Panettone* also complements George Washington's Eggnog, as does *Lebkuchen*.

The final ingredient? Good-time people—as many as you care to invite. Better get on that detail now!

"How would you like to be the first nuclear family on the block?"

CAVIAR CHEESE BAR

1 lb. (2 8-oz. bars) cream cheese
4-oz. jar red caviar
Scallions (including green), finely chopped

Put cheese bars on serving plate and spoon caviar over. Surround with chopped scallions. Serve with sour rye bread, dark pumpernickel or unsalted crackers.

BAGNA CAUDA

(Serves about eight)

½ cup olive oil
¼ lb. (1 stick) butter
6 cloves garlic, very thinly sliced
2-oz. can flat anchovy fillets, drained, finely chopped
Raw vegetables: broccoli florets, cauliflower buds, carrot sticks, green and red pepper strips, globe radishes, sliced black radishes, Jerusalem artichokes, zucchini, celery, etc.

Combine olive oil and butter in small, heavy pan and set over very low heat. When butter has melted, add garlic and anchovies. Stir often until anchovies dissolve, keeping heat very low, so that neither butter nor garlic browns. Transfer to shallow heatproof bowl. Set on hot tray or over candle warmer to keep warm. Serve with crisp raw vegetables, for dipping.

SOUSED SHRIMP

(Serves six to eight)

2 lbs. raw shrimps, in shell
2 cans dark beer
Seasoning: celery rib, sprig parsley, small onion, clove garlic, bay leaf, 2 teaspoons salt
2 large onions, sliced
2 tablespoons capers
1 cup salad oil
½ cup wine vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
3–4 grinds black pepper
Bay leaf
3–4 dashes Tabasco, or to taste

Slit shrimp shells up the back. Rinse out sand vein, but do not peel. Bring beer and seasoning to boil; simmer 5 minutes. Add shrimps. When liquid returns to simmer, cook 3 to 6 minutes—just until shrimps turn pink. Drain, then layer shrimps with sliced onions and capers in deep dish. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over shrimps. Cover dish and refrigerate at least 24 hours. Serve shrimps unpeeled, but provide bowl for shells.

(concluded overleaf)

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CHICKEN WINGS LUCIFER
(Serves six to eight)

3 lbs. chicken wings
½ cup Dijon mustard
2 tablespoons dry white wine
¾ cup Italian-seasoned bread crumbs

Cut off and discard wing tips; separate wings at joint and cut away excess skin. Mix mustard with wine. Lightly spread wing pieces with mixture, then coat with crumbs. Arrange wings in single layer in very well-oiled shallow baking pan. (You may need more than one pan.) Bake in preheated 400° oven for 15 minutes, turn pieces and bake 15 minutes more. Serve warm. If wings are done ahead, cool completely, then refrigerate. To recrisp before serving, put wings in oiled pan and place in oven, set at highest heat, for about 7 minutes.

COLD PORK CELLOPHANE NOODLES
(Serves six to eight)

Dressing: ¾ cup rice vinegar, ¼ cup soy sauce, 2 tablespoons salad oil, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon garlic powder, 3–4 grinds black pepper, 1½ teaspoons each sesame oil, grated fresh ginger
8 ozs. cellophane noodles (also called rice noodles or rice sticks)
1½ lbs. roast pork, cut in 1½" x ¼" strips (about 4 cups)
½ lb. raw mushrooms, sliced
1 large cucumber, peeled, seeded and diced
4 scallions (including some green), sliced
1 package (10 ozs.) frozen peas
¼ cup cashews, coarsely chopped
Cherry tomatoes

Combine dressing ingredients and mix well. Pour about half the dressing into large bowl and set remainder aside. Bring large pot of water to boil; add cellophane noodles. Cook 2 to 3 minutes, or just until tender. Drain, rinse with cold water, drain well. Add to bowl with dressing; stir to coat. Add pork, mushrooms, cucumber and scallions. Cook peas until barely done. Rinse in cold water, drain and mix into bowl. Stir in enough additional dressing so that everything is well moistened. Refrigerate until ready to serve. Stir well; transfer to serving bowl. Sprinkle with cashews and put ring of cherry tomatoes around rim.

Note: Rice vinegars vary in acidity, so if yours is extra-sharp, you may want to add a little more sugar to dressing.

"You're right! I left my clothes in the doctor's office."

COUPES SPUMANTE
(Serves 12)

1 pint strawberries, washed and hulled
1 oz. Grand Marnier
Sugar, to taste
1 can (17 ozs.) apricot halves, chilled
1 can (20 ozs.) pineapple chunks, chilled
1 cup green grapes, seedless or seeded
Asti spumante, chilled

Toss strawberries with Grand Marnier and little sugar, if necessary. Drain apricots and pineapple. Layer apricots, grapes, pineapple and strawberries in attractive glass bowl. Open *asti spumante* and stand it in ice bucket next to fruit. Spoon fruit into wineglasses and splash *spumante* over. Serve with slice *panettone*.

SNAKE CHARMER I

¾ oz. gin
¾ oz. Cointreau
¾ oz. lemon juice
¾ oz. Lillet
Dash Pernod

Shake with ice; strain into cocktail glass. Garnish with orange slice.

SNAKE CHARMER II

2 ozs. brandy
½ oz. lemon juice
1 teaspoon grenadine
Chilled champagne (*brut* or extra-dry)

Shake brandy, lemon juice and grenadine with ice; strain into 6-oz. wineglass. Splash in champagne, to taste.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S EGGNOG
(Serves 15)

6 egg yolks
½ cup plus 2 tablespoons superfine sugar
8 ozs. brandy
4 ozs. bourbon
2 ozs. dark rum
2 ozs. cream sherry
1 quart half-and-half (cream and milk)
6 egg whites
Freshly grated nutmeg

Beat egg yolks with ½ cup sugar in large bowl, until thick and light yellow. Very gradually beat in spirits, then sherry, then half-and-half. In separate bowl, beat egg whites until foamy. Gradually add 2 tablespoons sugar, continuing to beat until whites are stiff. Slide whites onto top of yolk mixture. Using large spoon, turn nog gently from top to bottom, with circular motion. Stop as soon as no large clumps of white can be seen. Refrigerate several hours to mellow. Stir very gently before serving and top with grated nutmeg.

These arrangements are so flexible, and so accommodating, that you can issue last-minute invitations to friends you've overlooked, and make unexpected drop-ins feel welcome. A nice note on which to start the new year!

MY UNCLE OSWALD *(continued from page 228)*

"The woman returned my gaze, her chin high and arrogant, her eyes traveling slowly down my body."

tremendously tall but also attractive, and I was much impressed by what I saw. As we shook hands, I applied a touch of extra pressure to her knuckles and watched her face. Her lips parted and I saw the tip of her tongue push out suddenly between her teeth. Very well, young lady, I told myself. You shall be number one in Paris.

In case this sounds a bit brash coming from a 17-year-old stripling like me, I think you should know that even at that tender age, fortune had endowed me with far more than my share of good looks. I was, in fact, a youth of quite piercing beauty and there is no point in denying it.

In order to carry out the plan which the good Major Grout had put into my head, I straightaway announced to Madame Boisvain that I would be leaving first thing in the morning to stay with friends in the country. We were still standing in the hall and we had just completed the handshakes. "But Monsieur Oswald, you have only this minute arrived!" the good lady cried.

"I believe my father has paid you six months in advance," I said. "If I am not here, you will save money on food."

Arithmetic like that will mollify the heart of any landlady in France, and Madame Boisvain made no further protest.

The next morning, in order to carry out my plan, I said farewell to the Boisvains and took a train for Marseilles. I had on me the six months' expense money my father had provided before I left London, £200 in French francs. That was a lot of money in the year 1912.

At Marseilles, I booked a passage for Alexandria on a French steamship of 9000 tons called L'Impératrice Josephine, a pleasant little passenger boat that ran regularly between Marseilles, Naples, Palermo and Alexandria.

The trip was without incident, except that I encountered on the first day out yet another tall female. This time she was a Turk, a tall dark-skinned Turkish lady, who was so smothered in jewelry of all sorts that she tinkled as she walked. My first thought was that she would have worked wonders on top of a cherry tree to keep the birds away. My second thought, which followed very soon after the first, was that she had an exceptional shape to her body. The undulations in the region of her chest were so magnificent that I felt, as I gazed at them across the boat deck, like a traveler in Tibet who was seeing for the first time the highest peaks in the Himalayas. The woman returned my gaze, her chin high and arrogant, her eyes traveling slowly down my body from head to toe, then up again. A minute later, she calmly strolled across and invited me to her cabin for a glass of absinthe. I'd never heard of the stuff in my life, but I went willingly, and I stayed willingly and I did not emerge again from that cabin until we docked at Naples three days later. It was then that I learned for the first time that to tangle with a Turk is like running 50 miles before breakfast. You have to be fit.

I spent the rest of the voyage getting my wind back and by the time we docked at Alexandria four days later, I was feeling quite bouncy again. From Alexandria, I took a train to Cairo. There I changed trains and went on to Khartoum.

By God, it was hot in the Sudan. I was not dressed for the tropics, but I refused to waste money on clothes that I would be wearing for only a day or two. In Khartoum, I got a room at a large hotel where the foyer was filled with Englishmen wearing khaki shorts and topees. They all had mustaches and magenta cheeks like Major Grout, and every one of them had a drink in his hand. There was a Sudanese hall porter of sorts lounging by the entrance. He was a splendid, handsome fellow in a white robe with a red tarboosh on his head, and I went up to him.

"I wonder if you could help me?" I said, taking some French bank notes from my pocket and riffling them casually.

He looked at the money and grinned.

"Blister beetles," I said. "You know about blister beetles?"

Here it was, then. This was *le moment critique*. I had come all the way from Paris to Khartoum to ask that one question, and now I watched the man's face anxiously. It was certainly possible that Major Grout's story had been nothing more than an entertaining hoax.

The Sudanese hall porter's grin became wider still. "Everyone knows about blister beetles, sahib," he said. "What you want?"

"I want you to tell me where I can go out and catch one thousand of them."

He stopped grinning and stared at me as though I'd gone balmy. "You mean *live* beetles?" he exclaimed. "You want to go out and catch yourself one thousand *live* blister beetles?"

"I do, yes."

"What you want live beetles for, sahib? They no good to you at all, those old live beetles."

Oh, my God, I thought. The major has been pulling our legs.

The hall porter moved closer to me and placed an almost jet-black hand on my arm. "You want jig-a-jig, right? You want stuff to make you go jig-a-jig?"

"That's about it," I said. "More or less."

"Then you don't want to bother with them *live* beetles, sahib. All you want is *powdered* beetles."

"I had an idea I might take the beetles home and breed them," I said. "That way, I'd have a permanent supply."

"In England?" he said.

"England or France. Somewhere like that."

"No good," he said, shaking his head. "This little blister beetle, he live only here in the Sudan. He needs very hot sun. Beetles will all die in your country. Why you not take the powder?"

I could see I was going to have to make a slight adjustment in my plans. "How much does the powder cost?" I asked him.

"How much you want?"

"A lot."

"You have to be very, very careful with that powder, sahib. All you take is the littlest pinch, otherwise you get into *very serious trouble*."

"I know that."

"Over here, we Sudanese men measure up one dose by pouring the powder over the head of a pin and what stays on the pinhead is one dose exactly. And that is not very much. So you better be careful, young sahib."

"I know all about that," I said. "Just tell me how I go about getting hold of a large quantity."

"What you mean by large quantity?"

"Well, say about ten pounds in weight."

"Ten pounds!" he cried. "That would take care of all the people in the whole of Africa put together!"

"Five pounds, then."

"What in the world you going to do with *five pounds* of blister-beetle powder, sahib? Just a few *ounces* is a lifetime supply, even for a big strong man like me."

"Never mind what I'm going to do with it," I said. "How much would it cost?"

He laid his head on one side and considered this question carefully. "We buy it in tiny packets," he said. "Quarter ounce each. Very expensive stuff."

"I want five pounds," I said. "In bulk."

"Are you staying here in the hotel?" he asked me.

"Yes."

"Then I see you tomorrow with the

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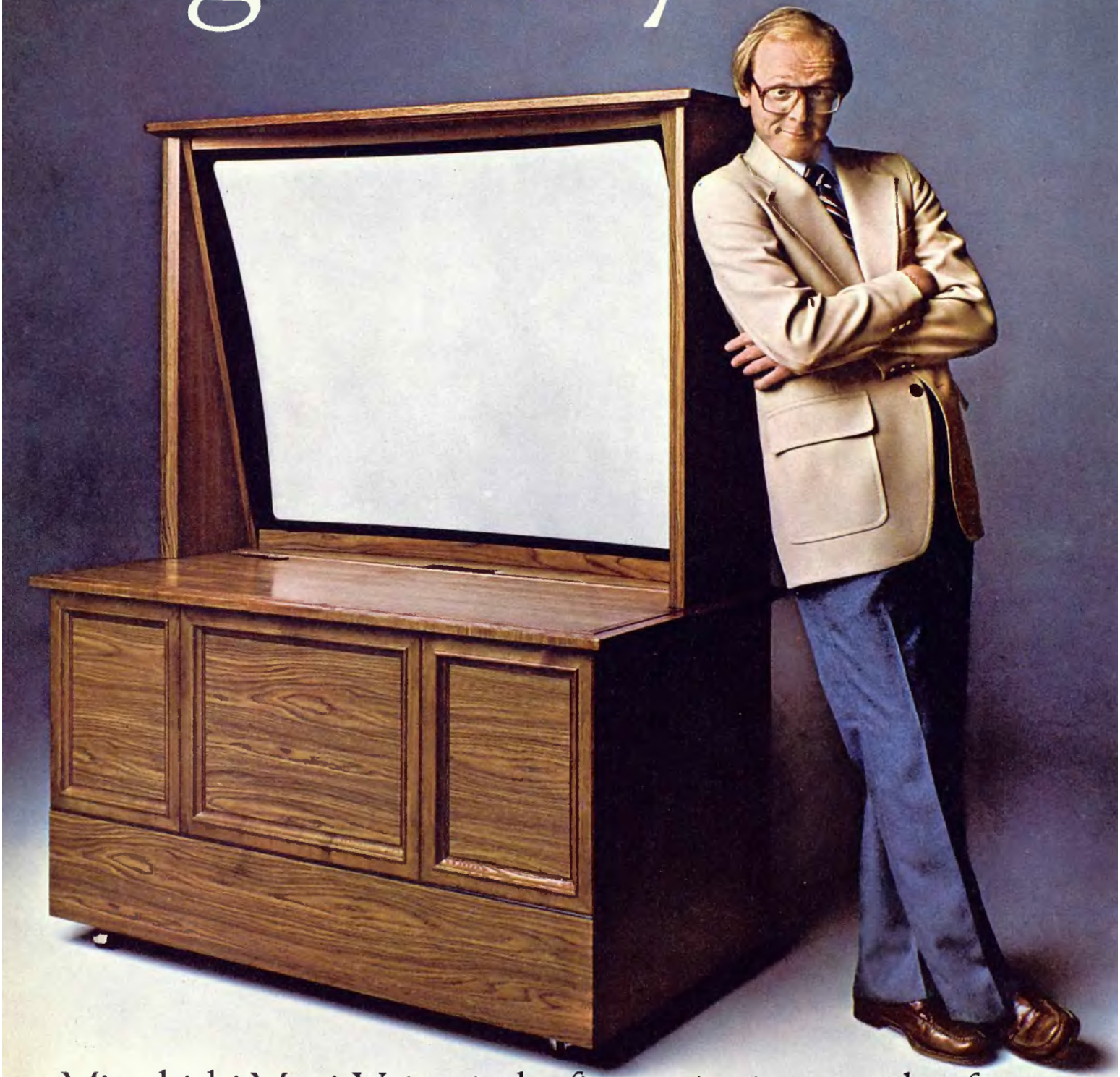

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answer. I must go around asking some questions."

I left it at that for the time being.

The next morning, the tall black hall porter was in his usual place by the hotel entrance. "What news of the powder?" I asked him.

"I fix," he said. "I find a place where I can get you five pounds in weight of pure powder."

"How much will it cost?" I asked him.

"One thousand English pounds, sahib. Very cheap."

"Then forget it," I said, turning away.

"Five hundred," he said.

"Fifty," I said. "I'll give you fifty pounds."

"One hundred."

"No. Fifty. That's all I can afford."

He shrugged and spread his palms upward. "You find the money," he said. "I find the powder. Six o'clock tonight."

"How will I know you won't be giving me sawdust or something?"

"Sahib!" he cried. "I never cheat anyone."

"I'm not so sure."

"In that case," he said, "we will test the powder on *you* by giving you a little dose before you pay me. How's that?"

"Good idea," I said. "See you at six."

One of the London banks had an overseas branch in Khartoum. I went there and changed some of my French francs for pounds. At six P.M., I sought out the hall porter. He was now in the foyer of the hotel.

"You got it?" I asked him.

He pointed to a large brown-paper parcel standing on the floor behind a pillar. "You want to test it first, sahib? You are very welcome, because this is the absolute top-class quality beetle powder in the Sudan. One pinhead of this and you go jig-a-jig all night long and half the next day."

I didn't think he would have offered me a trial run if the stuff hadn't been right, so I gave him the money and took the parcel.

An hour later, I was on the night train to Cairo. Within ten days, I was back in Paris and knocking on the door of Madame Boisvain's house in the Avenue Marceau. I had my precious parcel with me. There had been no trouble with the French customs as I disembarked at Marseilles. In those days, they searched for knives and guns but nothing else.

•

I announced to Madame B. that I was now going to stay for quite a while but that I had one request to make. I was a science student, I told her. It was my wish not only to learn French during my stay in France but also to pursue my scientific studies. I would therefore be conducting certain experiments in my room which involved the use of apparatus and chemicals that could be dangerous or poisonous to the inexperienced. Because of this, I wished to have a key to my room, and nobody should enter it.

"And who will clean your room and make your bed?"

"I will," I said. "This will save you much trouble."

She muttered and grumbled a fair bit but gave way to me in the end.

I went upstairs to my room and locked the door. For the first time, I opened my big brown-paper parcel. The powder had been packed, thank goodness, in two large biscuit tins. I opened one up. The stuff was pale gray and almost as fine as flour. Here before me, I told myself, lay what was probably the biggest crock of gold a man could ever find. I say probably because, as yet, I had no proof of anything. I had only the major's word that the stuff worked and the hall porter's word that it was the genuine article.

I lay on my bed and read a book until midnight. I then undressed and got into my pajamas. I took a pin and held it upright over the open tin of powder. I sprinkled a pinch of powder over the upright pinhead. A tiny cluster of gray powder grains remained clinging to the top of the pin. Very carefully, I raised this to my mouth and licked off the powder. It tasted of nothing. I noted the time by my watch, then I sat on the edge of the bed to await results.

They weren't long coming. Precisely nine minutes later, my whole body went rigid. I began to gasp and gurgle. I froze where I was sitting, just as Major Grout had frozen on his veranda with the glass of whiskey in his hand. But because I'd had a much weaker dose than him, this period of paralysis lasted for only a few seconds. Then I felt, as the good major had so aptly put it, a burning sensation in the region of my groin. Within another minute, my member had become as stiff and erect as the mainmast of a topsail schooner.

Now for the final test. I stood up and crossed to the door. I opened it quietly and slipped along the passage. I entered the bedroom of Mademoiselle Nicole and, surely enough, there she was waiting for me. "*Bon soir, monsieur,*" she whispered, giving me a formal handshake.

I didn't say anything. Already, as I got into bed beside her, I was beginning to slide off into another of those weird fantasies that seem to engulf me whenever I come to close quarters with a female. This time I was back in the Middle Ages and Richard Coeur de Lion was king of England. I was the champion jouster of the country, the noble knight who was once more about to display his prowess and strength before the king and all his courtiers in the Field of the Cloth of Gold. My opponent was a gigantic and fearsome female from France who had butchered 78 valiant Englishmen in tournaments of jousting. But my steed was brave and my lance was of tremendous length and thickness, sharp-pointed, vibrant and made of the strongest steel. And the king shouted out, "Bravo, Sir Oswald, the man with the mighty lance! No one but he has the strength to wield so huge a weapon! Run her through, my lad! Run her through!" So I went galloping into battle with my giant lance pointed straight and true at the Frenchy's most vital region, and I thrust at her with mighty thrusts, all swift and sure, and in a trice I had pierced her armor and had her screaming for mercy. But I was in no mood to be merciful. Spurred on by the cheers of the king and his courtiers, I drove my steely lance 10,000 times into that writhing body and then 10,000 times more, and I heard the courtiers shouting, "Thrust away, Sir Oswald! Thrust away and keep on thrusting!" And then the king's voice was saying, "Begad, methinks the brave fellow is going to shatter that great lance of his if he doesn't stop soon!" But my lance did not shatter, and in a glorious finale, I impaled the giant Frenchy female upon the spiked end of my trusty weapon and went galloping around the arena, waving the body high above my head to shouts of "Bravo!" and "Gadzooks!" and "*Victor ludorum!*"

All this, as you can imagine, took some time. How long, I had not the faintest idea, but when I finally surfaced again, I jumped out of the bed and stood there triumphant, looking down upon my prostrate victim. The girl was panting like a stag at bay and I began to wonder whether I might not have done her an injury. Not that I cared much about that.

"You are ferocious and you are marvelous and I feel like my boiler has exploded!" she cried.

That made me feel pretty good. I left without another word and sneaked back along the corridor to my own room. What a triumph! The powder was fantastic! The major had been right! And the hall porter in Khartoum had not let me down! I was on my way to the crock of gold and nothing could stop me. With these happy thoughts, I fell asleep.

The next morning, I immediately began to set matters in train. You will remember that I had a science scholarship. I was, therefore, well versed in physics and chemistry and several other things besides, but chemistry had always been my strongest subject.

I therefore knew already all about the process of making a simple pill. In the year 1912, which is where we are now, it was customary for pharmacists to make many of their own pills on the premises, and for this they always used something called a pill machine. So I went shopping in Paris that morning, and in the end, I found a supplier of secondhand pharmaceutical apparatus. From him I bought an excellent little pill machine

that turned out good professional pills in groups of 24 at a time. I bought also a pair of highly sensitive chemists' scales.

Next, I found a pharmacy that sold me a large quantity of calcium carbonate and a smaller amount of tragacanth. I also bought a bottle of cochineal. I carried all this back to my room, and then I cleared the dressing table and laid out my supplies and my apparatus in good order.

Pillmaking is a simple matter if you know how. The calcium carbonate, which is neutral and harmless, comprises the bulk of the pill. You then add the precise quantity by weight of the active ingredient, in my case, cantharidin powder. And finally, as an excipient, you put in a little tragacanth. An excipient is simply the cement that makes everything stick together and harden into an attractive pill.

I weighed out sufficient of each substance to make 24 fairly large and impressive pills. I added a few drops of cochineal, which is a tasteless scarlet coloring matter. I mixed everything together well and truly in a bowl and fed the mixture into my pill machine. In a trice, I had before me 24 large red pills of perfect shape and hardness. And each one, if I had done my weighing and mixing properly, contained exactly the amount of cantharidin powder that would lie on top of a pinhead. Each one, in other words, was a potent and explosive aphrodisiac.

I was still not ready to make my move.

I went out again into the streets of Paris and found a commercial boxmaker. From him, I bought 1000 small round cardboard boxes, one inch in diameter. I also bought cotton wool.

Next, I went to a printer and ordered 1000 tiny round labels. On each label the following legend was to be printed in English:

> Professor Yousoupoff's Potency Pills.
>
> These pills are exceedingly powerful. Use them sparingly, otherwise you may drive both yourself and your partner beyond the point of exhaustion. Recommended dose, one per week. Sole European agent, O. Cornelius, 192 Avenue Marceau, Paris.

The labels were designed to fit exactly upon the lids of my little cardboard boxes.

Two days later, I collected the labels. I bought a pot of glue. I returned to my room and stuck labels onto 24 box lids. Inside each box, I made a nest of white cotton wool. Upon this I placed a single scarlet pill and closed the lid.

I was ready to go.

As you will have guessed long ago, I was about to enter the commercial world. I was going to sell my Potency Pills to a clientele that would soon be screaming for more and still more. I would sell them individually, one only in each box, and I would charge an exorbitant price.

And the clientele? Where would they come from? How would a 17-year-old boy in a foreign city set about finding customers for this wonder pill of his? Well, I had no qualms about that. I had only to find one single person of the right type and let him try one single pill and the ecstatic recipient would immediately come galloping back for a second helping. He would also whisper the news to his friends and the glad tidings would spread like a forest fire.

I already knew who my first victim was going to be.

The current British ambassador to France was someone by the name of Sir Charles Makepiece. He was an old friend of my father's, and before I left England, my father had written a letter to Sir Charles asking him to keep an eye on me.

I knew what I had to do now, and I set about doing it straight away. I put on my best suit of clothes and made my way to the British embassy. I did not, of course, go in by the chancery entrance. I knocked on the door of the ambassador's private residence, which was in the same imposing building as the chancery, but at the rear. The time was four in the afternoon. A flunky in white knee breeches and a scarlet coat with gold buttons opened the door and glared at me. I had no visiting card, but I managed to convey the news that my father and mother were close friends of Sir Charles and Lady Makepiece and would he kindly inform her ladyship that Oswald Cornelius Esquire had come to pay his respects.

I was put into a sort of vestibule, where I sat down and waited. Five minutes later, Lady Makepiece swept into the room in a flurry of silk and chiffon. "Well, well!" she cried, taking both of my hands in hers. "So *you* are William's son! He always had good taste, the old rascal! We got his letter and we've been waiting for you to call."

She was an imposing wench. Not young, of course, but not exactly fossilized, either. I put her around 40. She had one of those dazzling ageless faces that seemed to be carved out of marble, and lower down there was a torso that tapered to a waist I could have circled with my two hands.

She led me by the hand through a number of vast and superbly appointed rooms until we arrived at a smallish, rather cozy place furnished with a sofa and armchairs. "This," she said, "is my own private little study. From here I organize the social life of the embassy." I smiled and blinked and sat down on the sofa. Lady Makepiece sat beside me. "Now tell me all about yourself," she said. There followed a whole lot of questions and answers about my family and about me. It was all pretty banal, but I knew I must stick it out for the sake of my great plan. So we went on talking for maybe 40 minutes, with her ladyship frequently patting my thigh with a jeweled hand to emphasize a point. In the end, the hand remained resting on my thigh and I felt a slight finger pressure. Ho-ho, I thought. What's the old bird up to now? Then suddenly she sprang to her feet and began pacing nervously up and down the room. I sat watching her. Back and forth she paced, hands clasped across her front, head twitching, bosom heaving. She was like a tightly coiled spring.

"Have you met my husband?" she blurted out. "Obviously, you haven't. You've just arrived. He's a lovely man. A brilliant person. But he's getting on in years, poor lamb, and he can't take as much exercise as he used to."

"Bad luck," I said. "No more polo and tennis."

"Not even ping-pong," she said.

"Everyone gets old," I said.

She took a great big deep breath and her breasts blew up like two gigantic balloons. "I'll tell you what I want," she whispered softly. "I want you to ravish me and ravish me and ravish me! I want you to ravish me to death! I want you to do it now! Now! Quickly!"

By golly, I thought. Here we go again.

"Don't be shocked, dear boy."

"I'm not shocked."

"Oh, yes you are. I can see it on your face. I should never have asked you. You are so young. You are far too young. How old are you? No, don't tell me. I don't want to know. You are very delicious, but schoolboys are forbidden fruit. What a pity. It's quite obvious you have not yet entered the fiery world of women. I don't suppose you've ever even touched one."

That nettled me. "You are mistaken, Lady Makepiece," I said. "I have frolicked with females on both sides of the Channel. Also on ships at sea."

"Why, you naughty boy! I don't believe it!"

I was still on the sofa. She was standing above me. Her big red mouth was open and she was beginning to pant. "You do understand I would never have mentioned it if Charles hadn't been . . . sort of past it, don't you?"

"Of course I understand," I said, wriggling a bit. "I understand very well. I am full of sympathy. I don't blame you in the least."

"You really mean that?"

"Of course."

"Oh, you gorgeous boy!" she cried and she came at me like a tigress.

There is nothing particularly illuminating to report about the barney that followed, except, perhaps, to mention that her ladyship astounded me with her sofa work. Up until then, I had always regarded the sofa as a rotten romping ground, though heaven knows, I had been forced to use it often enough with the London debutantes while the parents were snoring away upstairs. The sofa to me was a beastly uncomfortable

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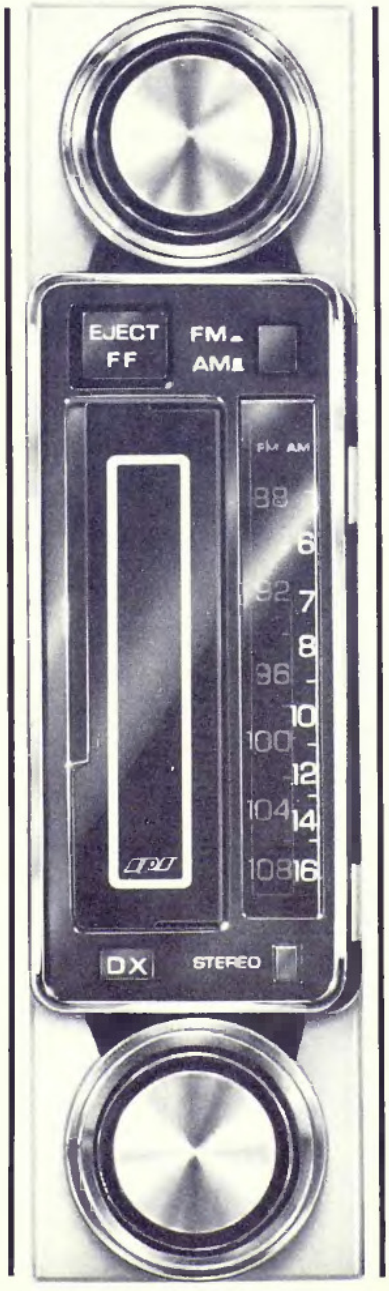

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thing surrounded on three sides by padded walls and with a horizontal area that was so narrow one was continually rolling off it onto the floor. But Lady Makepiece was a sofa wizard. For her, the sofa was a kind of gymnastic horse upon which one vaulted and bounced and flipped and rolled.

"Were you ever a gym teacher?" I asked her.

"Shut up and concentrate," she said, rolling me around like a lump of puff pastry.

It was lucky for me I was young and pliable; otherwise, I'm quite sure I would have suffered a fracture. And that got me thinking about poor old Sir Charles and what he must have gone through in his time. Small wonder he had chosen to go into moth balls. But just wait, I thought, until he swallows the old blister beetle! Then it'll be *her* that starts blowing the whistle for time out, not him.

Lady Makepiece was a quick-change artist. A couple of minutes after our little caper had ended, there she was, seated at her small Louis Quinze desk, looking as well groomed and as unruffled as when I had first met her. The steam had gone out of her now, and she had the sleepy, contented expression of a boa constrictor that has just swallowed a live rat. "Look here," she said, studying a piece of paper. "Tomorrow we're giving a rather grand dinner party. Admiral Joubert has dropped out. He's reviewing his fleet in the Mediterranean. How would you like to take his place?"

I only just stopped myself from shouting hooray. It was exactly what I wanted. "I would be honored," I said.

"Most of the government ministers will be there," she said. "And all the senior ambassadors. Do you have a white tie?"

"I do," I said.

"Good," she said, writing my name on the guest list. "Eight o'clock tomorrow evening, then. Good afternoon, my little man. It was nice meeting you." Already she had gone back to studying the guest list, so I found my own way out.

•

The next evening, sharp at eight o'clock, I presented myself at the embassy. I was fully rigged up in white tie and tails. A tail coat, in those days, had a deep pocket on the inside of each tail, and in these pockets I had secreted a total of 12 small boxes, each with a single pill inside. I marched in and joined the receiving line.

"Dear boy," said Lady Makepiece. "I'm so glad you could come. Charles, this is Oswald Cornelius, William's son."

Sir Charles Makepiece was a tiny little fellow with a full head of elegant white hair. "So you are William's boy, are you?" he said, shaking my hand. "How are you making out in Paris? Anything I can do for you, just let me know."

I moved on into the glittering crowd. I seemed to be the only male present who was not smothered in decorations and ribbons. We stood around drinking champagne. Then we went in to dinner. I concentrated on the food, which was superb. I still remember the large truffle, as big as a golf ball, baked in white wine in a little earthenware pot with the lid on. And the way in which the poached turbot was so superlatively undercooked, with the center almost raw but still very hot. (The English and the Americans invariably overcook their fish.) And then the wines! They were something to remember, those wines!

When dinner was over, the women, led by Lady Makepiece, left the room. Sir Charles shepherded the men into a vast adjoining sitting room to drink port and brandy and coffee.

In the sitting room, as the men began to split up into groups, I quickly maneuvered myself alongside the host himself. "Ah, there you are, my boy," he said. "Come and sit here with me."

Perfect.

There were 11 of us, including me, in this particular group, and Sir Charles courteously introduced me to each one of them in turn. "This is young Oswald Cornelius," he said. "Meet the German ambassador, Oswald." I met the German ambassador. Then I met the Italian ambassador and the Hungarian ambassador and the Russian ambassador and the Peruvian ambassador and the Mexican ambassador. Then I met the French minister for foreign affairs and a French army general and, lastly, a funny little dark man from Japan who was introduced simply as Mr. Mitsouko. Every one of them spoke English.

"Have a glass of port, young man," Sir Charles Makepiece said to me, "and pass it round. Your father tells me you've got a scholarship to Trinity. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir," I said. My moment was coming any second now. I must not miss it. I must plunge in.

"What's your subject?" Sir Charles asked me.

"Science, sir," I answered. Then I plunged. "As a matter of fact," I said, lifting my voice just enough for them all to hear me, "there's some absolutely amazing work being done in one of the laboratories up there at this moment. Highly secret. You simply wouldn't believe what they've just discovered."

Ten heads came up and ten pairs of eyes rose from port glasses and coffee cups and regarded me with mild interest.

"I didn't know you'd already gone up," Sir Charles said. "I thought you had a year to wait and that's why you're over here."

"Quite right," I said. "But my future tutor invited me to spend most of last term working in the Natural Sciences Lab. That's my favorite subject, natural sciences."

"And what, may I ask, have they just discovered that is so secret and so remarkable?" There was a touch of banter in Sir Charles's voice now, and who could blame him?

"Well, sir," I murmured, and then purposely, I stopped.

Silence for a few seconds. The nine foreigners and the British ambassador sat still, waiting politely for me to go on.

"Don't tell me they are letting a fellow of your age handle secrets," Sir Charles said, smiling a little.

"These aren't *war* secrets, sir," I said. "They couldn't help an enemy. These are secrets that are going to help all of mankind."

"Then tell us about them," Sir Charles said, lighting a huge cigar. "You have a distinguished audience here and they are all waiting to hear from you."

"I think it's the greatest scientific breakthrough since Pasteur," I said. "It's going to change the world."

"If the world is about to be changed," Sir Charles said, "I'm a little surprised that this information hasn't yet found its way to my desk."

Steady on, Oswald, I told myself. You've hardly begun and already you've been laying it on too thick.

"Forgive me, sir, but the point is he hasn't published yet."

"Who hasn't? Who's *he*?"

"Professor Yousoupoff, sir."

The Russian ambassador put down his glass of port and said, "Yousoupoff? Is he a Russian?"

"Yes, sir, he's a Russian."

"Then why haven't *I* heard of him?"

I wasn't about to get into a tangle with this black-eyed, black-bearded Cossack, so I kept silent.

"Come on, then, young man," Sir Charles said. "Tell us about the greatest scientific breakthrough of our time. You mustn't keep us in suspense, you know."

I took a few deep breaths and a gulp of port. This was the great moment. Pray heaven I wouldn't mess it up.

"For twenty-seven years," I said, "Professor Yousoupoff has been studying the seed of the pomegranate."

"Excuse me, please," said the little Japanese man. "But why the pomegranate? Why not the grape or the black currant?"

"I cannot answer that question, sir," I said. "I suppose it was simply what you might call a hunch."

"Hell of a long time to spend on a hunch," Sir Charles said. "But go on, my boy. We mustn't interrupt you."

"Last January," I said, "the professor's patience was at last rewarded. What he did was this. He dissected the seed of a pomegranate and examined the contents bit by bit under a powerful microscope. And it was only then that he observed in the very center of the seed a minuscule

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speck of red vegetable tissue that he'd never seen before. He proceeded to isolate this tiny speck of tissue. But it was obviously too small to be of any use on its own. So the professor set out to dissect one hundred seeds and to obtain from them one hundred of these tiny red particles."

I took another sip of port. My audience waited for me to go on.

"So we now had one hundred red particles, but even when we put them all together on a glass slide, the result could still not be seen by the naked eye."

"And what did this famous professor do with them?"

"He took the one hundred tiny red particles and fed every one of them to a single large healthy male rat. He then put the rat in a cage together with ten female rats. At first, nothing happened. Then suddenly, after exactly nine minutes, the rat became very still. He crouched down, quivering all over. He was looking at the females. He crept toward the nearest one and grabbed her by the skin of her neck with his teeth and mounted her. It did not take long. He was very fierce with her and very swift. But here's the extraordinary thing. The moment the rat had finished copulating with the first female, he grabbed a second one and set about her in just the same way. Then he took a third female rat, and a fourth and a fifth. He was absolutely tireless. He went from one female to another, fornicating with each in turn, until he had covered all ten of them. Even then, gentlemen, he hadn't had enough!

"Professor Yousoupoff got very excited. 'Oswaldsky, my boy, I think I have discovered the absolutely greatest, most powerful sexual stimulant in the whole history of mankind!'

" 'I think you have, too,' I said. We were still standing by the cage of rats and the male rat was still leaping on the wretched females, one after the other. Within an hour, he had collapsed from exhaustion. 'We give him too big a dose,' the professor said."

"This rat," the Mexican ambassador said, "what came of him in the end?"

"He died," I said.

"From too much women, yes?"

"Yes," I said. "So the next time, we isolated only twenty of these tiny red microscopic nuclei. We inserted them in a pellet of bread and then went out looking for a very old man. We found our old man in Newmarket. His name was Mr. Sawkins and he was one hundred and two years old. He was suffering from advanced senility. His mind was wandering and he had to be fed by spoon. He had not been out of bed for seven years. The professor and I knocked on the door of his house and his daughter, aged eighty, opened it. 'I am Professor Yousoupoff,' the professor announced. 'I have discovered a great medicine to help old people. Will you allow us to give some to your poor old father?'

" 'You can give 'im anything you damn well please,' the daughter said. 'The old fool doesn't know what's goin' on from one day to the next. 'Ee's a flamin' nuisance.'

"We went upstairs and the professor somehow managed to poke the bread pellet down the old man's throat. I noted the time by my watch. 'Let us retire to the street outside and observe,' the professor said.

"We went out and stood in the street. I was counting each minute aloud as it went by. And then—you won't believe this, gentlemen, but I swear it's exactly what happened—precisely on the dot of nine minutes, there was a thunderous bellow from inside the Sawkins house. The front door burst open and the old man himself rushed out into the street. 'I want me a woman!' he bellowed. 'I want me a woman and, by God, I'm goin' to get me a woman!'

"Mr. Sawkins ran, he actually ran, to the next-door house. He started banging on the door with his fists. 'Open up, Mrs. Twitchell!' he bellowed. 'Come on, my beauty, open up and let's 'ave a bit of fun!'

"I caught a glimpse of the terrified face of Mrs. Twitchell at the window. Then it went away. Mr. Sawkins, still bellowing, put his shoulder to the flimsy door and smashed the lock. He dived inside. We stayed out on the street, waiting for the next development. The professor was very excited. He was jumping up and down in his funny black boots and shouting, 'We have a breakthrough! We've done it! We shall rejuvenate the world!'

"Suddenly, piercing screams and yells came issuing from Mrs. Twitchell's house. Neighbors were beginning to gather on the street. 'Go in and get 'im!' shouted the old daughter. ' 'Ee's gone stark-starin' mad!' Two men ran into the Twitchell house. There were sounds of a scuffle. Soon, out came the two men, frog-marching old Mr. Sawkins between them. 'I 'ad 'er!' he was yelling. 'I 'ad the old bitch good and proper! I near rattled 'er to death!' At that point, the professor and I quietly left the scene."

I paused in my story. Seven ambassadors, the foreign minister of France, the French army general and the little Japanese man were all now leaning forward in their seats, their eyes upon me.

"Is this *exactly* what happened?" Sir Charles asked me.

"Every word of it, sir, is the gospel truth," I lied. "When Professor Yousoupoff publishes his findings, the whole world will be reading what I have just told you."

"So what happened next?" the Peruvian ambassador asked.

"From then on, it was comparatively simple," I said. "The professor conducted a series of experiments designed to discover what the proper absolutely safe dose should be for a normal adult male. For this, he used undergraduate volunteers. And you can be quite sure, gentlemen, that he had no trouble getting young men to come forward. As soon as

"I'm just damn glad that I didn't miss being part of the me generation."

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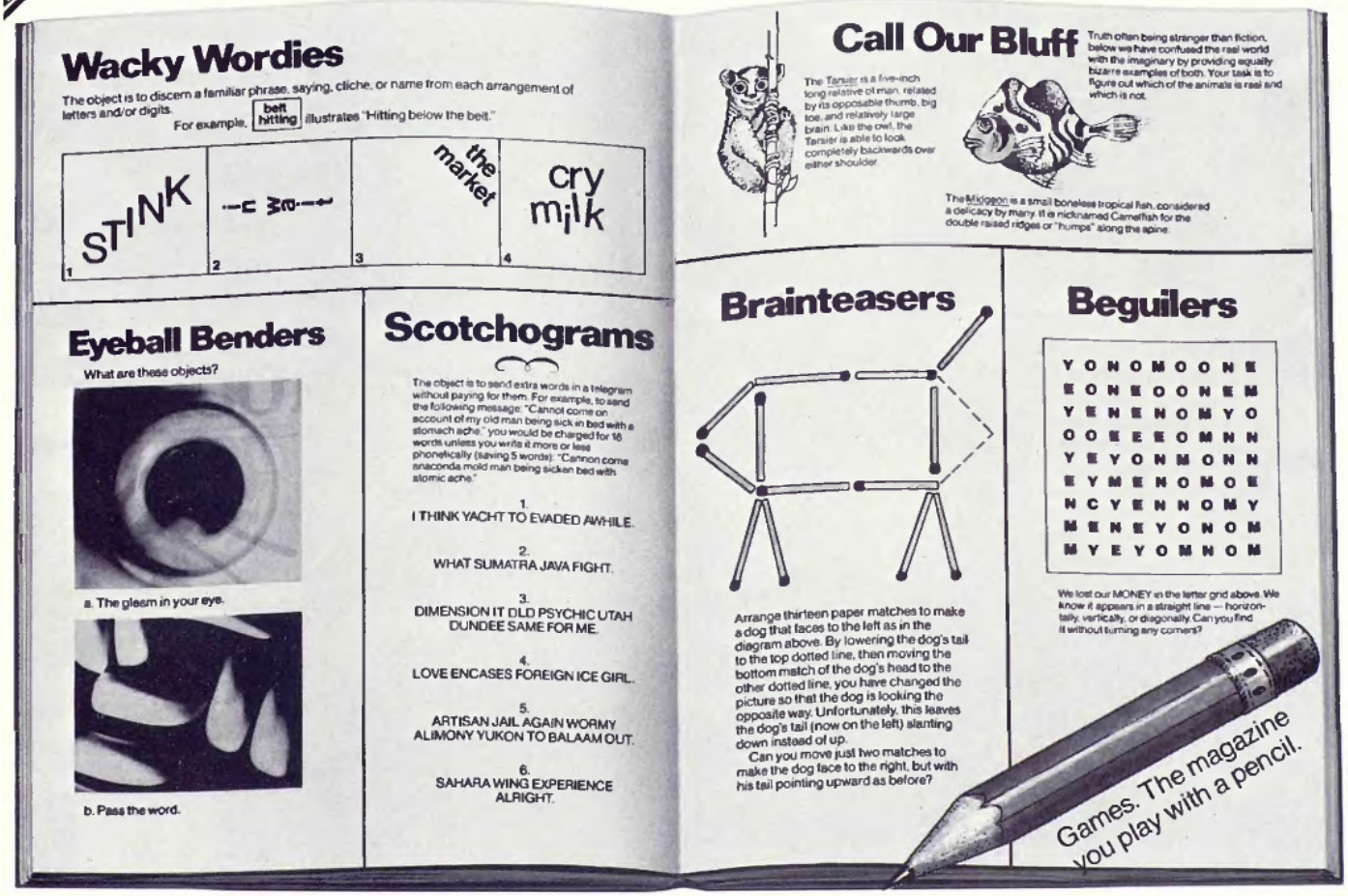

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ANSWER DRAWER. **Wacky Wordies:** 1 Raise a big stink. 2 Lying in wait. 3 Corner the market. 4 Cry over spilt milk. **Eyeball Benders:** a Toothpaste tube. b Telephone cord. **Scotchograms:** 1 I think you ought to have waited a while. 2 What's the matter did you have a fight? 3 Don't mention it, old sidekick, you'd have done the same for me. 4 Love and kisses for a nice girl. 5 Art is in jail again, wire me all the money you can to bail him out. 6 It's a harrowing experience alright. **Call Our Bluff:** The Midgeon is a phoney. **Beguilers:** MONEY begins in the third row, seventh column, and reads diagonally downwards. **Brainteasers:**

the news spread around the university, there was a waiting list of over eight hundred. But to cut the story short, the professor finally demonstrated that the safe dose was no more than five of those tiny microscopic nuclei from the pomegranate seed. So, using calcium carbonate as a base, he manufactured a pill containing exactly this quantity of the magic substance. And he proved beyond any doubt that just one of these pills would, in precisely nine minutes, turn any man, even a very old man, into a marvelously powerful sex machine capable of pleasuring his partner for six hours nonstop, *without exception.*"

"*Gott in Himmel!*" shouted the German ambassador. "Ver can I get hold of ziss stuff?"

Suddenly, they were all speaking at the same time. Where could they get it? They wanted it now! How much did it cost? They would pay handsomely!

"I have some interesting news," I said, and suddenly everyone became silent. The German ambassador cupped a hand behind his ear. The Russian leaned forward in his seat. So did the rest of them.

"What I am about to tell you is extremely confidential," I said. "May I rely upon all of you to keep it to yourselves?"

There was a chorus of "Yes, yes! Of course! Absolutely! Carry on, young fellow!"

"Thank you," I said. "Now, the point is this. As soon as I knew that I was going to Paris, I decided I simply must take with me a supply of these pills, especially for my father's great friend, Sir Charles Makepiece."

"My dear boy!" Sir Charles cried out. "What a generous thought!"

"Having assisted the professor at every stage," I said, "I naturally knew exactly how to manufacture these pills. So I . . . well . . . I simply made them in his laboratory, each day when he was out to lunch." Slowly, I reached behind me and took one small round box from my tail-coat pocket. I placed it on the low table. I opened the lid. And there, lying in its little nest of cotton wool, was a single scarlet pill.

Everyone leaned forward to look.

"Do you have more?" Sir Charles asked me.

I fished in my tail-coat pockets and brought out nine more boxes. "There is one for each of you," I said.

Eager hands reached across, grabbing the little boxes. "I pay," said Mr. Mitsouko. "How much you want?"

"No," I said. "These are presents. Try them out, gentlemen. See what you think."

Sir Charles was studying the label on the box. "Ah-ha," he said. "I see you have your address printed here."

"That's just in case," I said.

"In case of what?"

"In case anyone wishes to get a second pill," I said.

At that point, the ladies returned and each man in our group quickly and rather surreptitiously pocketed his pill-box. They stood up. They greeted their wives and I slipped quietly away.

•

That night, I slept well. I was still fast asleep at 11 o'clock the next morning when the sound of Madame Boisvain's fists hammering at my door jerked me awake. "Get up, Monsieur Cornelius!" she was shouting. "You must come down at once! People have been ringing my bell and demanding to see you since before breakfast!"

I was dressed and downstairs in two minutes flat. I went to the front door and there, standing on the cobblestones of the sidewalk, were no fewer than seven men, none of whom I had ever seen before. They made a picturesque little group in their many-colored fancy uniforms with all manner of gilt and silver buttons on their jackets.

They turned out to be embassy messengers, and they came from the British, the German, the Russian, the Hungarian, the Italian, the Mexican and the Peruvian embassies. Each man carried a letter addressed to me. I accepted the letters and opened them on the spot. All of them said roughly the same thing: *They wanted more pills.* They begged for more pills. They instructed me to give the pills to the bearer of the letter.

I told the messengers to wait on the street and I went back up to my room. Then I wrote the following message on each of the letters: *Honored Sir, these pills are extremely expensive to manufacture. I regret that in future, the cost of each pill will be 1000 francs.* In those days, there were 20 francs to the pound, which meant that I was asking exactly £50 sterling per pill. And £50 sterling in 1912 was worth maybe ten times as much as it is today. By today's standards, I was probably asking about £500 per pill. It was a ridiculous price, but these were wealthy men. They were also sex-crazy men, and as any sensible woman will tell you, a man who is very wealthy and grossly sex crazy both at the same time is the easiest touch in the world. I trotted downstairs again and handed the letters back to their respective carriers and told them to deliver them to their masters. As I was doing this, three more messengers arrived, one from the Quai d'Orsay (the foreign minister), one from the general at the ministry of war and one from Mr. Mitsouko, and I scribbled the same statement about price on these last three letters.

Before the day was done, I was rich. One by one, the messengers started trickling back from their respective embassies and ministries. They all carried precise orders and exact amounts of money, most of it in gold 20-franc pieces. This is how it went:

Sir Charles Makepiece, 4 pills
= 4000 francs
The German ambassador, 8 pills
= 8000 francs
The Russian ambassador, 10 pills
= 10,000 francs
The Hungarian ambassador, 3 pills
= 3000 francs
The Peruvian ambassador, 2 pills
= 2000 francs
The Mexican ambassador, 6 pills
= 6000 francs
The Italian ambassador, 4 pills
= 4000 francs
The French foreign minister, 6 pills
= 6000 francs
The army general, 3 pills
= 3000 francs
Mr. Mitsouko, 20 pills
= 20,000 francs
Grand Total = 66,000 francs

Sixty-six thousand francs! I was all of a sudden worth 3300 English pounds! It was incredible.

•

My business flourished. My ten original clients all whispered the great news to their own friends and those friends whispered it to other friends and in a month or so, a large snowball had been created. I spent half of each day making pills. I thanked heaven I had had the foresight to bring such a large quantity of powder from the Sudan in the first place. But I did have to reduce my price. Not everyone was an ambassador or a foreign minister, and I found early on that a lot of people simply couldn't afford to pay my absurd fee of 1000 francs per pill. So I made it 250 instead.

The money gushed in.

By the time my 12 months in Paris were up, I had around 2,000,000 francs in the bank! That was £100,000! I was now nearly 18. I was rich. My year in France had shown me very clearly the path I wanted to follow in my life. I was a sybarite, and money is essential to a sybarite. It is the key of the kingdom. To which the carping reader will almost certainly reply, "You say you are without ambition, but do you not realize that the desire for wealth is in itself one of the most obnoxious ambitions of them all?" This is not necessarily true. It is the *manner* in which one acquires wealth that determines whether or not it is obnoxious. As you can see, I myself am scrupulous about the methods I employ. I refuse to have anything to do with money-making unless the process obeys two golden rules. First, it must amuse me tremendously. Second, it must give a great deal of pleasure to those from whom I extract the loot. This is a simple philosophy and I recommend it wholeheartedly to business tycoons, casino operators, Chancellors of the Exchequer and budget directors everywhere.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

CRIME MARCHES ON

Mystery buffs who wish to supplement their whodunit library with a serious volume of research should order a copy of *The Bibliography of Crime Fiction*, a 697-page tome by Allen J. Hubin that's available from Publishers, Inc., 243 12th Street, Drawer P, Del Mar, California 92014, for $61.45, postpaid. Since the *Bibliography* attempts to list *every* detective, mystery, suspense, police or Gothic book published in the English language from 1749 through 1975, it contains nothing but endless lists of titles, dates, publishers and authors. Bring your magnifying glass.

A NURD IN THE HAND. . . .

Know how to identify a Nurd? Well, he has big ears, a pudgy nose, popeyes and the ability to be pulled or pummeled any way you like and still resume his same dumb shape, ready to be mistreated again. To obtain your very own 5½"-high Nurd (they're filled with a nontoxic solution that we hope you never see), send $12 to Funstuf, Inc., P.O. Box 4360, Winter Park, Florida 32793. Nice, guys, but in these days of sexual equality, don't you think you should create a female Nurd, too?

BEAR WITH US

Tom Snyder adopted one as the *Tomorrow* show's mascot and Elvis wanted to be one when he belted out *Teddy Bear*; yes, worn-out stuffed toys of all description from moth-eaten elephants to the ubiquitous defurred bear have come out of the closet and are being immortalized in a 1980 "software security" calendar for adults called Old Friends. The J. R. Meyer Company, Route 1, Box 321, East Haddam, Connecticut 06423, is selling it for $5.95 to certified old softies like you.

QUICK KIK

Europeans have been riding them for centuries, but now the Kik sled, Norway's winter bicycle, is available in the States from Cardon Enterprises, Route 1, Box 140, Arlington, Wisconsin 53911. Kiks come in three sizes: 67" long for kids ($78), 72" long for small adults ($84) and 80" long for anyone over 6' tall ($89). All prices include shipping and the sleds are *tough*: Swedish steel and hardwood. Try one the next time you head cross-country.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

As we all know, POVERTY SUCKS, CAVIAR IS NECESSARY and one should TO THINE OWN SELF BE INDULGENT. If you accept those statements as truths, you undoubtedly also believe that you should SCREW THE PROLETARIAT and buy a series of four glossy 16″ x 20″ black-and-white posters called Snobbism Reborn that Eduardo E. Latour & Associates, 6211 Kilcullen Drive, McLean, Virginia 22101, is selling for $6 each, postpaid, or $20 for the series. As Zero Mostel once said, "When you've got it, flaunt it!"

KUNUNURRA, HERE WE COME

If you've been everywhere from Zamboanga to Timbuktu, here's your chance to visit the last frontier—Western Australia—and do it in style, staying as a paying guest at ranches, simple inns and luxe hotels while observing the curious fauna and flora that abound. Hanns Ebensten Travel, 55 West 42nd Street, New York, New York 10036, is offering the trek next October 11 to November 1 for only $3750 per person—plus air fare. You can be damn sure that nobody on your block will have been there first.

NUCLEAR EXPOSURE

It's the American way: A year or so ago, we were sweating out a nuclear disaster at Three Mile Island and today entrepreneurs have already come out with two nuclear-industry games. Meltdown, "the ultimate nuclear game," is available from Sekunon Industries, 1823 Oxford Street, Rockford, Illinois 61103, for $8, postpaid. Containment, "the game of nuclear-energy controversy, crisis and confrontation," goes for $14 sent to The O'Bryon Company, P.O. Box 4093, Stockton, California 95204. Some luck is involved in both, but probably no more than accompanies the nuclear industry.

SEDIMENTAL JOURNEY

The Victorian era may be gone, but inventions, such as the Decantavin, are still being made. To operate, you place an open bottle of vintage red wine gently in its cradle and slowly turn the crank to decant the wine, leaving any sediment behind. Schaefer's, 9965 Gross Point Road, Skokie, Illinois 60076, sells an English-made solid-brass Decantavin for $250, postpaid; a silver-plated one is $395; and a gold-plated one. . . . Well, if you have to ask, you can't afford it.

NEW PYRAMID TO EXPLORE

In case you didn't know, a pyramid appears on every dollar bill. And if that isn't enough of a good thing, you can also buy an attractive 5″-high acrylic sculpture of the Great Pyramid that glows in the dark and even has a spherical chamber by sending $25 to Pyraline Products, P.O. Box 1116, Falls Station, Niagara Falls, New York 14303. Incidentally, there's a theory that anything placed in the spherical chamber will mummify instead of decompose. Oh, yeah!

SMILEY'S PEOPLE

(continued from page 208)

"His complexion was like gray stone. His voice, too, was gray, and mournful as an undertaker's."

mental accomplishments; and Smiley, he knew, possessed it. "One Paddington Borough Library Card in the name of V. Miller, one box Swan Vesta matches partly used, overcoat left. One aliens' registration card, number as reported, also in the name of Vladimir Miller. One bottle tablets, overcoat left. What would the tablets be for, sir, any views on that at all? Name of Sustac, whatever that is, to be taken two or three times a day?"

"Heart," said Smiley.

"And one receipt for the sum of thirteen pounds from the Straight and Steady Minicab Service of Islington, North One."

"May I look?" said Smiley, and the superintendent held it out so that Smiley could read the date and the driver's signature, J. Lamb, in a copybook hand wildly underlined.

The next bag contained a stick of school chalk, yellow and miraculously unbroken. The narrow end was smeared brown as if by a single stroke, but the thick end was unused.

"There's yellow chalk powder on his left hand, too," Mr. Murgotroyd said, speaking for the first time. His complexion was like gray stone. His voice, too, was gray, and mournful as an undertaker's. "We did *wonder* whether he might be in the teaching line, actually," Mr. Murgotroyd added, but Smiley, either by design or by oversight, did not answer Mr. Murgotroyd's implicit question, and the superintendent did not pursue it.

And a second cotton handkerchief, proffered this time by Mr. Murgotroyd, part blooded, part clean, and carefully ironed into a sharp triangle for the top pocket.

"On his way to a party, we wondered," Mr. Murgotroyd said, this time with no hope at all.

"Crime and ops on the air, sir," a voice called from the front of the van.

Without a word, the superintendent vanished into the darkness, leaving Smiley to the depressed gaze of Mr. Murgotroyd.

"You a specialist of some sort, sir?" Mr. Murgotroyd asked after a long, sad scrutiny of his guest.

"No. No, I'm afraid not," said Smiley.

"Home Office, sir?"

"Alas, not Home Office, either," said Smiley with a benign shake of his head, which somehow made him party to Mr. Murgotroyd's bewilderment.

"My superiors are a little worried about the press, Mr. Smiley," the superintendent said, poking his head into the van again. "Seems they're heading this way, sir."

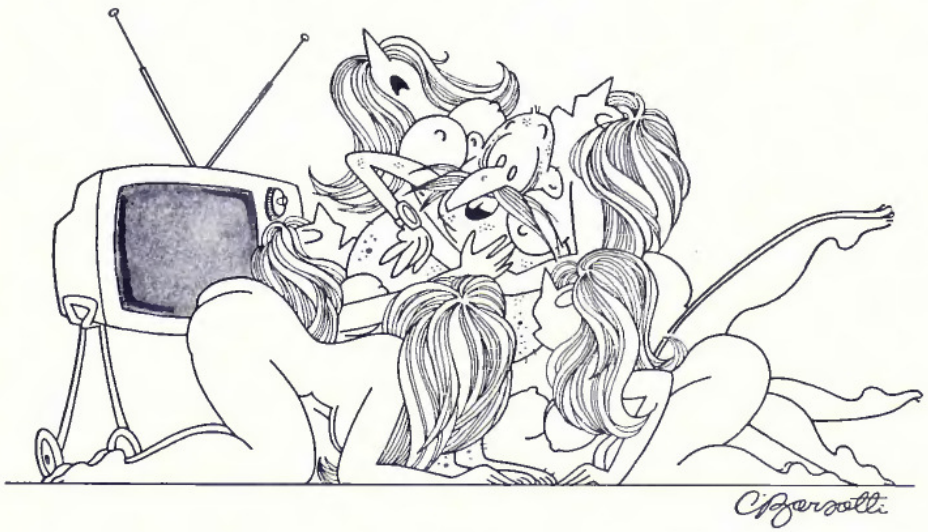
Smiley clambered quickly out. The two men stood face to face in the avenue.

"You've been very kind," Smiley said. "Thank you."

"Privilege," said the superintendent.

"You don't happen to remember which pocket the *chalk* was in, do you?" Smiley asked.

"Overcoat left," the superintendent replied in some surprise.



"Hey, it's nearly midnight, girls. We're going to miss all the fun on Times Square!"

"And the searching of him—could you tell me again how you see *that*, exactly?"

"They hadn't time or didn't care to turn him over. Knelt by him, fished for his wallet, pulled at his purse. Scattered a few objects as they did so. By then they'd had enough."

"Thank you," said Smiley again.

And a moment later, with more ease than his portly figure might have suggested him capable of, he had vanished among the trees. But not before the superintendent had shone the torch full upon his face, a thing he hadn't done till now for reasons of discretion. And taken an intense professional look at the legendary features, if only to tell his grandchildren in his old age: how George Smiley, sometime chief of the Secret Service, by then retired, had one night come out of the woodwork to peer at some dead foreigner of his who had died in highly nasty circumstances.

Not *one* face at all, actually, the superintendent reflected. Not when it was lit by the torch like that, indirectly from below. More your whole range of faces. More your patchwork of different ages, people and endeavors. Even—thought the superintendent—of different faiths.

"The best I ever met," old Mendel, the superintendent's onetime superior, had told him over a friendly pint not long ago. Mendel was retired now, like Smiley. But Mendel knew what he was talking about and didn't like funnies any better than the superintendent did—interfering la-di-da amateurs most of them, and devious with it. But not Smiley. Smiley was different, Mendel had said. Smiley was the best—simply the best case man Mendel had ever met—and old Mendel knew what he was talking about.

An abbey, the superintendent decided. That's what he was, an abbey. He would work that into his sermon the next time his turn came around. An abbey, made up of all sorts of conflicting ages and styles and convictions. The superintendent liked that metaphor the more he dwelt on it. He would try it out on his wife when he got home: man as God's architecture, my dear, molded by the hand of ages, infinite in his striving and diversity. . . . But at that point, the superintendent laid a restraining hand upon his own rhetorical imagination. Maybe not, after all, he thought. Maybe we're flying a mite too high for the course, my friend.

There was another thing about that face the superintendent wouldn't easily forget, either. Later, he talked to old Mendel about it, as he talked to him later about lots of things. The moisture. He'd taken it for dew at first—yet if it was dew, why was the superintendent's own face bone-dry? It wasn't dew and it wasn't grief, either, if his hunch was right. It was a thing that happened to the superintendent himself occasionally

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and happened to the lads, too, even the hardest; it crept up on them and the superintendent watched for it like a hawk. Usually in kids' cases, where the pointlessness suddenly got through to you—your child batterings, your criminal assaults, your infant rapes. You didn't break down or beat your chest or any of those histrionics. No. You just happened to put your hand to your face and find it damp and you wondered what the hell Christ bothered to die for, if he ever died at all.

And when you had *that* mood on you, the superintendent told himself with a slight shiver, the best thing you could do was give yourself a couple of days off and take the wife to Margate, or before you knew where you were, you found yourself getting a little too rough with people for your own good health.

"Sergeant!" the superintendent yelled.

The bearded figure loomed before him.

"Switch the lights on and get it back to normal," the superintendent ordered. "And ask Inspector Hallowes to slip up here and oblige. At the double."

•

They had unchained the door to him, they had questioned him even before they took his coat: tersely and intently. Were there any compromising materials on the body, George? Any that would link him with us? My God, you've been a time! They had shown him where to wash, forgetting that he knew already. They had sat him in an armchair and there Smiley remained, humble and discarded, while Oliver Lacon, Whitehall's head prefect to the intelligence services, prowled the threadbare carpet like a man made restless by his conscience, and Lauder Strickland said it all again in 15 different ways to 15 different people, over the old upright telephone in the far corner of the room—"Then get me back to police liaison, woman, *at once*"—either bullying or fawning, depending on rank and clout. The superintendent was a life ago, but in time ten minutes. The flat smelled of old nappies and stale cigarettes and was on the top floor of a scrolled Edwardian apartment house not 200 yards from Hampstead Heath. In Smiley's mind, visions of Vladimir's burst face mingled with these pale faces of the living, yet death was not a shock to him just now but merely an affirmation that his own existence, too, was dwindling; that he was living against the odds. He sat without expectation. He sat like an old man at a country railway station, watching the express go by. But watching all the same. And remembering old journeys.

This is how crises always were, he thought; ragtag conversations with no center. One man on the telephone, another dead, a third prowling. The nervous idleness of slow motion.

He peered around, trying to fix his mind on the decaying things outside himself. Chipped fire extinguishers, Ministry of Works issue. Prickly brown sofas—the stains a little worse. But safe flats, unlike old generals, never die, he thought. They don't even fade away.

On the table before him lay the cumbersome apparatus of agent hospitality, there to revive the unrevivable guest. Smiley took the inventory. In a bucket of melted ice, one bottle of Stolichnaya vodka, Vladimir's recorded favorite brand. Salted herrings, still in their tin. Pickled cucumber, bought loose and already drying. One mandatory loaf of black bread. Like every Russian Smiley had known, the old boy could scarcely drink his vodka without it. Two Marks & Spencer vodka glasses, could be cleaner. One packet of French cigarettes, unopened: If he had come, he would have smoked the lot; he had none with him when he died.

Vladimir had none with him when he died, he repeated to himself, and made a little mental stammer of it, a knot in his handkerchief. What am I doing here? he wondered yet again. What ceremony am I supposed to be attending? In his memory, Smiley secretly replayed Lacon's fervid phone call of two hours before.

It's an emergency, George. You remember Vladimir? George, are you awake? You remember the old general, George? Used to live in Paris?

Yes, I remember the general, he had replied. Yes, Oliver, I remember Vladimir.

We need someone from his past, George. Someone who knew his little ways, can identify him, damp down potential scandal. We need you, George. Now. George, wake up.

He had been trying to. Just as he had been trying to transfer the receiver to his better ear and sit upright in a bed too large for him. He was sprawling in the cold space deserted by his wife, because that was the side where the telephone was.

You mean he's been shot? Smiley had repeated.

George, why can't you listen? Shot dead. This evening. George, for heaven's sake, wake up; we need you!

"Oliver, what's going on?" Smiley asked. "Why did you need me?"

"Only one who knew him, for a start. Strickland, are you nearly done? He's like one of those airport announcers," he told Smiley with a stupid grin. "*Never* done."

You could break, Oliver, thought Smiley, noticing the estrangement of Lacon's eyes as he came under the light. You've had too much, he thought in unexpected sympathy. We both have.

From the kitchen, the mysterious Mostyn appeared with tea: an earnest, contemporary-looking child with flared trousers and a mane of brown hair. Seeing him set down the tray, Smiley finally placed him in the terms of his own past. Ann had had a lover like him once, an ordinand from Wells Theological College. She gave him a lift down the M4 and later claimed to have saved him from going queer.

"What section are you in, Mostyn?" Smiley asked him quietly.

"Oddbins, sir." He crouched, level to the table, displaying an Asian suppleness. "Since your day, actually, sir. It's a sort of operational pool. Mainly probationers waiting for overseas postings."

"I see."

"I heard you lecture at the Nursery at Sarratt, sir. On the new entrants' course. 'Agent Handling in the Field.' It was the best thing of the whole two years."

"Thank you."

But Mostyn's calf eyes stayed on him intently.

"Thank you," said Smiley again.

"Milk, sir, or lemon, sir? The lemon was for *him*," Mostyn added in a low aside, as if that were a recommendation for the lemon.

Strickland had rung off and was fiddling with the waistband of his trousers, making it looser or tighter.

"Yes, well, we have to temper truth, George!" Lacon bellowed suddenly, in what seemed to be a declaration of personal faith. "Sometimes people are innocent, but the circumstances can make them appear quite otherwise. There was never a golden age. There's only a golden mean. We have to remember that. Chalk it on our shaving mirrors."

Strickland was waddling down the room: "You, Mostyn. Young Nigel. You, sir!"

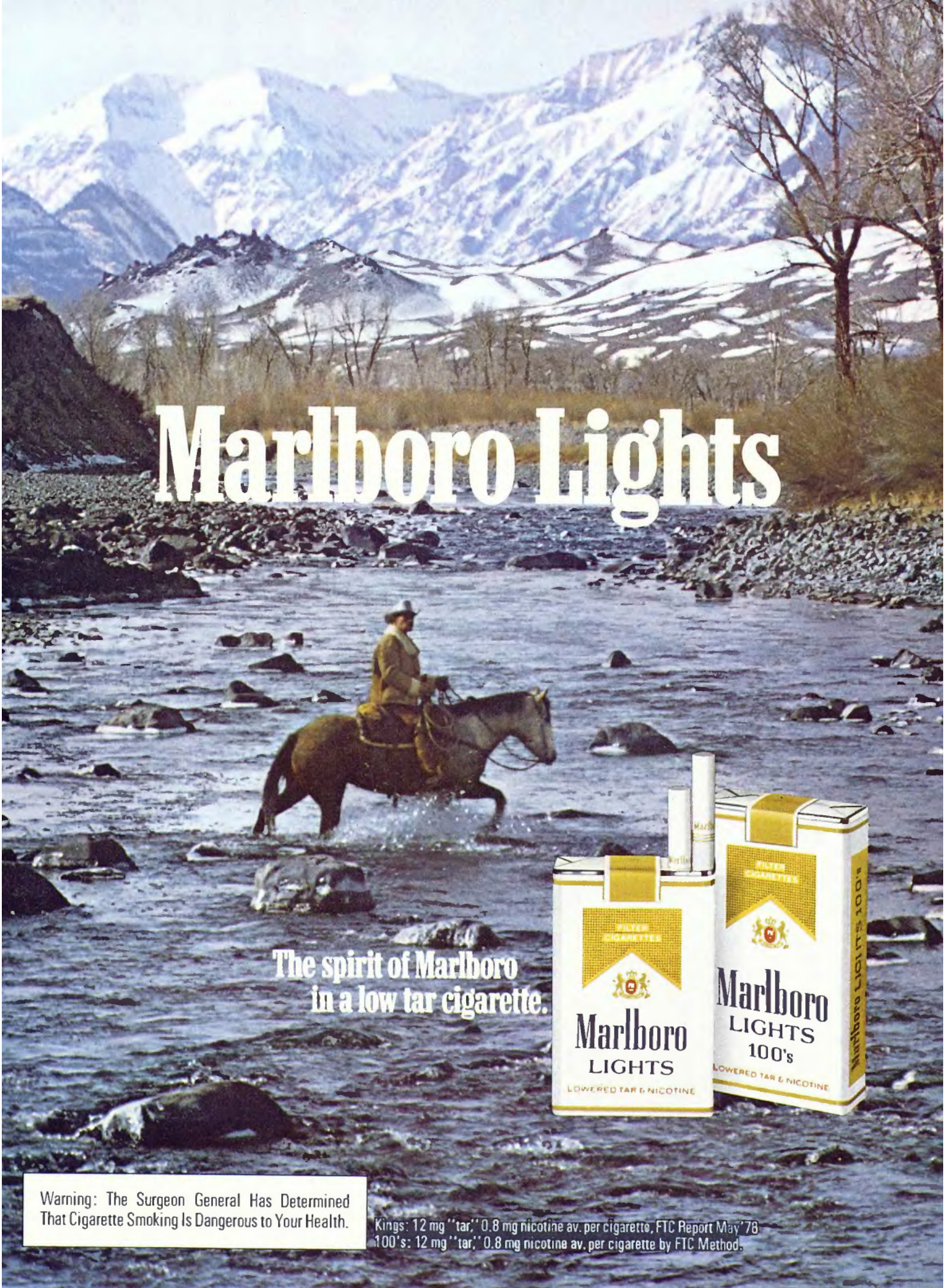
Mostyn lifted his grave brown eyes in reply.

"Commit nothing to paper whatever," Strickland warned him, wiping the back of his hand on his mustache as if one or the other were wet. "Hear me? That's an order from on high. There was no encounter, so you've no call to fill in the usual encounter sheet or any of that stuff. You've nothing to do but keep your mouth shut. Understand? You'll account for your expenses as general petty-cash disbursements. To me, direct. No file reference. Understand?"

"I understand," said Mostyn.

"And no whispered confidences to those little tarts in Registry, or I'll know. Hear me? Give us some tea."

Something happened inside George Smiley when he heard this conversation. Out of the formless indirection of these dialogs, out of the horror of the scene upon the heath, a single shocking truth struck him. He felt a pull in his chest somewhere and he had the sensation of momentary disconnection from the room



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and the three haunted people he had found in it. *Encounter* sheet? No *encounter*? *Encounter* between Mostyn and Vladimir? *God in heaven*, he thought, squaring the mad circle. *The Lord preserve, cosset and protect us. Mostyn was Vladimir's case officer! That old man, a general, once our glory, and they farmed him out to this uncut boy!* Then another lurch, more violent still, as his surprise was swept aside in an explosion of internal fury. He felt his lips tremble, he felt his throat seize up in indignation, blocking his words, and when he turned to Lacon, his spectacles seemed to be misting over from the heat.

"Oliver, I wonder if you'd mind finally telling me why you brought me here," he heard himself suggesting, hardly above a murmur.

Reaching out an arm, he removed the vodka bottle from its bucket. Still unbidden, he broke the cap and poured himself a rather large tot.

"All right, Mostyn, tell him!" Lacon boomed suddenly. "Tell him in your own words."

•

Mostyn sat with a quite particular stillness. He spoke softly. To hear him, Lacon had withdrawn to a corner and bunched his hands judicially under his nose. But Strickland had sat himself bolt upright and seemed, like Mostyn himself, to be patrolling the boy's words for lapses.

"Vladimir telephoned the Circus at lunchtime today, sir," Mostyn began, leaving some unclarity as to which "sir" he was addressing. "I happened to be Oddbins duty officer and took the call."

Strickland corrected him with unpleasant haste: "You mean *yesterday*. Be precise, can't you?"

"I'm sorry, sir. Yesterday," said Mostyn.

"Well, get it right," Strickland warned.

To be Oddbins duty officer, Mostyn explained, meant little more than covering the lunch-hour gap and checking desks and waste bins at closing time. Oddbins personnel were too junior for night duty, so there was just this roster for lunchtimes and evenings.

And Vladimir, he repeated, came through in the lunch hour, using the lifeline.

"*Lifeline?*" Smiley repeated in bewilderment. "I don't think I quite know what you mean."

"It's the system we have for keeping in touch with dead agents, sir," said Mostyn, then put his fingers to his temple and muttered, "Oh, my Lord." He started again: "I mean agents who have run their course but are still on the welfare roll, sir," said Mostyn unhappily.

"So he rang and you took the call," said Smiley kindly. "What time was that?"

"One-fifteen exactly, sir. Oddbins is like a sort of Fleet Street newsroom, you see. There are these twelve desks and there's the section head's hen coop at the end, with a glass partition between us and him. The lifeline's in a locked box and normally it's the section head who keeps the key. But in the lunch hour, he gives it to the duty dog. I unlocked the box and heard this foreign voice saying, 'Hullo.' "

"Get on with it, Mostyn," Strickland growled.

"I said 'Hullo' back, Mr. Smiley. That's all we do. We don't give the number. He said, 'This is Gregory calling for Max. I have something very urgent for him. Please get me Max immediately.' I asked him where he was calling from, which is routine, but he just said he had plenty of change. We have no brief to trace incoming calls and, anyway, it takes too long. There's an electric card selector by the lifeline, it's got all the work names on it. I told him to hold on and typed out 'Gregory.' That's the next thing we do after asking where they're calling from. Up it came on the selector. 'Gregory equals Vladimir, ex-agent, ex–Soviet general, ex-leader of the Riga Group.' Then the file reference. I typed out 'Max' and found you, sir." Smiley gave a small nod. " 'Max equals Smiley.' Then I typed out 'Riga Group' and realized you were their last vicar."

"Their *vicar*?" said Lacon, as if he had detected heresy. "Smiley their last *vicar*, Mostyn? What on earth——"

"I thought you had heard all this, Oliver," Smiley said, to cut him off.

"Only the essence," Lacon retorted. "In a crisis, one deals only with essentials."

In his pressed-down Scottish, without letting Mostyn from his sight, Strickland provided Lacon with the required explanation: "Organizations such as the group had by tradition two case officers. The postman, who did the nuts and bolts for them, and the vicar, who stood above the fight. Their father figure," he said, and nodded perfunctorily toward Smiley.

"And who was carded as his most recent postman, Mostyn?" Smiley asked, ignoring Strickland entirely.

"Esterhase, sir. Work name Hector."

"And he didn't ask for him?" said Smiley to Mostyn, speaking straight past Strickland yet again.

"I'm sorry, sir?"

"Vladimir didn't ask for Hector? His postman? He asked for me. Max. Only Max. You're sure of that?"

"He wanted you and nobody else, sir," said Mostyn earnestly.

"Did you make notes?"

"The lifeline is taped automatically, sir. It's also linked to a speaking clock, so that we get the exact timing as well."

"Damn you, Mostyn, that's a confidential matter," Strickland snapped. "Mr. Smiley may be a distinguished ex-member, but he's no longer family."

"So what did you do next, Mostyn?" Smiley asked.

"Standing instructions gave me very little latitude, sir," Mostyn replied, showing once again, like Smiley, a studied disregard for Strickland. "Both 'Smiley' and 'Esterhase' were wait-listed, which meant that they could be contacted only through the fifth floor. My section head was out to lunch and not due back till two-fifteen." He gave a shrug. "I stalled. I told him to try again at two-thirty."

Smiley turned to Strickland. "I thought all the *émigré* files had been consigned to special keeping?"

"Correct."

"Shouldn't there have been something on the selector card to that effect?"

"There should and there wasn't," Strickland said.

"That is just the point, sir," Mostyn agreed, talking only to Smiley. "At that stage, there was no suggestion that Vladimir or his group was out of bounds. From the card, he looked just like any other pensioned-off agent raising a wind. I assumed he wanted a bit of money, or company, or something. We get quite a few of those. Leave him to the section head, I thought."

"Who shall remain nameless, Mostyn," Strickland said. "Remember that."

It crossed Smiley's mind at this point that the reticence in Mostyn—his air of distastefully stepping round some dangerous secret all the time he spoke—might have something to do with protecting a negligent superior. But Mostyn's next words dispelled this notion, for he went out of his way to imply that his superior was at fault.

"The trouble was, my section head didn't get back from lunch till three-fifteen, so that when Vladimir rang in at two-thirty, I had to put him off again. He was furious," said Mostyn. "Vladimir was, I mean. I asked whether there was anything I could do in the meantime and he said, 'Find Max. Just find me Max. Tell Max I have been in touch with certain friends, also through friends with neighbors.' There were a couple of notes on the card about his word code and I saw that neighbor meant Soviet Intelligence."

A mandarin impassivity had descended over Smiley's face. The earlier emotion was quite gone.

"All of which you duly reported to your section head at three-fifteen?"

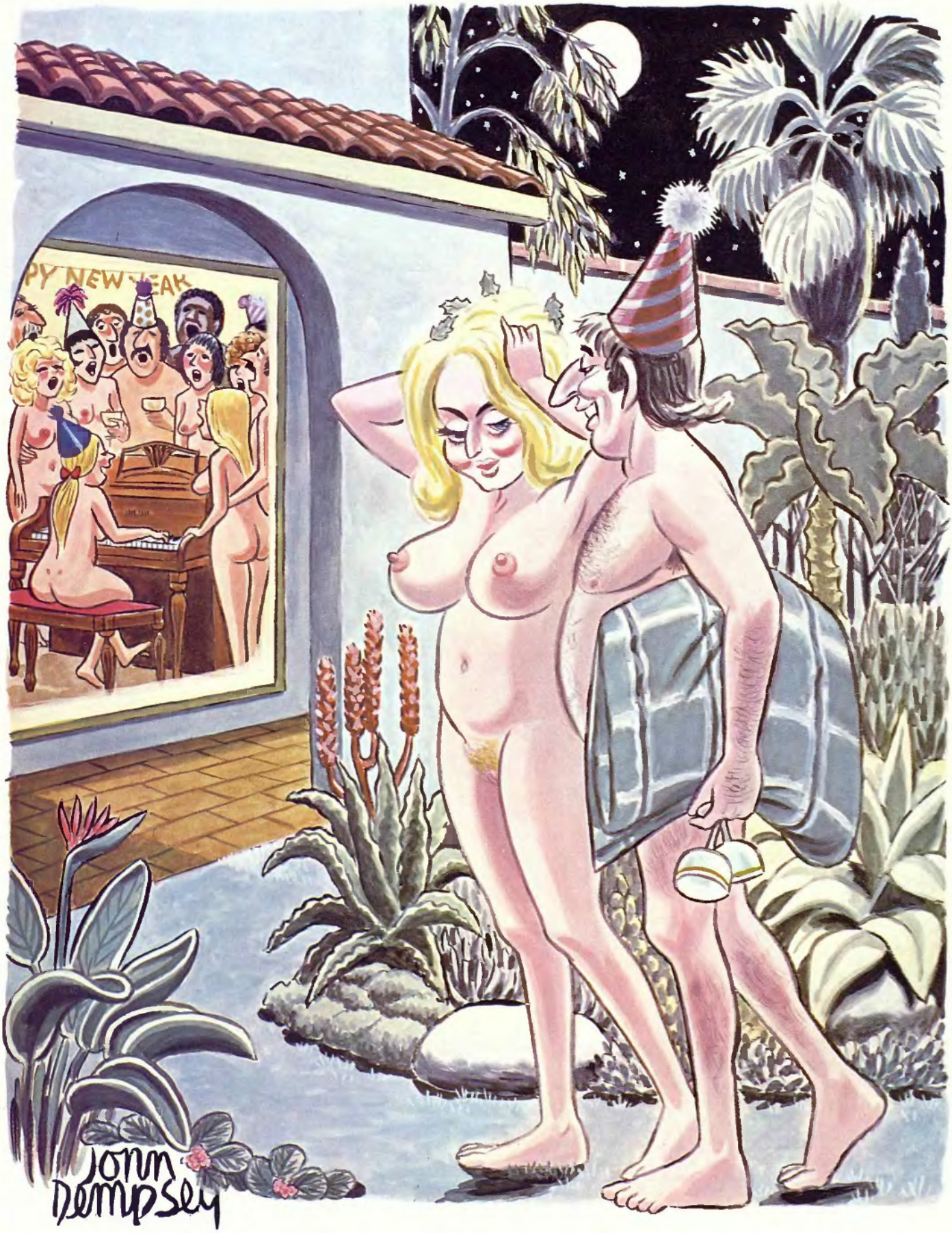
"Yes, sir."

"Did you play him the tape?"

"He hadn't time to hear it," said Mostyn mercilessly. "He had to leave straight away for a long weekend."

The stubborn brevity of Mostyn's speech was now so evident that Strickland felt obliged to fill in the gaps.

"Yes, well, there's no question but that if we're looking for scapegoats, George, that section head of Mostyn's made a



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monumental fool of himself, no question at all," Strickland declared brightly. "He omitted to send for Vladimir's papers—which would not, of course, have been forthcoming. He omitted to acquaint himself with standing orders on the handling of *émigrés*. He also appears to have succumbed to a severe dose of weekend fever, leaving no word of his whereabouts. God help him on Monday morning, says I. Oh, yes. Come, Mostyn, we're waiting, boy."

Mostyn obediently took back the story. "Vladimir rang for the third and last time at three-forty-three, sir," he said, speaking even more slowly than before. "It should have been quarter to four, but he jumped the gun by two minutes." Mostyn by this time had a rudimentary brief from his section head, which he now repeated to Smiley: "He called it a bromide job. I was to find out what, if anything, the old boy really wanted and, if all else failed, make a rendezvous with him to cool him down. I was to give him a drink, sir, pat him on the back and promise nothing except to pass on whatever message he brought me."

"And the 'neighbors'?" Smiley asked. "They were not an issue to your section head?"

"He rather thought that was just a bit of agent's histrionics, sir."

"I see. Yes, I see." Yet his eyes, in contradiction, closed completely for a moment. "So how did the dialog with Vladimir go this third time?"

"According to Vladimir, it was to be an immediate meeting or nothing, sir. I tried out the alternatives on him as instructed—'Write us a letter; is it money you want? Surely it can wait till Monday'—but by then, he was shouting at me down the phone. 'A meeting or nothing. Tonight or nothing. Moscow rules. I insist, Moscow rules. Tell this to Max. Tell him I have two proofs and can bring them with me. Then perhaps he will see me.' "

Lacon, who had stayed uncharacteristically quiet these last minutes, now chimed in: "There's an important point here, George. The Circus were not the suitors here. *He* was. The ex-agent. He was doing *all* the pressing, making *all* the running. If he'd accepted our suggestion, written out his information, none of this need ever have happened. He brought it on himself entirely, George, I insist you take the point!"

Strickland was lighting himself a fresh cigarette.

"Whoever heard of Moscow rules in the middle of bloody Hampstead, anyway?" Strickland asked, waving out the match.

"Bloody Hampstead is right," Smiley said quietly.

"Mostyn, wrap the story up," Lacon commanded, blushing scarlet.

They had agreed a time, Mostyn resumed woodenly, now staring at his left palm as if he were reading his own fortune in it: "Ten-twenty, sir."

They had agreed Moscow rules, he said, and the usual contact procedures, which Mostyn had established earlier in the afternoon by consulting the Oddbins encounter index.

"And what *were* the contact procedures, exactly?" Smiley asked.

"A copybook rendezvous, sir," Mostyn replied. "The Sarratt training course all over again, sir."

Smiley felt suddenly crowded by the intimacy of Mostyn's respectfulness. He did not wish to be this boy's hero, or to be caressed by his voice, his gaze, his "sir"s. He was not prepared for the claustrophobic admiration of this stranger.

"There's a tin pavilion on Hampstead Heath, ten minutes' walk from East Heath Road, overlooking a games field on the south side of the avenue, sir. The safety signal was one new drawing pin shoved high in the first wood support on the left as you entered."

"And the countersignal?" Smiley asked.

But he knew the answer already.

"A yellow chalk mark," said Mostyn. "I gather yellow was the sort of Group trademark from the old days." He had adopted a tone of ending. "I put up the pin and came back here and waited. When he didn't show up, I thought, If he's secrecy mad, I'll have to go up to the hut again and check out his countersignal, then I'll know whether he's around and proposes to try the fallback."

"Which was what?"

"A car pickup near Swiss Cottage underground at eleven-forty, sir. I was about to go out and take a look when Mr. Strickland rang through and ordered me to sit tight until further orders." Smiley assumed he had finished, but this was not quite true. Seeming to forget everyone but himself, Mostyn slowly shook his pale, handsome head. "I never met him," he said, in slow amazement. "He was my first agent, I never met him, I'll never know what he was trying to tell me," he said. "My first agent, and he's dead. It's incredible. I feel like a complete Jonah." His head continued shaking long after he had finished.

Lacon added a brisk postscript: "Yes, well, Scotland Yard has a computer these days, George. The Heath Patrol found the body and cordoned off the area and the moment the name was fed into the computer, a light came up or a lot of digits or something, and immediately they knew he was on our special-watch list. From then on, it went like clockwork. The commissioner phoned the Home Office, the Home Office phoned the Circus——"

"And you phoned me," said Smiley.

•

Smiley stood at the mouth of the avenue, gazing into the tunnel of beech trees as they sank away from him like a retreating army into the mist. The darkness had departed reluctantly, leaving an indoor gloom. It could have been dusk already: teatime in an old country house. The streetlights either side of him were poor candles, illuminating nothing. The air felt warm and heavy. He had expected police still, and a roped-off area. He had expected journalists or curious bystanders. It never happened, he told himself, as he started slowly down the slope. No sooner had I left the scene than Vladimir clambered merrily to his feet, stick in hand, wiped off the gruesome make-up and skipped away with his fellow actors for a pot of beer at the police station.

Stick in hand, he repeated to himself, remembering something the superintendent had said to him. Left hand or right hand? "There's yellow chalk powder on his left hand, too," Mr. Murgotroyd had said inside the van. "Thumb and first two fingers."

He advanced and the avenue darkened round him, the mist thickened. His footsteps echoed tinnily ahead of him. Twenty yards higher, brown sunlight burned like a slow bonfire in its own smoke. But down here in the dip, the mist had collected in a cold fog, and Vladimir was very dead after all. He saw tire marks where the police cars had parked. He noticed the absence of leaves and the unnatural cleanness of the gravel. What do they do? he wondered. Hose the gravel down? Sweep the leaves into more plastic pillowcases?

His tiredness had given way to a new and mysterious clarity. He continued up the avenue wishing Vladimir good morning and good night and not feeling a fool for doing so, thinking intently about drawing pins and chalk and French cigarettes and Moscow rules, looking for a tin pavilion by a playing field. Take it in sequence, he told himself. Take it from the beginning. He reached an intersection of paths and crossed it, still climbing. To his right, goal posts appeared, and beyond them a green pavilion, apparently empty. He started across the field, rain water seeping into his shoes. Behind the hut ran a steep mudbank scoured with children's slides. He climbed the bank, entered a coppice and kept climbing. The fog had not penetrated the trees and by the time he reached the brow, it had cleared. There was still no one in sight. Returning, he approached the pavilion through the trees. It was a tin box, no more, with one side open to the field. The only furniture was a rough wood bench slashed and written on with knives, the only occupant a prone figure stretched on it, with a blanket pulled over his head and brown boots protruding. For an undisciplined moment, Smiley wondered whether he, too, had had his face blown off. Girders held up the roof;

earnest moral statements enlivened the flaking green paint. "Punk is destructive. Society does not need it." The assertion caused him a moment's indecision. "Oh, but society *does*," he wanted to reply; "society is an association of minorities." The drawing pin was where Mostyn said it was, at head height exactly, in the best Sarratt tradition of regularity, its Circus-issue brass head as new and as unmarked as the boy who had put it there.

Proceed to the rendezvous, it said; *no danger sighted.*

Moscow rules, thought Smiley yet again. Moscow, where it could take a fieldman three days to post a letter to a safe address. Moscow, where all minorities are punk.

Tell him I have two proofs and can bring them with me. . . .

Vladimir's chalked acknowledgment ran close beside the pin, a wavering yellow worm of a message scrawled all down the post. Perhaps the old man was worried about rain, thought Smiley. Perhaps he was afraid it could wash his mark away. Or perhaps in his emotional state he just leaned too heavily on the chalk. *A meeting or nothing*, he had told Mostyn. *Tonight or nothing. . . . Tell him I have two proofs and can bring them with me. . . .* Nevertheless, only the vigilant would ever have noticed that mark, heavy though it was, or the shiny drawing pin, either, and not even the vigilant would have found them odd, for on Hampstead Heath, people post bills and messages to each other ceaselessly, and not all of them are spies, by any means. Some are children, some are tramps, some are believers in God and organizers of charitable walks, some have lost pets and some are looking for variations of love and having to proclaim their needs from a hilltop. Not all of them, by any means, get their faces blown off at point-blank range by a Moscow Center weapon.

And the purpose of this acknowledgment? In Moscow, when Smiley from his desk in London had had the ultimate responsibility for Vladimir's case—in Moscow, these signs were devised for agents who might disappear from hour to hour; they were the broken twigs along a path that could always be their last. *I see no danger and am proceeding as instructed to the agreed rendezvous*, read Vladimir's last—and fatally mistaken—message to the living world.

Leaving the hut, Smiley moved a short distance back along the route he had just come. And as he walked, he meticulously called to mind the superintendent's reconstruction of Vladimir's last journey, drawing upon his memory as if it were an archive.

"Those rubber overshoes are a godsend, Mr. Smiley," the superintendent had declared piously: "North British Century, diamond-pattern soles, sir, and barely walked on—why, you could follow him through a football crowd if you had to!

"I'll give you the authorized version," the superintendent had said, speaking fast because they were short of time. "Ready, Mr. Smiley?"

"Ready," Smiley had said.

The superintendent changed his tone of voice. Conversation was one thing, evidence another. As he spoke, he shone his torch in phases onto the wet gravel of the roped-off area. A lecture with magic lantern, Smiley had thought; for two pins, I'd have taken notes. "Here he is, coming down the hill now, sir. See him there? Normal pace, nice heel and toe movement, normal progress, everything aboveboard. See, Mr. Smiley?"

Mr. Smiley had seen.

"And the stick mark there, do you, in his right hand, sir?"

Smiley had seen that, too, how the rubber-ferruled walking stick had left a deep rip with every second footprint.

"Whereas, of course, he had the stick in his *left* when he was shot, right? You saw that, too, sir, I noticed. Happen to know which side his bad leg was at all, sir, if he had one?"

"The right," Smiley had said.

"Ah. Then, most likely, the right was the side he normally held the stick, as well. Down here, please, sir, that's the way! Walking normal still, please note," the superintendent had added, making a rare slip of grammar in his distraction.

For five more paces, the regular diamond imprint, heel and toe, had continued undisturbed in the beam of the superintendent's torch. Now, by daylight, Smiley saw only the ghost of them. The rain, other feet and the tire tracks of illicit cyclists had caused large parts to disappear. But by night, at the superintendent's lantern show, he had seen them vividly, as vividly as he saw the plastic-covered corpse in the dip below them, where the trail had ended.

"*Now*," the superintendent had declared with satisfaction, and halted, the cone of his torch beam resting on a single scuffed area of ground.

"How old did you say he was, sir?" the superintendent asked.

"I didn't, but he owned to sixty-nine."

"Plus your recent heart attack, I gather. Now, sir. First he stops. In sharp order. Don't ask me why; perhaps he was spoken to. My guess is he heard something. Behind him. Notice the way the pace shortens, notice the position of the feet as he makes the half-turn, looks over his shoulder or whatever? Anyway, he *turns*, and that's why I say 'behind him.' And whatever he saw or didn't see—or heard or didn't hear—he decides to run. Off he goes, look!" the superintendent urged, with the sudden enthusiasm of the sportsman. "Wider stride, heels not hardly on the ground. A new print entirely, and going for all he's worth. You can even see where he shoved himself off with his stick for the extra purchase."

Peering now by daylight, Smiley no longer with any certainty *could* see, but he had seen last night—and in his memory saw again this morning—the sudden desperate gashes of the ferrule thrust downward, then thrust at an angle.

"Trouble was," the superintendent commented quietly, "whatever killed him was out in front, wasn't it? Not behind him at all."

It was both, thought Smiley now, with the advantage of the intervening hours. They *drove* him, he thought, trying without success to recall the Sarratt jargon for this particular technique. They knew his route and they *drove* him. The frightener behind the target drives him forward, the finger man loiters ahead undetected till the target blunders into him. For it was a truth known also to Moscow Center murder teams that even the oldest hands will spend hours worrying about their backs, their flanks, the cars that pass and the cars that don't, the streets they cross and the houses that they enter. Yet still fail, when the moment is upon them, to recognize the danger that greets them face to face. And if the quarry changes direction—turns and runs back? Then the frightener turns finger man and does the job himself.

"Still running," the superintendent said, moving steadily nearer the body down the hill. "Notice how his pace gets a little longer because of the steeper gradient now? Erratic, too, see that? Feet flying all over the shop. Running for dear life. Literally. And the walking stick still in his right hand. See him veering now, moving toward the verge? Lost his bearings, I wouldn't wonder. Here we go. Explain *that*, if you can!"

The torch beam rested on a patch of footprints close together, five or six of them, all in a very small space at the edge of the grass between two high trees.

"Stopped again," the superintendent announced. "Not so much a total *stop*, perhaps, more your stammer. Don't ask me why. Maybe he just wrong-footed himself. Maybe he was worried to find himself so close to the trees. Maybe his heart got him, if you tell me it was dickey. Then off he goes, same as before."

"With the stick in his left hand," Smiley had said quietly.

"Why? That's what I ask myself, sir, but perhaps you people know the answer. Why? Did he hear something again? Remember something? Why—when you're running for your life—why pause, do a duck-shuffle, change hands, and then run on again? Straight into the arms of whoever shot him? Unless, of course, whatever was behind him *overtook* him there, came round through the trees, perhaps, made an arc, as it were? Any explanation from *your* side of the street, Mr. Smiley?"

And with that question still ringing

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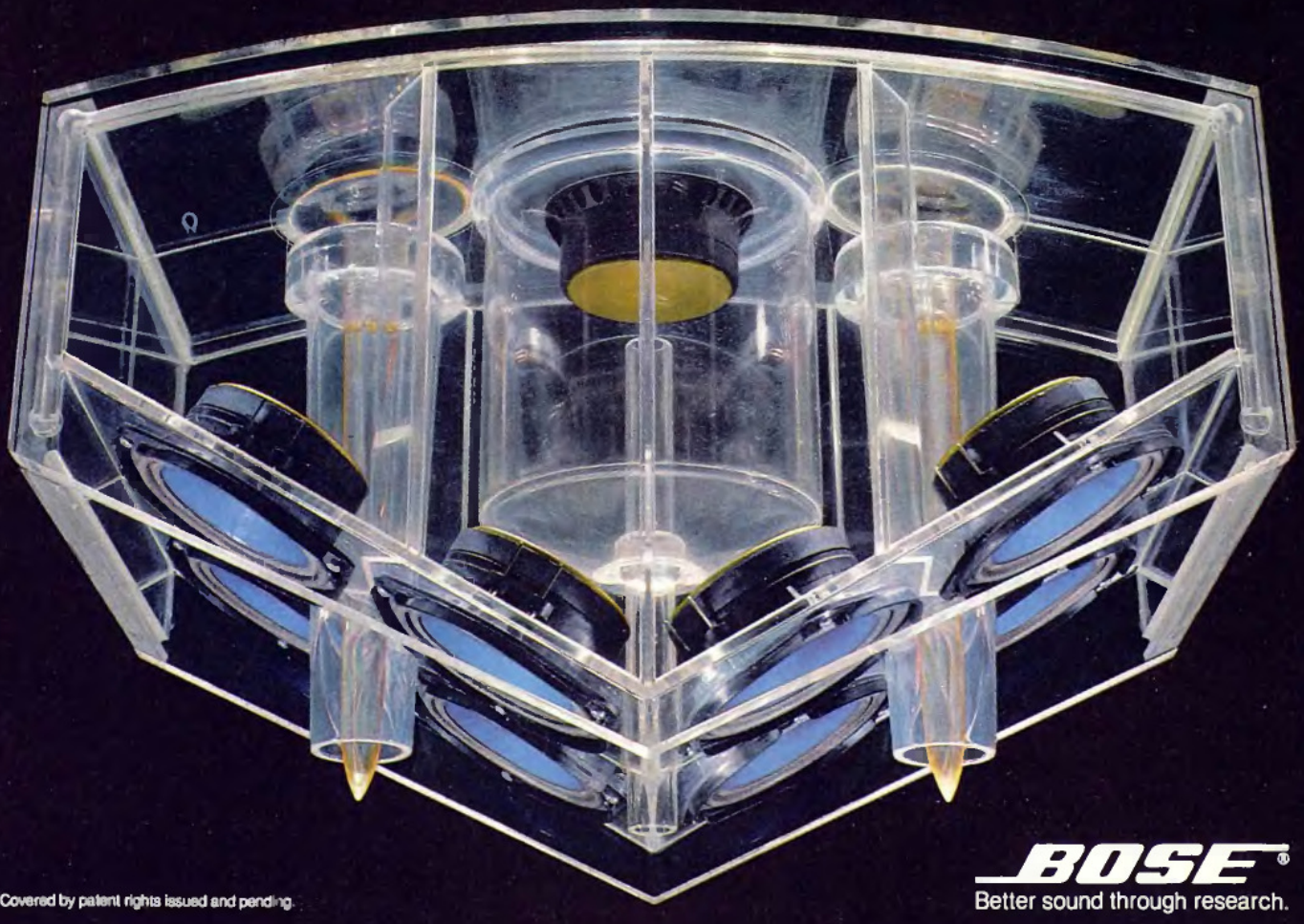

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in Smiley's ears, they had arrived at last at the body, floating like an embryo under its plastic film.

But Smiley, on this morning after, stopped short of the dip. Instead, by placing his sodden shoes as best he could upon each spot exactly, he set about trying to imitate the movements the old man might have made. And since Smiley did all this in slow motion, and with every appearance of concentration, under the eye of two trousered ladies walking their Alsatians, he was taken for an adherent of the new fad in Chinese martial exercises and accounted mad.

First he put his feet side by side and pointed them down the hill. Then he put his left foot forward and moved his right foot round until the toe pointed directly toward a spinney of young saplings. As he did so, his right shoulder followed naturally, and his instinct told him that this would be the likely moment for Vladimir to transfer the stick to his left hand. But *why*? As the superintendent had also asked, why transfer the stick at all? Why, in this most extreme moment of his life, why solemnly move a walking stick from the right hand to the left? Certainly not to defend himself—since, as Smiley remembered, he was right-handed! To defend himself, he would only have seized the stick more firmly. Or clasped it with *both* of his hands, like a club.

Was it in order to leave his right hand free? But free for what?

Aware this time of being observed, Smiley peered sharply behind him and saw two small boys in blazers who had paused to watch this round little man in spectacles performing strange antics with his feet. He glowered at them in his most schoolmasterly manner and they moved hastily on.

To leave his right hand free for what? Smiley repeated to himself. And why start running again a moment later?

Vladimir turned to the right, thought Smiley, once again matching his action to the thought. Vladimir turned to the right. He faced the spinney, he put his stick in his left hand. For a moment, according to the superintendent, he stood still. *Then* he ran on.

Moscow rules, Smiley thought, staring at his own right hand. Slowly he lowered it into his raincoat pocket. Which was empty, as Vladimir's right-hand coat pocket was also empty.

Had he meant to write a message, perhaps? Smiley was teasing himself with the theory he was determined to hold at bay. To write a message with the *chalk*, for instance? Had he recognized his pursuer and wished to chalk a name somewhere, or a sign? But what *on*? Not on these wet tree trunks, for sure. Not on the clay, the dead leaves, the gravel! Looking round him, Smiley became aware of a peculiar feature of his location. Here, almost between two trees, at the very edge of the avenue, at the point the fog was approaching its thickest, he was as good as out of sight. The avenue descended, yes, and lifted ahead of him. But it also curved, and from where he stood, the upward line of sight in both directions was masked by tree trunks and a dense thicket of saplings. Along the whole path of Vladimir's last frantic journey—a path he knew well, had used for similar meetings—this was the one point, Smiley realized with increasing satisfaction, where the fleeing man was out of sight from both ahead of him and behind him.

And had stopped.

Had freed his right hand.

Had put it—let us say—in his pocket.

For his heart tablets? No. Like the yellow chalk and the matches, they were in his left pocket, not his right.

For something—let us say—that was no longer in his pocket when he was found dead.

For what, then?

Tell him I have two proofs and can bring them with me. Then perhaps he will see me. . . . This is Gregory asking for Max. I have something for him, please. . . .

Proofs. Proofs too precious to post. He was bringing something. Two somethings. Not just in his head—in his pocket. And was playing Moscow rules. Rules that had been drummed into the general from the very day of his recruitment as a defector in place. By Smiley himself, no less, as well as his case officer on the spot. Rules that had been invented for his survival; and the survival of his network. Smiley felt the excitement seize his stomach like a nausea. Moscow rules decree that if you physically *carry* a message, you must also carry the means to discard it! That, however it is disguised or concealed—microdot, secret writing, undeveloped film, any one of the hundred risky, finicky ways—still, as an *object*, it must be the first and lightest thing that comes to hand, the least conspicuous when jettisoned!

Such as a medicine bottle full of tablets, he thought, calming a little. Such as a box of matches.

One box Swan Vesta matches partly used, overcoat left, he remembered. A smoker's match, note well.

And in the safe flat, he thought relentlessly—tantalizing himself, staving off the final insight—there on the table waiting for him, one packet of cigarettes, Vladimir's favorite brand.

But no cigarettes in his pockets. None, as the good superintendent would have said, on his person. Or not when they found him, that is to say.

So the premise, George? Smiley asked himself, mimicking Lacon—brandishing Lacon's prefectorial finger accusingly in his own intact face—the premise? The premise is, thus far, Oliver, that a smoker, a habitual smoker, in a state of high nervousness, sets off on a crucial clandestine meeting equipped with matches but not even so much as an *empty* packet of cigarettes. So that either the assassins found it and removed it—the proof, or proofs, that Vladimir was speaking of, or—or what? Or Vladimir changed his stick from his right hand to his left in time. And put his right hand in his pocket in time. And took it out again, also in time, at the very spot where he could not be seen. And got rid of it, or them, according to Moscow rules.

Having satisfied his own insistence upon a logical succession, George Smiley stepped cautiously into the long grass that led to the spinney, soaking his trousers from the knees down. For half an hour or more, he searched, groping in the grass and among the foliage, retreading his tracks, cursing his own blundering, giving up, beginning again, answering the fatuous inquiries of passers-by, which ranged from the obscene to the manically attentive. There were even two Buddhist monks from a local seminary, complete with saffron robes and lace-up boots and knitted woolen caps, who offered their assistance. Smiley courteously declined it. He found two broken kites, a quantity of Coca-Cola tins. He found scraps of the female body, some in color, some in black and white, ripped from magazines. He found an old running shoe, black, and shreds of an old burnt blanket. He found four beer bottles, empty, and four empty cigarette packets so sodden and old that after one glance he discounted them. And in a branch, slipped into the fork just where it joined its parent trunk, the fifth packet that was not even empty: a relatively dry packet of Gauloises Caporal, *filtre* and duty-free, high up. Smiley reached for it as if it were forbidden fruit, but, like forbidden fruit, it stayed outside his grasp. He jumped for it and felt his back rip: a distinct and unnerving parting of tissue that smarted and dug at him for days afterward. He said "Damn" out loud and rubbed the spot. Two typists, on their way to work, consoled him with their giggles. He found a stick, poked the packet free, opened it. Four cigarettes remained.

And behind those four cigarettes, half concealed, and protected by its own skin of cellophane, something he recognized but dared not even disturb with his wet and trembling fingers. Something he dared not even contemplate until he was free of this appalling place, where giggling typists and Buddhist monks innocently trampled the spot where Vladimir had died: a single frame of 35-millimeter film, developed, waiting to be printed.

They have one proof, I have the other, he thought. I have shared the old man's legacy with his murderers.

TUCKING IT AWAY *(continued from page 178)*

"When something has risen dramatically in price for many years, it may no longer be a bargain."

percent? People who do this lose seven or eight cents on every dollar they borrow, year after year, car after car—hundreds of dollars a year *wasted*. Unless you have a risk-free way to invest at *14* percent or more the money you borrow at 13 percent, you will not come out ahead. And at the time of this writing, there is no such thing as a risk-free 14 percent return. (When there is, auto loans will cost a lot more than 13 percent.)

Yes, I know the interest on your loan is deductible (though not for the three quarters of American taxpayers who do not itemize their deductions—for them, 13 percent is really 13 percent). But it doesn't matter. You can't make money borrowing at 13 percent unless you can turn around and invest that money at 14 or 15 or 20 percent.

Incidentally, this reasoning applies every bit as much to the 18 percent credit-card interest many people pay and to the financing of any other consumable goods or depreciating assets (unlike a home, which *ap*preciates). Getting off the credit treadmill is as tough as quitting smoking (which would also save you $500 a year)—but, since not having to pay 18 percent is as good as *earning* 18 percent, risk-free, it is the best investment most people can make.

Back to cars. Have you ever toted up just how much extra it costs to drive a tank? If you are really serious about socking something away for next year (and no one said you had to be; there are plenty of other things to read in this magazine), you might consider buying as your next car, not a $9395 horse that gets 16 miles to the gallon financed over five years but a $5395 pony that gets 30 miles to the gallon and that you buy for cash. Over five years, you would save $4000 on the price, another $4000 on the financing (gross, before allowing for tax reductions and the use of the money), perhaps $1500 in lower insurance and maintenance costs (theft and collision insurance cost more on expensive cars, which also cost more to maintain), $250 in car washes (what's the point of having a $9395 car if you don't keep it clean?) and, best for last, a tankerful of gas. Figuring 12,000 miles a year over five years at $1.25 a gallon—though where you're going to find gas at $1.25 a gallon five years from now I can't imagine—the difference works out to a further $2200. Grand total: well over $10,000.

That is an extra $2000 a year to go the same number of miles at the same speed with the same song playing on the same radio but in a heavier, roomier car. Consider that, unless your car is a deductible business expense, you must *earn* $4000 a year, or close to it, before taxes, to pay the difference.

Now, I happen to be able to earn an extra $4000 with my eyes closed standing on one foot just by buying 100 shares of some stock that goes up 40 points. But for you, it may not be so easy. Are you sure the extra leg room is worth it?

•

Well. Having perhaps saved a penny or two on taxes, having just learned you will be getting a well-deserved $10,000 Christmas bonus the first week in January (congratulations!) and having set yourself up to save $2000 a year by driving the kind of car that will leave friends and colleagues questioning your professional competence and your masculinity—must you really dump it all into some strange stock?

There are only three choices that make sense for you, and the following are not among them: gambling, gambling stocks, commodities, cattle, currency futures, interest-rate futures, options, stamp collecting, gold, diamonds, Oriental rugs, publicly offered oil deals, privately offered oil deals, antique cars, Broadway shows, signed-and-numbered lithographs. Pursued with sufficient ardor, the foregoing are likely—not guaranteed, but *likely*—to cause you acute financial distress and/or expose you to hardships never made truly believable by the brochures. This is very flip, I know, and if your *business* is trading stamps or cutting diamonds—if you are a pro—it may not apply. But most of us are not dealers in these games but "prospects." For us, I believe, it applies.

Of the three acceptable choices, I have doubts about two.

Fixed-Income Securities: These include short- and long-term deposits at

" 'Fooling around,' Maestro? What makes you think we were fooling around?"

savings banks; Treasury bills and other Government securities; money-market funds (which function as high-interest checking accounts); municipal bonds, corporate bonds and preferred stocks. (Preferred stocks are, in essence, corporate bonds that never mature.) Those are lovely places for your money. After paying off your debts, putting up equity for a home and purchasing adequate life insurance (term insurance, not whole insurance—and neither kind if you have no dependents), it makes sense to stash some money in such safe places. However, after taxes and inflation, you will be growing poorer each year. Also, just as the speculations and hobbies listed in the preceding section are so exciting as to obscure the underlying odds (which are against you) and the underlying values (which get more and more tenuous as prices rise higher and higher), so the fixed-income securities just listed are so *boring* as to be wholly inappropriate to your psychological profile.

Real Estate: This comes in many shapes and sizes. Your own home is a terrific investment, if only because you can enjoy it so much more than a golden passbook. And it has tax advantages. Raw land is much riskier and not easily mortgaged. Much of the getting rich quick that's gone on over the past decade has been by folks of modest means who bought one property, fixed it up, refinanced or sold it at a profit, using the increased cash to buy two properties, which could become four, eight and, soon, a small fortune. In some areas, like California or Houston or, more recently, Manhattan, it's been impossible to do anything but win—big.

Many people tell you that this will go on forever and that you can never lose in real estate. They will point to appreciation in real-estate prices much as a diamond salesman will point to appreciation in diamonds or a gold proponent to the appreciation in gold. It may be that real-estate prices will keep rising at a rapid clip, but it's worth noting that mortgage costs have never been higher and that, when something has risen dramatically in price for many years, it may no longer be a bargain. The problem with most people's investment strategies (other than the fact that most people don't have investment strategies) is that they invest *wistfully*. That is, they buy the things they wish they had bought five or ten years ago. It need hardly be mentioned, however, that the best time to buy something is not when it is expensive but when it is cheap.

That is not to deny that I have myself come lately to the real-estate market (it being only lately that I have had anything of substance with which to come); nor to gainsay the highly attractive tax advantages of being a landlord (while your property is appreciating in value, you get to depreciate it in figuring your taxes).

My general uneasiness about the precarious state of the real-estate market—which, of course, varies tremendously from community to community—is perhaps illustrated by the following story; forgive me if you have heard it before.

This rock star's agent, goes the story, calls his rock-star client and says: "You know that home you wanted us to find for you? Well, I've got good news and bad news."

The rock star, contrary to the most basic rules of human nature but conveniently for the effectiveness of this story, asks to hear the good news first.

"Well," says the agent, "we have found you the most *fabulous* 14-bedroom house—pool, tennis court, spectacular view, basement *discothèque*, everything—and it's just $4,800,000."

"Hey, that's great," says the rock star. "What's the bad news?"

"They want five thousand dollars down."

Stocks: The hidden value these days—the thing nobody wants, the thing so woebegone it has actually *fallen* in price over the past dozen years while packets of Life Savers have gone from a nickel to a quarter and ounces of gold have gone from $35 to $437—is a thing called stocks, the quadrupling of Shoney's Big Boy Enterprises, and others, notwithstanding.

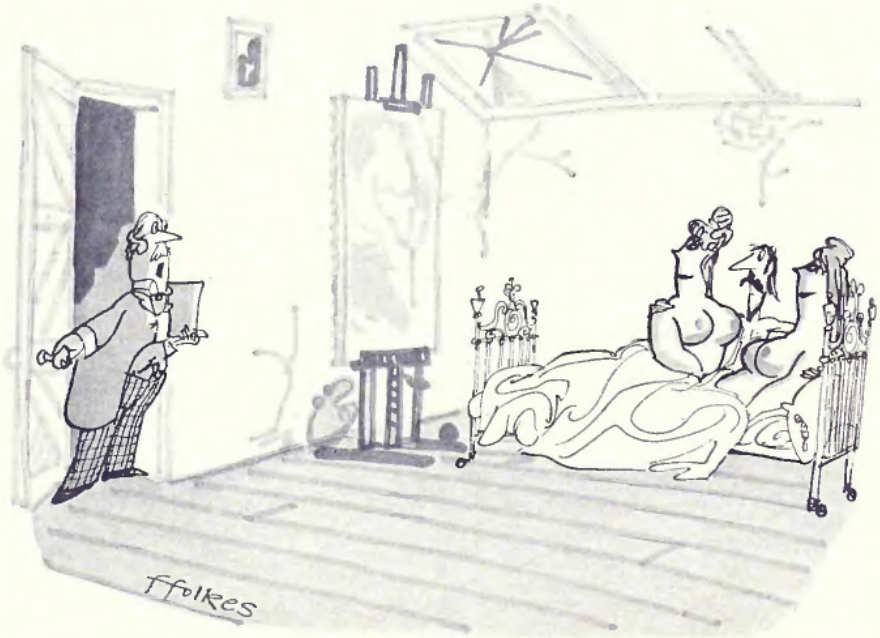
If you have money you can afford to tie up for the long term, one place to put a good chunk of it is in solid but boring, unpublicized common stocks. The kind that pay high dividends and only make the most-active list two years after you bought them, when, suddenly, cement becomes hot and your company, which was selling at half its book value when you bought it (and a fourth of "replacement value"), is being sought by some larger cement company, or some wealthy West German industrialist, at twice what you paid for it. That kind.

Don't buy stories, buy values. (*Forbes* is as far as you need to look for investment ideas and advice. Don't bother spending money on advisory services.) Don't buy just one stock—diversify. Don't pay full commissions: trade through "discount brokers" at half the price. Don't put *all* your money in the market, any more than you should put it all in real estate or the savings bank.

If the stocks you buy go up—Merry Christmas. If they go down a little, pay no attention. Sooner or later, they will come back; and in the meantime, you will be getting as much in dividends as you would be earning if the money were in the bank. If they go down a lot, buy more. They are even better values.

That would have been dangerous advice to follow in September of 1929. But in that month, the stocks that made up the Dow Jones industrial average were selling at three or four times their book value, whereas today the Dow sells under book value. In 1929, also, those stocks had experienced a quintupling in price over the prior eight years, and so had attained lofty heights from which to plunge. Fifty years later, in 1979, the Dow has experienced an eight-year run of mononucleosis. How do you plunge from a basement, or at best a second-floor, window?

That is not to say the market cannot fall sharply (as measured by the Dow, it is in the low 800s as I write this). But the value is there. That was not true in 1929 or in 1969, and it makes a big difference.



"You're clutching at straws, Henderson."

Jameson Irish

"Let's give them ~~Scotch~~."

If they like fine Scotch, they'll love light, imported Jameson Irish.

Let them try a glass of Jameson Irish Whiskey the way they would their favorite Scotch.

They'll notice how much it tastes like fine Scotch—only lighter and more delicate.

Chances are, as dedicated Scotch drinkers, they will instantly appreciate this flavor difference.

Though it may take a little time for them to get used to saying, "Jameson Irish on the rocks, please."

Jameson. World's largest-selling Irish Whiskey.

PLAYBOY'S NEW AGE PRIMER

useful information—from the interconnecting worlds of technology, parapsychology and social science—to help you enjoy the future

MYSTERY OF THE MONTH

(This section is reserved for information concerning real mysteries, whether old or new. Here, you'll read about those oddities of nature and the universe that we cannot understand, strange events and all sorts of inexplicable phenomena. We don't propose to solve these mysteries, just report them.)

Mystery Booms

On April 2, 1978, just after dawn, a shrill noise cut the air on Bell Island, Newfoundland, and suddenly the little village was rocked by a tremendous explosion. "Sheets of fire" appeared in some homes. The sky glowed red and balls of fire up to three feet across drifted through the village. An electrical surge raced through power lines, blowing up television sets and turning wall outlets into blowtorches, spurting blue flame almost two feet long.

The boom had been enormous, rattling homes eight miles away and making people up to 40 miles away turn their heads. Just before it happened, people living in Portugal Cove, across the bay, reported seeing "a bright, glowing straight line" come out of the sky "slanted toward Bell Island at about a 45-degree angle."

Miraculously, no one had been killed and there was little damage. The copper wiring in one house was vaporized. A cabin behind the house was left with a hole in either end. A small barn nearby had collapsed outward, while chickens lay dead on the floor, bleeding from the eyes and mouths.

The Bell Island boom was one of many strange events that occurred along the East Coast of North America in the winter of 1977–1978. Primarily in New Jersey and South Carolina, there had been hundreds of reports of booms, often accompanied by balls of light and other "visual displays" that lit up the sky in many colors.

A three-month investigation by a Naval Research Board concluded that the events were caused by supersonic planes on maneuvers—sonic booms, bouncing off upper air during unusual weather. But some scientists have been challenging the Navy's explanation.

The respected climatologist Dr. Gordon J. MacDonald, who was involved in a seven-month investigation of the booms, claims to have documented almost 600 separate events and concludes "that about one third are not related to man-made activity."

Dr. William Donn of the Lamon-Doherty Geological Observatory near New York argues that the weather that winter was no different from any other and notes that the booms stopped in the United States after the Navy announcement, yet they have continued in Canada, where authorities are somewhat puzzled by the fact that they don't always coincide with known supersonic aircraft. Dr. Donn is openly suspicious of the military and once noted, "No one knew they had invented the atomic bomb until it had been used on Hiroshima."

That's ironic. Two scientists from New Mexico who journeyed to Newfoundland to investigate the Bell Island incident came from the place where that bomb had been developed—the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory.

Still in the forefront of weapons research, Los Alamos is engaged in research into a new order of weapons: lasers and laserlike particle-beam weapons that might one day make intercontinental ballistic missiles obsolete. These weapons theoretically could transmit destructive amounts of energy along beams that travel at the speed of light with pinpoint accuracy.

Newfoundlanders, therefore, could be forgiven for wondering what two investigators from a place like Los Alamos

were doing on their soil investigating what had happened.

One of the Los Alamos visitors, Robert Freyman, identified himself as a weapons-design engineer, interested in ball lightning. He said he'd been expecting the event, as a result of a theory he entertained about weather systems. He couldn't go into detail but said there had been similar events in New Jersey and South Carolina. He said superlightning that had been occurring over the ocean was occurring over land that winter. When the Bell Island incident occurred, he said, "someone in Washington" asked him to check it out.

Months after the event, he admitted to being bewildered but is now convinced the event was ball lightning. Or was it?

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN DEPARTMENT

(This section is dedicated to all the witch doctors, alchemists, sages and old wives whose advice on a wide range of subjects has at first been dismissed by the scientific community, only subsequently to be proved meritorious.)

Latter-Day Gnosis Fever

> In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . . And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.
>
> —*The Gospel According to John*

Modern junkie-prophet William S. Burroughs proposed several years ago that while both animals and men talk, only men write, and that men write because they are the mutant ape host of intelligent viruses that long ago achieved symbiosis. In *The Job*, he quoted biologist G. Belyavin's "Virus Adaptability and Host Resistance":

> It is worth noting that if a virus were to attain a state of wholly benign equilibrium with its host cell, it is unlikely that its presence would be readily detected or that it would necessarily be recognized as a virus.

And that, proposed Burroughs, is what the Word is. A virus. Creation as viral mutation.

Well, it just so happened that while Burroughs was writing *The Job*, Dr. Francis Crick, one of the discoverers of DNA, and Dr. Leslie Orgel of The Salk Institute were doing research on which they later reported in a published paper, "Directed Panspermia," that suggests that intelligent life might have been deliberately spread through the universe in a viral form, capable of evolving through symbiosis and mutation in suitable environments.

And just recently, *The New York Times* reported that two Japanese scientists have found a virus (PhiX 174) that

they believe is "more contrived than natural" and that may contain "a message which was encapsulated in virus particles and dispatched into the universe by one or more highly advanced civilizations." They also suggest that this virus may infect the common colonic bacteria of all humans.

They haven't figured out the viral

message yet, but they're working on it—using some of the same code techniques other scientists are using to decode possibly intelligent radio transmissions from outer space. So the next time you get the 24-hour flu, don't grumble. You may be smarter in the morning.

THE MAGIC CORNER

(The Magic Corner will give you the tools to perform *real* magic, not just your mundane rabbit-and-top-hat-type magic, which we all know is outright trickery, but the genuine stuff: telepathy, astral projection, clairaudience, clairvoyance, levitation and dozens of other handy and useful skills. Of course, we don't guarantee that you'll be able to *do* all this, but we'll give you advice from the best available literature on each subject and let you try it yourself. Good luck!)

Astral Projection

We've all heard of people having out-of-body experiences, or OOBEs for short. Throughout history, men and women have reported leaving their bodies while retaining full consciousness in what has been called the astral body and being able to pass through solid matter, travel great distances at the speed of thought and visit other worlds invisible to the physical eyes. Several great names in history have reported experiencing what seem to be OOBEs: Saint Paul, Catherine the Great of Russia, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, Beethoven and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, to name a few. Not to mention Carlos Castaneda and thousands of ingestors of psychedelic drugs. Are all those people crazy? Perhaps. But wouldn't you like to be able to leave your physical body at the office, fly home for the night and return to your body the next morning? The universal knowledge of OOBEs is obviously the ultimate solution to the gas shortage.

Now for your first tip on having an OOBE: Don't try it on a full stomach. Those who say they've done it recommend that your stomach have been empty for at least three hours, and that a three-to-five-day fast before attempting to leave your body is preferable. (No, Sammy, you won't die if you don't eat for three days. *That* isn't the secret.)

According to various writings on the subject, voluntary astral projection is impossible without three ingredients:

1. *Visualization:* The ability to imagine something vividly at will and retain the image clearly in the mind for two to three minutes. You may have to practice this. For starters, try to visualize your own face for three minutes. Then your entire body. Don't continue until you've mastered this.

2. *Breathing:* Correct breathing is essential. You should breathe from the diaphragm, rather than from the chest. The abdominal wall should expand when you inhale and contract when you exhale. Before attempting to leave your body, you must first relax it. Lying flat on your back, or sitting up in a high-backed armchair, take 15 or 20 deep breaths and let the tension drain from the muscles. The body should be completely supported, in any case, so that it can't fall over and hurt itself while you're out to lunch.

3. *Will:* This is the crucial ingredient. In all texts on the art of astral projection, students are advised that they must develop a strong desire to consciously leave their physical bodies, and that this desire must manifest itself in a powerful *willing* that they do so.

Having learned to visualize and breathe, and having developed a strong desire to leave your body, you are now ready for the techniques. We offer two, though there are dozens more, because these seem to be the easiest for a novice.

Technique number one—the Dream Method: This technique should be done just before going to sleep. First relax your body and do deep breathing for a while, then *tell* yourself that tonight you will wake up outside your body. Next, just before falling asleep, visualize a dream in which you are floating outside your physical body. Visualize your own body, floating six feet above the bed. Finally, as you experience the "falling" feeling of sleep, tell yourself that you are rising out of your body and that you will wake up outside it.

Technique number two—Projection Method: This is considered one of the oldest and best methods. It requires that you be able to visualize yourself very clearly. For those who can't do this, continue to practice visualization until you can. Now imagine a second self floating or standing in front of your closed eyes. Picture it going to another place, another room, another country. Imagine that you can see through its eyes as it examines its surroundings. Imagine that you can hear and see and feel all that it experiences. In time, you will forget your physical body and find yourself inside the projected body. This method is said to take more time than the others, but it's also said to be more effective.

Approach the experiment gradually. Those who've been there say that there will be a disorienting sensation of

dual consciousness as the astral body and the physical body separate. That is normal. If you should suddenly feel frightened (which is also normal), stick with the technique for a couple of minutes, then stop. Try again later. The fear will eventually disappear. If, on the other hand, you simply go to sleep, record your dreams when you awaken. We often become semiconscious in the astral body while asleep, say OOBEers, and remember those experiences as supervivid dreams. If none of this works, we suggest you look for a Yaqui medicine man.

CONTRIBUTORS

Glen O'Brien for "Latter-Day Gnosis Fever"; Rick Seaward for "Mystery Booms"; Jeffrey Armbruster for "Astral Projection."

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VERY SPECIAL EFFECTS

(continued from page 142)

screen. Trumbull, Dykstra and their associates have developed new technologies that will come closer than ever to presenting three-dimensional visuals on a two-dimensional screen—and look, Ma, no glasses!

Take, for example, the so-called trench sequence in *Star Wars*, where Luke Skywalker and his fellow pilots were trying through precision bombing to destroy the death star. To produce such an effect, a camera moves on a track forward and away from stationary models. Although it's the miniature space ships that seem to move, actually it's the camera that's in motion. The complex motion-picture camera tracking system Dykstra used for *Star Wars* was capable of panning left, right, up or down. The new, even more sophisticated computer-controlled camera Trumbull has developed for *Star Trek*—one of nine systems he and Dykstra are using on the film—not only allows those camera movements, plus pitch and yaw, but also makes it possible for the objects themselves, the background behind them and the lighting illuminating them to move, always in computerized synchronization. Trumbull calls his fancy new gadget COMPSY (Computer Motion-Tracking Photographic System). The computer controlling it has a memory system capable of storing 64,000 microbits of information, enough for every single camera setting for *Star Wars*, *Gone with the Wind* and *Jaws* combined. The camera can be programmed and operated via remote-control joy stick to move back and forth on railroadlike tracks; it utilizes torque take-ups to move film forward or backward (just as you do the tape on your cassette recorder) and features automatic opening and closing of the shutter independent of film movement.

Yet another camera operates on a 90-degree curved tracking system, making it possible to create realistic depth relationships not possible in straightforward shooting.

All this computerized precision makes it possible, in effect, for many exposures—sometimes as many as 75—to be "stacked" on one piece of film, eliminating the necessity for making actual film overlays (and thus improving the quality and reducing the graininess of the final negative).

The combination of sophisticated laser beams and multidimensional geometry techniques (some of them developed by Ron Resch, director of the Computer Geometry Design Center at Boston University) has created dramatically different effects in the movie's cloud sequence. As the Enterprise enters the cloud that surrounds V'ger, the entity that seems to be bent on destroying Earth, the audience will be swept *into* what, for lack of better comparison, is a constantly undulating gelatinous mass.

Much of the work in special effects, of course, still involves making paintings and miniature models. To create the illusion of a view of the Earth from outer space, for example, flat illustrations of a planet's surface are projected onto a dome and photographed from an oblique angle. Result: a large, curved painting that seems to have a natural curvature. Projected separately on one such painting, representing the Earth's surface, with its land masses and water, were images of clouds, devised by sprinkling white talcum powder on black paper, that, when lighted from the side, appear to have billowy shapes. The technicians then took a negative of the clouds, laid it over the one of the Earth and projected the whole thing, thus achieving clouds with shadows apparently floating over the planet. All of this is done by masking the individual elements, taking several exposures and, finally, optically projecting them together, in perfect alignment (hence the value of computerizing).

Apogee's Oscar-winning Grant McCune and Future General's Russ Simpson are the chief modelmakers on *Star Trek—The Motion Picture*. Probably the most impressive model created under their supervision is the starship docking bay, where the Enterprise is first seen after having completed its refitting. It took six months and nearly a quarter of a million dollars to hand-fit more than 100,000 pieces, some only one 16th of an inch in size, to create what appears on film to be the huge bay. In it are more than 50 light panels, each generating approximately 3000 volts of neon illumination.

More than 200 people have worked on *Star Trek*'s special effects. They have worked with determination, with a sense of humor (on the door of the metal-lathe workshop at Trumbull's shop is the sign SALVAGE DIVISION OF STAR TREK) and with dogged perseverance—toward the end, putting in 70-hour weeks.

My guess is that it will have been worth it. Back in 1977, when *Star Wars* flashed virtually unheralded across the screens of the world, I saw some of that film's dailies. This fall, I saw some of the dailies from *Star Trek—The Motion Picture*. They are better. Doug Trumbull has never won an Oscar; this time he should make it.

—JEFF MARTINI

STAR TREK'S RETURN

(continued from page 172)

Yeoman Janice Rand on TV, is now Transporter Chief Rand. Gone, incidentally, are the miniskirts; classy new Robert Fletcher–designed costumes in muted colors boast tailored slacks with built-in boots for both sexes. Leg men may lose out with this one, but the female ass watchers of the world have a treat in store: Shatner's shapely derrière is famous throughout fandom, and these new outfits are outstandingly fanny-flattering. All of the crew members, as a matter of fact, look to be in great shape; many have trimmed down to weigh in at considerably less than their TV poundage of a decade ago.

The new stars in the Enterprise's galaxy—Stephen Collins and Persis Khambatta—provide *Star Trek*'s relatively sedate love interest. They are also, definitely, the new kids in class. "I figure I must have been the only person in the world, just about, who'd never seen *Star Trek*," says Collins, best known for his portrayal of Hugh Sloan in *All the President's Men*. "So when I met Wise and Roddenberry and they talked to me about reading for a part, I asked if they could deliver a script to me in Malibu, where I was staying for a few days. They said, 'We can't let the script out of the office. You have to come in.' So I did, and it was like going in to the back of the First National Bank with the Brinks guard. I was ushered into this little room, no decorations on the walls or anything, just one copy of the script, or, rather, a few pages. And I was very taken with it; it was a much more cerebral script than I had expected. Being ignorant about *Star Trek*, I expected much more of a shoot-'em-up."

Once Collins got on the set, things were strange for a while. "It felt like being the guest star on the most extravagant episodic television show ever done, because for the rest of them, it was almost as if the intervening time hadn't been there. They fell into their old relationships, their old rapport." Eventually, though, Collins fit in—especially on the *Star Trek* softball team.

Khambatta, a former Miss India and winner of best-actress laurels in her native country, began modeling at the age of 13. For seven years, she lived in London, where she became a *Star Trek* fan. "I asked my agent to get me work in the series," she says, "because I could see they used exotic-looking girls. But it wasn't being made anymore; it was already in syndication." For this, her first American film, she was required to shave her head; during shooting, a make-up girl went over her skull daily. "Actually, I like the look," says Khambatta. "I can wear jewelry on my head, and sometimes I paint it with different designs. Or I

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can wear a scarf or something, and when I do go into a restaurant, somebody will ask me to take it off, and I do, and everybody gasps. It's all a nice reaction, you know. It's given me a lot of confidence."

If Collins and Khambatta felt a tad disoriented in the one-big-family atmosphere of the *Star Trek* set, director Wise was in the strangest situation of all: His actors, who had worked together for three years, knew more about the characters they were playing than he, supposedly the final authority during shooting. "I've found it interesting—a little crazy at times," he says. "But they're all professionals, very good to work with. Enthusiastic, probably because they didn't believe it was ever going to happen after being talked about for so long."

Koenig sums up the feeling best: "The first day, truly, when I was at my console and Nichelle was at hers and George was at his and Bill, the captain, walked onto the bridge for the first time, and I said, '*Kep*-tin,' and we all jumped up and ran over to him. I got such a high, such a rush at that moment that it took all my self-control not to embrace him. It was such a lovely moment. I *should* have embraced him. What the hell."

•

Back in the more innocent days of TV production, with its plywood sets, a *Star Trek* story didn't require much in the way of special effects. But today's more sophisticated audience—conditioned by *Star Wars*, *Close Encounters* and *Alien* and looking forward to Walt Disney's *The Black Hole*, which will debut within two weeks of *Star Trek*'s release in 800 theaters across the country—demands something more. So, although plot and characters are still pre-eminent in *Star Trek—The Motion Picture*, what happens to those characters often requires dramatic visual gimmicks.

At the film's beginning, some battle cruisers of the Klingon Empire—Starfleet's traditional opponents—are attacked by an unknown entity of hitherto unsuspected power. First the Klingons, then a Federation outpost on Epsilon 9 are vaporized, and the mysterious assailant is headed straight for Earth. Since the Enterprise—until now in dry dock, undergoing renovation—is the only ship within striking distance, it is hastily called into service. Kirk, its former captain, who has been moved into an admiral's desk job, assumes command—thus demoting the young Captain Decker, played by Collins. Gradually, all the members of the crew are assembled, joined by the new navigator, the sleek Ilia (who, it is hinted but unfortunately never explicitly revealed, comes from a planet of extremely highly developed sexuality).

Off they blast, encountering difficulties almost immediately when Kirk, despite Scotty's warnings, tries to push the Enterprise into warp drive before all systems are fully go. The ship hurtles into a time warp, causing a wormhole effect in which everything seems out of sync. Voices and faces are distorted, and suddenly, dead ahead, there's an enormous asteroid hurtling straight at the ship.

The Enterprise, as you may suspect, gets out of that one, only to be sucked into the maw of the attacker, which is visible at first—in the movie as well as in our illustration on page 140—only as an enormous, strangely glowing but oddly beautiful cloud. Inside the cloud is a creature that calls itself V'ger—which, as the plot develops, turns out to be a hybrid of the American space probe Voyager 6 with . . . well, we won't give away the entire story, except to say that it involves lightning-fast energy bolts, space walks by Kirk and Spock and a final, mysterious disappearance of some of the characters as they are fused with—*transcended into* might possibly be a better phrase—a heretofore undreamed-of power.

If the unthinkable happens and *Star Trek* flops as a movie—it is, after all, inherently vulnerable to complaints both from fanatics who feel it's not enough like the old days and from critics who can sniff at it as just an overblown TV episode—it should still make a bundle on the side. The marketing concepts for this film leave few intergalactic rocks unturned. The TV show spawned more than 50 books and some 400 fan publications; the movie starts the whole process all over again. Pocket Books alone has scheduled 16 separate *Star Trek* projects under its Pocket, Wallaby and Wanderer imprints. There're *The Official U.S.S. Enterprise Officer's Date Book* for 1980; *The Star Trek Make-Your-Own-Costume Book*; *The Star Trek Spaceflight Chronology*, a history of space flight from the 20th to 23rd centuries; *Star Trek Speaks*, a sort of *Quotations from Chairman Kirk*; peel-off graphics, official blueprints of the refitted Enterprise, punch-out and pop-up books and various calendars. There will be *Star Trek* toys—among them an amazingly realistic phaser water pistol—shirts, bubble-gum trading cards, records, sleeping bags, kites, bumper stickers, even a Spock-shaped ceramic liquor decanter. *Star Trek* artwork and premium offers appear on 37,000,000 boxes of General Mills cereal; McDonald's has booked $20,000,000 in TV advertising to promote 50,000,000 boxes of Star Trek Happy Meals (burger, fries, cookies, games and cartoons); and Bally has toted up $19,490,000 in sales on a $1795 Star Trek pinball machine.

Dawn Steel, Paramount's vice-president for merchandising and licensing, claims her most conservative projection is $250,000,000 in sales of licensed products and that it could be twice that much. "Licensed children's merchandise," she explains, "is the last category to suffer in a recession; Dad will give up his suits, but his kids will still get toys and clothes."

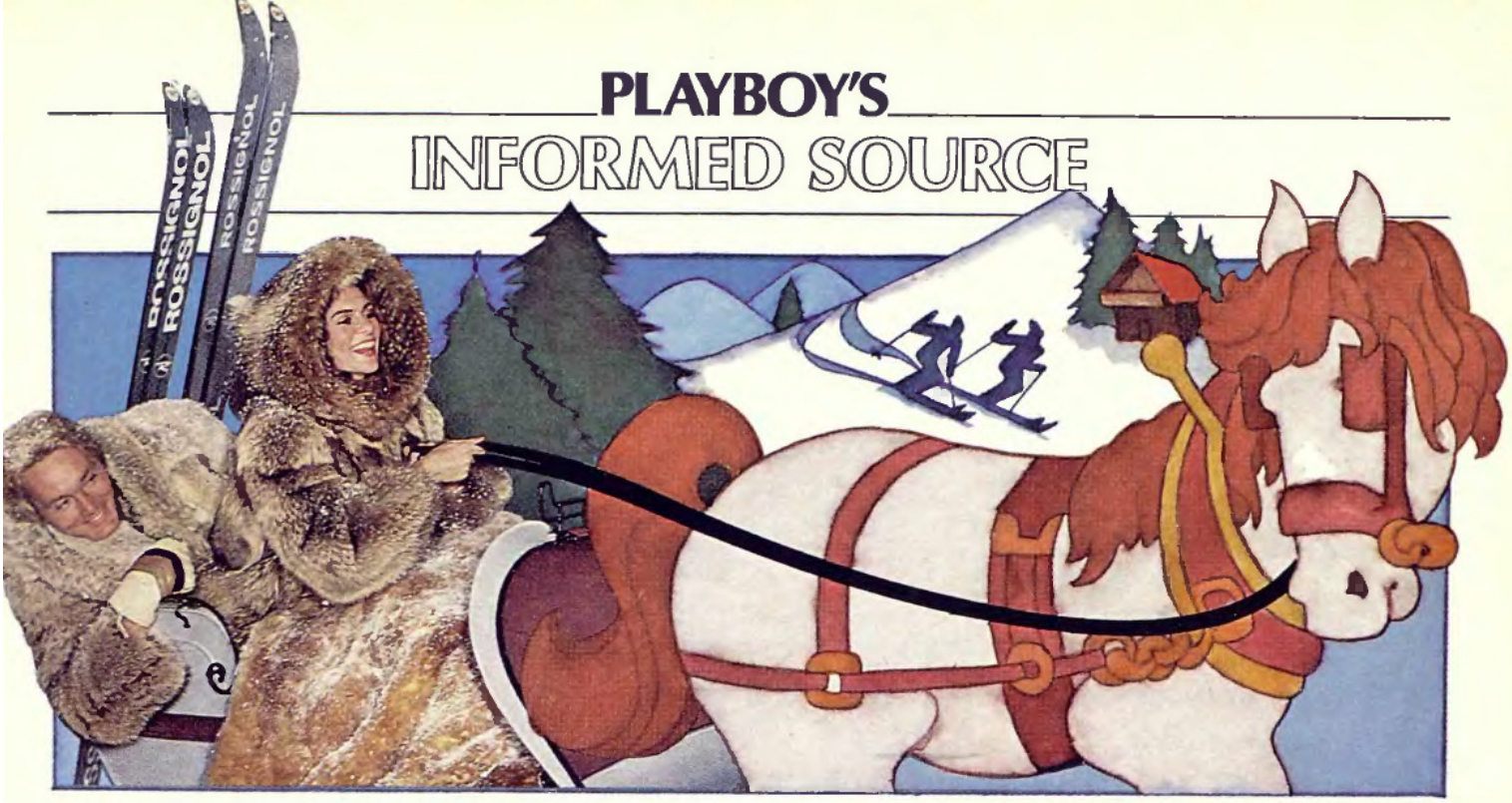
How much will Paramount net from this bonanza? Steel isn't saying, exactly. "Our fee ranges from one to 11 percent, depending on the product." That adds up to something in the neighborhood of $2,500,000 to $55,000,000. Pretty ritzy neighborhood.

As the movie release date nears, we're seeing the revival of *Star Trek* conventions—those orgies of Trekkermania that sometimes attracted as many as 16,000 fans for a weekend of entertainment, discussion and merchandising in a general celebration of that wonderful future that used to be. Everything comes to a head December sixth, starting with a world premiere in Washington's MacArthur Theater—followed by a gala reception on the mezzanine of the National Air and Space Museum of the Smithsonian Institution, where one of the most popular exhibits is a model of the TV Enterprise. Among the invited guests: cast members, Government officials and the diplomatic corps. "After all," says a Paramount executive, in all seriousness, "*Star Trek* is a world-wide phenomenon."

Roddenberry and a few million fans could have told him that five years ago.

"My son, the acupuncturist."

PLAYBOY'S INFORMED SOURCE



WHAT'S NEW IN SKIING

the season is all downhill after you read this guide

GETTING THE ATTENTION of most skiers this time of year isn't very difficult, and with the Winter Olympics coming up next month in Lake Placid, more people than ever are lusting to get on the slopes. But why should you have to wait until then to find out what the trendy skiers are up to this season? *Informed Source* has been monitoring the situation for you and here's our report:

First, the big picture. After a busy and generally profitable season last winter, most areas have raised their prices for lift tickets and practically everything else. Out West, Aspen and Vail will hit $16 per day for lift tickets, and most other big resorts there aren't far behind. In the East, Stratton, Vermont, has gone into the stratosphere at $18 per day, followed by Stowe at $16. With prices at that level, you should always check for discounts on multiple-day passes or try to book a package tour with lift tickets included. It's also a good idea to consider skiing in spring, when off-season rates apply. Vail, for example, offers "Mountain savings times" packages that trim nearly 30 percent off lodging and lift costs. Most of the fresh powder may be gone, but being able to ski in your cutoffs is adequate compensation. Killington, Vermont, which stayed open until May 22 last year, has similar bargains back East.

Now for the good news: More and more resorts are installing hot tubs and Jacuzzis. There are two at Taos, New Mexico—the St. Bernard and the Edelweiss—that are kept open until late at night and have glass walls facing the ski slopes. At Crested Butte, Colorado, locals tend not to broadcast the fact that Sunshine's Paradise bath and sauna has become the town's social center. Owner Imogene "Sunshine" Williams says that bathing suits are welcome, but "I ain't seen one yet." Not that there's anything going on (there isn't), but your tired bones will enjoy the soak just the same. If you can't restrain yourself, ask someone at the resort how to qualify for the All Stars, an exclusive club along the lines of Steamboat's Tower Two-To-Three Club; but be prepared to freeze in the act. Slightly more sedate but still the romantic high point of any visit to Sun Valley is a swim in the huge circular outdoor pool at the Sun

THE MOST ROMANTIC SKI VACATION IN AMERICA

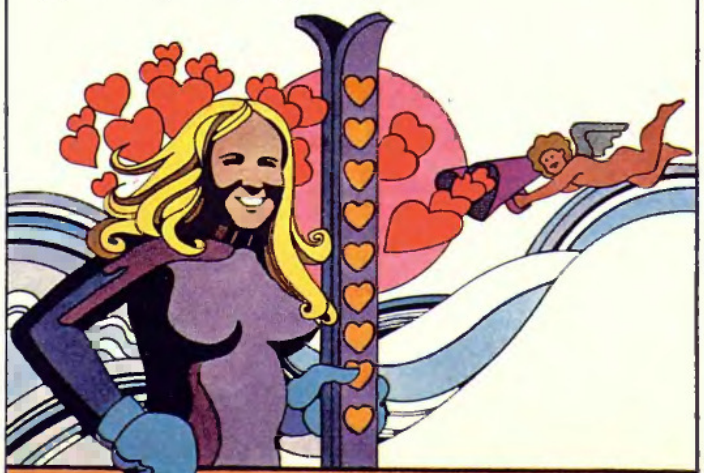
By SUZY CHAFFEE For me, Aspen has it all. Snowbird and Taos are great for romantic ski connoisseurs, but only Aspen has great mountains, plus people, culture and everything else it takes to make the heart grow fonder.

For accommodations, go all the way and rent a condominium at The Aspen International Club. The condos have their own sunken Jacuzzis, canopy beds and one of the nicest athletic clubs in America.

My ideal day begins by sleeping until you feel like attacking each other and then the mountain, and having blueberry pancakes at Little Nell's, right at the base of Ajax Mountain. Take it easy the first day or two, and break for lunch about two P.M.

After a day on the slopes, there are fun crowds at The Red Onion or at the Jerome Bar. Then it's Jacuzzi, nap or massage time at your condo and dinner at The Copper Kettle. But a guy will really score lots of points with me if he takes me to the Crystal Palace, where the waiters become musical comedians after dinner. The intimate corners at the Paragon disco make it a good place to cuddle later on.

Finally, if the snow gods have been good to you, you're ready for the ultimate orgasm at Aspen: powder skiing through the trees. Try Jackpot or Perry's Prowl on the front face of Ajax. If the powder doesn't fall, well, having a romantic ski week is like making love—full of the joy of doing it till you get it right.



Ski instruction has come a long way in the post few years. One of the more interesting new approaches, right, was developed by a member of the Greek Olympic ski team, who perfected his technique on the hills above Athens. Notice that the woman maintains the traditional bent-knee posture and focuses her attention on the terroin, while her instructor yells out words of encouragement. This lesson is usually followed by some tips on how to plont your poles correctly and how to slow down if you get going too fast.

Antics like the one shown at right hove become popular on chair lifts ond in the enclosed gondolas at several ski areas. A few resorts even have informal clubs for those who insist on going down on more than just the trails. Make sure you lower the safety bar before you lower anything else.

At most ski areas, the lifts close about four P.M. and many skiers soy that's when the real fun begins. Hot tubs, for example, are one *après-ski* attraction being instolled by more and more ski lodges. An even better idea is to put one in your own cholet (the redwood model at far right is from California Cooperage).

Valley Lodge—the *grand dame* of Rocky Mountain resorts. You actually can order margaritas from poolside and your waiter will emerge through the steam only long enough to drop off the drinks and allow you to sign the bill. This is the kind of civilized service that *Informed Source* heartily endorses.

If you can tear yourself away from all this sybaritic indolence, you'll find some interesting new ski terrain up on the mountains. Killington has added an entirely new area of six trails and three lifts, called Bear Mountain, for advanced skiers. Two new triple chair lifts at Steamboat will help relieve crowding there, as will another much needed triple in the back bowls at Vail. Previously untouched powder is opened up by the new Teocalli lift at Crested Butte, and it comes in the form of groomed trails plus some open glade skiing. And while artificial snow-making is taken for granted in New England, Sun Valley has probably set some kind of Rocky Mountain record with the recent installation of top-to-bottom snow-making equipment on the entire north face of its 3400-foot slopes. Over at Jackson Hole, Wyoming, improvements have taken the form of a bus service that meets incoming flights at Idaho Falls, a feature that will be much appreciated by anyone who's had to slog through Bridger-Teton National Forest on his own. Jackson Hole also reports heavy bookings this year, and reservations should be made pronto if you want to wallow in Wyoming powder this season.

As far as equipment goes, manufacturers seem to be emphasizing longer skis, more comfortable boots and even safer bindings. (Better bindings have reduced the number of broken legs to the point where upper-body injuries are now the most common ski accidents.) K2 has two new models, the 355 and the 366, for advanced skiers, and they should enjoy huge popularity, because America's top Olympic skiers, Phil and Steve Mahre, compete on K2's racing models. Perennial favorite Rossignol should please its fans with a new line, including a racing ski, the SM, and a new mogul ski, the CM. The Mahre twins should also give a boost to Lange boots, since they'll be using the XLR "Super Banshee" model at Lake Placid. This could be the best thing to happen to Lange since our 1979 Playmate of the Year, Monique St. Pierre, posed in a pair of Langes for her famous ski poster. The most interesting design in boots comes from Garmont, whose Diamond model has no visible buckle (it's under the arch flap). In general, you can expect to hear a lot about increased comfort and better fit in boots. A product also worth noting is the hollow Brandy Bar ski poles made by High Country for just $36. Fill with the beverage of your choice.

Ski fashions this year seem to be bulkier and slimmer at the same time. Powder Horn and H C C (named after designer Henri Charles Colsenet) are offering European-inspired puffy, Pillsbury Doughboy–style jackets and separate leggings. At the other extreme are Head, which has cornered the market in 3-M's remarkable Thinsulate for its jackets and bibs, and Gopher, which is selling skintight outfits made with neoprene insulation for that painted-on-the-skin look.

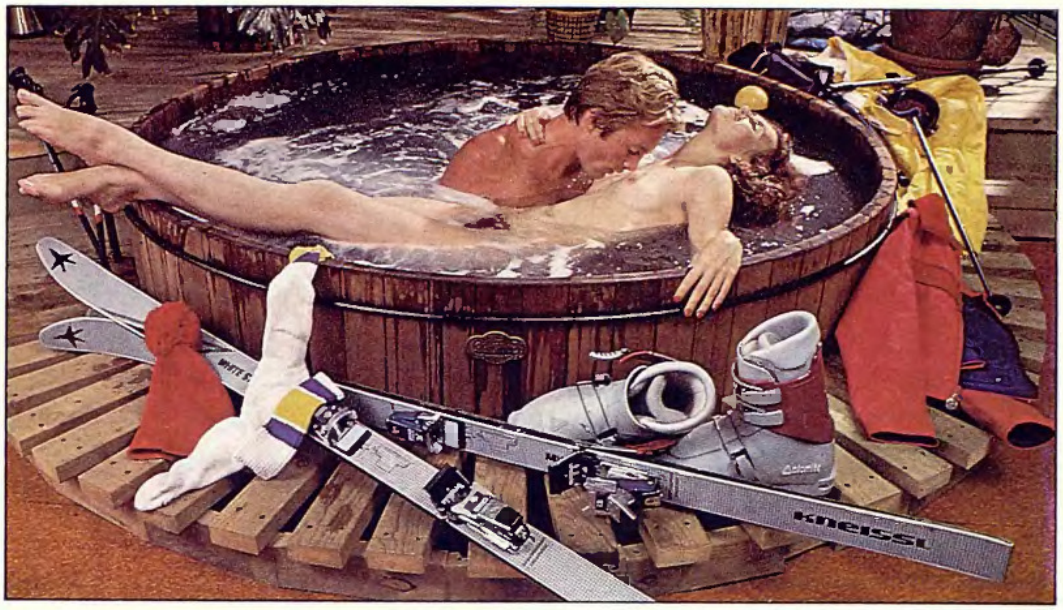
No ski lunch these days is complete without a debate between proponents of rose-tinted ski goggles and those who prefer the more traditional yellow. Yellow lenses improve visual contrast on cloudy, snowy days, but they are nearly useless in bright sunlight. Rose lenses—especially Polarized ones—are also very helpful in flat light and, in addition, cut glare dramatically on

bibliography

SKIING THE BEST, *by Miles Jaffe and Dennis Krieger. This is the best guide to the trails and facilities at the top 50 ski resorts in North America. What other book is honest enough to tell you that Snowbird is too tough for many intermediates and that Stowe has at least four runs comparable to anything at Aspen?*

SKI MAGAZINE'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SKIING. *A good read from start (the history of skiing) to finish (where to ski all over the world), with plenty of insight into teaching methods, competition records and famous skiers in between. Great for the coffee table of your chalet.*

PIANTA SU: SKI LIKE THE BEST, *by Ruedi Bear. Words-and-pictures instruction that will still make sense once you get on the mountain. This book is better for intermediates than for beginners, dealing, as it does, with things like pole planting and edge setting (*pianta su *means "plant up" in Italian). Also contains insights and tips about ski competition and race psychology.*



sunny days. The secret seems to be that rose lenses fool the eye into thinking it's darker outside than it really is (gray lenses do that, too) and they enable the eye to react to objects in the field of vision with more sensitivity. Skiers under 35 are especially helped by this phenomenon, though no one knows why. In fact, aviators in World War Two wore rose-tinted glasses before their night missions and said it helped them see their targets better: a good thing to remember when you're bombing down a mountain.

Yet another good idea for keeping warm is the appearance of down ski hats with ear flaps and baseball-style bills. These have been popular in Europe for a few years now and have finally made it across the pond. Very practical. As is the pull-over-parka-over-down-vest look being adopted by some ski instructors. On warm days, you wear the heavy nylon shell over just a ski sweater and cut the wind without sweating to death. Dark blue, incidentally, seems to be the preferred color among trendy skiers. Perhaps the most practical look this year is a ski jacket with zip-off sleeves that turns into a down vest. Sportcaster and Powderhorn are two companies making attractive variations on this theme.

Enough for one season? Next year comes the Club Med ski resort at Copper Mountain, Colorado, the official opening of Beaver Creek (see box at right), plus the appearance of a reputed 6800-foot vertical drop at Heritage Mountain, Utah. Remember: No guts, no glory.

BEST NEW SKI RUN

The best new ski run of the year is at a resort you probably haven't heard of—yet. The place is Beaver Creek, Colorado, and the trail is named Centennial, an advanced/expert run that snakes down the entire 3280-foot face of Beaver Creek Mountain, with grades as steep as 60 percent. It should be quite a challenge when covered with light Rocky Mountain powder.

The resort at Beaver Creek, which is just ten miles due west of Vail, won't open until December of 1980. When it does, it will be a complete, self-contained village that should quickly become a major destination for skiers. Beaver Creek has been developed from scratch by Vail Associates and it will offer terrain for every level of skiing ability, plus accommodations and services galore. (President Ford has already reserved a condominium there, incidentally.) But why, if it won't open this season, do we mention all this? Because Vail Associates is offering sneak previews of the mountain (including Centennial) every Thursday through Sunday this winter. Skiers who sign up two days in advance at the Vail marketing office will be offered any available seats on full-day ski trips (cost, $35) in heated Sno-Cats. Go for it.

Many skiers, especially beginners, have an unreasonable fear of falling down. Every skier falls, but smart ones know there are right ways and wrong ways to do it. When you have the time to take action, try to sit down or fall to the side to stop, or at least make sure you don't fall headfirst. That is known to insiders as a "face plant" and it is to be avoided. There are also same sensible things to do before you hit the slopes. Have your bindings checked for proper release tension. If you are a beginner, make sure you learn how to get back on skis (there's only one easy way and anyone can learn it). Actually, falling down can be a lot af fun if you can manage ta da it creatively (see example at left) in soft, deep powder. You may even be able to leave X-rated sitzmarks on the hill.

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PLAYBOY PUZZLE

This is the first of what will become a regular monthly feature. In this inaugural puzzle, the object is to find the words listed in the left column inside the Rabbit Head—reading horizontally, vertically or diagonally. Words may be spelled forward or backward.

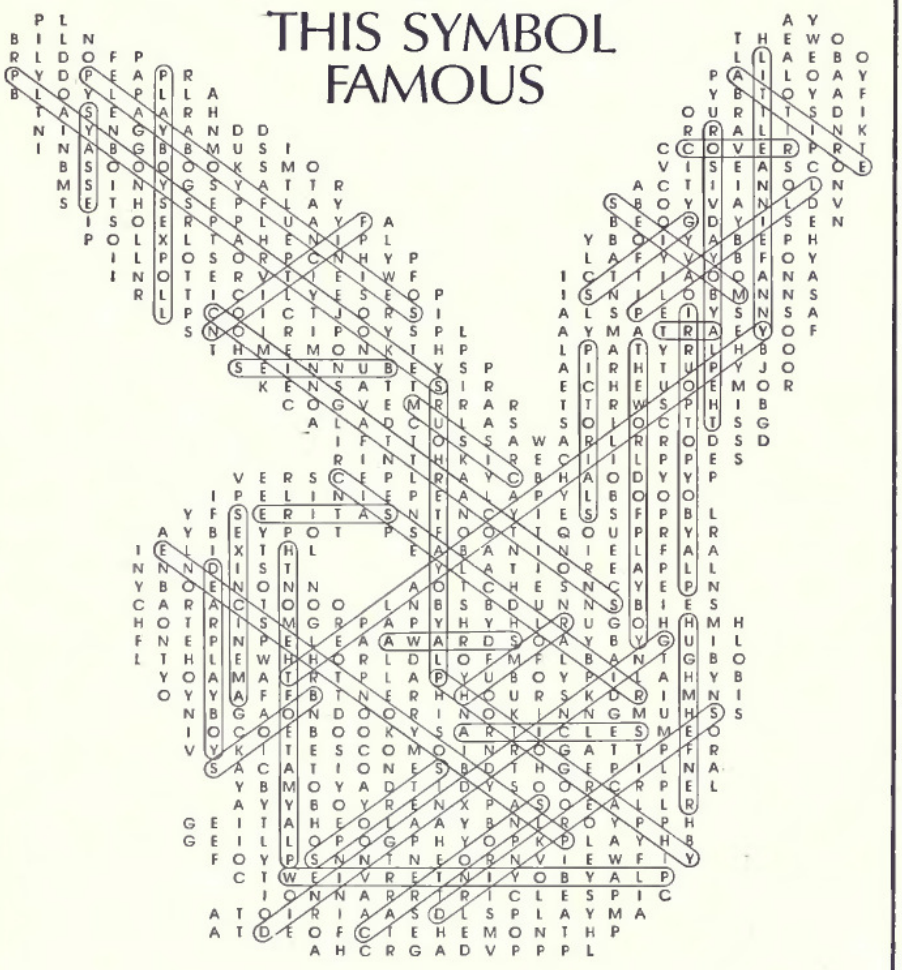
ART
ARTICLES
ATTIRE
AWARDS
BOOKS
BUNNIES
CARTOONS
COMING ATTRACTIONS
COVER
DEAR PLAYBOY
DINING AND DRINKING
DRINK RECIPES
ESSAYS
FICTION
GIFTS
HUGH M. HEFNER
HUMOR
LITTLE ANNIE FANNY
MOVIES
MUSIC
PHOTOGRAPHY
PICTORIALS
PLAYBILL
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS
PLAYBOY FUNNIES
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE
THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI
PLAYBOY SEX POLL
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES
PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
RIBALD CLASSIC
SATIRE
SEX IN CINEMA
SPORTS
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

Answer on page 316

A FEW OF THE THINGS THAT MAKE THIS SYMBOL FAMOUS

By EDITH RUDY

A FEW OF THE THINGS THAT MAKE THIS SYMBOL FAMOUS



Answer to puzzle appearing on page 315

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IN BED ONE NIGHT

(continued from page 151)

it—my denthurth she says—it ain't fair complains the old man at the foot of the bed him having a woman all to hisself that ain't square ignore them Albert says the old lady don't encourage them she's not even supposed to be here I know my rights insists the old man and gets a foot in the face for them they's a law—*splut! kaff!*—he squawks disappearing over the foot of the bed which is now rocking and creaking fearsomely with the mighty thrashing about of the drunken lovers linked up on top of what on a different occasion might loosely be thought of as the host knocking his wind out whap whump oh Duke my god Duke gasp! Albert—? a sweet stink rising are you all right Albert? and true the pounding friction wet and massive giving him a certain local pleasure for all the burden of it but it does not console him what can? sunk as he is in the dark corruptions of nostalgia dreaming of the good old days get back up here Albert you'll catch your death oh christ Duke—slop! slap!—kill that—*pant!*—kill that chink Duke break his fucking neck pop his yellow eyes out yes alas those days of confusion profligacy ruthless solitude tears come to his eyes just thinking about them as the old man reappears at the foot crawling hand over hand the pin that was holding up his empty pants leg between his teeth the old lady remonstrating no violence now please the oriental crouching tremulous on the pillow by the headboard with a knife a gentle answer Albert turneth away—screams groans grunts the worker roaring in pain and rage oh my god Duke! but he wipes away the foolish tears angry with his own weakness forget those days they're gone and just as well he lectures himself as a pale woman enters with three runny-nosed kids clinging to her limp skirts there's been some mistake but we're awfully tired sir just a little corner—? yes forget those stupid times get some sleep and then tomorrow it's down to the social security for a new bed assignment a pretty lady maybe to hear his case Duke? report the losses tidy up wash the sheets out are you ok? say something Duke and lulled by the heavy rhythms of fucking and weeping the kids wrestling their mother whispering at them to settle down or the nice man will ask them to leave the old lady's gummy scolding he drifts off dreaming of a short queue happy accidents and wondering if he Duke? remembered to switch off the bathroom light *aack!* screw the cap back on the tooth paste *now* what have you done Albert oh no! *thwallowed the pin—?!*

Look what you've been missing.

"Hello Dennis... glad your answering machine's on! This is Bob Kahn. Market's flying... you wanted a call when the stock you bought hit 10 bucks. It's sitting at 10¼ now... time to unload this turkey? Call me."

"Hi Dennis, Steve. Change of plans... don't meet us at Dante's... Ted wants to tryAmilio's instead. So bring more money! See you at 7."

"Yes, this is Bob McClure at Haney Associates. Rick Gallavan recommended your work, and we have an assignment if you can start tomorrow.

Please call 555-6209 as soon as you get this message. Thank you."

"Dennis, this is Dianne Hill... I promised to call if I ever got out this way... and, as I remember, you promised to show me the city. Still interested? I'm at the Park Plaza. Ciao."

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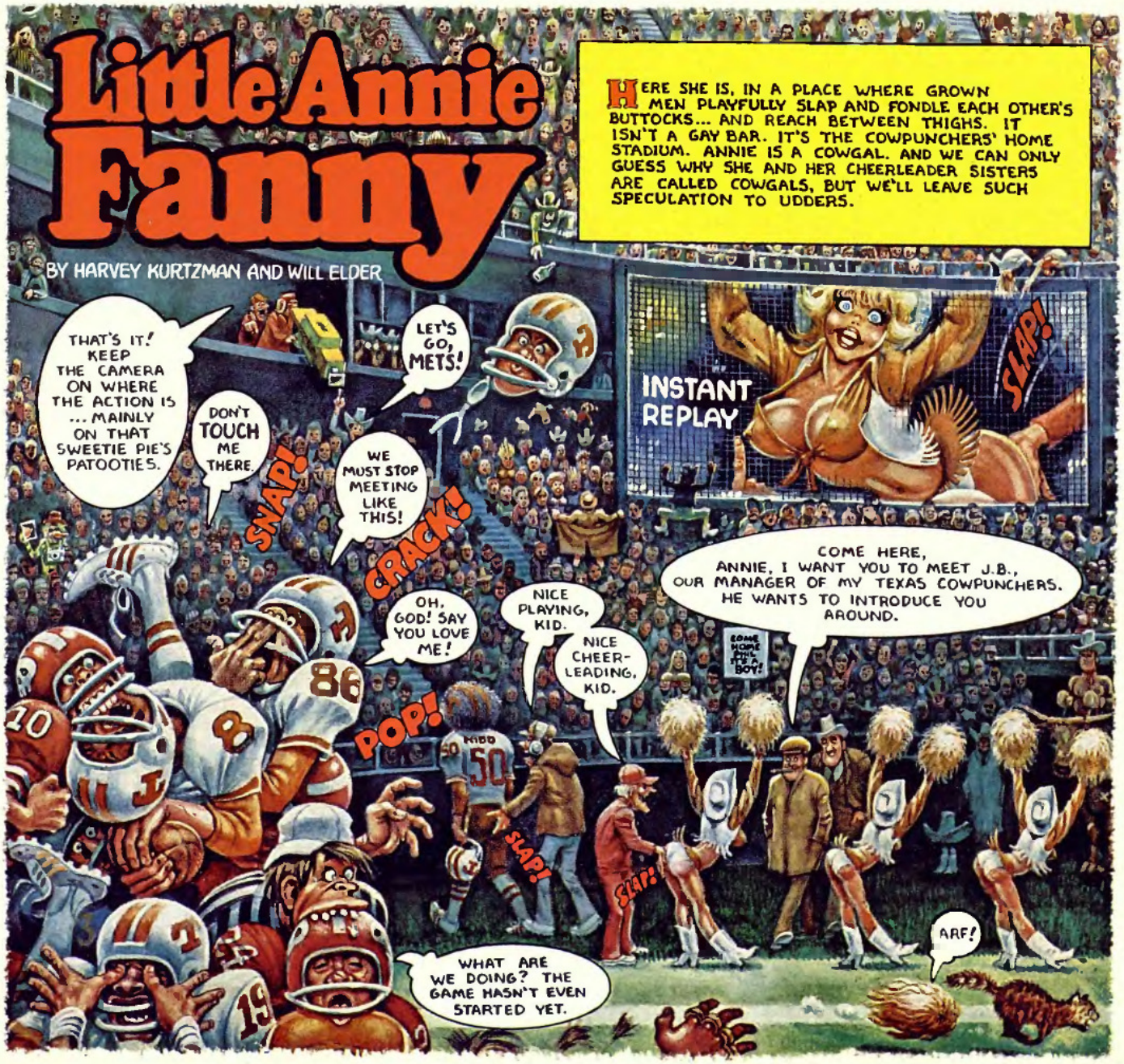
Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

HERE SHE IS, IN A PLACE WHERE GROWN MEN PLAYFULLY SLAP AND FONDLE EACH OTHER'S BUTTOCKS... AND REACH BETWEEN THIGHS. IT ISN'T A GAY BAR. IT'S THE COWPUNCHERS' HOME STADIUM. ANNIE IS A COWGAL. AND WE CAN ONLY GUESS WHY SHE AND HER CHEERLEADER SISTERS ARE CALLED COWGALS, BUT WE'LL LEAVE SUCH SPECULATION TO UDDERS.



YOU SEE, HONEY, THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME OF FOOTBALL IS A PEOPLE'S SPORT, AND I WANT YOU TO COME WITH ME TO MEET SOME OF THE DOWN-HOME FOLK... THE GOOD OL' BOYS.
GOLLY, ARE WE GOING TO CHAT WITH THE FOLKS OUT THERE?
VIVA CO
GREEN BAY PACKERS
HELL, NO! YOU DON'T WANT TO MINGLE WITH THAT POOR TRASH, HONEY: ONLY RICH TRASH.
BACK, RABBLE!
PRIVATE
CLUB MEMBERS ONLY
LITTLE LADY, I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU ROUND TO THE PRIVATE GLASSED-IN BOXES RINGING THE STADIUM. WHAT WE WANT TO DO IS SHOW THE CLUB MEMBERS THAT THE CHEERLEADERS ARE NOT A BUNCH OF FLOOZIES. I WANT THEM TO SEE YOU, CLOSE UP, AS YOU ARE ... PURE AND INNOCENT AS DRIVEN SNOW... JUST LIKE THE GIRL NEXT DOOR.
HEY, NEIGHBOR!
WELL! WHAT A COINCIDENCE! THAT'S MY LITTLE NEIGHBOR, THE GIRL NEXT DOOR!
HEY, J.B.! COME ON IN HERE AND HAVE A BEER!
TAKE ME BACK TO THE MOTEL, GATOR. WE'LL SMOKE A LITTLE AND I'LL SHOW YOU A TRICK I DO WITH AN AVOCADO.
THESE SUITES ARE OWNED BY SOME OF THE RICHEST FOLK IN TEXAS.
BARTENDER, BRING J.B. AND THE LITTLE LADY WHATEVER THEY WANT.
BARTENDER, BRING ME A WHISKEY.
BARTENDER, BRING MY HORSE A POOPER SCOOPER!
MANURE MONEY
THEY PAY $75,000 FOR THE BOX, AND THEN THEY DECORATE IT IN THEIR OWN PERSONAL STYLE.
MORE NECTAR, SPARTACUS.
YES, MASTER.
GET ME A BOOK OF MATCHES, SPARTACUS.
LEAPIN' LIZARDS!
KILL THE QUARTERBACK!

AND NOW WE COME TO MY BOX! ...ANNIE, THIS IS WASHINGTON, OUR OLD FAMILY RETAINER. WASH IS JUST LIKE FAMILY.
BUT, SAH... I'M NOT WASHINGTON! I'M JEFFERSON!
AS I WAS SAYING, HONEY, I LIKE TO THINK OF OUR CHEERLEADERS AS PILLARS OF VIRTUE..THE FUTURE MOTHERS OF AMERICA.
CLUK!
GOLLY! REMOTE-CONTROL CURTAINS! BUT HOW CAN WE SEE THE GAME WITH THE CURTAINS CLOSED?
WE CAN WATCH THE MONITORS. IT WOULDN'T DO FOR THE FANS TO SEE US SIPPING CHAMPAGNE, HONEY. CHEERLEADERS MUST PROJECT THE RIGHT IMAGE.
WHIRRRRRR.
NO CHAMPAGNE FOR ME, THANK YOU.
I'LL JUST WHOMP YOU UP A SURPRISE BEHIND THE BAR—
-MEANWHILE, ALWAYS REMEMBER, 10,000 STADIUM FANS ARE OUT THERE, WATCHING YOU, TO SAY NOTHING OF THE 10,000,000 TV VIEWERS.
SLIM
WE WANT THEM TO SEE PERKY LITTLE CHEERLEADERS... HEALTHY IN MIND AND BODY—
AMERICAN AS MOM'S APPLE PIE, WITH THEIR CUTE LITTLE POM-POMS AND THEIR ROUND LITTLE BOODIES.
SLIM
WHAT-EVER YOU'RE MAKING BACK THERE, I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DRINK, THANK YOU—
WELL, THEN...HOW ABOUT SOME-THING TO EAT! ...YEEE HA!!
LIM
YI! CURTAIN TIME!
CLIK!
I DEARLY DO LOVE TO PORK CUTE LITTLE CHEERLEADERS!!
EXCUSE ME, MISTER J.B., BUT I DON'T THINK WE'RE PROJECTING THE RIGHT IMAGE.
CUT! CUT!!
-BUT YOU TOLD ME TO KEEP THE CAMERA ON THE SWEETIE PIE'S PATOOTIES!
JOE, BOB, PHIL AND DOUG OF MILFORD M.I. WOULD LIKE TO BANG A
WOWEE! TOUCH-DOWN!
THE EYES OF TEXAS ARE UPON YOU-
GIVE US A "T"; GIVE US AN "I"; GIVE US A "T-T-Y"—
END

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HABITAT

LIGHT AND BRIGHT

When the sun goes down and the lights go out, everyone says the same thing: "Where the hell is the flashlight?" And if you don't have one handy, you're right back in the Dark Ages, fumbling for a match. While we're shining light on the subject, we'd also like to point out that many of today's flashlights serve multiple purposes. One doubles as a spot-and-signal light, another is guaranteed for five years and a third even squirts a repellent. Let those little lights shine!

Following the numbers: **1.** Fluorescent Rechargeable Lantern for blackouts, from Hammacher Schlemmer, $59.95; optional car/boat recharger, $8.95. **2.** Eight Function Lantern is a portable spot/searchlight, flashing signal, plus more, by Prestigeline, $29.95. **3.** The 2 in 1 Fluorescent Lantern throws a beam and a nonglare light, by Prestigeline, $19.95. **4.** Red-i-Ray Flashlight features a small red beacnn for easy location, $12.95. **5.** Mallory lightweight plastic flashlight, from Sierra Designs, Oakland, California, $2.79. **6.** Five Year Flashlight, from Gokeys, St. Paul, Minnesota, $12. **7.** Waterproof Sportsman's Lantern, from L. L. Bean, Freeport, Maine, $8.50. **8.** Guardian Repellent Flashlight can also squirt a peppery repellent, by Votco Security Systems, $19.95.

DON AZUMA

GETTING GOOD STYLE MILEAGE

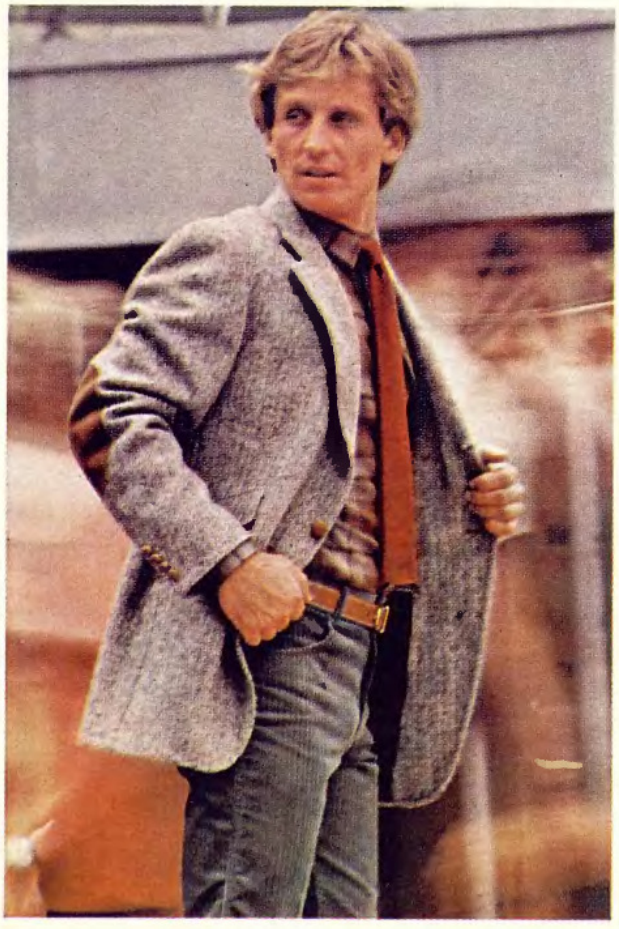
Several designers in our *Birth of a Notion* fashion pictorial elsewhere in this issue emphasized that if you have a wardrobe with versatility, it will continue to grow in importance, as both a hedge against rising costs and a way around excessive storage problems. To further expound on that point, we present four interpretations of the same herringbone sports jacket. The looks range from a somewhat conservative treatment with vest and tie to one that's more country squire, with a plaid shirt and knit tie featured. And there's also the obvious outerwear approach in which the jacket is worn over a sweater—as well as the throwaway chic of wearing it over nothing but a T-shirt and jeans. The idea is that a single garment can express many personalities and serve a variety of purposes while keeping your fashion inventory within bounds. —DAVID PLATT

PAUL GREMMLER

Far left: On a brisk but sunny day, when an outercoat's too hefty and just a shirt won't stop the chill, team up this wool single-breasted herringbone jacket featuring notched lapels and suede elbow patches, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, about $180, with a cotton-panel ribbed crew-neck, about $65, cotton short-sleeved work shirt, about $40, and straight-legged slacks, also about $40, all by Country Britches.

Left: Here, that same sports coat is combined with a striped cotton/polyester shirt with a contrasting round collar, from Brigade by Arrow, about $19; a lambskin six-button vest with flap and besom pockets, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, about $60; gray wool flannel pleated narrow-legged slacks that are lined only to the knee, by Georgette Ghica Designs, about $105; and a silk tie, by Michel Cravat, about $15.

Above right: For an easy Saturday ramble, it's tough to beat our sports jacket, this time tossed on over a simple raglan-sleeved polyester/cotton short-sleeved crew-neck T-shirt, by the New York Sportswear Exchange, about $14.50; and cotton Western-style narrow-legged jeans, by New Man, about $55, that are held up by a leather double-saddle-stitched belt with a nifty metal stirrup buckle, by Trafalgar, about $20.



Right: Last, to capture that casually elegant country look, combine your herringbone sports jacket with a brushed-cotton windowpane-plaid shirt featuring a medium-spread collar, about $37.50, and add a wool knit tie, about $10, both from Chaps by Ralph Lauren. Then pull it all together, pardner, with a pair of Western-front double-wale cotton corduroy slacks with straight legs and belt loops, by New Man, about $65.

DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

With this issue, we begin a monthly column of miscellaneous fashion information that will cover everything from the latest style trends to solid advice on fashion dos and don'ts.

•

We're happy to report that American fashions have never been more internationally respected. Jeans are favorites everywhere, closely followed by Westernwear. Spruce up your wardrobe—if you haven't done so already—with a good pair of cowboy boots, heavyweight straight-legged jeans, a hand-tooled belt, a yoked and snap-front shirt, a leather vest, a shearling jacket and maybe a ten-gallon hat. Just don't wear them all at once unless you're Clayton Moore or a member of the Village People.

•

That same point can be made about designer clothes. While designers' collections generally reflect a point of view, don't dress entirely in any one look. Westernwear, designer clothes, antique clothes, etc., are all among today's richly expanded fashion resources. The secret to dressing well is not to come away looking like a banker or a cowboy but to be subtly distinctive.

•

Shoulders are definitely back in suits, sports jackets and sportswear. Skip the ridiculously exaggerated styles and check out items that have a moderate inverted triangle or wedge look: broad shoulders paring down to a slightly nipped waist, all finished off with tapered-leg trousers. As this silhouette becomes more established, expect manufacturers and designers to experiment with their palettes. Sportswear colors will explode, especially those of shiny, glazed and polished fabrics. In dressier items, more conservative shades, such as slate blues, greens and grays, will be worn.

THE ULTIMATE ALFA

There was something wonderfully strange about this brand-new car we were wheeling through the Italian Alps. It was Alfa Romeo's latest effort, a bold foray by the Italian maker into the world of high-dollar luxury sedans by the likes of Mercedes, BMW and Jaguar.

Italian cars, of course, are created by and for Italian drivers, who are like no other drivers in the world. Their right feet know only two positions—full throttle and full brake. Their arms are extended, race-driver style, their knees far apart and bent, the better to tromp the pedals on and off with the flow of traffic. They love and embrace their machinery, love to hear and feel it working; cams, lifters and valves whirring and clacking under the hood, gears whining, tires drubbing over the road and exhaust rasping impatiently behind.

That is why Italian cars are the way they are—exciting to look at, full of character and decidedly eccentric. Like a cigar-smoking uncle, they can be charming in their way, but you'd better adapt to them, because they're not going to change for you. You either like them or you don't. But this new Alfa sedan was something very different. It was quiet and comfortable. Its seating position slightly chairlike, vaguely Italian, but nothing like the knee-crunching, arm-stretching Latin torture chambers we've experienced in the past. There was a power height adjuster for the driver's seat, in addition to the usual manual adjustments for fore/aft and seat-back angle; the steering wheel adjusted up and down to provide a suitable position for nearly anyone. The ride was excellent and the handling superb, thanks to a sophisticated torsion-bar front and a De Dion rear suspension, and the power four-wheel disc brakes sucked us to a halt on command, as if we'd driven into a puddle of Super-Glue.

The big sedan is powered by a new 2.5-liter, double-overhead-cam, aluminum V6 engine, making it the first six-cylinder Alfa since 1962 and the only six-cylinder sedan currently produced in Italy. A choice of five-speed-manual or three-speed-automatic transmission is offered in Europe, but the American version will be automatic only.

The standard-equipment list is truly impressive: variable-assist power rack-and-pinion steering and (as mentioned) power four-wheel disc brakes, automatic-temperature-control air conditioning, intermittent windshield wipers, electrically adjustable outside mirror, power windows and door locks, full instrumentation, including tachometer and quartz clock, plus enough warning lights for a 747, electric rear-window defogger, tinted glass all around, multiadjustable driver's seat and steering wheel and even five separate ashtrays. Logically, the factory option list is correspondingly short, consisting of just light alloy wheels, metallic paint and real leather trim.

At 187.4 inches over-all length on a 102.4-inch wheelbase and about $20,000 per, it's directly competitive with the six-cylinder Mercedes, BMW and Jaguar sedans and seems an intentional compromise between them. On the outside, it's attractive enough in the Italian way, yet subtle and understated like the German machines. The interior is warmer and plusher than the German cars', yet not as decadently sumptuous as the Jaguar's. It's as coolly competent as anything the Germans might build, yet retains the personality and some of the quirkiness of the typical Italian. (The steering wheel cut through our line of vision to the speedo and tach; the brakes squeal on every application like a cat with its tail under the rocker.) That quirkiness aside, however, it seems that Alfa Romeo, producer for years of very Italian cars, has gone a long way toward building an excellent high-buck German sedan.

Unfortunately, it's a low-volume piece—just a few thousand a year are planned, with only 700–800 of those tagged for United States importation beginning about January. It's known as the Alfa 6 in Europe, but there may be a more colorful name planned by someone for the Colonies. Something like 250TL would have a nice Teutonic ring.

—GARY WITZENBURG

Above: A limited number of the Alfa 6, that famous marque's entry into the never-never land of expensive luxury sedans, have just arrived on these shores sporting a $20,000 price tag and such goodies as power four-wheel disc brakes, automatic air conditioning and a six-cylinder engine. Go!

Nog is Swedish for luscious... You know what rum is.

Nog, freely translated, is how the Swedes say ahh...rich, creamy and delicious. In a word—luscious!
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A. ACE BURGESS/ ACE'S ANGELS

Seeing Is Believing

Happy Days' DONNY MOST (a.k.a. Ralph Malph) got himself a date The Fonz would probably die for. We don't have the young lady's name, but we're trying to contact her dress designer. This outfit wouldn't make it in the Snow Belt, so happy gaze.

Tell Us Where It Hurts

Does SALVADOR DALI give good headache? Will acupuncture ever replace phrenology? Is ALICE COOPER one of the crowned heads of Europe? Your guess is as good as ours; but, frankly, we never suspected the veteran surrealist would end up painting by the numbers.

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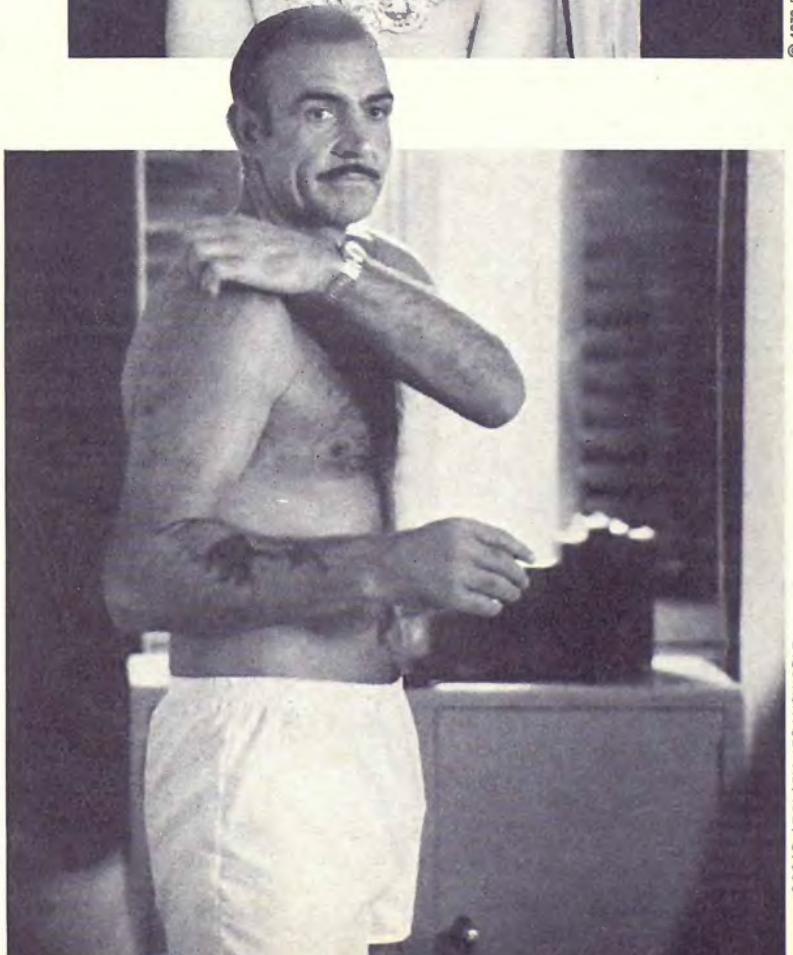
BRIAN HAMILL/PHOTOREPORTERS



OSCAR ABOLAFIA / TRANSWORLD

Dress Code

Acting is a grueling profession. Just ask BELINDA BAUER (above, on the set of *Winter Kills* with JEFF BRIDGES) or SEAN CONNERY (right, whose new movie, *Cuba*, opens soon). It's a life filled with details: wardrobe changes, period costumes, hours of retakes. It's hard to dress for success. Are Belinda and Sean worried? Nah. *Everything* goes with boxer shorts.

Could She Love, Could She Woo, Coochie, Coochie, Coo

Even after countless *Tonight Show* appearances and her years with Cugat, we just never thought of CHARO as so much larger than life. Well, she is. Currently hot on the disco circuit, she walks away with this month's celebrity chest award.

© 1979 SCOTT DOWNIE

A. ACE BURGESS / ACE'S ANGELS

Hold the Geritol

Mr. Television, MILTON BERLE, bellies up to disco partner LISA CARIERI instead of to the bar. When we consider just how long Uncle Miltie's been around, we're glad he knows the difference—and still cares.

Down but Not Out

If Those Gams Could Only Talk Department: MICKEY ROONEY is getting some pointers for his Broadway debut from veteran tapper and co-star ANN MILLER. Their show, *Sugar Babies*, is a musical salute to burlesque. Those are the bee's knees.

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The Mystery of the Forgotten Photos

Last year, a group of actors was cleaning out an old building on East 18th Street in Manhattan when it discovered some old 2¼" x 2¼" negatives amid the refuse. The rest is history, or at least a *Roving Eye*. We've checked with Milton Greene, Vince Tajiri, Larry Schiller, Josh Logan—some of the photographers who worked with Marilyn during her Actors Studio days (the estimated date of the negatives)—but no one recognizes the shots. Do you know anything about these pics?

PHOTOREPORTERS, INC.

SEXUAL DISORDERLIES

Seventy-two percent of the women in a recent survey said they wouldn't ask their gynecologists about sexual matters. That sounds to us a little like not asking your accountant about your taxes. Actually, we presented one side of the story last July (*Where Sex Is Concerned, the Doctor Is Out*, by Morton Hunt). It seems a large number of doctors don't know much about sexual behavior. It figures. What with rigorous schooling, residency and internship, they haven't had much time for sexual experimentation, despite what the soap operas tell you. Now, the women patients say it shows. Of those who wouldn't talk to the doc about sex, 41 percent claimed that their doctor's inhibitions kept them off the subject. Of all the women interviewed, only 16 percent claimed their own hang-ups made it impossible to discuss sex. Some of the women limited their sex talk to the subject of birth control. As we told you in July, things may improve. Med schools are showing erotic films to future doctors, hoping they'll be more frank about sex. In the meantime, buy your doctor a subscription to PLAYBOY.

GARRICK MADISON

Ever wonder how dancers in nudie bars get around blue laws? Here's the answer—bush pants. They're $19.95 from Underworld, P.O. Box 8372, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

MARIJUANA MONKEYSHINES

Newspapers have blasted marijuana for inhibiting reproduction in an experiment using rhesus monkeys. (And you thought baby seals had problems.) News stories implied that moderate use of the weed, about two joints per day, produces more reproductive casualties than usual. That's not so, according to the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. Monkeys in the experiment actually ingested the equivalent of about 27 joints per day. Whoops, looks like another endangered species! Extrapolating human data from the research is further complicated by the fact that experimenters administered oral doses of synthetic THC, the active ingredient in reefer. It's not the same as inhaling the smoke from grass, says NORML. In another experiment, researchers compared the effects of oral THC and inhaled marijuana on reproduction. That work bears out the risks demonstrated by oral THC in the earlier study, but no significant adverse effects to the reproductive system resulted from inhaled marijuana. None. What does this mean? Don't bogart that joint, my friend, but stay away from the Alice B. Toklas brownies.

NOW YOU TELL US

Johns Hopkins Hospital, a leading center for sex-change surgery, has quietly thrown in the surgical sponge on such operations. Psychiatrists there report that surgery has been no more effective than psychotherapy in alleviating patients' gender-identity crises. In a study of 50 patients, those who had undergone surgery, if anything, were rated slightly less well adjusted to life than those who had received only counseling. Data collection consisted of following up patients who had gone to the hospital's clinic since 1966. Eighty percent of them were men who had wanted to become women. Researchers measured adjustment to life by job success, trouble with the law, marriage and cohabitation with the same or the opposite sex and need for psychiatric counseling. The hospital has dismantled its committee for screening applicants for surgery. No sex-reassignment surgery has been performed there since last spring. The new school of thought: A person's psychological environment is more powerful than his physiology.

A JUG OF WINE, A DOWN COMFORTER AND THOU

The recorder of birth statistics in the Chicago area noted a swell in the number of births around October. Why? Easy. Just count back nine months to last January, when the worst blizzard in 12 years hit the area. Obviously, housebound Chicagoans found a pleasant way to combat cabin fever.

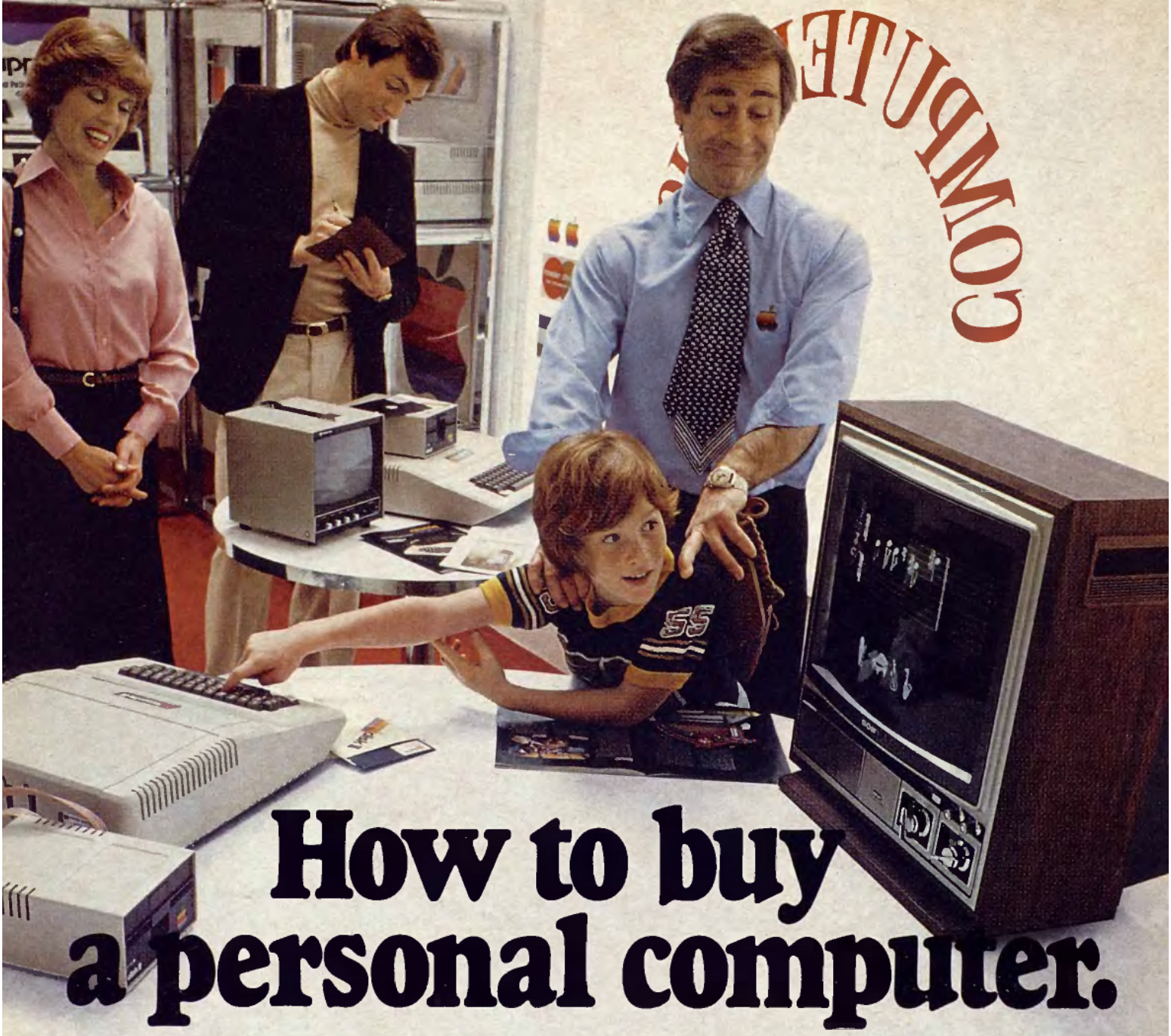
WHY CAN'T A MAN BE MORE LIKE A WOMAN?

A psychologist has told a conference of sex researchers something we've suspected all along: It's easier to be a tomboy than to be a sissy. Dr. Richard Green of the State University of New York at Stony Brook has been studying preadolescent boys with girlish behavior. "Masculine behavior is given a higher status in our society," says Dr. Green, who points out that young boys who opt for female roles when playing are ostracized by their buddies, while girls who play like boys are accepted by other girls. Green suspects that since they have no male friends, the effeminate boys play with girls and emulate their attraction to males. Half of those in the study who have reached adolescence have become homosexual or bisexual.

GARRICK MADISON

If the T-shirt fits, wear it. If it doesn't fit, find someone friendly to wear it with you. Here's January's cozy T-shirt of the month, a fitting plug for *Bizarre Comix*. Two for T?

This Carbondale, Illinois, pooch couldn't abide another round of holiday grog, so he hustled up some companions for a romp in the snow. As Nanook of the North used to say, mush mush.



How to buy a personal computer.

In California, a store owner charts sales on his Apple Computer. On weekends though, he totes Apple home to help plan family finances with his wife. And for the kids to explore the new world of personal computers.

A hobbyist in Michigan starts a local Apple Computer Club, to challenge other members to computer games of skill and to trade programs.

Innovative folks everywhere have discovered that the era of the personal computer has already begun—with Apple.

Educators and students use Apple in the classroom. Businessmen trust Apple with the books. Parents are making Apple the newest family pastime. And kids of all ages are finding how much fun computers can be, and have no time for TV once they've discovered Apple.

Visit your local computer store

The excitement starts in your local computer store. It's a friendly place, owned by one of your neighbors. He'll show you exactly what you can use a personal computer for.

What to look for

Your local computer store has several different brands to show you. So the salesman can recommend the one that best meets your needs. Chances are, it will be an Apple Computer. Apple is the one you can program yourself. So there's no limit to the things you can do. Most important, Apple's the one with more expansion capability. That means a lot. Because the more you use your Apple, the more uses you'll discover. So your best bet is a personal computer that can grow with you as your skill and involvement grow. Apple's the one.

It's your move

Grab a piece of the future for yourself. Visit your local computer store. We'll give you the address of the Apple dealer nearest you when you call our toll-free number. Then drop by and sink your teeth into an Apple.

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"DOES PORNOGRAPHY LEAD TO RAPE?"—THERE'S A HANDFUL OF MILITANT FEMINISTS WHO WANT TO PUT SEX BACK IN PLAIN BROWN WRAPPERS. WE SHED SOME LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT—BY **ROBERT SHEA**

PAT CADDELL, THE PRESIDENT'S POLLSTER, TELLS WHAT HE THINKS OF **HAMILTON JORDAN** AND HOW HE CAN GET **JIMMY CARTER** RE-ELECTED IN A STRAIGHT-SHOOTING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"WHO'S ON FIRST?"—SUPERSPY BLACKFORD OAKES RETURNS TO BECOME ENTWINED WITH THE K.G.B. AND A BATCH OF HUNGARIAN REVOLUTIONARIES. AN EARLY LOOK AT THE LATEST THRILLER FROM **WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.**

"THE BUTTONDOWN TERROR OF DAVID DUKE"—THE KU KLUX KLAN IS BACK AND GETTING STRONGER, THANKS MOSTLY TO A YOUNG SLICKIE FROM LOUISIANA. A HEART-STOPPING PORTRAIT—BY **HARRY CREWS**

"DOWNHILL RACERS"—JUST WHAT IS THERE ABOUT THE DOWNHILL THAT MAKES IT THE BALLSIEST SKI EVENT OF ALL? AN INTIMATE VIEW OF ITS TOP PRACTITIONERS—BY **JOHN SKOW**

PLUS: "PLAYBOY'S PICKS"—OUR VERY OWN PEERLESS PROGNOSTICATOR TRIES A NEW TACK, PREDICTING THE MEDAL-WINNING COUNTRIES FOR EACH WINTER OLYMPICS EVENT—BY **ANSON MOUNT**

"THE (SEXUAL) BOOKLET OF LISTS"—THE *GOOD* PARTS FROM THE LATEST VOLUME OF BEST-SELLING MISCELLANY FROM **IRVING WALLACE, DAVID WALLECHINSKY, AMY WALLACE** AND **SYLVIA WALLACE**

"THE YEAR IN SEX"—ONCE MORE, WITH FEELING, A LOOK AT THE UPS AND DOWNS (NOT TO MENTION THE INS AND OUTS) OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION IN THE PAST 12 MONTHS

"CONCORDE WEEKEND"—THE MOST ROMANTIC WAY TO SEE PARIS, WITH TEXT BY TRAVEL EDITOR **STEPHEN BIRNBAUM**

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW*S WITH **LINDA RONSTADT, STEVEN SPIELBERG** AND **BEN BRADLEE;** FICTIONAL OFFERINGS FROM **SEAN O'FAOLAIN** AND **DONALD E. WESTLAKE; "JOIN CHUCK BARRIS AND SEE THE WEIRD,"** A PROFILE OF THE MAN WHO PACKAGED THE LUNATIC FRINGE FOR TV; A PREVIEW OF **JAY CRONLEY**'S ZANY NEW BASEBALL NOVEL, **"SCREWBALLS"; "THE SECRET LIFE OF POLITICS,"** BY THE REPORTER WHO BROUGHT US **ELIZABETH RAY, RUDY MAXA; "DID HE DO *THAT*?? THE CANDIDATES' MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENTS,"** BY **JIM DAVIDSON;** BEHIND THE SCENES OF *ALL THAT JAZZ*, THE SENSATIONAL NEW **BOB FOSSE** MOVIE; A LOVING LOOK AT **BO (*10*) DEREK,** SHOT BY HER DIRECTOR/PHOTOGRAPHER HUSBAND, **JOHN;** POEMS BY **SHEL SILVERSTEIN; LE ROY NEIMAN** SKETCHBOOKS; **LITTLE ANNIE FANNY; "EARLY WARNINGS,"** A NEW LOOK AT PREMONITIONS BY **WALTER LOWE; "PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REUNION";** LAVISH PICTORIALS ON ACTRESSES **MELONIE** (SWEAT HOG) **HALLER** AND **BARBARA BACH; "THE GIRLS OF AUSTRALIA"; "THE GIRLS OF CANADA";** A UNIQUE PERSPECTIVE ON HAWAII; THE *REAL* STORY BEHIND THE POTENTIAL PROFITS OF LEGALIZED POT; AND THE NEXT EPISODE IN OUR SEXUAL SURVEY OF AMERICAN CITIES: **BOSTON.**

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