PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1980 • $2.50

AT EASE

PLAYBOY SALUTES THE WOMEN OF THE ARMED FORCES

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REUNION:

25 YEARS OF GATEFOLDS COME TO LIFE

MIND AND BODY:

WHY SOME PEOPLE GET SICK AND OTHERS DON'T

PLAYBOY'S Music JAMBOREE

LINDA RONSTADT:

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE FIRST LADY OF ROCK

U.S. Government Report:

Carlton is lowest.

Box or Menthol:

10 Carlton have less tar than 1:

	tar mg./cig	nicotine mg./cig
Kent	12	0.9
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Salem Lights	10	0.8
Vantage	11	0.8
Winston Lights	13	0.9
Carlton Soft Pack	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol	**less than 1**	**0.1**
Carlton Box	**less than 0.5**	**0.05**

Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic.

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton Box: less than 0.5 mg. tar and 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

Carlton.

Filter & Menthol

The lighter 100's.

Only 5 mg. tar, 0.5 mg. nic.

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

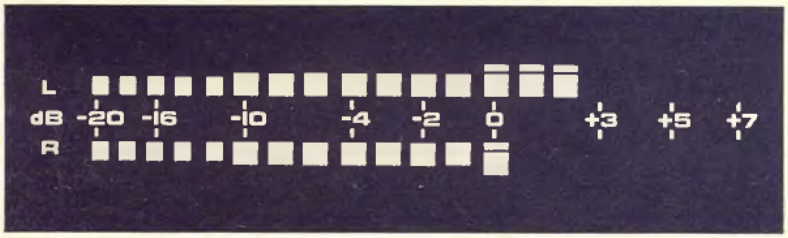
Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar," 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78. 100 mm: 5 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

AFTER DEVELOPING THE WORLD'S MOST PRECISE METERING SYSTEM, SUCCESS WENT TO OUR HEADS.

Most any audio manufacturer today would be completely content with a cassette deck that offered the incredible Fluroscan metering system found in Pioneer's CT-F950.

But Pioneer isn't just any audio manufacturer. And the CT-F950 isn't just any cassette deck.

Instead of slow-to-react VU meters that give you limited resolution, the CT-F950 has a Fluroscan metering system that gives you a far more accurate picture of what you're listening to. It even has Peak, Peak Hold, and Average Buttons that let you record without fear of overload.



The first cassette deck with Fluroscan metering *and* an erase head for metal tape.

But our meter is only a small measure of our worth.

If you examine our heads you'll find the CT-F950 is different from most cassette decks. Instead of record and playback heads made of permalloy or ordinary ferrite, our heads are made of a newly developed Uni-Crystal Ferrite composition that gives you greater frequency response, lower distortion, and better wear-resistance.

METAL TAPE CAPABILITY FOR HIGHER HIGH FIDELITY.

But it's our third head that keeps us further ahead of the competition. This new Alfex/ferrite erase head permits the CT-F950 to accept one of today's great audio advancements. Metal tape. Though its technology is incredibly complicated, its benefit is incredibly simple. More music. More clarity. Less distortion.

A DIGITAL BRAIN WITH AN ELECTRONIC MEMORY.

Pioneer's CT-F950 has a digital brain with a memory that performs four different functions. Memory Stop. Memory Play. Counter Repeat. And End Repeat.

And while many cassette decks let you monitor during recording, what they don't let you do is control what you monitor.

The CT-F950 allows you to bias by ear. So you have as much control over your tape deck as you would over any musical instrument.

Of course, these are just a few of the virtues of the CT-F950. But there are also features like a Double Dolby noise reduction system. And direct function switching.

Obviously, all that went into Pioneer's CT-F950 sounds impressive. But it's not half as impressive as what comes out of it.

So we suggest you go to your Pioneer dealer and listen to it. You'll hear what's really made the CT-F950 an instant success.

PIONEER®
We bring it back alive.

©1979 U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 85 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074.

Rack mounting handles optional.

Call this man. He could connect you with $25,000.

Enter the "Call Johnnie Walker® Red" Hot Line Contest. $50,000 in prizes. From any phone dial toll-free 1-800-223-0353. (In N.Y. State call: 1-800-522-5630)

Call Johnnie Walker Red toll-free and you could be saying hello to $25,000. It's probably the best connection to a small fortune you'll ever have.

Here's how it works. Anytime between March 1 and April 30, 1980, call our toll-free number. You'll hear a recorded question. The answer to the question can be found by looking at the labels on any Johnnie Walker Red bottle.

Clip the entry form from this ad or get one from your local participating restaurant or liquor store. Fill in the entry form, including the answer to the question, and mail to the address on the entry form.

If your entry is drawn, you may win $25,000 in cash or one of 500 Johnnie Walker Red decorator telephones.

Give Johnnie Walker Red a call. There may be $25,000 at the end of the line.

"Call Johnnie Walker Red" Hot Line Contest—Official Rules

1. To enter, fill in this official entry form, or, on a 3"x 5" plain piece of paper, clearly hand-print your name, address and the answer to the official contest question. The question can be obtained by dialing Johnnie Walker Red's national toll-free number 1-800-223-0353. New York State residents dial toll-free 1-800-522-5630. Dial any time, day or night, seven days a week, from March 1, to April 30, 1980, or if you wish to have the question mailed to you, write: "Call Johnnie Walker Red" Question, P.O. Box 85, Pound Ridge, N.Y. 10576. Please print or type your name, address, city, state and zip code. The information needed to answer the question may be found by looking at the labels on any bottle of Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch Whisky. Labels may also be obtained by requesting same from: Labels, P.O. Box 34, Pound Ridge, New York 10576. Please print or type your name, address, city, state and zip code. 2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope, no larger than 4-1/8"x9-1/2". Mail to "Call Johnnie Walker Red" Hot Line Contest, P.O. Box 8660, New Canaan, Connecticut 06842. Entries must be postmarked by May 3, 1980 and received by May 10, 1980. 3. Winners will be determined in random drawings, from among all correctly answered and eligible entries, conducted by V.I.P. Service, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final, and will be notified by mail. 4. First Prize: $25,000 in cash. 500 Second Prizes: Johnnie Walker Red Decorator Telephones. The awarding of prizes to prize winners will be subject to the execution of an affidavit of eligibility and release granting to Somerset Importers, Ltd. the right to use winners' names and photos in its publicity. 5. Prizes are non-transferable—only one prize to a family, and no substitution for prizes as offered. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correctly answered entries received. All 501 prizes (valued at $54,975) will be awarded. Local, state and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of winners. 6. Contest open to residents of the United States. Employees and their families of Somerset Importers, Ltd., their advertising agencies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, and V.I.P. Service, Inc. are not eligible. Contest void in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas, Utah and Virginia, and wherever prohibited or restricted by law.

All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. 7. ENTRANTS MUST BE OF LEGAL DRINKING AGE UNDER THE LAWS OF THEIR HOME STATE. 8. A list of winners will be furnished, two months after the close of the contest, to anyone who sends a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Johnnie Walker Red Winners List, P.O. Box 204, Pound Ridge, New York 10576. Please do not send entries to this box number. 9. The Official Entry Form may not be reproduced. NO PURCHASE REQUIRED.

Official Entry Form "Call Johnnie Walker® Red" Hot Line Contest

First Prize: $25,000 in cash.
500 Second Prizes: Johnnie Walker® Red Decorator Telephones.

To enter the "Call Johnnie Walker Red" Hot Line Contest you must answer the contest question. To obtain the contest question dial toll-free 1-800-223-0353. (New York State residents dial toll-free 1-800-522-5630.) Then look at the labels on any bottle of Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch Whisky and hand-print your answer below:

ANSWER: _____

Mail your completed entry form to:
"Call Johnnie Walker Red" Hot Line Contest
P.O. Box 8660, New Canaan, Connecticut 06842

I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state.

_____
NAME

_____
ADDRESS

_____
CITY

_____
STATE ZIP

"Hot Line" is a service mark of Somerset Importers, Ltd.

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies, 86.8 Proof. Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. ©1980.

PLAYBILL

IT'S SHOWERS-AND-FLOWERS time again, and that means it's time for our annual Year in Music issue. And what better way to kick it off than with a *Playboy Interview* with **Linda Ronstadt**, America's first lady of country-soul music and (according to the ever-present rumors) a possible candidate for First Lady period. Speaking of rumors, Linda's conversations with her old friend **Jean Vallely** dispel a few and confirm a few. After you finish the interview, turn to *Playboy Music '80*, written by **Carl Philip Snyder**, Contributing Editor **David Standish** and Assistant Editor **Kate Nolan**. The whole package, designed by Associate Art Director **Skip Williamson**, includes the results of the latest Playboy Music Poll.

Music seemed to go downhill as the Seventies rolled on, and, according to **Erica Jong**, so did sex. Jong, who last appeared in PLAYBOY when we excerpted her second novel, *How to Save Your Own Life*, in January 1977, says some elements of the women's movement have taken the humor (and most of the fun) out of sex. In *You Have to Be Liberated to Laugh*, Erica proves that at least she hasn't lost *her* sense of humor.

No laughing matter is health, the subject of *Medicine and the Mind*, by **David Black** (illustrated by **Jean Michael Folon**). Black brings us the message from the frontiers of medical research that the causes of physical illness are far more related to our states of mind than previously had been suspected and that, conversely, good health has more to do with positive thinking than with keeping your feet dry. Ironically, Black says, "During the research for the article, I developed terrible stomach cramps and nausea. I felt as if I were dying. Only by regularly practicing a stress-reducing technique I learned while doing the article was I able to finish it."

While Black was probing the benefits of a sound mind, **Tracy J. Johnston** was learning about the pluses of having a bent one—the particular mind in question belonging to **Chuck Barris**, the television producer who spawned *The Gong Show* and other popular atrocities. As Johnston finds out in *All the Freaking Way to the Bank* (illustrated by **Charles Shields**), Barris may not be a genius, but he sure knows what America thinks is funny. He doesn't have the corner on screwballs, though. **Jay Cronley** creates several of his own in (what else?) *Screwballs* (illustrated by **Lou Beach**), the story of the wackiest baseball team in history. It's an excerpt from Cronley's forthcoming novel of the same title, to be published by Doubleday. Says Cronley: "I wrote the book because I think the majority of big-shot major-league baseball players are jerks; but don't get me wrong—these days, jerks are among this country's most important people." Cronley adds that his future plans include "avoiding big-shot major-league baseball players in bars."

Running into an irate jerk, er, jock sounds risky to us, but not as dangerous as the life of top spy **William King Harvey**. **David C. Martin** profiles Harvey and the frustrations he had with his boss, the Federal Government, in *The American James Bond: A True Story*, from the book *Wilderness of Mirrors*, due soon from Harper & Row. Already in bookstores from Harper & Row is *Different Dances*, from which this month's **Shel Silverstein** offering, *Some Enchanted Evening*, is taken. Also dangerous, but in a completely different way, is April's Playmate, **Liz Glazowski**. **Ken Marcus** photographed her deadly assets, and, as you'll see, she's a killer. To round out the issue, we have *Playboy's Playmate Reunion*, a once-in-a-quarter-century experience; our annual *Playboy's Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast*, by Fashion Director **David Platt**; Washington Contributing Editor **Peter Ross Range**'s account of his *Travels with Teddy*; and *Women of the Armed Forces*, a pictorial that's sure to start your patriotic juices flowing, so to speak. May the Easter bunny smile upon you.

VALLELY

SNYDER, STANDISH, NOLAN, WILLIAMSON

JONG

BLACK

FOLON

© 1979 THOMAS VICTOR

CRONLEY

BEACH

MARTIN

PLATT

JOHNSTON

SHIELDS

MARCUS

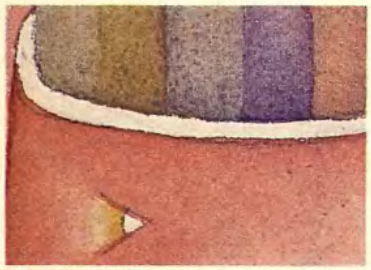
PLAYBOY

vol. 27, no. 4—april, 1980

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

Liberated Laughs P. 154

Playmate Reunion P. 124



Mind. Medicine P. 120

Sexy Servicewomen P. 168

Music's Year P. 181

PLAYBILL 3

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY 11

DEAR PLAYBOY 15

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS 23

MEDIA 28
In which we point the finger at hypocrisy in print.

MUSIC 31
Madness, mouth trumpet and a slam-bam farewell to a used Cadillac.

BOOKS 40
Sexual history can be fun; a spate of spy stories hits bookstore shelves.

ADVENTURES 41
On the East Africa Safari Rally, it helps to be a bit crazy.

MOVIES 42
Spacek triumphs as Loretta Lynn; Caan's promising directorial debut.

COMING ATTRACTIONS 52
Future film fare promises secretaries, detectives and musical extravaganzas.

PLAYBOY'S TRAVEL GUIDE ..... STEPHEN BIRNBAUM 55
Bargains at duty-free shops? It ain't necessarily so.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR 59

THE PLAYBOY FORUM 67

TRAVELS WITH TEDDY—a reporter's notebook ... PETER ROSS RANGE **76**
Our editor in Washington goes on the campaign trail with Kennedy and finds himself in a traveling media circus.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LINDA RONSTADT—candid conversation **85**
America's favorite songbird on roller skates talks about the music that has influenced her, why she backs Jerry Brown and how she has grown up since her younger, wilder days.

MEDICINE AND THE MIND—article ..... DAVID BLACK **120**
Many scientists now feel that the difference between those who get sick and those who don't is less a matter of viruses than of vitality.

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REUNION—pictorial essay **124**
To celebrate our 25th Anniversary, we brought 136 live centerfolds to Playboy Mansion West for a great party and grand memories.

THE AMERICAN JAMES BOND—article ..... DAVID C. MARTIN **132**
A top American spy—a guy who tapped the Berlin tunnel and conspired against Castro—found that his most dangerous foe was his own Government.

THE TABLES HAVE TURNED!—article ..... NORMAN EISENBERG **134**
The history of the turntable has just taken a quantum jump—into reverse!

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS SENT TO PLAYBOY WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND AS SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY.

CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1980 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE, MARCA REGISTRADA. MARQUE DEPOSEE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.

CREDITS: COVER: MODEL SHARI SHATTUCK. DESIGNED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOM STAEBLER. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY BY: LARRY BARBIER, P. 52; JOHN BARR / LIAISON, P. 124; BRENT BEAR, P. 125, 126, 128, 129 (3), 131; ADRIAN BOOT, P. 31; PETER C. BORSARI / CAMERA 5, P. 125, 127, 130; A. ACE BURGESS / ACE'S ANGELS, P. 127, 130; MARIO CASILLI, P. 127; DAVID CHAN, P. 127, 128, 131, 147, 169 (3), 171, 172 (2); MEL COPELAND, P. 12; NICHOLAS DE SCIOSE, P. 169 (2), 170, 172 (2), 173; VERNER ENGELHARD, P. 3, 147, 203; FIGGE / DE LONG, P. 130; ARNY FREYTAG, P. 168, 169, 174 (3), 175; © LYNN GOLDSMITH, INC., P. 185; LARRY GORDON, P. 128; GRAHAM, P. 128; PAUL HARRIS / © PHOTOGRAPHERS, INT'L, P. 131; DWIGHT HOOKER, P. 127; RICHARD KLEIN, P. 3 (2), 11 (2), 269; HARRY LANGDON, P. 52; LARRY L. LOGAN, P. 3, 11 (2), 124, 125, 126 (3), 127 (2), 128 (2), 129, 130 (3); GARRICK MADISON, P. 11, 201, 268; KEN MARCUS, P. 12, 130; KERRY MORRIS, P. 3; JOHN NEUBAUER, P. 3; JAMES R. PETERSEN, P. 12; DON PETERSON, P. 181; PHOTO RESERVE, P. 185 (2);

COVER STORY

Shari Shattuck, the lady holding the Rabbit mike so very delicately, is an Atlanta model whose extraordinarily cute tush is attributable to her years of training as a competitive ice skater. Executive Art Director Tom Staebler designed and photographed the cover and Jerry Adams styled Shari's hair. And what's Shari trying to tell you? That we've got a great music issue for you, with The Year in Music (on page 181) and a *Playboy Interview* with Linda Ronstadt. Boogie!

ALL THE FREAKING WAY TO THE BANK—personality . . . . . TRACY J. JOHNSTON **138**
Chuck Barris has made a fortune answering the question What do Americans want in a television show, low humor or good taste?

LET THERE BE LIZ—playboy's playmate of the month **140**
We discovered Polish Playmate Liz Glazowski in our home town during our 25th-anniversary hunt, and you wrote us hundreds of letters asking to see more of her. So feast your eyes.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor **152**

YOU HAVE TO BE LIBERATED TO LAUGH—article . . . . . ERICA JONG **154**
The sexual revolution has taken the humor out of sex and, in the process, has taken a lot of the fun out of sex as well.

PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST—attire . . . . . DAVID PLATT **156**
Warm-weather wear is back again, cooler than ever.

SCREWBALLS—fiction . . . . . JAY CRONLEY **163**
On Quarter Beer Night, the outfielder wore a blindfold.

SOME ENCHANTED EVENING—humor . . . . . SHEL SILVERSTEIN **164**

WOMEN OF THE ARMED FORCES—pictorial **168**
Attention, troops! Uncle Sam may want you, but Aunt Sally's gonna get you every time. Meet a bevy of Servicewomen. Surrender. At ease.

TALES FROM THE OLD FRENCH—ribald classic **177**

LE ROY NEIMAN SKETCHBOOK—pictorial **178**
A paean to the classic nudes of the Rococo.

PLAYBOY MUSIC '80—survey **181**
In The Year in Music, by Carl Philip Snyder, we find that it was a rough year for record companies and concert promoters, but the beat went on. Also: Hits, Hypes & Heavies; the results of the Playboy Music Poll; and a pop-music quiz to test whether or not you were paying attention.

PLAYBOY FUNNIES—humor **194**

PLAYBOY'S PIPELINE **201**
Man & woman, pool, custom-mode clothes.

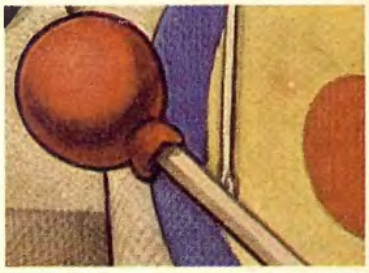
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI **268**

PLAYBOY PUZZLE **285**

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE **289**
Fashion tips, tennis rockets, photo finishers, shoes, *Grapevine*, *Sex News*.

Screwball Players P. 163

Fashion Forecast P. 156


Chuck Barris P. 138

Polish Playmate P. 140

America's 007 P. 132

POMPEO POSAR. P. 126, 127, 128; SCHILLER, P. 126; JIM SELBY, P. 126; ARLETTE SHAPIRO, P. 3; VERNON L. SMITH, P. 3, 31; MICHAEL UFFER, P. 31, 165; UNITED PRESS INT'L, P. 258; RON VILLANI, P. 183 (5); VOGEL, P. 126; JULIAN WASSER, P. 125, 127, 128; MELINDA WICKMAN, P. 52; WIDE WORLD, P. 258. ILLUSTRATIONS: BOB AUGUST, P. 182 (2); ERALDO CARUGATI, P. 76; EARL HOKENS, P. 182 (2), 183 (3); PENNINGTON MAGEE, P. 184; STEVE MILLER, P. 164; DUANE ORLEMANN, P. 205; STEVE RYBKA, P. 31; SLUG SIGNORINO, P. 182, 184 (2); SKIP WILLIAMSON, P. 182, 183, 184. P. 164. "SOME ENCHANTED EVENING," BY SHEL SILVERSTEIN, COPYRIGHT © 1979 BY SHEL SILVERSTEIN. FURNISHINGS: LOVE SEAT COURTESY HARVEY PROBBER, P. 141-146. CHINESE RUG COURTESY STARK CARPET, P. 141, 143, 146. TRAPUNTO SCREEN BY MOREDDI, P. 141, 143, 146. HAND-BLOWN ART-GLASS ACCESSORIES COURTESY LUCID MOMENTS, P. 142, 143, 146. ALL PLACES LOCATED CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. INSERTS: SOUTHERN COMFORT BOOKLET BETWEEN P. 16-17 & 282-283; TIME-LIFE CARD BETWEEN P. 32-33 & 266-267; PLAYBOY CLUB INTERNATIONAL CARD BETWEEN P. 234-235.

PLAYBOY (ISSN 0032-1478), APRIL, 1980, VOL. 27, NO. 4. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BLDG., 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHGO., ILL. 60611. CONTROLLED CIRCULATION POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. SUBS.: IN THE U.S., $16 FOR 12 ISSUES. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLO. 80302.

© 1980 B&W T Co.

Rich Lights 100's from Viceroy

The rich low 'tar.'

Only 9 mg tar

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor and publisher

NAT LEHRMAN *associate publisher*

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*

ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

GARY COLE *photography director*

G. BARRY GOLSON *executive editor*

TOM STAEBLER *executive art director*

EDITORIAL

ARTICLES: JAMES MORGAN *editor;* STAFF: WILLIAM J. HELMER, GRETCHEN MC NEESE, DAVID STEVENS *senior editors;* JAMES R. PETERSEN *senior staff writer;* ROBERT E. CARR, WALTER L. LOWE, BARBARA NELLIS, JOHN REZEK *associate editors;* SUSAN MARGOLIS-WINTER *assistant new york editor;* TERESA GROSCH, KATE NOLAN, J. F. O'CONNOR, TOM PASSAVANT *assistant editors;* SERVICE FEATURES: TOM OWEN *modern living editor;* ED WALKER *assistant editor;* DAVID PLATT *fashion director;* CARTOONS: MICHELLE URRY *editor;* COPY: ARLENE BOURAS *editor;* STAN AMBER *assistant editor;* JACKIE JOHNSON FORMELLER, MARCY MARCHI, BARI LYNN NASH, PEG SCHULTZ, DAVID TARDY, MARY ZION *researchers;* CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: ASA BABER, STEPHEN BIRNBAUM (*travel*), MURRAY FISHER, LAWRENCE GROBEL, NAT HENTOFF, ANSON MOUNT, PETER ROSS RANGE, RICHARD RHODES, JOHN SACK, ROBERT SHERRILL, DAVID STANDISH, BRUCE WILLIAMSON (*movies*); CONSULTING EDITOR: LAURENCE GONZALES

WEST COAST: LAWRENCE S. DIETZ *editor;* JOHN BLUMENTHAL *staff writer*

ART

KERIG POPE *managing director;* LEN WILLIS, CHET SUSKI *senior directors;* BOB POST, SKIP WILLIAMSON *associate directors;* BRUCE HANSEN, THEO KOUVATSOS, JOSEPH PACZEK *assistant directors;* BETH KASIK *senior art assistant;* PEARL MIURA, JOYCE PEKALA *art assistants;* SUSAN HOLMSTROM *traffic coordinator;* BARBARA HOFFMAN *administrative assistant*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor;* JEFF COHEN, JANICE MOSES *associate editors;* RICHARD FEGLEY, POMPEO POSAR *staff photographers;* JAMES LARSON *photo manager;* BILL ARSENAULT, DON AZUMA, DAVID CHAN, NICHOLAS DE SCIOSE, PHILLIP DIXON, ARNY FREYTAG, DWIGHT HOOKER, R. SCOTT HOOPER, RICHARD IZUI, STAN MALINOWSKI, KEN MARCUS *contributing photographers;* PATTY BEAUDET *assistant editor;* ALLEN BURRY (*London*), JEAN PIERRE HOLLEY (*Paris*), LUISA STEWART (*Rome*) *correspondents;* JAMES WARD *color lab supervisor;* ROBERT CHELIUS *administrative editor*

PRODUCTION

JOHN MASTRO *director;* ALLEN VARGO *manager;* MARIA MANDIS *assistant manager;* ELEANORE WAGNER, JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI *assistants*

READER SERVICE

CYNTHIA LACEY SIKICH *manager*

CIRCULATION

RICHARD SMITH *director;* ALVIN WIEMOLD *subscription manager*

ADVERTISING

HENRY W. MARKS *director*

ADMINISTRATIVE

MICHAEL LAURENCE *business manager;* PATRICIA PAPANGELIS *administrative editor;* PAULETTE GAUDET *rights & permissions manager;* MILDRED ZIMMERMAN *administrative assistant*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

DERICK J. DANIELS *president*

MEMOREX HIGH BIAS TEST NO. 2.

WHICH HIGH BIAS TAPE WINS WITH "LUCILLE"?

The legendary "Lucille" is a Gibson ES 355 made especially for B.B. King.

Select any blues solo where B.B. King really lets "Lucille" sing, and record it on your favorite high bias tape.

Now record the same solo on MEMOREX HIGH BIAS tape, and listen to the two tapes back to back.

We're convinced you'll have a new favorite for two important reasons:

1. At standard record levels, no high bias tape has a flatter response across the entire frequency range.
2. The signal/noise ratio of MEMOREX HIGH BIAS is unsurpassed by any other high bias tape at the critical high end.

In short, you can't find a high bias cassette that gives you truer reproduction. And, after all, isn't that what you buy a high bias tape for?

Is it live, or is it
MEMOREX

For unbeatable performance in a normal bias tape, look for Memorex with MRX_3 Oxide in the black package.

© 1980, Memorex Corporation, Santa Clara, California 95202, U.S.A.

Why does Miss Cusick warn her girls about guys who want to show them all the features on the new KZ750/4 LTD?

Because she knows what kind of equipment they're really interested in.

The teacher might be a prude, but you can't blame a guy for wanting to show off a little. Especially when the brand new Kawasaki KZ750/4 LTD gives you so much to show.

Like an exclusive combination of lowdown good looks and more advanced features than any other bike in its class.

There's a larger displacement version of the same dependable double overhead cam, four-cylinder "Z" engine that holds world records for speed and endurance.

To handle all that power, there's a new, super-sophisticated suspension system. Air-adjustable leading axle front

forks, rear shocks that you can fine-tune for damping and spring pre-load, plus the precise tracking of a needle bearing swingarm.

And when it's time to hit the brakes, three big drilled discs will stop you faster than a blonde hitching a ride.

Your local Kawasaki dealer can tell you about the KZ750/4 LTD's quartz halogen headlight, pullback bars, cast alloy wheels (16" in back), tubeless tires, two-piece stepped seat, maintenance-free breakerless transistorized ignition, constant-velocity Mikuni carbs, even Kawasaki's exclusive Clean Air System.

But it's too late to stop Miss Cusick. The word is out.

Kawasaki

Don't let the good times pass you by.

Kawasaki believes in riding safely. Check local laws before you ride. Member of AMA and MSF.
Specifications and parts subject to change without notice. Model availability may be limited.

Cafe 7 classy coffee

Café 7 will impress the most sophisticated tastes. Just add 1½ oz. of Seagram's 7 to a cup of your favorite coffee. Add sugar to taste and top with whipped cream. Now that's classy coffee. Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's 7 Crown
Where quality drinks begin.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 80 PROOF.

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

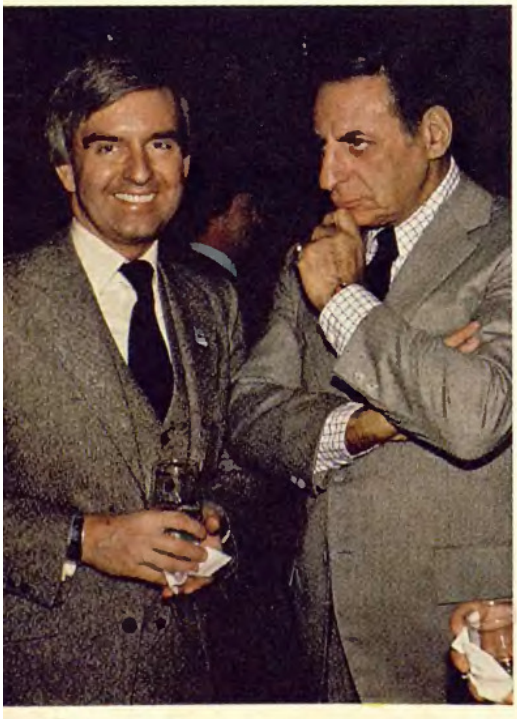
in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it

STEVE MARTIN IN TERRE HAUTE: NO HARD FEELINGS

Steve Martin, in his *Playboy Interview* (January), described Terre Haute, Indiana, as "the most nowhere place in America." Mayor Bill Brighton retorted: "Well, excuuuuse me!" and invited the comedian for a mock tour of the town. At left, Martin, with Bunnies Marsha Jones (left) and Grace Mika helping him autograph copies of the issue. Below, Terre Haute radio personalities Mel Browning (left) and Larry Trimmer show their support for the city's "High on Haute" promotional campaign.

BLACK'S TIE AFFAIR

Chicago's Playboy Mansion was the scene of a party honoring actress Karen Black during the Chicago International Film Festival. At right, she and actor Maximilian Schell chat. Below, film-festival founder and director Michael J. Kutza, Jr., and columnist Irv Kupcinet are seen rubbing elbows. Literally.



A PRESENT FOR HEF

Hugh M. Hefner's enthusiasm for the razzle-dazzle pop group Manhattan Transfer was responsible for some of its early big bookings—and the Transfer returned the favor with a Christmas-gift live performance at Playboy Mansion West (below). In bottom photo, Hef and Heather Waite clap their thanks.

MONIQUE OPTIQUE

A lot of eyes were glued on Playmate of the Year Monique St. Pierre in front of her Optyl Corporation poster at the Southeastern Society of Dispensing Opticians Convention in Atlanta. Optyl manufactures Playboy eyewear; it's clear that men *would* make passes....

BELABORING THE OBVIOUS

Dr. Hook's single *When You're in Love with a Beautiful Woman* got a boost in the country's record stores with this poster of October 1978 Playmate Marcy Hanson, who certainly *is* one.

PLAYMATE UPDATE

HONK IF YOU LOVE MISS SEPTEMBER

If you're stuck in San Francisco traffic and notice this personalized license plate, relax. Yes, it is our Phi Beta Kappa Playmate, Vicki McCarty (September 1979).

COVER STORY

Janet Quist has been keeping busy in her home state of Texas. At right, she peers over her sunglasses on the cover of *Texas Monthly*, which asks the question "Wish You Were Here?" Looking at her December 1978 Playmate shot (above), we say, "Yep."

ROLLING INTO THE MOVIES

Playmate Dorothy Stratten (August 1979) is shown at the concession counter during a scene from *Skatetown U.S.A.* Her shtick in the movie is to keep asking for a pizza. Gary Mule Deer, who in this scene plays a guy behind the counter, fondles some tomatoes; we suspect he has other things on his mind, too.

Two great naturals together for the first time. Leroux Coffee Amaretto.

The Leroux Toasted Almond.
Mix 1½ oz. Coffee Amaretto,
1½ oz. milk,
shake with ice.
Delicious!

Only Leroux has this great new combination. The elegant taste of amaretto enhanced with just the right amount of coffee. And it's delicious. Naturally. Because it's Leroux. Once you've tasted Leroux International Liqueurs, no other liqueurs will do.

Leroux International Liqueurs

Another of our 52 naturals from France, Italy, U.S., Austria, and Denmark.

For free recipes, write General Wine & Spirits, Box 1645, FDR Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

© 1980 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Introducing the

CAMEL COLLECTION

by JOHN HENRY

A new line of sportswear is here with a symbol as unique as the men who will wear it. The Camel Collection by John Henry. Permanent press shirts in assorted colors. Long sleeve Oxford $26. Short sleeve Alpine Patrol shirt $23.50. Cotton pants $30. Look for the Camels where fine men's wear is sold.

JOHN HENRY

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

CAMEL LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '79.

DEAR PLAYBOY

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

TOAST OF TERRE HAUTE

It's about time! I first saw that you were going to do an interview with Steve Martin in your "Coming in the Months Ahead" section in the January 1979 issue. And after reading the excellent January 1980 interview, I found that my wait was well rewarded. I've been a fan of Steve's for three years, but it seems I didn't know much about him until after I read Lawrence Grobel's interview. I thought that it might be fun to perform in front of thousands of people, but now I realize that comedy *isn't* pretty.

Phil Kriegler
Omaha, Nebraska

Steve Martin's interview, unfortunately, reveals him to be a classic comic stereotype: irreverent, unstable and highly uninteresting offstage. His comments proclaiming Bernadette Peters to be a "landmark singer" are almost as irresponsible as his suggesting that "businessmen and executives" only "make and sell shit," though that remark is not completely without insight. When it comes to the businessmen and executives who promote his career and market his record albums, a very strong argument could be made in his favor.

Greg Madson
Ames, Iowa

Somebody needs to remind Steve Martin that his movie shooting is over and he can stop behaving like a jerk. So Terre Haute and other stops on his "long-stretch tours in the Midwest" are not like Aspen or Beverly Hills. Few places in the real world are. Terre Haute is a place a touring entertainer has been known to breeze into on a leased bus, give no interviews, sign no autographs, permit no backstage photography, perform onstage for an hour, leave immediately and head down the interstate toward another "nowhere" concert but taking along $25,000 or so to spend later in Aspen and Beverly Hills. Sorry, Steve, but your attitude is inexcusable.

Lawrence Beymer
Terre Haute, Indiana

Steve has since apologized for that unfortunate slip of the lip. He had meant to say Abilene. Or was it Buffalo?

Methodical bizarre behavior that reaps huge financial rewards doesn't seem wild or crazy to me at all. Steve Martin's got to be the most sensible person I've ever heard about. I hope he'll continue his personal-appearance concert tours, keep his creative juices flowing and continue to challenge himself—all for our benefit!

Lynn W. Gregg
Canton, Michigan

Thank you for exposing Steve Martin on the January cover. His hairy chest is absolutely gorgeous.

Monica S. Ruybalid
Phoenix, Arizona

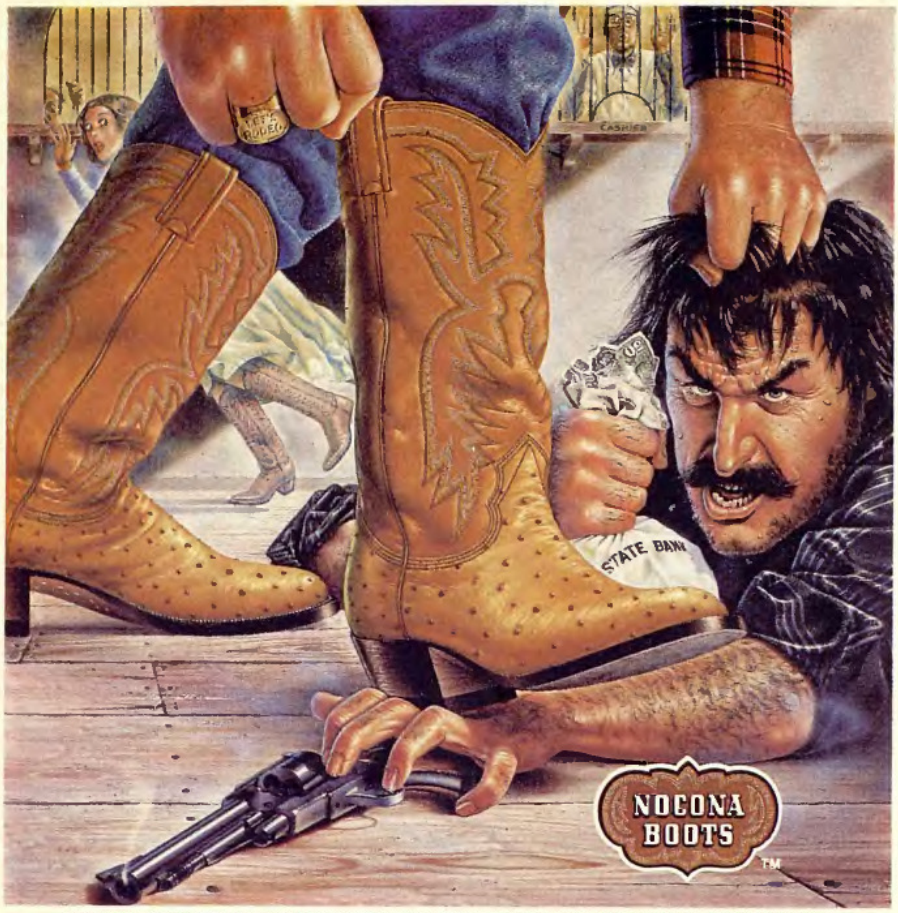
GAYS ON THE RISE

After reading your January article *The San Francisco Experience*, by Nora Gallagher, I would like to comment. I was born and raised in San Francisco. I am straight. I have a beautiful wife and two great children. We live in San Francisco because we love living here. I work with gay men and women and my wife and I have gay friends. The gay people my wife and I socialize with are not limp-wristed, nor are they sex-crazed maniacs looking for cock every waking moment, as the author would have us believe. The gay people we know have the same problems, wants and needs as every other person in this country. The author makes a big deal about the weird people who hang out on Castro Street but neglects to mention they are a small lunatic fringe element most gay people avoid themselves. Furthermore, I think

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), APRIL, 1980, VOLUME 27, NUMBER 4. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BLDG., 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES AND ITS POSSESSIONS, $39 FOR 36 ISSUES, $28 FOR 24 ISSUES, $16 FOR 12 ISSUES. CANADA, $24 FOR 12 ISSUES. ELSEWHERE, $31 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, POST OFFICE BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLORADO 80302, AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. MARKETING: ED CONDON, DIRECTOR / DIRECT MARKETING; MICHAEL J. MURPHY, CIRCULATION PROMOTION DIRECTOR. ADVERTISING: HENRY W. MARKS, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; HAROLD DUCHIN, NATIONAL SALES MANAGER; MARK EVENS, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER; RICHARD ATKINS, FASHION ADVERTISING MANAGER, 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO, RUSS WELLER, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE; TROY, MICHIGAN, JESS BALLEW, MANAGER, 3001 W. BIG BEAVER ROAD; LOS ANGELES, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 8721 BEVERLY BOULEVARD; SAN FRANCISCO, TOM JONES, MANAGER, 417 MONTGOMERY STREET.

State of the AR t.

AR Verticals, the finest speakers in AR history.
Audition them and be astonished.
Left to right: AR9, AR91, AR92, AR90.
Your AR Dealer has literature
or write AR, 10 Americon Drive, Norwood,
MA. 02062. TELEDYNE ACOUSTIC RESEARCH
© 1980



Ask for Nocona Boots where quality western boots are sold. Style shown #9056 with Genuine Ostrich vamp.
NOCONA BOOT COMPANY / ENID JUSTIN, PRESIDENT / DEPT. PL9056 / BOX 599 / NOCONA, TEXAS 76255 / 817-825-3321

Sunpak INSTANT READOUT
creative flash has never been so simple

INSTANT READOUT, our new, easy-to-read data display shows only the actual f/stop in use. Another innovation from **SUNPAK. AUTOMATIC POWER** for perfect flash exposures from 27 inches to 28 feet. **POWER RATIO CONTROL** for simple fill-in flash and auto-winder action. **ENERGY-SAVING THYRISTOR CIRCUITRY** means rapid recycling and lots more flash for your battery dollar. Plus **MULTI-POSITION BOUNCE** and more. Available now wherever good cameras are sold.

SUNPAK®
Auto 322 Thyristor

Sunpak Division, Berkey Marketing Companies Box 1102, Woodside, N.Y. 11377
■ 1011 Chestnut St., Burbank, Ca. 91506 ■ In Canada: Sunpak Corporation of Canada, Inc., Ontario

a private glory-hole club makes a lot more sense than walking into a public bathroom and finding men engaged in sex. Should I ever decide to suck a cock, and wish to do so in safety, anonymity and privacy, I'll go to a glory-hole club; but first I'll make damn sure that Gallagher is not in San Francisco.

(Name withheld by request)
San Francisco, California

Let's see . . . we used to be sexless, now we are whores; we used to be effete, now we come on like male athletes. Before, we were objects of pity, now we are people to fear. When will the straights stop projecting their fears onto us? Obviously, these attitudes have come full turn and are now the opposites of their original forms. Who could satisfy you? My dears, you sound like a bevy of virgin junior high school girls, thrilled and giddy yet frightened out of your wits at the mere idea of being seduced! That is the real issue! Because gays will never rule *anywhere*! Not even in San Francisco. We must remain a minority power, as a fact of nature. Come on, now. You're not afraid of a few sissies, are you?

Bud Larsen
Los Angeles, California

The news that straight society is hostile to us gays is no news at all, but I was surprised to find that they are offended by our wearing jeans, T-shirts, short hair, etc. They did not like us in lavender blouses, white shoes and bleached hair, either. Maybe they could save us all a lot of trouble by just telling us what gays are supposed to wear . . . though I know of nothing that will render us invisible.

(Name withheld by request)
Los Angeles, California

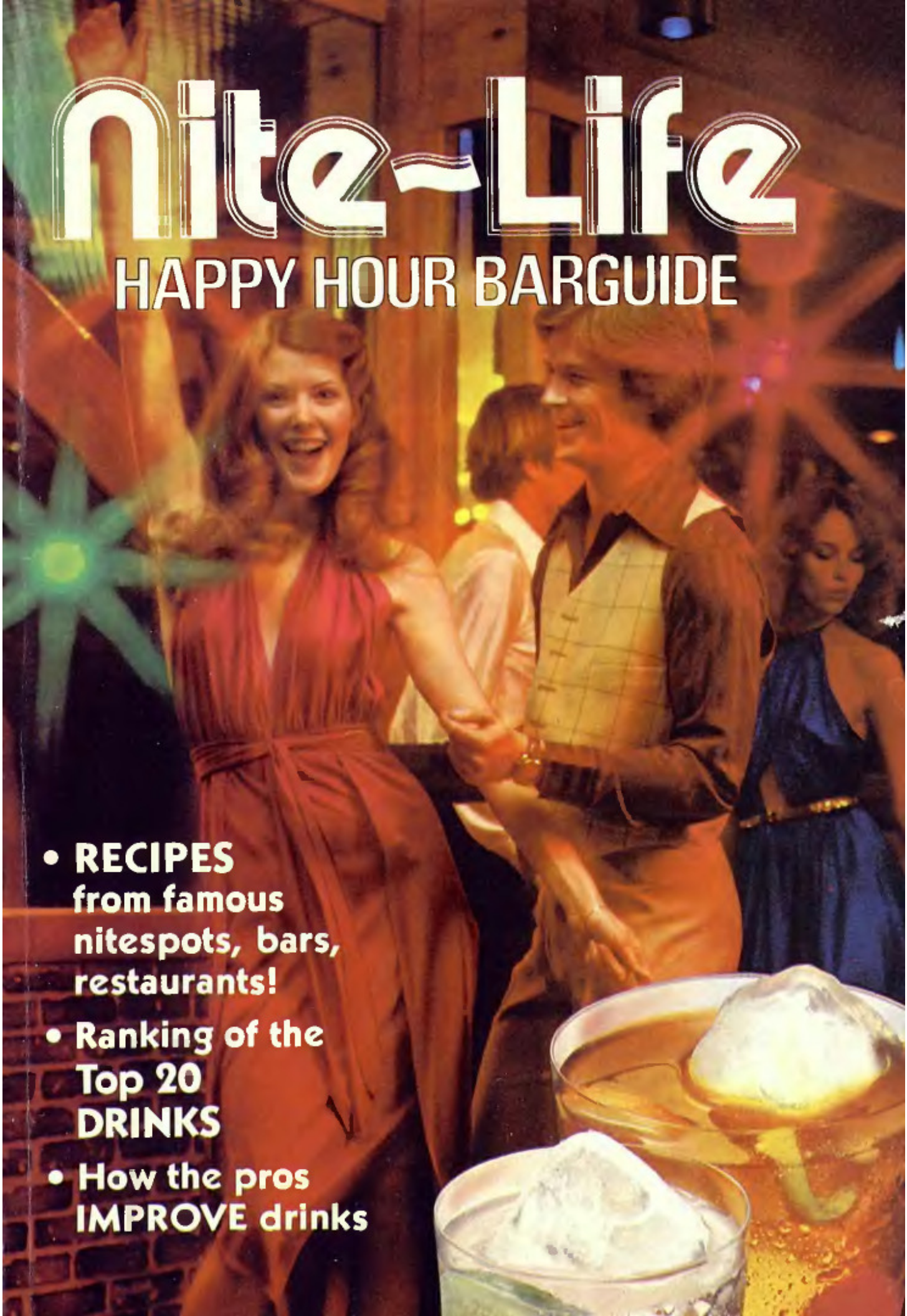
Nora Gallagher condemned homosexuals by depicting them as "sluts." Not all homosexuals cruise the streets of Castro, or go to clubs with private booths, or cast away lovers every five minutes. And the majority of homosexuals are not militants. Let's hope Gallagher will follow her article with another on the homosexuals who are focusing their sexual drives on the finding of lasting love and companionship.

Galata Joseph
McKeesport, Pennsylvania

The entire spectrum of gay life cannot be covered in one article, and that was not our intention in publishing Gallagher's piece. "The San Francisco Experience" does, however, represent one aspect of the scene as viewed by our writer and we have no reason to doubt the veracity of her report. We do intend to cover other facets of the gay culture as the occasion warrants and will publish further commentary both in article form and in "The Playboy Forum," where

Nite-Life

HAPPY HOUR BARGUIDE



- **RECIPES** from famous nitespots, bars, restaurants!
- Ranking of the Top 20 DRINKS
- How the pros IMPROVE drinks

CAN YOU RANK THEM?
Test your skill! Write your guess in the boxes below.

YOUR RANK

- ☐ Old-Fashioned
- ☐ Sour
- ☐ Bloody Mary
- ☐ Stinger
- ☐ Tequila Sunrise
- ☐ Martini
- ☐ Pina Colada
- ☐ Tonic
- ☐ Bacardi Cocktail
- ☐ Daiquiri
- ☐ Wallbanger
- ☐ Gimlet
- ☐ Black Russian
- ☐ Manhattan
- ☐ Sombrero
- ☐ Rob Roy
- ☐ Margarita
- ☐ Collins
- ☐ Rum 'n Cola
- ☐ Screwdrivar

Answers are on the following pages, with their recipes.

Drink ratings indicate relative popularity of best sellers on an annual, nationwide basis. Individual rank may vary by locale, climate, season, etc.

HOW TO MIX GREAT DRINKS

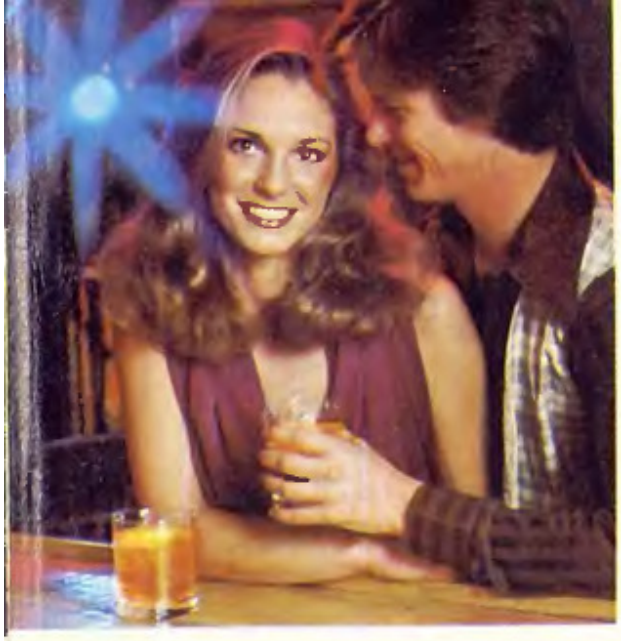
at home...the same way professionals make them at famous nitespots and bars

When the lights come on, it's time for fun. In bars, discos and dining spots, professional barmen are adding to your pleasure. Spurred by adventurous young adults, they're catering to *new tastes* in drinks, with different, better-tasting combinations of liquors and mixes. Even classic favorites are taking on new flavors! Examples of this are in this guide. Drinks you and your friends order determine national popularity rankings...and thus the drinks you'll want to serve at home.

Learn how to make the top 20 drinks:

This guide shows you how to mix all today's popular drinks, including the "top 20" best sellers in bars and restaurants. It has easy-to-use recipes for drinks made with all the basic liquors: Bourbon, Scotch, gin, vodka, tequila, rum, Southern Comfort. You'll even be able to *improve* favorite drinks...when you learn the experts' secret of "switching" basic liquors. An example is their use of Southern Comfort as a smoother, tastier base for Manhattans, Sours, even Collinses, etc. The difference is in the unique, delicious taste of Southern Comfort itself. First mix one of these drinks in the usual way; then mix the same drink with Comfort.® Compare them. The improvement is truly remarkable.

© 1979 SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION



What is Southern Comfort?

Although it's used just like an ordinary whiskey, Southern Comfort tastes much different from any other basic liquor. And there's a reason. In gracious old New Orleans, one talented gentleman was disturbed by the taste of even the finest whiskeys of his day. So he combined rare and delicious ingredients, to create this superb, unusually smooth, *special* kind of basic liquor. That's how Southern Comfort was born. It tastes *good*, right out of the bottle! Its formula is still a family secret, its delicious taste still unmatched by any other liquor. First try it on-the-rocks. Then you'll understand *why* it improves *mixed* drinks, too. You'll realize why more and more leading bars and restaurants are switching to Southern Comfort as a base for new drinks and famous classics. It is the secret of creating the really good-tasting drinks that set today's trends.

How to improve drinks—secret of the pros

The flavor of any drink you mix is *controlled* by the taste of the liquor used as a base. Therefore, knowledgeable barmen *improve* many drinks just by "switching" the basic liquor called for in the recipe—to one with a more satisfying taste. The taste test at right shows *why* this is true.

Meke this simple taste test. prove it to yourself:

Fill short glasses with cracked ice. Pour a jigger of Scotch or Bourbon into one, rum into another, gin into a third, and Southern Comfort into a fourth. Sip the whiskey, then the rum, then the gin. Now do the same with Southern Comfort. Sip *it*, and you've found a completely different kind of liquor. It tastes *good* with nothing added. That's why switching to Southern Comfort as a base will make most mixed drinks taste much better. It adds a *deliciousness* that no other basic liquor *can*. Just try Comfort® in *your* favorite drink, at home or next time you order it in a bar. One sip will convince you.

Try both recipes... prove it to yourself!

RANK 4

ordinary MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye
⅓ jigger sweet vermouth
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Stir with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add a cherry. Now learn the experts' secret; use recipe at right. See how a simple switch in basic liquor improves this famous drink.

improved MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
⅓ jigger *dry* vermouth
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Mix like ordinary recipe. But you'll enjoy it far more. Comfort®'s delicious flavor makes a better-tasting drink.

Comfort® Manhattan, in the spotlight at Paul Young's Restaurant, Washington, D.C.

RANK 11

GIMLET

4 parts gin or vodka
1 part Rose's sweetened lime juice

Shake with cracked ice and strain into a cocktail glass. (Optional: serve with small slice fresh lime.)

RANK 1

DRY MARTINI

4 parts gin or vodka
1 part dry vermouth

Stir with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add green olive or twist of lemon peel.

Gibson: 5 parts gin to 1 part vermouth. Add pearl onion

17

ROB ROY

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Scotch
½ jigger sweet vermouth
Dash Angostura bitters

Stir with cracked ice; strain into cocktail glass. Add a cherry or twist of lemon peel. (This drink's often called a "Scotch Manhattan.")

COMFORT® 'N BOURBON

First-line combo, on stage at the Hotel Ambassador, Los Angeles

½ jigger (¾ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ jigger Bourbon • ½ jigger water

Pour liquors over cracked ice in a short glass and add water. Stir. Serve with a twist of lemon peel. It's a delicious combination!

Southern Comfort®

Mix top-ranking drinks with these top recipes:

RANK 9

MARGARITA

1 jigger (1½ oz.) tequila
½ oz. Triple Sec
1 oz. fresh lime or lemon juice

Moisten cocktail glass rim with fruit rind; spin rim in salt. Shake ingredients with cracked ice. Strain into glass.

SICILIAN KISS

Great love of sun-lovers at Joe Murphy's Lounge, Tampa

2 parts Southern Comfort
1 part Amaretto di Saronno

Pour over crushed ice in short glass; stir. Southern Comfort mates deliciously with this romantic liqueur from Italy.

Try both recipes...one sip will convince you!

RANK 3

ordinary SOUR

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye
½ jigger fresh lemon juice
1 teaspoon sugar

Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add orange slice on rim of glass and a cherry. Now use recipe at right. Discover how a switch in basic liquor greatly improves this drink.

the smoother SOUR

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ jigger fresh lemon juice
½ teaspoon sugar

Mix like ordinary recipe. Then sip it. You'll agree that Southern Comfort makes tha smoothest Sour ever!

Comfort® Sour, a top drink at the Top of the Mark, The Mark Hopkins, San Francisco

RANK 15

BACARDI COCKTAIL

Juice ½ lime or lemon
½ tspn. sugar • 1 tspn. grenadine
1 jigger Bacardi® light rum

Shake well with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass.

8

DAIQUIRI

Juice ½ lime or ¼ lemon
1 teaspoon sugar
1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum

Shake thoroughly with cracked ice, until the shaker frosts. Strain into cocktail glass.

For a new accent, use Southern Comfort instead of rum, only ½ tspn. sugar.

Women's clothes by Funky of California

Use these easy-to-follow recipes: be the leading mixer in your crowd!

RANK 13

TEQUILA SUNRISE

2-3 dashes grenadine
1 jigger tequila • orange juice

Put grenadine into 8-oz. glass; fill with ice cubes. Add tequila. Fill with orange juice. Do not stir!

A brighter sunrise: swap tequila for Comfort®.

RANK 18

SOMBRERO

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Café Comfort® or other coffee liqueur
Chilled milk

Fill 8-oz. glass with ice cubes. Add liquor; fill with milk; stir. A tip of the hat to a cool one!

2

BLOODY MARY

2 jiggers tomato juice
⅓ jigger fresh lemon juice
Dash of Worcestershire sauce
1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka

Salt, pepper to taste. Shake with cracked ice; strain into 6-oz. glass.

5

SCREWDRIVER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka
Orange juice

Put ice cubes into 6 oz. glass. Add vodka; fill with juice; stir.

Put a new handle on your screwdriver. Use Southern Comfort instead of vodka.

Simple drinks are most popular

...and Southern Comfort makes them taste much better. Its delicious flavor and smoothness enhance the taste of any mix you use.

Try COMFORT® and:

Cola • 7UP • Club Soda • Ginger Ale • Tonic Squirt • Lemonade • Milk • Juices: orange, pineapple, grapefruit, apple, Cranapple®

COMFORT® ON-THE-ROCKS

A headliner at Anthony's Pier 4, Boston

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Pour over cracked ice in short glass; add twist of lemon peel. Comfort® over ice is as smooth and delicious as a cocktail.

MIST: Use crushed ice in above recipe. This dilution frees even more of Comfort®'s superb flavor.

the cool TEUL

From Las Piramides bar, Mexico City

1 oz. Southern Comfort
½ oz. tequila • orange juice

Fill highball glass with ice cubes. Add liquors. Fill with orange juice; stir. Add cherry. Unusual, delicious. Caramba!

LEMON COOLER

Big at Brennan's Restaurant, Houston

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Schweppes Bitter Lemon

Pour Comfort® over ice cubes in tall glass. Fill with Bitter Lemon; stir.

COMFORT® 'N COLA

Juice and rind ¼ lime • cola
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass; add rind. Add Southern Comfort. Fill with cola; stir.

16 Rum 'n Cola: Use rum instead of Comfort®.

Southern Comfort®

RANK 14

PINA COLADA

1 jigger (1½ oz.) rum
or Southern Comfort
1 oz. Cream of Coconut
2 oz. pineapple juice

Shake with ½ cup crushed ice or use blender. Pour into tall glass filled with ice cubes. Add cherry. Superb coconut accent!

6

GIN 'N TONIC

Juice, rind ¼ lime • 1 jigger gin
Schweppes Tonic Water

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass and add rind. Pour in gin. Fill with tonic and stir.

Switch to a better-tasting drink. Skip the gin; enjoy Comfort®'s talent for tonic.

SLOW 'N COMFORT® ABLE

Swinging screwdriver served at disco bars, coast to coast

½ jigger (¾ oz.) sloe gin
½ jigger Southern Comfort
2 jiggers orange juice

Fill highball glass with ice cubes. Add liquors, orange juice; stir. Add a cherry, sip slow 'n easy!

COMFORT® WALLBANGER

Famous with fun-seekers at the Alta Mira Hotel, Sausalito, CA

1 oz. Southern Comfort
½ oz. Liquore Galliano
Orange juice

Fill tall glass with ice cubes. Add liquors. Fill with orange juice; stir.

20 HARVEY WALLBANGER: Use vodka instead of Comfort.® Add Galliano last, floating it on top.

COMFORT® COLLINS

Talented tall cool one at Bal Harbour's Americana Hotel

1 jigger Southern Comfort
Juice ¼ lime • 7UP

Mix Southern Comfort and lime juice in tall glass. Add ice cubes; fill with 7UP. Best —and easiest—Collins of all!

7 Tom Collins: Dissolve 1 tspn. sugar in ½ jigger lemon juice in tall glass. Add ice, 1 jigger gin. Fill with sparkling water; stir.

COMFORT® OLD-FASHIONED

A highlight of a night at the Gaslight Club, Chicago

Dash of Angostura bitters
½ oz. sparkling water
½ tspn. sugar (optional)
1 jigger Southern Comfort

Stir bitters, sugar, water in glass; add ice cubes. Comfort.® Add twist of lemon peel, orange slice, cherry. Superb!

10 Regular Old-Fashioned: Use 1 tspn. sugar, Bourbon or rye instead of Southern Comfort.

Men's clothes by Impact Sportswear and Cheeks for Men

SEND GIFTS OF SOUTHERN COMFORT ANYWHERE BY PHONE:

Call Toll-free 800-528-6148

Charge to major credit cards.

RANK 19

STINGER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) brandy
½ jigger white creme de menthe

Shake with cracked ice; strain.

Comfort® instead of brandy makes a stinger that's a humdinger.

ALEXANDER

1 part fresh cream
1 part creme de cacao
1 part Southern Comfort or gin or brandy

Shake thoroughly with cracked ice until chilled and strain into a cocktail glass.

COMFORT® EGGNOG

1 cup (8 oz.) Southern Comfort
1 quart dairy eggnog

Chill ingredients. Blend in punch bowl by beating; dust with nutmeg. Serves 10, pleases all!

1 Drink: Stir 4 parts eggnog, 1 part Comfort® in short glass; add nutmeg.

RANK 12

BLACK RUSSIAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Café Comfort® or other coffee liqueur
⅓ jigger vodka

Pour over ice cubes in short glass and stir thoroughly.

SCARLETT O'HARA

Stars at Antoine's, New Orleans

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice ¼ fresh lime
1 jigger Ocean Spray cranberry juice cocktail

Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass. As intriguing as its namesake!

BARN BURNER

Hot trend at the Red Lion, Vail, CO

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Small stick cinnamon
Slice lemon peel • hot cider

Put cinnamon, lemon peel, Southern Comfort in mug; fill with cider; stir. (Put spoon in mug to pour hot cider.)

OPEN HOUSE PUNCH

Tastes like a super cocktail! Serves 32.

One fifth (750 ml) Southern Comfort
6 oz. fresh lemon juice • 3 quarts 7UP
One 6 oz. can frozen lemonade
One 6 oz. can frozen orange juice

Chill ingredients. Mix in punch bowl, 7UP last. Add drops of red food coloring (optional); stir. Float block of ice; add orange, lemon slices.

HAPPY HOUR PUNCH *Serves 25.*

One fifth (750 ml) Southern Comfort
1 cup (8 oz.) pineapple juice
1 cup grapefruit juice • ½ cup lemon juice
2 quarts champagne or 7UP

Chill ingredients. Mix in punch bowl, adding champagne last. Add ice cubes; garnish with orange slices. Puts punch in any party!

Comfort, Southern Comfort and Café Comfort are registered trademarks of Southern Comfort Corp. Printed in U.S.A. SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, 80-100 PROOF LIQUEUR, ST. LOUIS, MO 63132

the subject of civil liberties for homosexuals has been a major topic of discussion for years.

RETURN TICKET REQUESTED

Just finished the January installment of *Playboy's New Age Primer*. I found "Mystery Booms" quite provocative, "Latter-Day Gnosis Fever" intriguing; a go at "Astral Projection," though, was as tempting as a whirl with January's gatefold, Gig, on Gangel's Island. I hope the *Primer* becomes a permanent addition to your peerless pages, especially since I, uh, heh heh . . . well, just how does one reverse the effects of the out-of-body-experience formula? My spirit is willing, but the flesh, you see. . . . In the meantime, could you get another peek at drool drawer Gig ready for when I return, please?

Jack G. Saltsman
Kent, Ohio

PJS ON TV

I have been getting PLAYBOY by subscription for eight months now and I've never enjoyed a magazine more. I am writing in particular about your January pictorial essay *Playboy's Pajama Parties*. Fantastic! I want to see more. Unfortunately, I have no invitation. However, I'm a subscriber to Home Box Office cable TV. Maybe good ol' Hef could send an invitation for his next New Year's party to the big shots at H.B.O. and tell them to bring their cameras. Just an idea.

Mike Werkema
Wyoming, Michigan

A compliment to Jim Harwood for *Playboy's Pajama Parties*. Very superbly done. My compliments also to the rest of the contributors, layout people and Hef for a very nicely arranged issue.

(Name withheld by request)
Eugene, Oregon

Please, please, please take Liz Glazowski *off* your prospective Playmate list—and put her *on* your must list—soon! Since your pictures of her in previous issues and again on page 126 of the January issue, I (and the rest of the world) have been waiting anxiously. Please don't disappoint us.

Lee Hale
Columbus, Mississippi

We wouldn't think of it, Lee. As you'll see in this month's centerfold, your anxious wait is over.

KEEP ON TREKKING

Your pictorials on the latest heartthrobs are always outstanding; but when I read the article *"Star Trek's" Enterprising Return*, by Gretchen McNeese, in your January issue, you convinced me that your magazine had intelligent life forms that didn't function on hormones alone. The article and pictures

GRAMERCY'S

Singleworld®

CRUISES AND TOURS FOR SINGLE PEOPLE
AGE GROUPS: UNDER 35 OR ALL AGES

• Guaranteed Share Rates • Cocktail Parties • Evening Entertainment

1980 CATALOG

For free 32-page color catalog, see your travel agent, call 212-753-7595 or 800-223-1206, or mail coupon

CRUISES & FLY CRUISES to Nassau, Bermuda, Mexico, Caribbean, Hawaii, and 'Round the World from New York, Miami, San Juan & Honolulu on fine luxury ships: Doric, Oceanic, Rotterdam, Statendam, Volendam, Southward, Starward, Skyward, Carla C, Amerikanis, Renaissance, Calypso, Dolphin & Oceanic Independence.

LAND VACATIONS to Europe, London 'Show,' British Isles/Eire, London/Paris, Lisbon/Madrid, Spain/Portugal/Morocco, Estoril/Madeira, Greece /Aegean Cruise, Honolulu, Scandinavia, Israel, Mexico, Rio, Western USA, Nova Scotia/Maine, and French Canada.

Enjoy the best of two worlds: your own group of single people plus freedom to mix with other vacationers.

GRAMERCY'S SINGLEWORLD P
444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022
Please rush me your **1980** Singleworld Catalog:

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State.....Zip .....

Ships Reg. in Panama, Neth Antilles, Norway, Italy & Greece

Push the button for 'Instant playback' of phone messages.

Wherever you go, get your stored messages played back to you automatically, from Record a Call® 80A, the incredible telephone answering machine with built-in Remote control and Voice actuation.

At home, Record a Call® 80A answers your phone and reliably takes messages with our exclusive Voice actuation (allowing the caller to speak as long as he wishes without artificial time limits). When you are away, just dial your number, 'beep' into the phone with your pocket-sized decoder and Record a Call® 80A will play back your messages.

Advanced built-in features include: Twin Cassettes, Ring adjust, Silent monitor, Rapid rewind, Fast forward, Flashing message light and AC power. Models available at fine stores everywhere: Auto 60A; VOX® 70A and Remote 80A.

Record a Call®

The best answer for quality and reliability

T.A.D. Avanti, Inc. • 16250 Gundry Avenue, Paramount, California 90723

are great. Long live *Star Trek*! Thanks to the fans and the media for knowing a good thing when they see it.

Phyllis Curtis
Tulsa, Oklahoma

It's good to run across a non-Trekker who can open his or her mind enough to perceive the real meaning of *Star Trek*. It doesn't have to compete with *Star Wars* and similar movies, because they're different concepts. *Star Wars* promotes fun and entertainment (and is very good at it, I must say), whereas *Star Trek* promotes a possible future for mankind, if we wisen up. My hat is off to Gretchen McNeese and to Jeff Martini.

Joel Gray
Fayetteville, Arkansas

SKIPPED BEAT

Many thanks to Bruce Williamson (*Playboy After Hours*, January) for his kind words about *Heart Beat*, but the photograph that accompanies his review is miscaptioned. Those are my friends Ann Dusenberry and Ray Sharkey in the shot with Nick Nolte, not John Heard and myself.

Sissy Spacek
Topanga, California

You have our apology for the mistake, Sissy. Or perhaps our sympathy, since the scene looks like it was a lot of fun.

GRATEFUL FOR GIG

Our college-dorm hall will never be the same! January's Playmate, Gig Gangel, has an overwhelming "healthy" appearance that makes college life a hell of a lot easier. Thanks, PLAYBOY, for making exam week very enjoyable!

Bates House, Tenth Floor B
University of South Carolina
Columbia, South Carolina

If this is a sample of PLAYBOY of the Eighties, I'll be clipping out all the subscription cards in upcoming issues for all my friends! Thanks for Gig! *More!*

Carl R. Gimm
St. Paul, Minnesota

I've thought of a great movie for 1980. It stars Gig Gangel and it's called *"12."*

K. C. O'Brien
Louisville, Kentucky

Gig Gangel is a real beauty. No trick photography there! For the new year, why not resolve to let us see more by Ken Marcus and more Playmates of Gig's caliber (if you can find them)?

Harry Rogers
Chillicothe, Missouri

My sincere thanks for choosing Gig Gangel as your first Playmate of 1980. If she's an omen of what's to come, your sales should triple. I first fell in love with her as a prospective gatefold girl in Ken Marcus' pictorial in May and again with her cover photo in October. I hope your editors share my enthusiasm by selecting her Playmate of the Year.

Steven Lasky
Las Vegas, Nevada

Gig Gangel is the most voluptuous woman any of us has ever seen. Her perfect body has become the object of an almost unnatural obsession with us. She raised our spirits (among other things) for the holiday season. How about another look at those exquisite frontal features?

The Appreciative Males,
First Floor Marshall
Franklin and Marshall College
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

We find nothing at all unnatural about your obsession with Gig, men. As

for those frontal features, we, too, have a particular fondness for high cheekbones.

NAMING THE GAME

In the January *Playboy Advisor*, you comment on the dearth of common terms for female masturbation. In doing sexuality workshops with mental-health professionals, we, too, have noticed this unhappy lack of terms. Although the word masturbation can be used by autoeroticists of either gender, it lacks the rich imagery of expressions such as choking the chicken, pulling the pud or beating the meat. But the creativity of some of my workshop participants has provided a few choice terms for the women of America. Initially, the expressions were derivatives of male terms: jilling off instead of jacking off, for example. But now we have a few of our own. Tickling the clitty and rubbin' nubbin were two expressions generated at a recent NOW sexual-awareness workshop; but my personal favorite came from a woman who had recently discovered the joys of a vibrator. She calls her new autoerotic practice catching a buzz. Hm-m-m!

Ronni Rittenhouse, Acting
Director
Northern Panhandle Mental
Health Center
New Martinsville, West Virginia

My collegiate associates and I attempted to arrive at a few synonyms for female masturbation. Here are some of the results: hit the clit, primin' the hymen, teasing the twat, beating the beaver, poking the puss and, of course, working out at the Y.

(Name withheld by request)
Hendrix College
Conway, Arkansas

GROOVY MOVIES

I just want to say that Jay Lynch and Skip Williamson deserve a big hand for their production of *Playboy's Photo Flicks* in your January issue. Terrific! Quite a brilliant idea—I hope to see more flicks in future issues to add to the collection.

Terry E. Elkington
Salt Lake City, Utah

Could Jay Lynch and Skip Williamson have been under the influence of something stronger than, say, Hefner's pipe smoke when they read Thomas Edison's biography? I doubt the sage of Menlo Park intended to show movies on the phonograph. (He always napped 20 minutes between major inventions.) Still, if they put the scissors to PLAYBOY in inventors' heaven, Tom just may be misspending his days going blind in front of the flickering turntable.

Ross R. Whitney
Spokane, Washington

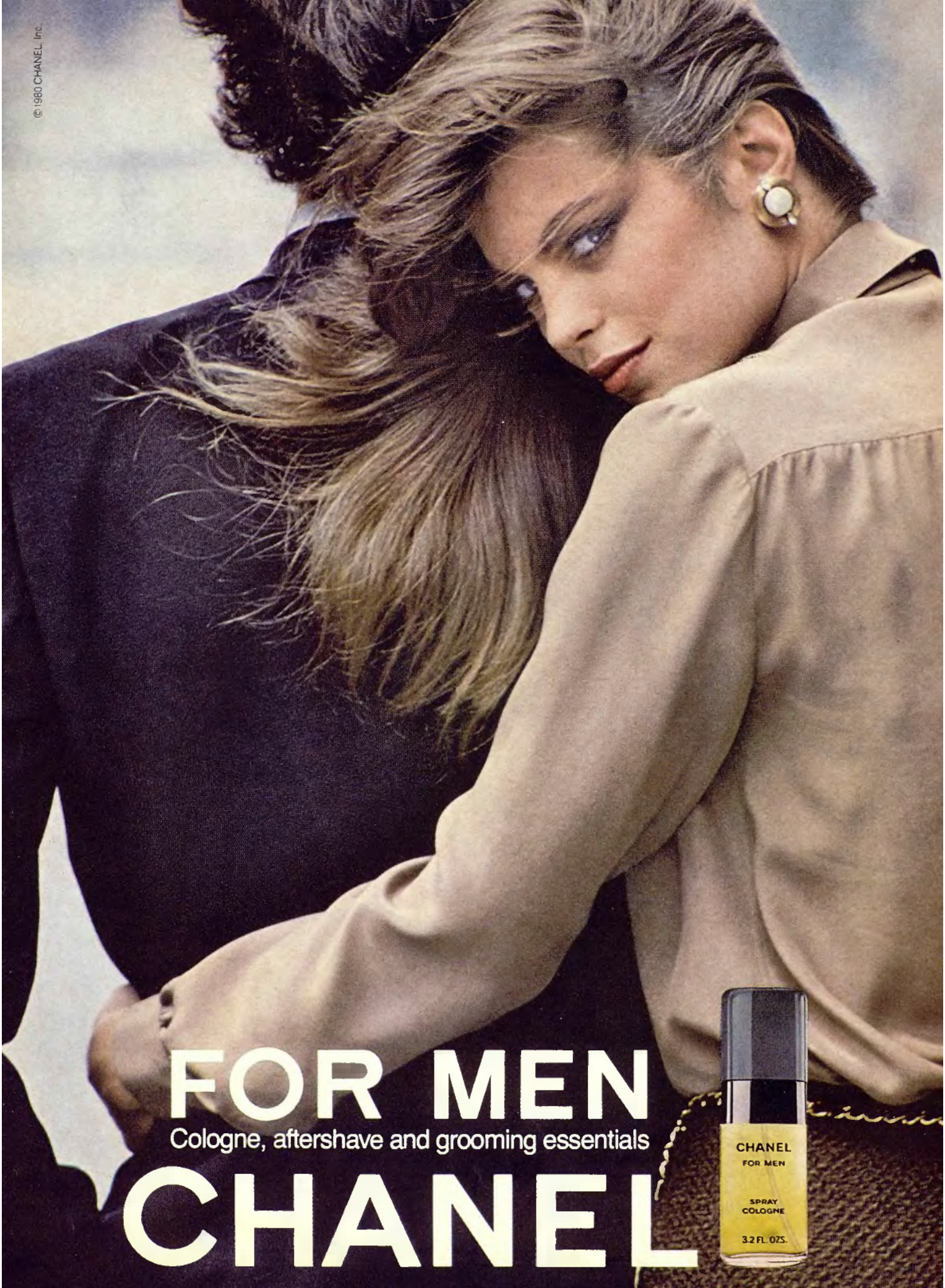
CALLING DR. FREUD

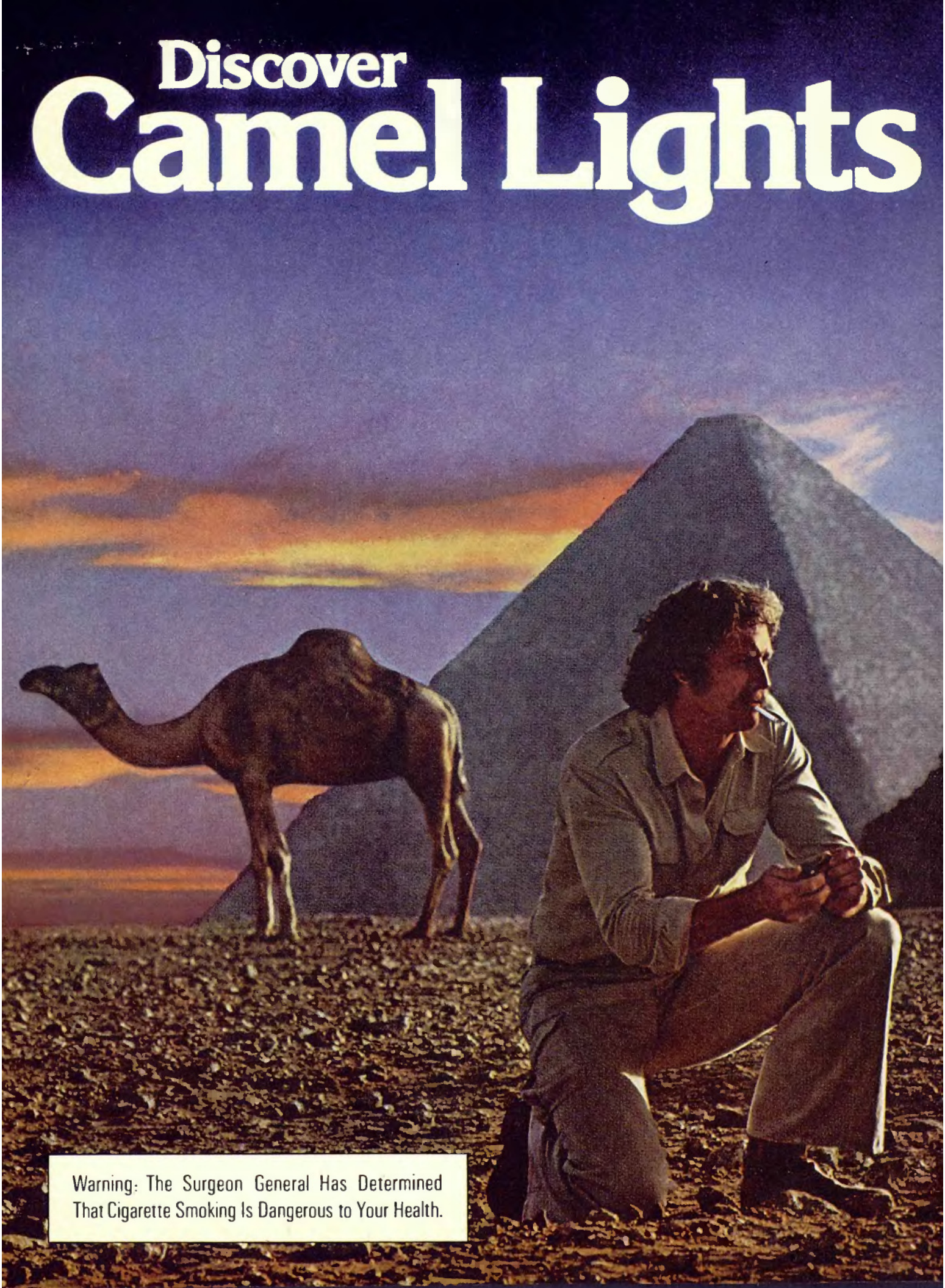
There is something curious about the cover of your January issue. I am referring to the balloons above Steve Martin's head. Although I pride myself on having a vivid imagination, I did not have to use it at all to see penis heads, breasts and/or asses in those balloons. I understand enough about commercial art to realize that no color, shadow or shape would appear by accident, and in this case, the forms I allude to have been intentionally highlighted. Perhaps your publication is not trying to be subtle and I have only noticed the obvious. I would appreciate any comments on the thought behind the balloons. Are your readers *supposed* to see body parts?

J. Eiker
Painesville, Ohio

Readers are free to see whatever they want in our balloons, but, frankly, when we want body parts, we show body parts!

©1980 CHANEL, Inc.




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

© 1979 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

satisfaction.

The Camel World of satisfaction comes to low tar smoking.

This is where it all started. Camel quality, now in a rich tasting Camel blend for smooth, low tar smoking. Camel Lights brings the solution to taste in low tar.

LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS 100's: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Wolfschmidt Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the Golden Age of Russia, and the Czar reigned supreme. Europe, Asia: all the empire was his.

Regal coaches carried him in elegance, but with his Cossacks he rode like thunder. Hunting wild boar in the northern forests, hosting feasts for a thousand guests in the Great Palace, no man could match the Czar's thirst for life.

And his drink? The toast of St. Petersburg. Genuine Vodka.

Life has changed since the days of the Czar. But one legacy remains: Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. Made here to the same supreme standards that deserved its special appointment to his Majesty the Czar and the Imperial Romanov Court.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka

Product of U.S.A. Distilled from grain • Available in 80 and 100 proof • Wolfschmidt, Relay, Md.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

THE POLITICAL MACHINE

Every Presidential election gives birth to a plethora of candidates—who, in turn, give credence to the fact that, more often than not, there are plenty of nuts loose in the political machine. This year's election, however, has the distinction of actually having a few nuts, bolts and gearshifts in the race as well. The latest politico to declare his candidacy in Washington is FUBAR, a D.C.-based promotional robot who has his sockets on the Oval Office.

FUBAR (Futuristic Uranium Bio-Atomic Robot) is running on an independent ticket and is already well versed in the ways of political double talk. Quizzed on how he stood on the Iranian issue, he quipped, "I love Uranium."

Asked about his stamina, he parried with, "These lips are able to process one hundred and eight babies per minute."

And as to why a robot has decided to run for the office of President, FUBAR calmly stated, "The time has come for the many robots already in Government to have a leader."

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Overheard at a (where else?) Hollywood party: "Know how I make it nine inches? I fold it in half."

TIME TO NAG

Science, that wonderful area of study that has brought the world Silly Putty, child-proof aspirin bottles and the H-bomb, has triumphed once again, coming up with yet another way to make day-to-day living just a wee bit more exasperating. The latest boon to mankind to hit the market is a solar-powered, talking wrist watch that only a mother could love. The watch not only tells you the time but also harps at you until you get out of bed. The little bedmate begins the day by belching: "Time to get up. Go! Go! Go!" If that doesn't work, it prattles, "You are now ten minutes [20 minutes, and so on] past your alarm time," until you either get out of bed or hurl the contraption across the room and into the far wall—thus proving that time can, indeed, fly when you're having fun.

•

And we thought his hair was his own: The *Philadelphia Daily News* reports that kick-ass rocker Jerry Lee Lewis has been on probation after being convicted "of driving under the influence of rugs."

NO NUDES IS BAD NUDES

Alongside the snail darter and the bald eagle on the endangered-species list, add the Michigan nude model. A budget cut at Michigan State University may have caused an end to the practice of using nude models in the art classes. Horrified, students banded together,

signing petitions urging college officials to keep the bodies beautiful before their easels. "Live models are an essential element in the education of artists," the students explained. "Your removal of the live model from these classes is analogous to removing the piano from the musician." In other words, administrators, a pretty girl is like a melody.

•

The Rutland, Vermont, *Herald* reports that a 19-year-old man who pleaded guilty to the charge of lewd and lascivious behavior "was masturbating while nude outside the Sticky Fingers Bakery."

THE GIRL'S ALL HEART

For strictly professional reasons that we will divulge in a moment, we found ourself in the orgy room of Plato's Retreat around 11 one recent evening. We were sitting on a red mattress about three feet in front of a very attractive naked woman named Tara Alexander, who was lying on her back with her legs spread wide, enthusiastically and simultaneously having sex with four men. One man was stroking away vigorously from the missionary position, a second was being attended to orally, a third manually, and the fourth was fondling Tara's right breast and nipple while waiting patiently for a position to open up (her other hand was temporarily missing in action). This would not be an unusual sight at Plato's, except that these men were the 49th, 50th, 51st and 52nd to have sex with Tara so far this night—and 23 more were waiting for their turn, not including her husband, who was scheduled to be number 76, and last.

All of this tumescence was officially billed as a Spermathon, a chance for 75 ordinary citizens, each of whom had asked for an invitation in response to an offer in *Screw* magazine, to help the

SPRING FEVER: MYTH OR FICTION?

an investigative report on one of mankind's most mysterious maladies

Spring-fever sufferers complain alternately of pain in the heart, ants in the pants and fire in the blood. But just because Blue Cross doesn't pay off spring-fever claims, don't jump to the conclusion that it's all in your head.

Stephen Rosen, author of *Future Facts* and *Weathering*, reports that in northern climates, high relative blood acidity (low pH) coincides with the advent of spring. "Resistance to infection, to intoxication, to trauma and to emotional impacts is at its lowest level then. Conceptions are diminished, while stillbirths and deaths in the population peak during this time." Rosen attributes another spring-fever symptom to the unpredictable alternation of warm and cool temperatures: "You will sleep long and tire easily one or more days after a sharp dip in temperature, mimicking spring fever."

In warm weather, blood pressure lowers and vitamin, mineral and protein deficiencies develop. Blood vessels expand to carry internal heat to the body surface and the body must produce up to a quart of new blood. Since plasma is manufactured more quickly than corpuscles are, the blood becomes diluted. An old home remedy for thin spring blood was sulphur-and-molasses tonic, but a more popular contemporary treatment would be a diet with lots of milk, vegetables and fresh greens.

In spring, the body undergoes a major metabolic shift from a phase of fat storage to one of consuming stored fats, an important seasonal change that may severely influence daily mood.

Experiments with animals have connected the longer days of spring with sexual changes. In squirrels, increased light triggers a chain reaction from the brain to the pituitary gland, releasing hormones that enlarge sex glands. Blinded ducks never attain full sexual maturity and, among many species of birds, gonadal development is clearly stimulated by longer days.

In humans, light affects the pineal gland, which is located in the brain and controls the production of melatonin, a hormone thought to retard sexual activity. On longer days, melatonin production decreases and other bodily juices begin to flow.

Statistically, there are more mental-hospital admissions and suicides in spring than in other seasons—with the exception of the Christmas holidays. In spring, college students possess maximum energy and, inexplicably, male panhandlers experience their most successful sponging.

Since spring fever's cyclical symptoms can't be prevented or cured, and if neo-Dionysian rites such as Fort Lauderdale Easter and Kentucky Derby week don't exorcise demon doldrum, melt down your torpor at the annual Snowman Burning at Sault Sainte Marie, Michigan, on March 20, which features the reading of antiwinter poetry, distribution of Frostbite Certificates and the ritual torching of snowpersons; toss your gloom away at the World Cow Chip Throwing Championship at Beaver, Oklahoma, April 19, or the Hell Hole Swamp Festival in Jamestown, South Carolina, May 2–4, where you can drown your lethargy in country music and the crowning of Miss Hell Hole Swamp herself.

So scoff, if you must, but spring fever happens to be a semiverifiable disease and, as such, is entitled to the same honorary-malady status accorded to the blues, heartache and pains in the ass. —THEODORE FISCHER

chestnut-haired actress fuck and suck her way into the *Guinness Book of World Records*. Unofficially, it was a good-natured publicity stunt that failed to attract a representative from *Guinness* but did draw enough reporters and photographers to cover a moon shot. We arrived in time for a precoital press conference during which Tara posed in a transparent negligee and answered such questions as "Do you have medical insurance?" and "Are you nervous?" (Answer: "Only with anticipation.") *Screw* editor and publisher Al Goldstein gave Tara a send-off embrace and young Gary Goldstein (no relation) had the honor of tossing Tara the first ball while the recruits, having been given numbers inked on large squares of pink paper, wandered around, adjusting their wrap-around white towels. Fortunately, everyone had been issued a sheet of rules that answered a lot of questions about Tara's performance. For instance, anyone who wanted to enter her vaginally was required to wear a prophylactic (courtesy of the house). If you took too long to come, you were subject to disqualification; but, on the other hand, Tara would not be allowed to employ a fluffer (someone to get you hard in advance) to speed up the action. Fair is fair.

As events got under way, the first four men entered the orgy room to cheers and shouts of encouragement. Tara was assisted by a statuesque woman clad in a see-through leotard who was referred to only as Nurse. Nurse's duties involved rubbing each man's genitals with a clean towel soaked in alcohol, applying a prophylactic if one was needed and wishing the participants a good time. She also sprang into action any time someone called out "Lubrication!"—grabbing a tube of lubricating jelly and deftly reaching into the mass of grunting bodies to apply the slippery stuff to the spot where it was needed without breaking anyone's rhythm.

Even though Nurse gave a virtuoso performance, the evening belonged to Tara. At half time, the score was 23 orgasms and only four disqualifications. "She looks fresh as a daisy," remarked a knowledgeable observer. "I think she'll reach 75 easily." Tara resumed slowly, though, and things dragged for a bit before perking up as number 49 approached. Many of the men were waiting for oral sex, even though other options were available. Finally, about 1:30 a.m., Tara not only had provoked 75 orgasms but also had gone on to service every towel-clad body in the house, 82 in all. A photographer on the scene said she looked eager enough to begin all over again as she embraced number 83, her patient husband, who presumably was not the jealous type. —TOM PASSAVANT

Gallenkamp fits your style

...with affordable fashion.

You're a man of motion... a man on the move... a man who makes it in Gallenkamp shoes. The newest latigo leathers for devastating dress-up looks or light weight canvas casuals... just ask for Gallenkamp lite. You're moving on to bigger, better things. Moving there in Gallenkamp shoes. Because Gallenkamp fits your style with affordable fashion. Men's sizes to 12. $19.99-$35.99

Gallenkamp shoes

Stores across America

Gallenkamp Shoes – One of the companies of SCOA Industries Inc.

BFGOODRICH T/A
#1 IN HIGH PERFORMANCE RADIALS

You get the same radial T/A we race.

You don't race at Daytona or Nürburgring, but you get the same good looking, great handling BFGoodrich® T/A Radials that won more IMSA firsts than any other radial.*

You don't race at Sebring, but you get the same durability, straight tracking and proven tread design that offers excellent wet traction to resist hydroplaning.

And you get the first street radial certified for racing.

*shaved to ½" tread depth.

The BFGoodrich radial T/A. The one more people buy than any other high performance radial.

When you're riding on T/A Radials, you're riding on number one.

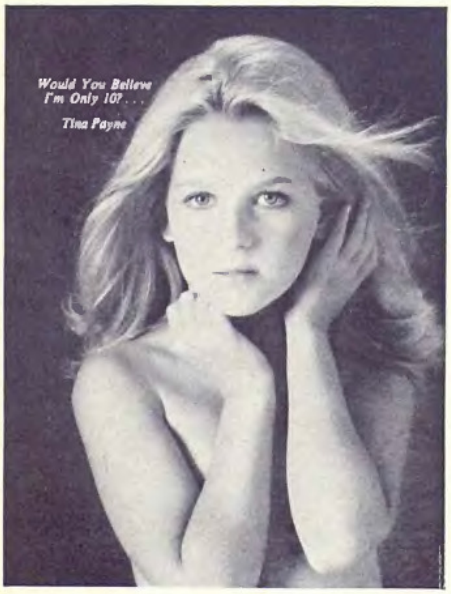
USA ♥ T/A

BFGoodrich

#1 IN HIGH PERFORMANCE RADIALS.

© 1980. The BFGoodrich Co.

Does sex sell magazines? Don't ask us, ask *Esquire*. The venerable but rocky men's magazine promised its readers it would cover every area of male interest except sex and nudity—you know, that *marginal* stuff. In two recent issues, *Esquire* gave its readers a hot look at Hugh Hefner's private life in excerpts of *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, Gay Talese's forthcoming study of sex in America. We'll refrain, dear *Esquire*, from pounding the sexual ironies into the ground, but we'd like to know: Was it good for you guys, too?



And they wonder what got into Roman Polanski: Above is one of a series of five full-page ads touting the charms of ten-year-old Hollywood moppet Tina Payne. The publicity campaign was apparently the idea of the kid's mother, one Dorothy Payne, who went West from Texas, family in tow, to get Tina into showbiz. *Variety* turned down one ad as in poor taste, but the *Hollywood Reporter* (for $7500) bit for all five.

Our You Get What You Poll For Award, When Did You Stop Beating Your Wife? Division, goes to the editors of *Glamour* magazine for this egregious example of the loaded question. We note, by the way, that *Glamour* cites books, newspapers, advertising and the motion-picture business as exploiters of sex and degraders of women—but carefully avoids emphasizing the magazine industry.

THIS IS WHAT YO... ...OUT...

WOMEN AND VIOLENCE

The media have a long way to go in their treatment of women, say most of you who answered our regular monthly survey. You do believe that books and newspapers, advertising and the motion picture industry exploit sex to show women in a degrading way. The right of freedom of speech is used, you feel, to legitimize humiliating and abusive material of all kinds—and you want it stopped. At the same time, you seem to feel that banning certain ads or the more violent movies may create an unwanted black market for such material. For more results of Glamour's survey, read on.

HERE'S WHAT YOU'RE SAYING:

● Does the media's image of women as victims offend you?

Eighty-four percent of you say the media portray women not as human beings but as "things."

"The way women are portrayed is degrading and insulting. It's important for young girls to see women represented as intelligent and capable human beings. Instead, we are shown as empty-headed sexpots."

● Should all violence against women be cut from the media?

Sixty-five percent of you believe that the more violence men see, the more it seems normal and reinforces contempt and hatred of women.

"Even though we say we want equality and respect, the media help men believe we have a hidden desire to be dominated."

● Does pornography glorifying women as victims lead to violent crime?

Most of you—78 percent—believe that such pornography affects real-life behavior. The message is that women desire such treatment, or at least expect it.

"It reinforces the male idea that we like—and want—such domination and violence. And this helps men feel less guilty about their actions."

● Can a person safely get rid of sexual urges by watching violent movies?

Eighty-six percent of you say no, even though some psychologists believe that watching violent films can actually help a person get rid of sexual and violent urges in a safe way.

● What's most offensive to you?

Most of you—50 percent—say pornographic books and magazines offend you most. Another 37 percent say movies or television shows that portray women as being bound, degraded or killed for sexual stimulation or pleasure offend you. And 13 percent are offended by violent images on record covers.

● What would a ban mean?

Some 66 percent of you believe that banning certain ads or more violent movies would probably create a black market for the material.

"When it is common, it becomes commonplace. I think to ban it would make it more desirable to some people."

AND MORE...

"Recently, I came across a really disgusting magazine hidden in one of the seldom-used cabinets at work. I'm repulsed when I think of my co-workers drooling over this sort of pornographic garbage. No wonder they make stupid, degrading comments about women."

"I shudder when I picture young boys watching a movie about rape and thinking, 'So that's the way to treat a woman...'"

"Most men know the difference between the women in the media and the women of real life."

WHAT YOU TOLD US

1. Do you find the image in the media of women as victims offensive?
84 percent say yes
12 percent say no
4 percent are not sure

2. Do you think all violence—or suggestion of violence—against women should be eliminated in the media?
65 percent say yes
28 percent say no
7 percent are not sure

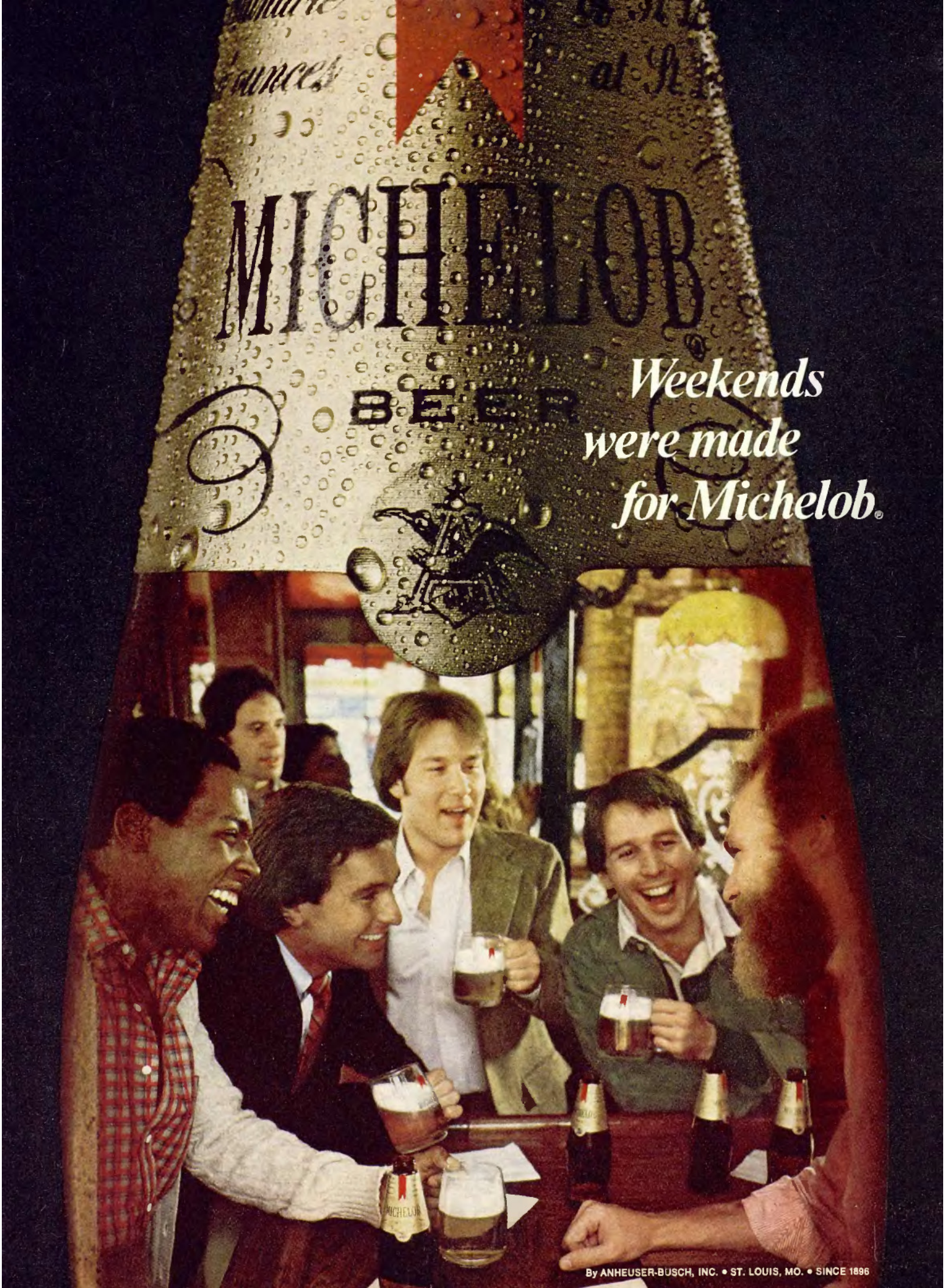
3. Do you think that pornography glorifying women as victims affects real-life behavior and leads to violent crimes such as rape?
78 percent say yes
20 percent say not necessarily
2 percent are not sure

4. Some psychologists believe that watching violent movies can actually help a person get rid of sexual and violent urges in a safe way. Do you agree?
14 percent say yes
86 percent say no

5. Which do you find offensive?
50 percent say pornographic books and magazines
13 percent say violent images on record covers
37 percent say movies or TV shows that portray women as being bound, degraded or killed for sexual stimulation or pleasure

6. Do you think that banning certain ads or the more violent movies would create a black market for the material?
66 percent say probably
22 percent say no
12 percent are not sure

Turn the page to fill out this month's survey, which is on women and religion.


MICHELOB
BEER
Weekends
were made
for Michelob®
By ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS, MO. • SINCE 1896

Belair fresh!

Taste why Belair is America's #1 menthol under 10 mg. 'tar.'

Lower 'tar' and lighter menthol give Belair its unique fresh taste. That's why more people smoke Belair than any other menthol under 10 mg. 'tar.' So come on fresh... taste today's Belair!

©1979 B&W T Co.

Kings & 100's—9 mg.

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

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

MADNESS: Cross-cultural permutations are nothing new in pop music, but a British skinhead playing the dreadlock music of Jamaica? The knuckleheads who call themselves **Madness** play an early variation of *reggae* called *ska*, a horn-happy, jump-tempoed dance music that is the fave of the moment in Britain. And when Madness cakewalked onto the stage at Hurrah, one of New York's influential New Wave discos, the

place lit up like a spliff. Roots music can sometimes taste like forbidden fruit, but Madness comes on like the Bowery Boys in Trenchtown. With the momentum from a new album released by Sire and a recent American tour, Madness is committed to drive us "one step beyond." If it succeeds, we'll start either sporting crewcuts or digging out those old porkpie hats.

—JOHN MILWARD

TILT: Our Hot Wax Award for April goes to ***Pinball Playboy*** (Motown), by Cook County, on which our own venerable theme goes disco.

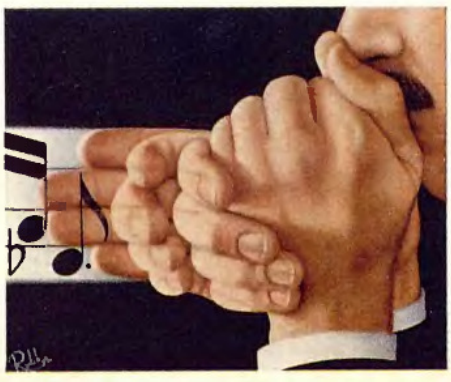
WITH A BULLET!

Throughout history, man has sought to make curious sounds come out of his mouth. The human voice is, after all, the original musical instrument. A few millennia's worth of experimentation has produced yodeling (both Alpine and

blues), African click singing, Tibetan simultaneous harmonics, North African ululations, religiously inspired glossolalia, jazz scat singing and, now, **Bob Gurland** and his voice trumpet.

Gurland does not *play* the trumpet, understand. He *sings* like a trumpet. Really. He sounds like Louis Armstrong's singing and trumpet playing combined. Listen to *Goin' Down Slow* on Richard T. Bear's *Captured Alive* (RCA). That extremely funky, muted trumpet solo came out of Gurland's *mouth*. Check out *Get Outta Yourself* on Rupert Holmes's *Partners in Crime* (Infinity): That's his solo, all right, but he also overdubbed the entire horn section.

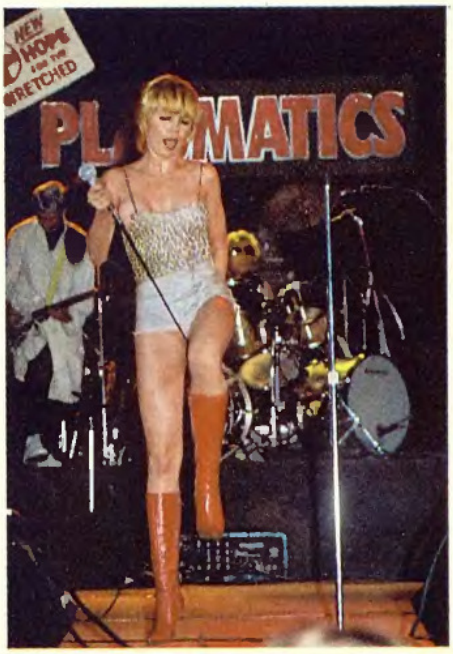
Gurland has been amazing people with his singular talent for over a decade, but it's only lately that he's felt ready to put together his own band. "I realized that people weren't treating it as a gimmick or a novelty," he said recently, "when I was asked to do a TV show with Dizzy Gillespie." Having established his chops, Gurland is now thinking more in terms of jazz scat singing. There are also a few side benefits to his art. "You meet a lot of girls doing this," he reflected. Oh, yeah? "Right. They usually ask me what else I can do with my mouth."



DEMOLITION DERBY: Maybe we should have been forewarned when we ran into those two dazed youths who were standing (barely so) outside the Palladium in New York City. They were dressed in faded, grimy denim jackets embroidered with large link chains, and their dirty, chewed-down fingers were wrapped around bottles of cheap wine. Their teeth were chipped, their hair was mottled, they hadn't shaved and they looked like they could give a shit less. They also held two tickets to **The Plasmatics.**

"We're gonna see some *destruction* tonight," they chortled.

Inside the Palladium, the buzz was centered on how The Plasmatics were going to wreck a used-car-lot Cadillac onstage. Mitch Ryder, the middle act, was being booed off when we arrived. A blood-lusty bunch, this audience. They weren't anxiously awaiting The Plasmatics' music, either: The group has an extended-play single that is pretty much a secret saleswise, but the 3300-seat Palladium was nearly filled.



We knew a little about The Plasmatics, having seen their premiere performance in July 1978 at CBGB. The group had been put together by a fellow named Rod Swenson, a holder of a master's degree in fine arts from Yale who long before that grew bored with the idea of painting and became a promoter of live sex exhibitions in two Times Square theaters under the name Captain Kink. After (by his count) 1700 performances, the Times Square vice crackdown of then-mayor Beame gave the boot to Captain Kink, who emerged again as Rod Swenson, rock-'n'-roll video and film maker for the likes of Patti Smith and The Ramones. Swenson also took with him his top performer from the sex

We won it one island at a time.

Guadalcanal...Tarawa...Peleliu—places nobody had ever heard of until they became bloody steppingstones on the road to Japan. *Island Fighting* recaptures it all as your introduction to the WORLD WAR II series by the Editors of TIME-LIFE BOOKS.

Examine it with no obligation to buy.

You'll see front line photographs of the assault on Betio...jungle warfare in Papua...carrier action...the unique bag of tricks used by the U.S. Fifth Air Force, from parafrags to skip bombs...the lonely heroism of the coastwatchers far behind enemy lines.

Fast-paced yet authoritatively detailed, *Island Fighting* takes you into high military councils and planning sessions. You'll read about MacArthur's strategy battle with the Navy and watch Japan shift from offense to defense as the fortunes of war changed with the fall of Saipan.

The complete story of the War.

Whether you fought in World War II, lived through it or simply want to know more about it, this is the account you'll want to read. The action unfolds volume by volume from the first Axis attacks and our harrowing early days of confusion and defeat to the final days of victory. The complete story told as only TIME-LIFE BOOKS could tell it.

An officer scrambles onto a flaming Hellcat to aid the pilot after a crash-landing on the U.S.S. *Enterprise*.

TIME LIFE BOOKS

Among the grippingly illustrated volumes in the series: *Blitzkrieg*, Hitler launches his onslaught east, then west...*The War in the Desert*, tanks of Montgomery and Rommel slug it out; the Yanks land...*The Battle of Britain*, the RAF's finest hour...*The Italian Campaign*, Sicily, Salerno, Anzio, Cassino—the long fight up the peninsula...*The Battle of the Bulge*, The German surprise attack nearly succeeds...and others you can collect one at a time, always on free-examination basis.

Follow them onto the beaches.

ISLAND FIGHTING

10 days' FREE examination.

IF CARD IS MISSING, MAIL COUPON TO:

TIME LIFE BOOKS
Time & Life Bldg.
Chicago, Ill. 60611

YES! I would like to examine *Island Fighting*. Please send it to me for 10 days' free examination and enter my subscription to the WORLD WAR II series. If I decide to keep *Island Fighting*, I will pay $9.95 plus shipping and handling. I then will receive future volumes in the WORLD WAR II series, shipped one volume at a time approximately every other month. Each volume is $9.95 plus shipping and handling and comes on a 10-day free-examination basis. There is no minimum number of books that I must buy, and I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you. If I do not choose to keep *Island Fighting*, I will return the book within 10 days, my subscription for future volumes will be canceled and I will be under no further obligation.

CGA9K2

Name_____
(Please print)

Address_____ Apt._____

City_____

State or Province _____ Zip or Postal Code_____

Ordering for a school or library? Check here ☐.
Canadian Residents: Please mail form in an envelope.

WORLD WAR II

Frontline photographs capture the fury of the War. These Marines are pinned down along the Betio sea wall.

Coastwatcher scout escaped Japanese captors to deliver vital intelligence on Guadalcanal.

Each big, hardbound volume: 9¾" x 11½"
Approximately 208 pages. 40,000 words.
150 or more pictures.

COFFEE, COLA OR VIVARIN?

There are times when nothing beats a cup of good, hot coffee or an ice cold cola. They taste good, and give you the lift you want.

But if, as the day wears on, you sometimes find yourself having coffee or cola just for the lift, you really should know about Vivarin.

Vivarin is the gentle pick-me-up. The active ingredient that makes Vivarin so effective is the caffeine of two cups of coffee (or about six glasses of cola) squeezed into one easy to take tablet.

Next time you want a lift, pick Vivarin. It's convenient, inexpensive and it really works.

Read label for directions.

band around her; thus were The Plasmatics spawned. Their debut was appropriately raunchy and their central presence, Wendy Orleans Williams (christened to spell WOW), reduced singing to mere oral stimulation.

A short film preceded The Plasmatics' appearance at the Palladium, and it pretty much set the tone of things to come. While the audience watched the group cavort in a burger-and-fries joint, they heard Wendy shrieking: "Let's eat out tonight"; and if they didn't get it, they were also treated to close-ups of red booths, thighs, Wendy's hand and a microphone cord nestled solidly in her folds, etc., etc.

Once the film ran out, a man who sported a Mohawk haircut dyed teal blue and a kind of maid's uniform mounted a platform and, with a sledge hammer, proceeded to smash three television sets in the center of the stage—before the band had struck a note. He then strapped on a left-handed Gibson V-body guitar, Wendy popped in from the wings and, whammo, The Plasmatics were on. The next hour or so was filled with sound that can only be likened to that of a freight train from the perspective of having one's head pinned to the tracks underneath. Thematically, the band ranged from songs that centered on Wendy's privates to stuff about the Guyana massacre. From the rear of the Palladium, where we were standing, we noted that Wendy's prominent tits remained remarkably stationary, even while she bounced and skipped like a schoolgirl; that the Mohawk-headed guitarist demonstrated more ways to use a guitar as *anything but* a musical instrument than even Kiss's Ace Frehley; and that the spectators were mesmerized by this excess of sound and sight.

Finally, the moment we'd been waiting for arrived. Wendy gleefully picked up the sledge hammer and began smashing in the windows of the Cadillac. Then what appeared to be sticks of explosives were shoved into the Caddy's interior and, boom, the doors and dashboard blew off. More explosives were shoved into the car as the band played on. Boom, the roof, trunk and hood covers blew off. The crowd roared. The band was showered with debris and glass. Suddenly, crew members dressed as firemen were on the scene, hosing down the burning Caddy. Several members of the band, notably the Mohawk-headed guitarist, appeared to be bleeding from exposed areas. Once the fire and smoke cleared, Wendy stepped up to the microphone and yelled, "Now here's our A.M. hit, *Butcher Baby*." We didn't know how to react to *that*. The climax to *Butcher Baby* had our favorite guitarist chainsawing his guitar while Wendy and the crew members toppled the overhead lighting grid. We knew how to react to that: We left. —STANLEY MIESES

REVIEWS

On first seeing Wazmo Nariz, it seems perfectly natural that the man is wearing two neckties. You know something's wrong, but you don't know what it is. Unlike fine wines and Beethoven, Wazmo is not an acquired taste—you either like him or you don't. Coming out of Chicago's North Side New Wave clubs, Nariz has that rare ability to get half of a room up on its collective feet to whistle and cheer, while the other half takes to *its* collective feet and storms out the door. In his debut album, ***Things Aren't Right*** (I.R.S.), Wazmo jerks and shakes his voice up and down scales heretofore frequented only by the late Minnie Riperton and Yma Sumac, all the while being backed with the infectious beat of the Wazband. As for us, we'll take Wazmo Nariz over Montrachet any time.

•

The music of Ornette Coleman, like the man himself, is idiosyncratic. Some of the few people who can work Ornette's musical turf with the same virtuosity and feelings are the members of his former band, Don Cherry, Dewey Redman, Charlie Haden and Ed Blackwell; so it's fitting that two of the best cuts on their LP, ***Old and New Dreams*** (ECM), are by Ornette. What's even better, though, is that the rest of the album is terrific, too.

•

Solomon Burke is such a great soul singer that he could use the telephone book as a libretto and still make his audience cry. Fortunately, he's got better stuff on ***Sidewalks, Fences and Walls*** (Infinity)—notably, the title tune, a country/Gospel ballad of childhood love written by coproducer Jerry Williams, a.k.a. Swamp Dogg. The rest of the album has a tendency toward overproduction, but the material is good, the basic concepts are sound and, regardless of what the orchestra may be doing, King Solomon always gets in a few sensational licks.

•

Pat Benatar's first album, ***In the Heat of the Night*** (Chrysalis), comes to us from the same folks and (in part) the same producer who brought you Blondie—and it seems as if every effort possible has been made to clone success. Miss Benatar is just as cute as Debbie Harry, and there's even a New Wave disco cut (would that be called NeWisco?) à la *Heart of Glass*. But, to Benatar's credit, she manages frequently to cut free from this and show herself as her own New (Wave) Woman, with a voice that has more *edge* to it and that goes more places than Debbie Harry's does these days. The most satisfying songs here are the non–Blondie clones, dramatic excursions closer to Meat Loaf than to Blondie's minimalist/futurist Buddy Holly revisited. But, unlike Mr. Loaf, instead of

The 1980 Mazda RX-7 GS

Just one look is all it takes to appreciate the exceptional value of the Mazda RX-7 versus Datsun 280ZX or Porsche 924.

As remarkable as the Mazda RX-7 is on its own merits, it looks all the better when compared with the competition. Because the sleek, aerodynamic RX-7 is virtually everything you could want in a refined sports car—at an almost unbelievable price.

It can reach 0-50 in 6.3 seconds. Its inherently compact rotary engine is placed behind the front axle, for ideal weight distribution and superb handling.

In auto racing, a specially-prepared RX-7 won its class at the Daytona 24-hour race. Another RX-7 set a world speed record at Bonneville.

The smoothness of the rotary engine makes the RX-7 a quiet sports car. All this performance from a car that can attain excellent gas mileage on the open road.

17 EST. mpg **28** EST.** hwy mpg

But the front mid-engine RX-7 offers infinitely more than performance. It also provides extraordinary comfort.

So if you know what you want in a sports car, and you don't want to pay a king's ransom to get it, take a look at the RX-7 GS or S Model. The beautifully-styled, high-mileage, high-performance sports cars from Mazda.

You're also going to like the looks of RX-7 GS standard features.

• AM/FM stereo radio with power antenna • Side-window demisters • Cut-pile carpeting • Tinted glass • 5-speed • Tachometer • Styled steel wheels • Steel-belted radial tires • Front and rear stabilizer bars • Ventilated front disc and finned rear drum brakes with power assist • Electric remote hatch release. 3-speed automatic transmission, air conditioning, aluminum wheels and sun roof available as options.

$8295*

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for GS Model shown. S Model $7495. Slightly higher in California. Actual prices established by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, optional equipment and any other dealer charges are extra. (Wide alloy wheels shown $275-$295.) All prices subject to change without notice.

**EPA estimates for comparison purposes for GS Model with 5-spd. trans. The mileage you get may vary depending on how fast you drive, the weather, and trip length. The actual highway mileage will probably be less. California, 16 estimated mpg, 27 estimated highway mpg.

Mazda's rotary engine licensed by NSU-WANKEL.

mazda

The more you look, the more you like.

looking like a bushel of cheeseburgers, Miss Benatar is a fashionably lean three-octave beauty. Definitely one to watch.

•

There has been a lot of evidence lately that the mainstream of jazz is still a pretty powerful current. The latest testimony comes from Bill Henderson, a sophisticated singer in the Joe Williams tradition who strikes the perfect combination of angst and verve on ***Street of Dreams*** (Discovery) as he delivers an outstanding selection of tunes by authors ranging from Ellington to Elton. Especially telling are a pair of interpolative duets—*Angel Eyes/This Masquerade* and *The Gentleman Is a Dope/My Funny Valentine*—arranged by pianist Joyce Collins, who shares the vocal chores.

SHORT CUTS

Aerosmith / *Night in the Ruts* (Columbia): Down-to-earth rock 'n' roll that gets you right in the guts.

Pink Floyd / *The Wall* (Columbia): This band has been on the run for 15 years and it figured that when it finally hit the wall, it would be an overproduced one.

Blue Steel / *No More Lonely Nights* (Infinity): Ah, but think of all those empty days. Southern rock guaranteed to cure the most cursed of insomniacs.

XTC / *Drums and Wires* (Virgin): Devo clones that sound more like the old Maxwell House percolator than like a rock band.

Jefferson Starship / *Freedom at Point Zero* (Grunt): The world's second favorite starship continues its mission to seek out and convey fine music. Beam aboard.

Willie Nelson Sings Kristofferson (Columbia): If 1978's *Stardust* album was fine wine, this is champagne. Kristofferson the way God intended. When are they going to declare Willie a national monument?

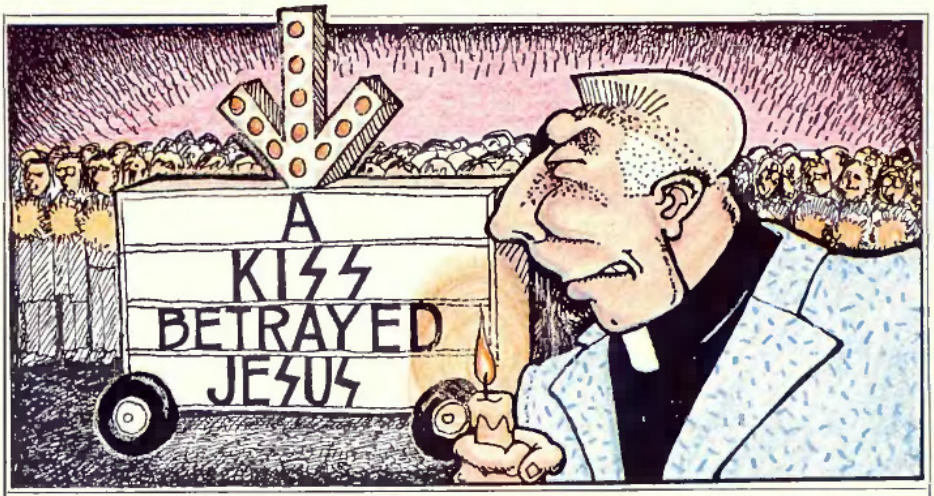
Sergio Mendes Brasil '88 / *Magic Lady* (Elektra): Great craftsmanship wasted on trivia. But it figures to play in both Peoria and Brasília.

Tyrone Davis / *Can't You Tell It's Me* (Columbia): Honestly, Ty, it's hard, since those torchy ballads and disco tunes don't sound like your usual soul groovers. Also, you're singing them, not whispering them as you used to.

Webster Lewis / *8 for the 80's* (Epic): It's doubtful that any of these disco/fusion tunes—coproduced by Herbie Hancock—will be remembered in 1989; but it's a rhythmic way to usher in the decade.

Garland Jeffreys / *American Boy & Girl* (A&M): Garland is the grand master of roots, rock and *reggae*, New York City division, and this LP finds him in top form. His music is terrifying, beautiful urban rock, something Lou Reed might produce if he'd grown up in the South Bronx and lived to sing about it.

FAST TRACKS



THE KISS-OFF OF THE MONTH: More than 700 people gathered recently outside the Amarillo, Texas, Civic Center to hold a "pray-in" protesting an appearance by Kiss. These days, even protests feature special effects: Highlight of this one was a flashing arrow pointing to a sign bearing the words A KISS BETRAYED JESUS.

RANDOM RUMORS: Fish gotta swim, birds gotta fly department: Britain's Royal Air Force has come up with a unique way to frighten stubborn birds off the runways of one of its airfields. The birds are subjected to a weekly hit of the U.K.'s top 20 pop songs. As soon as the birds hear the music, they fly away. . . . Even if the United Nations fails to book the **Beatles** in a reunion concert, big-name musicians will be performing on behalf of the Cambodian refugees. . . . We heard that **Arlo Guthrie** outdrew **Dylan** in Tucson, which made Guthrie feel funny. "I'd kind of like to go over there myself and see what he's up to. The . . . thing is, you'll hear more old Dylan songs here than you would at his show."

REELING AND ROCKING: **Sir Lew Grade** is making a country-music movie based on **Michael Murphey**'s song *Hard Country* and starring **Jan-Michael Vincent** and a host of country-music stars. Murphey is the musical director and will also appear in the film. . . . **Cheech and Chong**'s second movie will feature Cheech's wife, Chong's daughter and **Debbie Harry** of **Blondie**.

NEWSBREAKS: Punk continues to offend everyone. A new British punk group, **The Dead Airmen**, has totally outraged a British veterans' association and has been banned from some English night clubs. . . . Home taping may be costing record manufacturers anywhere from 14 to 29 percent of their potential sales volume, according to a survey conducted by The Roper Organization for the National Music Publishers Association and the Recording Industry Association of America. The survey found that 70 percent of those who taped music at home said that if they had been unable to do so, they would have purchased a record or prerecorded tape. . . . **The Eagles** are just about to launch their world concert tour in L.A. and, in a precedent-setting move, will be promoting themselves. Music-industry sources predict that if they are successful, other acts are sure to follow suit, and that could have a disastrous effect on the fortunes of many local promoters. . . . Researchers at the University of Nebraska are currently testing a new group of drugs, called beta blockers, that can prevent performance anxiety, better known in showbiz as stage fright. The new drugs may be effective alternatives to tranquilizers or alcohol, both of which have proved to be dangerous when taken to ease life in the fast lane. . . . **Fleetwood Mac** will begin negotiations soon with the major TV networks for broadcast rights to a one-hour special. The group also hopes to offer the special to cable-TV systems and perhaps market it on video cassettes and video discs. Mac has to do something to recoup from the expense of making *Tusk*. . . . **Roger Daltrey** continues to discuss **The Who**'s Cincinnati tragedy with the press. Even though they haven't yet gotten over that awful night, Daltrey says he and the other Who members would like to play there again. "That would be the best way to show what we feel toward the people of Cincinnati." . . . **Robert Fripp**'s forthcoming album will feature a new process that allows him to accompany himself in live performances, using a special modified guitar and two tape recorders. Fripp describes one side of the record, to be called *Under Heavy Manners*, as "electronic New Wave disco."

—BARBARA NELLIS

CANADA AT ITS BEST.®

Light. Smooth. Imported Canadian Mist.®
The whisky that's becoming America's favorite Canadian.

Share some tonight.

IMPORTED BY B-F SPIRITS LTD., N.Y., N.Y., CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND, 80 PROOF. © 1979.
Photographed at Bow Lake, Province of Alberta, Canada.

NO OTHER MOTORCYCLE MANUFACTURER CAN MAKE THIS STATEMENT:

Rear view mirror(s) standard equipment. Always wear a helmet and eye protection.

The 1980 Yamaha XS850 Special is a striking example of just how far Specials have come in three years.

And just how far the competition has to go to catch up.

The clean, fluid downlines formed by the classic teardrop tank and side covers reflect the years we've spent refining our original design.

This year, by cleverly restructuring the frame geometry and seat mounting system, we not only integrated the seat with the frame but lowered the seat height significantly. So at the stoplights, you get feet-on-the-ground stability, and on the road, a feeling of sitting "in" the seat instead of "on" it.

And that new cast alloy grab rail is not only an attractive accent, but allows the taillight to become an integral part of the tail configuration—with twin bulb lighting for insurance.

But perhaps the biggest news about this machine is the ferocious 826cc powerplant. It's a triple. Yet it puts out all the power of a four. And its narrow profile allows for remarkably nimble and responsive handling.

An ingeniously engineered direct-coupling shaft drive translates the enormous power into quiet silky smoothness. And an oil cooler means you'll roll for thousands of hassle-free miles.

Additional goodies include one-piece cast alloy wheels, tubeless tires front and rear, new drilled triple disc brakes, and a couple of delectable colors. Black Gold and Carmine Red.

The new XS850 Special. A statement of the art by the original artist.

YAMAHA

When you know how they're built.

BOOKS

We're sure there's a logical progression here somewhere. Reay Tannahill's first book was *Food in History*. Her next was *Flesh and Blood: A History of the Cannibal Complex*. Now she has tackled ***Sex in History*** (Stein and Day). The menu . . . uh, the table of contents is delightful, and definitely to our taste. Tannahill's cross-cultural analysis of the traditional beggar's banquet is fascinating: We learn that in the Seventh Century, the Cummean Penitential required people who engaged in fellatio to perform a penance of four years (habitual offenders, seven years). Inserting the penis between the thighs of a passive partner (Interfemoral Connection) required a penance of two years, or 100 days for the first offense and one year for the second. Honest, Officer, we were sure it was all the way in. Ahem. In comparison, a 13th Century Chinese moral calorie count rated "Spur of the Moment Passion" 200 demerits in the case of a married woman, only 100 if she was a servant's wife, 500 for a widow or a virgin, 1000 for a nun, 100 for a prostitute. Boasting about these sins earned a Chinese gentleman 50 demerits if his partner was a married woman, 100 if a widow or a virgin, 200 if a nun, five if a prostitute. Keeping erotic pictures on the shelf got ten demerits per picture. Ah, Miss July. This book sounds like an early version of Richard Smith's *The Dieter's Guide to Weight Loss During Sex*. It's the kind of thing that's required reading if you want to be the Playboy Advisor—or just a charming dinner guest.

•

We all suspect that the IRS knows more about us than we would want it to. Now there's a book that will help even the score. ***All You Need to Know About the IRS: A Taxpayer's Guide*** (Random House), by Paul N. Strassels with Robert Wool, gives us the straight poop on why an IRS agent questions your return, what's going through his mind and how to survive an audit and avoid them in the future. Strassels, a former IRS employee, makes all this information readable, as well. No kidding. We finished the book in a single sitting—and came away with the feeling that the IRS will never strike terror in our heart again. Strassels has done a major public service for the tax boneheads among us. God bless him.

•

The most intriguing woman in rock deserves a lot better than Barbara Rowes's ***Grace Slick: The Biography*** (Doubleday). Consider this hilarious sentence explaining Grace and Jerry Slick's life as newlyweds: "In the evenings, Jerry studied and Grace withdrew into her shell to express her feelings through the folk songs of Joan Baez and The Kingston Trio." Rowes is incapable of pulling the White Rabbit out of Grace's hat.

Sexual history à la carte.

Tantalizing tidbits of sexual lore; Grace's bio could use a lift.

Not-so-amazing Grace.

•

Howard Smith's ***The Three Biggest Lies*** (Bantam)—a collection of everybody's common fibs about almost everything—will give you enough cocktail-party fodder to last you through the summer. It also has finally institutionalized the lie as a bona fide comedic form.

•

So you want to be a spy? Hey, no problem. Read Wolfgang Lotz's ***A Handbook for Spies*** (Harper & Row); it will tell you how to do it. It even includes tests for you to give yourself: how to determine whether or not you have the proper qualities, how to handle your recruiters, how to lose a tail, how to build your cover and live under it, how to use and abuse and misuse the opposite sex without, in turn, being used and abused yourself, how to handle an interrogation without dying in the meantime and how to retire from your secret life with some grace and comfort. Lotz claims to have lived in Egypt as a German sportsman and horse breeder while working for the Israeli secret service. Assuming Lotz exists, and assuming he's telling the truth, those are some credentials! But lest you get too excited, it also has to be said that *Herr* Lotz has fed us only convenient and sanitized revelations. Nothing in here discusses the newest surveillance techniques or the more refined methods of assassination. Lotz's book is fun, but mostly it will help you watch World War Two spy films with more knowledge, unaware of the *1984* aspects of the game.

•

The Man Who Lost the War (Dial) is the product of a man who lost control of his book. "W. T. Tyler" is the pseudonym for a U. S. Government official (that's code for intelligence officer, field grade), whose publishers compare him to Graham Greene and John le Carré. They are right—up to a point. Tyler truly knows his business. This is a novel filled with rich detail and it will probably be put on the reading list in a lot of spook schools as one of the books to read for background material about field operations. Tyler writes with complete authority about the 1962 Berlin crisis. You know he was there and you know he is telling it like it was. But the author loves detail so much he refuses to compress scenes and focus the action. The beauty of writers like Greene and Le Carré is that they know when *not* to go on.

•

Publisher David Godine, who has brought out some fine short-story collections in the past (Andre Dubus' are our favorites), has done it again with Mary Morris' ***Vanishing Animals & Other Stories***. Morris' 12 tales are well crafted and illuminating. We expect—and hope—to see more of her work soon.

PROTECT YOUR CREDIT CARDS FOR 6 MONTHS ABSOLUTELY FREE

With 200,000 credit cards being lost or stolen *every day*, you're risking a lot unless your cards are protected. Not only financial risk but the strong possibility that, sooner or later, you may be in for the maddening hassle of reporting your cards missing and getting them replaced.

All this agony can be avoided through Credit Card Service Bureau, the service recommended by 147 leading banks, airlines, department stores, rental car and oil companies for the protection of their own cardholders.

When you reach for a walletful of credit cards that suddenly isn't there, one call to CCSB solves your problem, no matter how many cards you were carrying. What's more, your call is *free* from anywhere in the world. And a CCSB operator is there to take it 24 hours a day, 365 days a year.

No need to remember which cards you lost or the account numbers. The CCSB computer "remembers." And their people promptly notify the card companies.

Don't bother requesting replacement cards; CCSB does it for you. Fast. And don't worry about some pickpocket living it up on your credit. The yellow CCSB fraud warning stickers on your cards (see illustration) will make a crook think twice about trying to use them.

Normally, CCSB protection costs $12 a year. But right now, you can try it for six months absolutely free. Sure, we hope you'll extend your coverage when the free trial elapses. But that's up to you. You're not obligated to pay a cent now or ever, unless you find you can't go without this valuable protection. (We think you will.)

So give yourself peace of mind. Use the attached card or write direct to CCSB, P.O. Box 1322, Alexandria, VA 22313, to get six months' free protection. Nothing to buy or subscribe to— no strings attached.

One last point. If you lose your registered cards and you're stranded at the airport in a strange city, CCSB will arrange an airline ticket home, 30-days interest-free. Plus $100 cash, same terms.

CCSB
Credit Card Service Bureau
P.O. Box 1322
Alexandria, Va. 22313

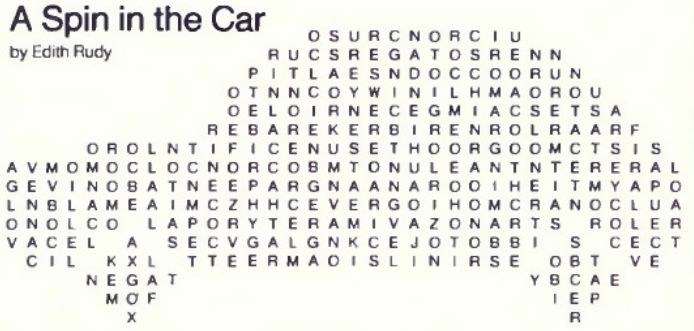
IMPORTANT NOTICE

Effective January 24, 1971, a Federal law provides that a card holder has no liability for unauthorized use of his credit card, unless all of the following four conditions are met. If the card issuing company (1) has notified you of your new limited liability, (2) has provided you with a pre-stamped envelope by which to notify them of the loss, (3) the card contains an approved method of identification, and (4) the use occurred before the card issuer is notified, then your liability is limited to $50 per card.

Can you find your model in our new magazine?

A Spin in the Car

by Edith Rudy



Examples:

IMPALA spirals this way in the grid.

JAVELIN, on the other hand, appears

ASTRE
BOBCAT
BONNEVILLE
CAMARO
CAPRICE
CELICA
CHARGER
CONTINENTAL
CORDOBA
COROLLA
CORVETTE
CUTLASS
DUSTER
ELDORADO
ELECTRA
FIREBIRO
FOX
HORIZON
IMPALA
JAVELIN
GRANADA
GRAND AM
GREMLIN
LE BARON
MAVERICK
MONACO
MONARCH
MONTE CARLO
MONTEREY
MUSTANG
NEW YORKER
NOVA
OMEGA
OMNI
PACER
PINTO
POLARA
RABBIT
REGAL
ROAD RUNNER
SCIROCCO
STARFIRE
SWINGER
THING
THUNDERBIRD
TORINO
TORONADO
VEGA
XKE
ZEPHYR

Is she a racy swinger or a classy New Yorker? See if you can find her hiding in our famous letter maze game.

Can you resist brain teasers and mazes? Are you tempted by crosswords and logic puzzles? Or would you rather be boggled by word games, mind games and photo games? Games Magazine has more exciting action-packed pages than you can imagine and each issue offers 2 challenging contests with fabulous prizes (such as Polaroid SX70's and calculators).

One year (6 issues) of Games for only $5.97! That's 20% off the $7.50 single copy price. Or better yet, subscribe for 2 years (12 issues) at just $9.97 and save 33% off the $15.00 single copy price.

So, fasten your seat belt and take off with Games. If the coupon is missing, write us at:

GAMES
P.O. Box 10147 Des Moines, Iowa 50340

Yes. Please send me 1 year (6 issues) of Games Magazine for only...

$5.97 (a 20% saving off the $7.50 single copy price.)

☐ Save even more! Send me 2 years (12 issues) for only $9.97. (a 33% saving off the $15.00 single copy price.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

Allow 4-8 weeks for delivery of first issue. For Canadian and foreign orders, add $1.00 per subscription year.

GAMES MAGAZINE
P.O. Box 10147 Des Moines, Iowa 50340

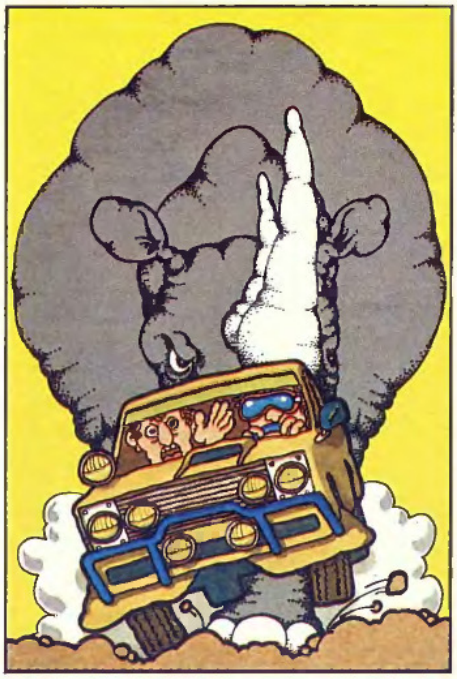
J4FM7

We are tearing through the rainy murk of an equatorial African night, six of us stuffed into a steamy Fiat safari wagon. The vehicle's straining suspension slams again and again onto the slick, rutted road, jarring whole sections of our bodies loose from their intended positions. A team of aggressively nonchalant Italian mechanics fills the front seat, two shouting instructions at the third, who is driving and who cannot possibly see ten yards beyond the hood. The wagon's rear spaces are crammed with spare auto parts, sausage remnants, empty Tusker Beer bottles and some journalists who are wondering aloud if this nighttime kamikaze flight represents the best way to see Kenya.

Our wagon belongs to a support squad assigned to the task of keeping the Fiat team entry in the **East Africa Safari Rally** in good mechanical health. At this moment, we are headed for the town of Nakuru, where the rallyists will pause briefly before covering the final 217 kilometers to Nairobi, ending the first leg of the Safari Rally. At Nakuru, should we live to reach it, the wrench pullers in the front seat will work quick-fingered mechanical magic on the green-and-white Fiat rally cars. If we kill ourselves en route, we will die in disgrace, for nothing, not even the war going on at that moment in neighboring Uganda, is supposed to interrupt the conduct of the Safari Rally. We are not involved in some weekend romp around the Connecticut countryside with antique MGs and little sissy stop watches. We're in the middle of the toughest professional rally in the world, in the company of a legion of competitors who can make Bear Bryant look indifferent about winning.

Of all the world-championship rallies, few combine the treachery of weather, variety of driving conditions and hostility of terrain as diabolically as Kenya's Safari Rally. Held during Kenya's "season of the long rains," the Safari attracts rally drivers from around the world, all prepared to go thrashing over 3000 miles of roads that when wet—as they usually are during the spring—would be considered impassable by rational men. The 3000-mile rally route is to be completed in 49 hours, a time frame that requires an average speed of approximately 60 miles per hour, a laughable objective.

Professional rallying is the strangest and least understood form of motor sports. With good reason; even when understood, it remains incomprehensible. Rallying *sounds* simple enough: Cover a predetermined route over public roads at a predetermined average speed. In practice, however, few of the roads will be any sane person's idea of "public"—in Kenya, anyway. They will be rut-slashed



Join us on the East Africa Safari Rally, not exactly your Sunday drive.

cowpaths, often under water, and often occupied by giant trucks lumbering in the other direction. This already dreadful prospect is compounded by other hazards unique to the Safari Rally: Ill-tempered tribesmen throw rocks at the competitors and huge, grunting wild animals appear unexpectedly in the rallyists' path. Meanwhile, through all of this, the driver goes flat-out, aided by a navigator who sits strapped into the passenger seat shouting news of upcoming blind turns, decaying bridges and oncoming traffic. All of this is going on at this moment, in the 64 cars behind us, at speeds that make us appear sluggish . . . even though we have observed speeds over 80 mph too often for comfort. The rally drivers, over even worse roads, regularly hit 120, but their cars are built for this madness; all of the rally cars that contest the world championship are specially prepared versions that differ considerably from their showroom counterparts. They are buttressed from within by steel-tube roll cages and from without by an assortment of spread-steel animal guards and other protective devices. Inside, they look like muddy World War Two fighter planes, with a bewildering array of instruments that calculate distance covered, elapsed time and average speed spread in matte-black efficiency across the dashboard.

By ten A.M., the sun has conquered the night's rain clouds and we are speeding down a paved road, nearing Nakuru. One of the mechanics is pointing out a small Catholic chapel built during World War Two, when our vehicle goes suddenly sideways, accompanied by shrieks from the driver. We have just missed a giant water buffalo that appears to be no more afraid of our vehicle than it would be of a gnat.

As we come flying into the outskirts of Nakuru, we find ourselves the object of great curiosity displayed by a throng of people. The entire population of Nakuru (approximately 50,000) has apparently turned out early for a good view.

Two hours later, to the vocal delight of the population, the first rally cars come blowing into town. While the drivers take a mandatory one-hour rest, the mechanics go over all four of the Fiats, changing the occasional wheel, tire or brake pad but finding no serious problems. But this is only the first day.

During the ensuing two legs, the problems increased. By the end of the second leg, a killer trek to Mombasa and back, no fewer than 30 cars were out of action, victimized by wrecks and mechanical failures. Local hero Joginder Singh, only man to win the Safari three times, ran afoul of a zebra (Singh survived; the zebra didn't). The Fiats suffered double trouble, the kind found only at the Safari. Silvio Maiga, navigating for former world champion Sandro Munari, sustained a direct hit on the neck at the hands of a rock-throwing Masai tribesman. Markku Alen, in another Fiat, survived a high-speed encounter with a low-flying falcon that took out his windshield and very nearly his navigator. Those and other problems of more conventional mechanical origin put Alen's car into third place behind a Mercedes 450SL and a Datsun sedan that won a surprise victory.

Rallying may be an obscure undertaking in the United States, but it's Kenya's Super Bowl and Mardi Gras combined. A crowd of more than 25,000 was on hand at the finish to welcome the 17 cars that survived. Incredibly, less than one hour separated the first four cars after three days of defying rain, mud, hostile villagers and the dictates of common sense to complete the 27th running of the Safari Rally. Tired, battered beyond soreness from hours on the road, sunburned and badly in need of extended sleep, we watched the winners spray their champagne. What they had done seemed no more comprehensible or sane after having seen it than it had beforehand. But the courage and raw recklessness of the professional rallyists do not have to be comprehended to be respected. Or admired. —WILLIAM JEANES

All the ingredients of a standard star-is-born biography are present in ***Coal Miner's Daughter,*** yet the surprising, poignant movie based on the book about country-music queen Loretta Lynn is something pretty special. First, Sissy Spacek makes a quantum leap to major stardom as an actress and a singer, for she performs a big batch of Loretta's own songs—many of them recorded live in a strong down-home style that sounds exactly right without sounding like an imitation and should help revive interest in pure country music. Sissy also portrays Loretta, from her early teens to maturity, with total conviction and fantastic range—a gal from the Kentucky hills who starts out virtually as a child bride and has four children before her hustling husband perceives that she's got a voice destined for better things than singin' while she mops kitchen floors. As Doolittle Lynn, the husband who creates a star so big he can hardly handle the hype surrounding her, Tommy Lee Jones has the strongest part of his screen career, and plays it with strength and subtlety—well enough to dim my memories of his head-on collisions with such tripe as *The Betsy*. Equally fine in a brief but significant role is Beverly D'Angelo as country star Patsy Cline, who died in a plane crash but had enormous influence on Loretta's taste in everything. D'Angelo also handles her own singing chores in the film, for a stunning follow-up to her success as the well-bred heroine of *Hair*.

The entire cast of *Coal Miner's Daughter* is perfect, though country singers Levon Helm and Phyllis Boyens, as Loretta's parents, are scene stealers who look like hillbilly cousins of Grant Wood's classic *American Gothic* couple. Neither poverty nor sickness can ever quite crush their spirits, and when their crowded hovel explodes with the vitality of an impromptu family hoedown, it's beautiful. Not just beautiful but a telling vignette that carries you right back to the roots of country music. English director Michael Apted, who did a flashy Beatles-style musical called *Stardust* several years ago, has topped himself here, showing remarkable sensitivity to the rhythms of life in Nashville, Butcher Holler, Kentucky, and all the actual locations where the movie was shot. For me, *Daughter*'s early scenes are more exciting than the price-of-fame sequences when Loretta becomes a lonely superstar, subject to nervous breakdowns and fits of depression as she tours the country in her private luxury bus. At the end, she's driven by ambition and dresses like an aging Barbie doll. But this image of an unsteady lady of song was done definitively by Ronee Blakely in Robert Altman's *Nashville*. The music should sustain you through the more conventional docudramatic details of *Coal Miner's Daughter*, by which time Sissy has the audience eating out of her hand in a manner that does Loretta proud. ¥¥¥¥

Singing Spacek in *Daughter*.

Sissy dazzles as songstress Loretta; Caan debuts behind the camera in *Hide*.

Caan and kids.

James Caan, who directed and stars in ***Hide in Plain Sight,*** is confidently stretching his talents in a couple of directions to tell the story of Thomas Hacklin, Jr., a Buffalo blue-collar worker whose dramatic ordeal was the subject of a novel by Leslie Waller. It's an awesome real-life tale of official injustice brought about by the U. S. Government's Witness Relocation Program. The trouble started back in the Sixties, when Hacklin's divorced wife and mother of his children married a Mafia informer whose chances of staying alive in Buffalo were worth less than a nickel. The Feds relocated the stool pigeon in another state under a changed name—and Hacklin's two children disappeared with their mother into anonymity. The frustrated father's indefatigable efforts to find the youngsters, thwarted by Government agencies at every turn, make the kind of story that triggers instant empathy.

In his debut *behind* the camera, Caan unobtrusively accomplishes what he set out to do. In front of it, he performs with quiet, completely persuasive intensity. He also gets fine performances from Jill Eikenberry as the patient, long-suffering girl who stands by Hacklin and finally marries him, and from Robert Viharo and Barbra Rae, as the fugitive couple. Everyone is believable, yet *Hide in Plain Sight* has script problems that seem to stem from someone's desire to sacrifice credibility for a happier ending. The real Hacklin spent a good eight years searching for his son and daughter and has filed suit against the Government for that time irretrievably lost. Caan's film hero finds his kids after a year or so. That's a different story and a somewhat diminished one in terms of emotional impact. Thus watered down for mass consumption, *Hide in Plain Sight* looks like material for two timely, intelligent hours of semidocumentary drama on TV. A good place to see this one is at home, James. Good work but hardly the main event in any Caan festival. ¥¥

•

One dubious pleasure as we varoomed into the Eighties was sitting through the year-end holiday bonanza of big-budget bombs. After *Meteor*'s fizzle, the best of a sorry lot of space-age sagas was the long-delayed, costly ***Star Trek—The Motion Picture,*** extensively previewed in our January issue. Although all the old *Star Trek* gang came back, they seemed to pass eons of time in front of monitors ogling the film's elaborate special effects; and director Robert Wise ran every piece of machinery past in slow motion, as if he hoped some of us might want to memorize the parts. I suspect that space hardware has begun to lose its visual impact, however, for the same reasons that an actual NASA launch became old news after the novelty wore off. There's a plot here showing signs of intelligent life (a couple of *Star Trek* TV retreads, according to one seasoned watcher), and

KOOL SUPER LIGHTS

Now smooth gets smoother and even lower in 'tar.'

A light menthol blend gives low 'tar' smokers the smooth taste they want. Never harsh tasting. Now you can make the smooth move to KOOL Super Lights.

©1978 B&W T Co

At only 7 mg. 'tar,' it's lower than all these.

16 mg. 'tar' 18 mg. 'tar' 10 mg. 'tar' 8 mg. 'tar'

7 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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

AN IRISH MIST SETTLED OVER THE EVENING.

The hills roll forever. The lakes radiate light. The dew kisses each morning. The mist settles every evening. You can taste it all, and more.

Irish Mist is the legendary, centuries old drink made from all this and sweetened with just a wisp of heather honey. Irish Mist can be enjoyed anytime, or place, or way: on the rocks; neat; or mixed with anything you like.

It's a pleasing land. It's a pleasing drink.

IRISH MIST. THE LEGENDARY SPIRIT.

Imported Irish Mist ® Liqueur. 80 Proof. © 1978 Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.

my favorite bit involves newcomers Stephen Collins as Decker (Captain Kirk's second-in-command on the Starship Enterprise) and bald, beautiful Persis Khambatta (as an extraterrestrial navigator) in a climactic come-together save-the-world scene that I took to be a superduper cosmic fuck. I wonder what the kids make of it. Anyway, confirmed Trekkers probably get more or less what they expect. That may be exactly why I sat through most of *Star Trek* feeling vaguely as if I had been conned into attending a class reunion at someone else's school. ¥¥

•

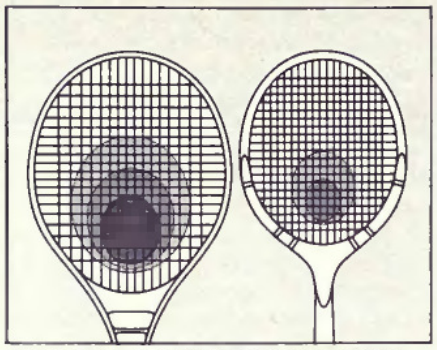
If *Star Trek* fell short of perfection, what can you say of ***The Black Hole*** after you've said it's the pits? Maximilian Schell plays a mad scientist, with Anthony Perkins, Robert Forster, Yvette Mimieux, Joseph Bottoms and Ernest Borgnine out there scrambling over intergalactic debris that's indubitably worth millions but hardly worth five minutes of your valuable time. According to this abortive epic hatched at the Disney studios, all there is to see in a so-called black hole in space is an unidentified flying angel—she wears chiffon—plus some laser-beam lighting tricks that might do wonders for a new disco. ¥

•

Bruno Barreto, the young Brazilian director of *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands*, looks at sex on the seamy side in ***Amor Bandido.*** A police detective (Paulo Gracindo) and his wayward teenaged daughter (Cristina Ache), a go-go girl and hustler in a sleazy club in the Copacabana district of Rio, are brought together by her involvement with a ruthless young pimp. The pimp's off-hours hobby is murder—he specializes in robbing and killing taxi drivers, leaving his victims locked in their cars with their brains blown out and the radio blaring pop music. There are elements here of the father-daughter conflicts in last year's intriguing but neglected *Hardcore* with George C. Scott. Barreto's film is no less a downer, perhaps, though it has other dimensions as a gritty suspense melodrama—well acted and wildly atmospheric, all of it set to the subversive rhythms of Rio's teeming slums and fleshpots. Although *Dona Flor* had greater sex appeal, *Amor Bandido* has a tantalizing air of danger about it. Makes you feel like a voyeuristic tourist on a strictly forbidden side trip. ¥¥

•

Nearly any film from France's Claude (*A Man and a Woman*) Lelouch might be described as slick and slight and charming. ***Robert et Robert*** runs true to form, with Charles Denner and Jacques Villeret teamed as an irascible taxi driver and a rookie gendarme who get together through the miracle of computer



Prince has a 3-1/2 times larger sweet spot. Plus an extra-sweet sweet spot (the darkest area) that is wasted in the throat of conventional rackets.

When I got into tennis, I found that the biggest problem most players faced was connecting consistently with that tiny spot on a racket called the sweet spot. Hit just a fraction off, and the greatest stroke in the world produces a flabby shot with little control.

"Why", I asked, "should any good player have to put up with a racket that limits his performance?"

Scrapping all cliches about tennis racket design, I experimented with completely new sizes, shapes, materials, stability—all the factors that go into a racket—until I created a racket with a 3-1/2 times larger sweet spot. And with an *extra*-sweet sweet spot that's wasted in the throat of ordinary rackets. The Prince. Not just a bigger size, but the *proper* size and shape to give you more sweet spot.

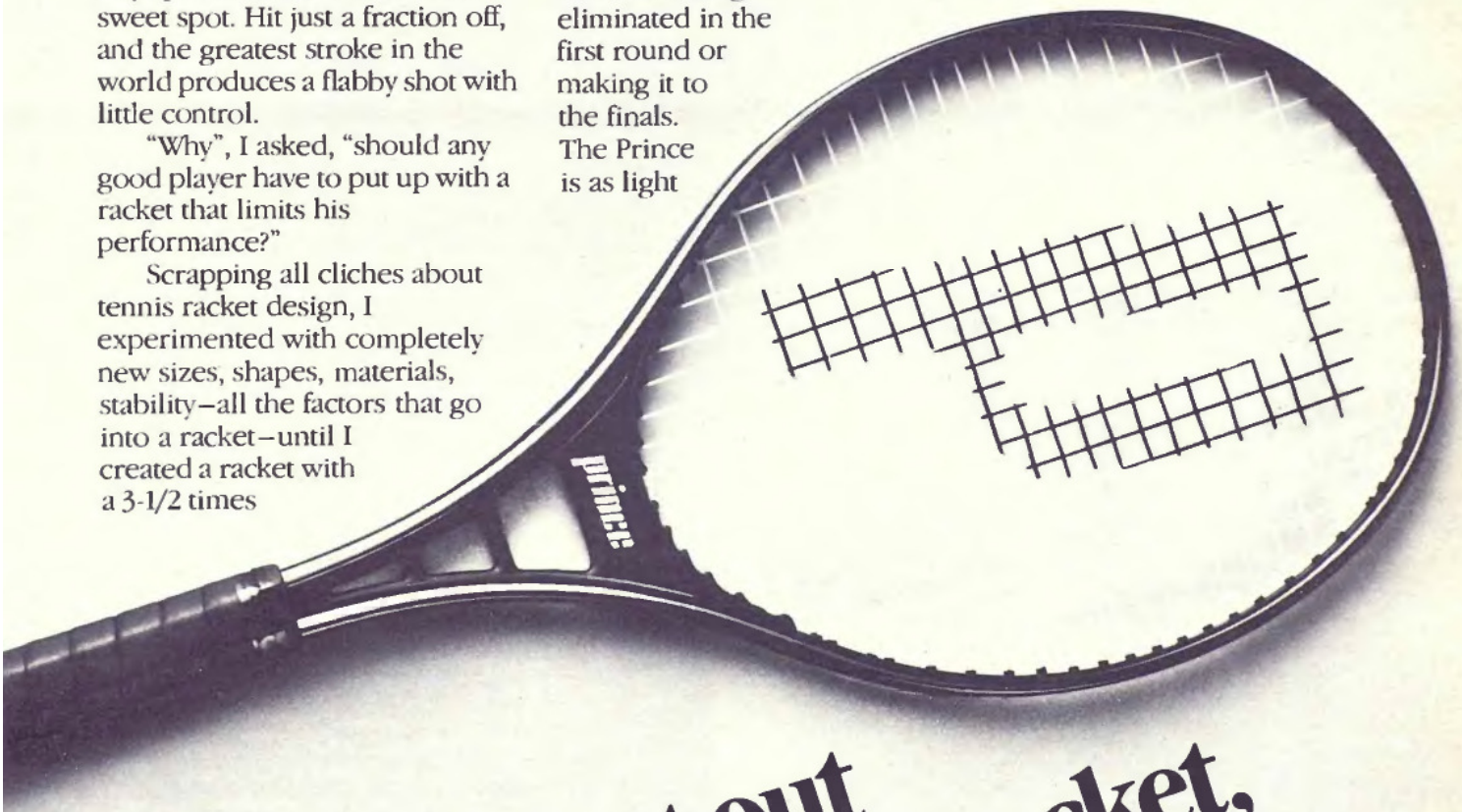
How a Prince can improve your game.

You'll find that the balls you hit slightly off the sweet spot of your present racket become clean, solid shots with a Prince. You will hit with more consistency, more power, more control. More of your shots will be your best shots. Which can make all the difference between being eliminated in the first round or making it to the finals. The Prince is as light as conventional rackets, but far more stable, so it is less likely to twist in your hand. Nimble, responsive, it makes serving easier. And it's as deadly at the net as it is steady in the backcourt.

If you'd like more information about Prince rackets and the many ways they can help your game, just drop me a line.

If you're like most players, I promise you that you will play better.

prince®
Prince Manufacturing, Inc.
Dept. P4, P.O. Box 2031, Princeton, N.J. 08540

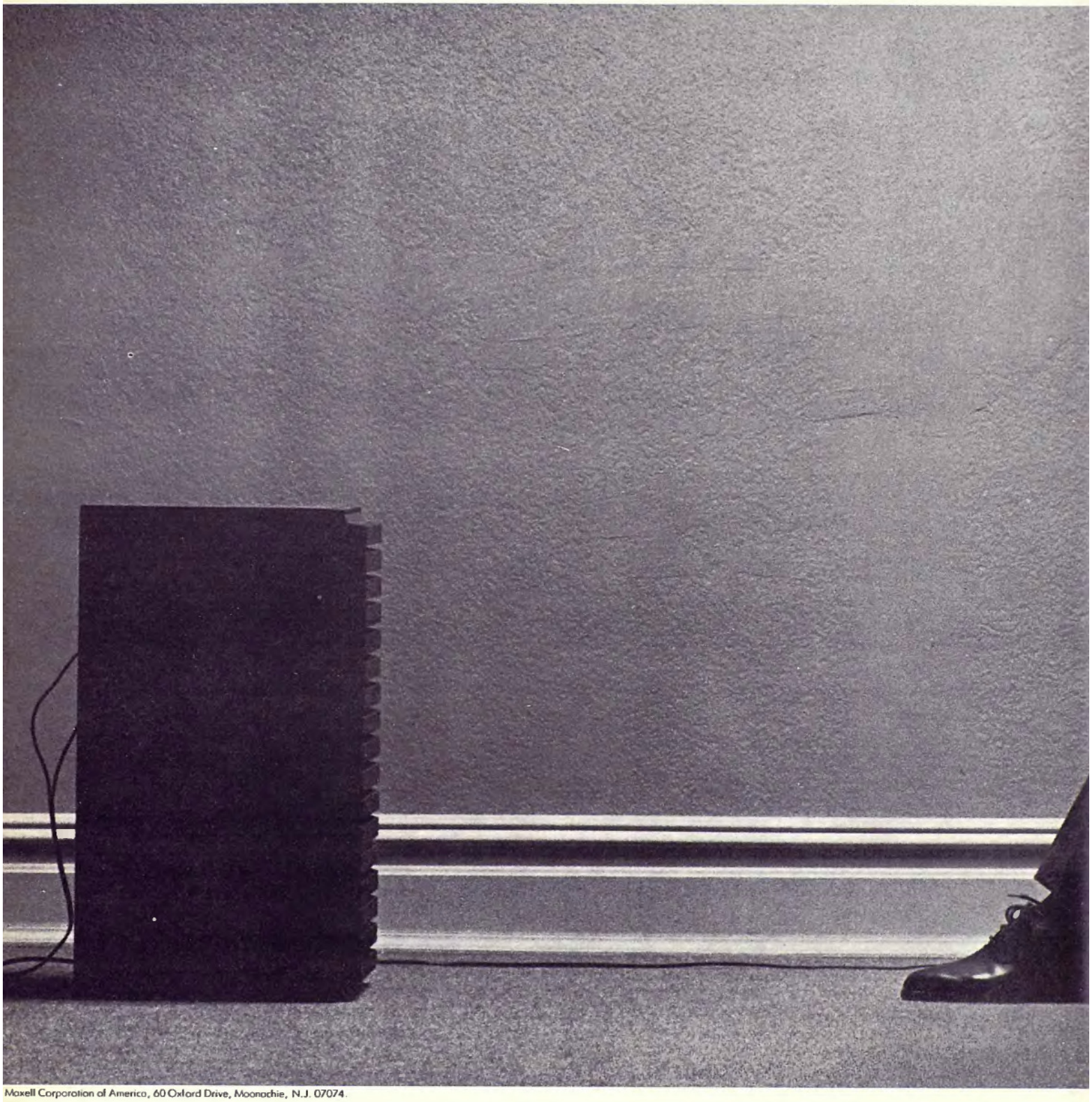


"I didn't set out to design a bigger racket, but a better one."

Howard Head

Howard Head, *Inventor of the original Head ski, and the remarkable Prince racket.*

AFTER 500 PLAYS OUR HIGH FIDELITY



Maxell Corporation of America, 60 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074.

TAPE STILL DELIVERS HIGH FIDELITY.

If your old favorites don't sound as good as they used to, the problem could be your recording tape.

Some tapes show their age more than others. And when a tape ages prematurely, the music on it does too.

What can happen is, the oxide particles that are bound onto tape loosen and fall off, taking some of your music with them.

At Maxell, we've developed a binding process that helps to prevent this. When oxide particles are bound onto our tape, they stay put. And so does your music.

So even after a Maxell recording is 500 plays old, you'll swear it's not a play over five.

maxell
IT'S WORTH IT.

Good enough to run 15,000 miles.

You might not choose to run any motor oil 15,000 miles between changes. But STP Motor Oil is so good, you could!

It's a specially formulated, premium quality 10W50 oil for passenger cars and light-duty trucks. And it has a seven-part high performance additive package designed to give you protection well beyond your engine's recommended oil change interval. Try it. STP Motor Oil is so good, you should!

STP Motor Oil: so good, you could.

15,000 miles or 1 year between oil changes, whichever comes first, under normal driving conditions with engines in good condition.

©STP Corporation 1980, 1400 W. Commercial Blvd., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33310

dating. They are, in fact, looking for women, not for each other. As rejects, they become fast friends during a disastrous singles weekend at a country hotel. Eventually, the cabdriver discovers the policeman's mother (played by café owner–*chanteuse* Regine, for whom *le cinéma* is slumming); the stout young cop turns his private disappointments into a stand-up comedy routine that makes him rich and famous and favored by beautiful women. As the fat, baby-faced policeman, Villeret won the French equivalent of an Oscar in a role tailor-made for him by Lelouch. Villeret's chef-d'oeuvre is his instant re-creation of an Ingmar Bergman movie, a symphony of Swedish grunts and sighs that blows away language barriers. ¥¥

•

The heroine of Roger Vadim's ***Night Games*** is an unhappy, affluent Beverly Hills housewife who experiences some rather extravagant erotic fantasies. As a star maker well known for launching such names as Bardot, Deneuve and Fonda into the movie firmament, Vadim may have another winner in Cindy Pickett. An alumna of the CBS soap opera *The Guiding Light*, Texas-born Cindy plays *Games* as if she were playing for keeps, even when the material she is given seems thinner than a see-through nightie. ¥

•

Having confronted the future (*Close Encounters . . .*) after winning his stripes as a certified boy wonder with *Jaws*, Steven Spielberg was given at least $26,000,000 to try his hand at a comedy called ***1941***. I'd swear they forgot to give him a script as part of the deal, except that at least three writers (among them John Milius) claim story-and/or-screenplay credit. No credit is due. Supposedly, *1941* recaps all the crazy things that happened in L.A. one night just a week after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, when everyone expected an imminent invasion of the West Coast. What Spielberg has tried to do is combine a wartime *Animal House* with bits of *Dr. Strangelove*, as well as an opening-scene spoof of *Jaws*. The Japanese arrive in a submarine commanded by Toshiro Mifune, whose mission is to destroy Hollywood. We'll let that one pass without comment. Spielberg's perverse achievement here is to make a comedy almost devoid of humor, which seems to demonstrate that John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd of *Saturday Night Live* fame can be very unfunny if they try hard. Demolishing a submarine, a large cliff-top house, a paint factory, a Ferris wheel, a couple of airplanes, countless cars and part of downtown Los Angeles is not intrinsically sidesplitting—and having hordes of actors outshouting an aggressive musical score simply adds insult to overkill. Talented though he is, Spielberg should go

The new chairman of the dashboard. Fuzzbuster Elite.

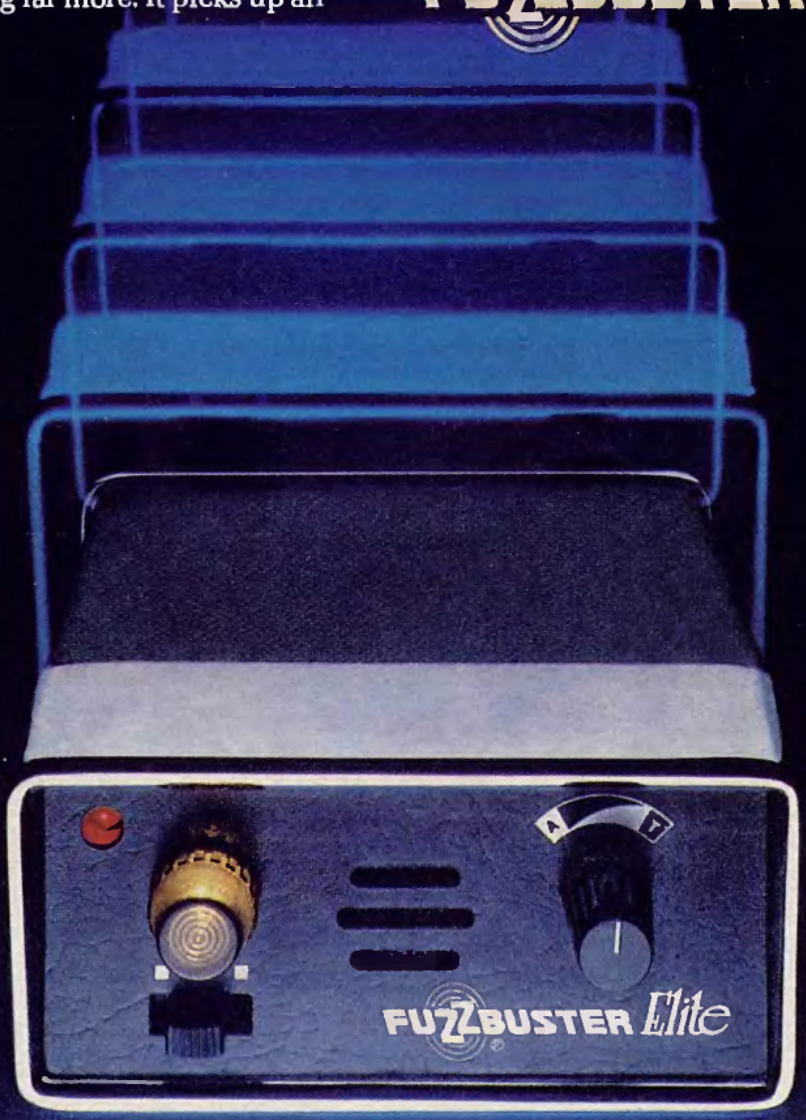
Make room at the top.
The new Fuzzbuster Elite® is here.

It commands the latest instrumentation and circuitry. Including a power indicator light, automatic sensitivity controls, and a three-position switch to adjust audio and light warning.

But the big story is performance. Fuzzbuster Elite equals or out-performs units costing far more. It picks up all radar bands, even the "off" frequency signals other radar detectors miss entirely. And it's effective against all types of traffic radar.

Sleek, crafted in metal, and finished in chrome, the Fuzzbuster Elite is the kind of quality product you expect from the leader in radar detectors.

FUZZBUSTER Elite



SALE OR USE OF THIS PRODUCT MAY BE CONSIDERED ILLEGAL IN MICHIGAN AND VIRGINIA. © 1980 BY ELECTROLERT, INC.

ELECTROLERT, INCORPORATED

electrolert

4949 SOUTH 25A, TROY, OHIO 45373

Alert to new ideas that work for you.

back two giant steps—and the executives who thought that a hot-shot young director could do no wrong may be chastened to learn that their boy has wrought one of the most crashingly inept comedies of the past decade. ¥

•

The foxes in ***Foxes,*** unless I missed something, are a bunch of precocious L.A. teenagers who have come a long way, baby, since the dear dead days when growing up meant goodnight kisses or getting a prom date. Jodie Foster plays the foxiest kid in her set, the bosom chum of several misfits whose experiments with sex and drugs can be blamed, it would seem, on their stupid, selfish or psychopathic parents. Only Sally Kellerman as Jodie's mother, a more or less desperate divorcee who sleeps around a lot, dares challenge what *she* sees on the far side of the generation gap. "You may look like kids, but you don't sound like them," she charges. "You're *short* 40-year-olds . . . tough ones." Among those ancient youngsters, Cherie Currie is particularly effective as a punk-rock blonde who comes to a very bad end. British director Adrian Lyne is obviously a film maker with skill and energy, though his vision of young America in L.A. could not be bleaker. *Foxes* finally depressed the hell out of me. By the time this orgy of youthful aimlessness and self-destruction was over, I felt in need of a fix . . . like sitting through a revival of *Love Finds Andy Hardy.* ¥¥

•

All the announced candidates should throw in their towels already and let George Burns run for President. Burns wouldn't even have to *run*, he could probably walk away with it. Easy. That's the way everything looks when you let George do it, and he does it again in ***Going in Style,*** a small, delectable human comedy with charm to burn as well as Burns to charm. It's not my intention, though, to underpraise George's worthy co-stars, Art Carney and Lee Strasberg. They make perfect harmony with Burns as a trio of old geezers—collecting moss and Social Security while warming the park benches out in suburban Queens—who decide to vary their routine by robbing a bank. Heavily disguised, of course. They all wear Groucho Marx masks and their caper is the sort of modest enterprise that necessitates considering the cost of subway tokens for the getaway after the heist. George as ringleader comes up with most of the ideas, and he, naturally, can make the wildest proposition sound simple and sensible.

To tell too much about *Going in Style* might spoil what is already subtle and delicately balanced trivia. Just don't expect a rollicking farcical caper for octogenarians in the style of *The In-Laws. Style* represents another kind of movie-making. The best kind, I suspect, in the vein of vintage Capra and Sturges. Credit for that goes to fledgling writer-director Martin Brest, an American Film Institute alumnus, aged 28, whose first full-length commercial feature delivers on its promises right away—which means we don't have to wait for his *next* movie to see that Brest is really good. He's also so confident in his technique that he doesn't resort to arm-twisting overstatement to make a comic point. Brest adapted his screenplay from an original story talked into a cassette tape by Edward Cannon, a Long Island carpenter who died before the film was made. It's a dandy little amoral tale. After they successfully steal $35,555, the Groucho gang can't decide what to do for an encore. "You wanna go to the movies?" Burns suggests. Instead, two of them wind up going to Las Vegas, where they get lucky and soon have ill-gotten gains beyond their wildest dreams. They hide the cash with a nephew named Pete (marvelously played by Charles Hallahan) while *Going in Style* moves with measured steps toward a wry and satisfying conclusion. It may be geriatric comedy, but it makes the frenzied low-jinx of *1941* look very old and tired by comparison. You wanna go to the movies? Go in peace. ¥¥¥

Foxes' precocious Foster.

Teenage trauma in *Foxes*; Strasberg, Burns and Carney join forces for a stylish caper.

Going in Style's thieving trio.

•

Quite a different breed of comedy is director Sidney Lumet's slick, hard-edged ***Just Tell Me What You Want,*** from the novel by Jay Presson Allen (who adapted and coproduced it for the screen). What we have here resembles an old Hepburn-Tracy romance with all the heart taken out of it. What's left, though seldom lovable, is often interesting—also fast, classy and cuttingly cruel. Ali MacGraw plays a New York career bitch who seems the epitome of the high-fashion supergal: mean, rich and skinny. She's also the mistress of a ruthless supertycoon, played to the hilt by comedian Alan King, who emphatically projects all the attractions (enumerated by Ali) that bind an ambitious younger woman to an older man—he's powerful, well to do, generous, exciting and fine company. Better than good, King makes you wonder why he has stuck to stand-up comedy all these years, and that's a compliment. While I can think of accomplished actresses who might have added nice nuances to her role, MacGraw looks dead-right for this part and, under Lumet's expert direction, leagues ahead of anything she's done before. In a knockdown, drag-out fight scene that's the funniest bit of violence I've seen recently, she swings her purse at King while he's shopping at Bergdorf Goodman, floors him, pummels him, tackles him again and finally pursues him all the way to his limo outside the Plaza as bystanders cheer.

The running battle that keeps *Just Tell Me What You Want* in motion is triggered by an unwanted abortion, a quarrel, a marriage on the rebound and a bittersweet reconciliation. Angered when his girl impulsively elopes with a young playwright (played well enough by Peter Weller, reportedly Ali's frequent offscreen companion), the tycoon sets out to ruin them both, and milady retaliates by describing some of his nefarious business schemes on a TV special. Rather nasty people, these two, if one examines them closely. The movie nevertheless has the strength of its convictions, with interest compounded by Myrna Loy as King's acerbic girl Friday, Dina Merrill as his drunken wife, Tony Roberts as a homosexual Hollywood mogul and Keenan Wynn as the mogul's disgusted father. This is sophisticated comedy in cold blood, sans candlelight and violins—holiday fun for a school of sharks. ¥¥

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

All That Jazz In a brilliant but overdone showbiz saga about a guy pretty much like himself, director Bob Fosse has his heart attack set to music for Roy Scheider and *les girls*. Ergot rhythm, or is it Broadway biofeedback? ¥¥¥

Amor Bandido Reviewed in this issue. ¥¥

Being There If you've wondered who's Kissinger now, it's Peter Sellers paired with Shirley MacLaine in a fine cerebral satire from Jerzy Kosinski's novel about an illiterate gardener whose political green thumb captivates Washington. ¥¥¥

The Black Hole Reviewed in this issue. ¥

Chapter Two While James Caan skillfully underplays his Simonized writer, Marsha Mason (Mrs. Neil Simon) has the part of her life in her husband's rueful romantic autobiographical comedy. ¥¥¥

Coal Miner's Daughter Reviewed in this issue. ¥¥¥¥

The Electric Horseman Two genuine superstars. See how they shine. Redford literally lights up this girl-meets-boy-steals-horse comedy with Jane Fonda live from Las Vegas as *another* TV news hen. ¥¥¥

Foxes Reviewed in this issue. ¥¥

Going in Style Reviewed in this issue. ¥¥¥

The Great Santini When you're a war lover, the whole world is boot camp. And Robert Duvall is sensational as a feisty Marine fighter pilot who appears to be losing the peace. ¥¥¥

Hide in Plain Sight Reviewed in this issue. ¥¥

Just Tell Me What You Want Reviewed in this issue. ¥¥

Kramer vs. Kramer No winners, no losers in this realistic drama of marital conflict, though Dustin Hoffman, Meryl Streep and the picture itself should clean up at Oscar time. ¥¥¥¥

Night Games Reviewed in this issue. ¥

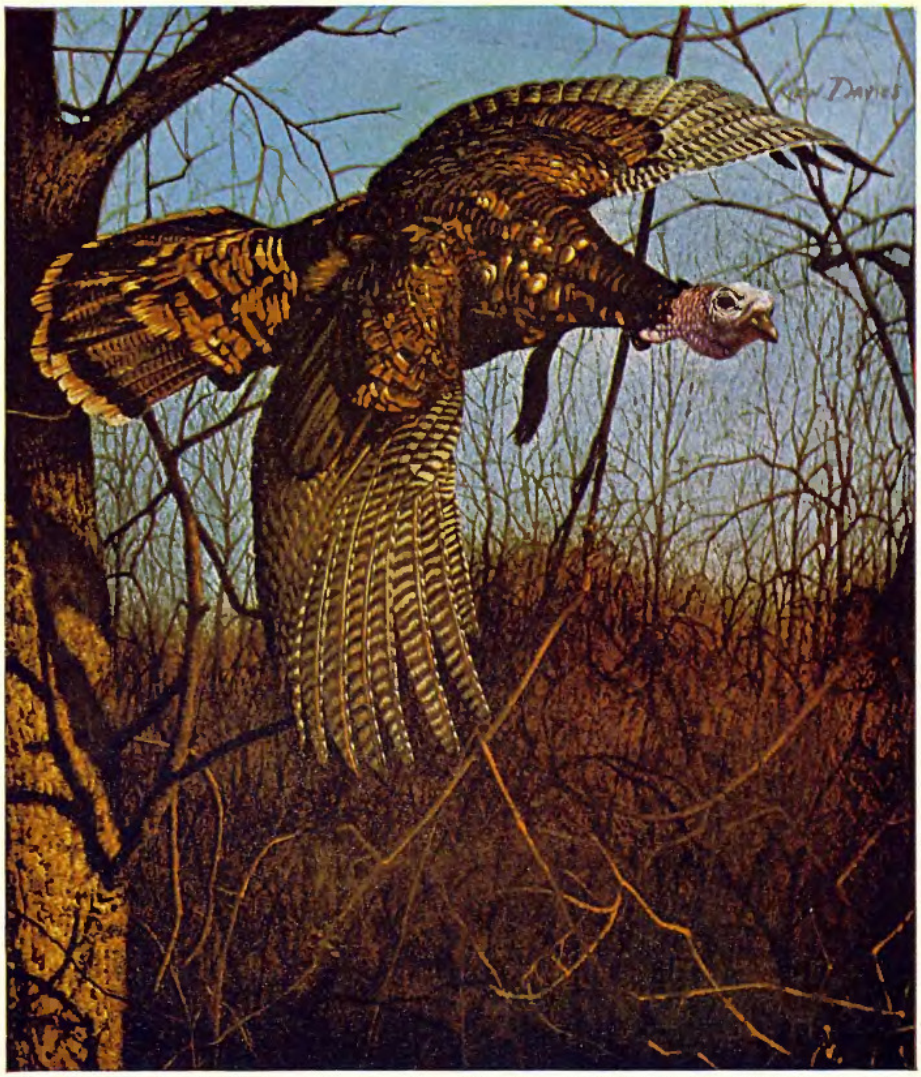
1941 Reviewed in this issue. ¥

Robert et Robert Reviewed in this issue. ¥¥

The Rose Bette Midler going for broke as a self-destructive rock star, with Frederic Forrest's solid support to give the girl a brake. ¥¥¥

Star Trek—The Motion Picture Reviewed in this issue. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss
¥¥¥ Good show
¥¥ Soso
¥ Forget it

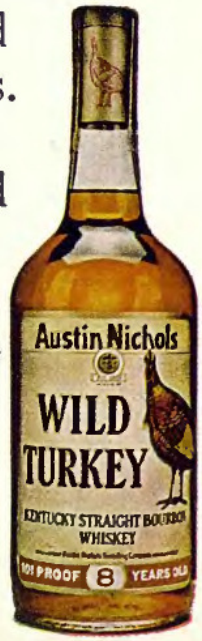


For color reproduction of Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19" by 21," send $2 to Box 929-PB, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005

Wild Turkey Lore:

The Wild Turkey's beautiful plumage was highly prized by early American Indians. The feathers were used to make arrows, blankets and the elaborate headdresses worn by great chiefs.

A truly native bird, the Wild Turkey is a most fitting symbol for the finest native American Whiskey—Wild Turkey.



WILD TURKEY/101 PROOF
©1979 Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky.

☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

IDOL GOSSIP: At presstime, publicists at 20th Century-Fox were describing the film *Nine to Five* as "the story of three secretaries and their misadventures with a tyrannical boss," but other sources tell me that the **Jane Fonda–Lily Tomlin–Dolly Parton** starrer has a somewhat harder feminist punch to it. Apparently, the so-called tyrannical boss is the type who demands certain extracurricular favors from his female employees and, in response, the three secretaries kidnap him. . . . Actors **Robert De Niro** and **Robert Duvall** will reunite in United Artists' *True Confessions*, based on the book by **John Gregory Dunne**. The two actors (De Niro plays the priest, Duvall the cop) haven't co-starred in a film since *Godfather II*. . . . **Peter Bogdanovich** will write, produce and direct *They All Laughed*, starring **Ben Gazzara, Audrey Hepburn** and **John Ritter**. The film concerns three detectives on a weird assignment in the Big Apple. . . . **Dustin Hoffman**

Fonda

Parton

will play a New York actor in the contemporary comedy *Tootsie*, scripted by **Murray Schisgal**. . . . Yet another comic strip will probably be finding its way to the big screen. Word has it a $15,000,000 production of *Brenda Starr*, starring **Bo Derek**, is in the works. . . . **Michael Cimino**'s next planned film, *Proud Dreamer*, is shaping up to be even bigger than his Oscar-winning *The Deer Hunter* and possibly bigger than the soon-to-be-released *Heaven's Gate*, which cost in the vicinity of $30,000,000. *Dreamer* will cover four decades in American life.

•

KID STUFF: **Richard Pryor** makes his debut as a film producer with *Family Dream*, set for release this August. Starring Pryor, **Cicely Tyson, Vincent Price** and eight kids, the film is about a Philadelphia teacher (Tyson) whose school is closed when funding is rescinded. Rather than allow her kids to attend a poor ghetto school, she kidnaps eight of them and takes them to a farm in Seattle. Her plan is to hijack the kids in an old bus, but the bus is in desperate need of a mechanic. Enter Pryor, a parolee and ex-mechanic whose two pet peeves are women and children. He ends up going all the way to Seattle with them, a fact that produces some comical conflicts. Interestingly enough, although the film involves kids, it'll be R rated, mainly

Tyson

Pryor

due to its street language. The idea for the film was Pryor's and the Tyson character is based on his own high school teacher from Peoria, **Juliette Whittaker**. Vincent Price, by the way, plays a wino.

•

SOB STORY: **Diane** (*A Little Romance*) **Lane**'s new film effort, *To Elvis with Love*, presented a new problem for the 15-year-old actress—staying awake. Her part as the congenitally handicapped Karen required her to spend large amounts of time immobile in bed. Movie shooting is slow at the best of times and, well, Diane sometimes simply nodded off, relying on co-stars **Deborah Raffin** and **Michael Learned** to wake her for the action. *To Elvis* . . . , we're glad to report, contains no Presley clones—it's the true story of how a severely handicapped child's devotion to the late singer enabled therapists to break through to her. The correspondence between the child and Elvis lasted until her death. The film was shot on location in Canada's Banff National Park and 17 children from nearby Alberta Children's Provincial General Hospital appear in it. Get out your handkerchiefs.

•

MUSICAL WARS: So far, it looks like a neck-and-neck box-office contest is shaping up between the two forthcoming big-

Newton-John

Kelly

budget musicals *Can't Stop the Music* and *Xanadu*. The former, you'll recall, features the **Village People, Valerie Perrine** and **Bruce Jenner**, and used to be called *Discoland—Where the Music Never Stops*, until it was determined by some soothsayer that disco would be in the dumper before release time. *Xanadu* stars **Olivia Newton-John** and **Gene Kelly**, with Kelly playing some sort of Pied Piper on roller skates. There is not, thank God, a gasp of disco music in the film and the skates are just a small part of the dancing action. Kelly, says first-time-feature director **Robert Greenwald**, took to those skates "like a duck to water." (He's been on them before, in the Fifties for *It's Always Fair Weather*.) Both films are musical spectaculars, with *Xanadu* offering a visual feast of clothes and color from Busby Berkeley–style sets to zoot suits, leather-clad punk fashion and space-age fantasy. Musically, *Can't Stop* . . . is betting on the sounds of the **Village People**, while *Xanadu* is putting its money on Electric Light Orchestra's **Jeff Lynne** and on **John Farrar**, the man behind the hit *You're the One that I Want*.

•

MUSICALS, PART II: Although I find it hard to believe, I'm assured that the *Blues Brothers* movie will be a "traditional Hollywood musical comedy," not a concert film. Musical numbers, in other words, will take up where dialog

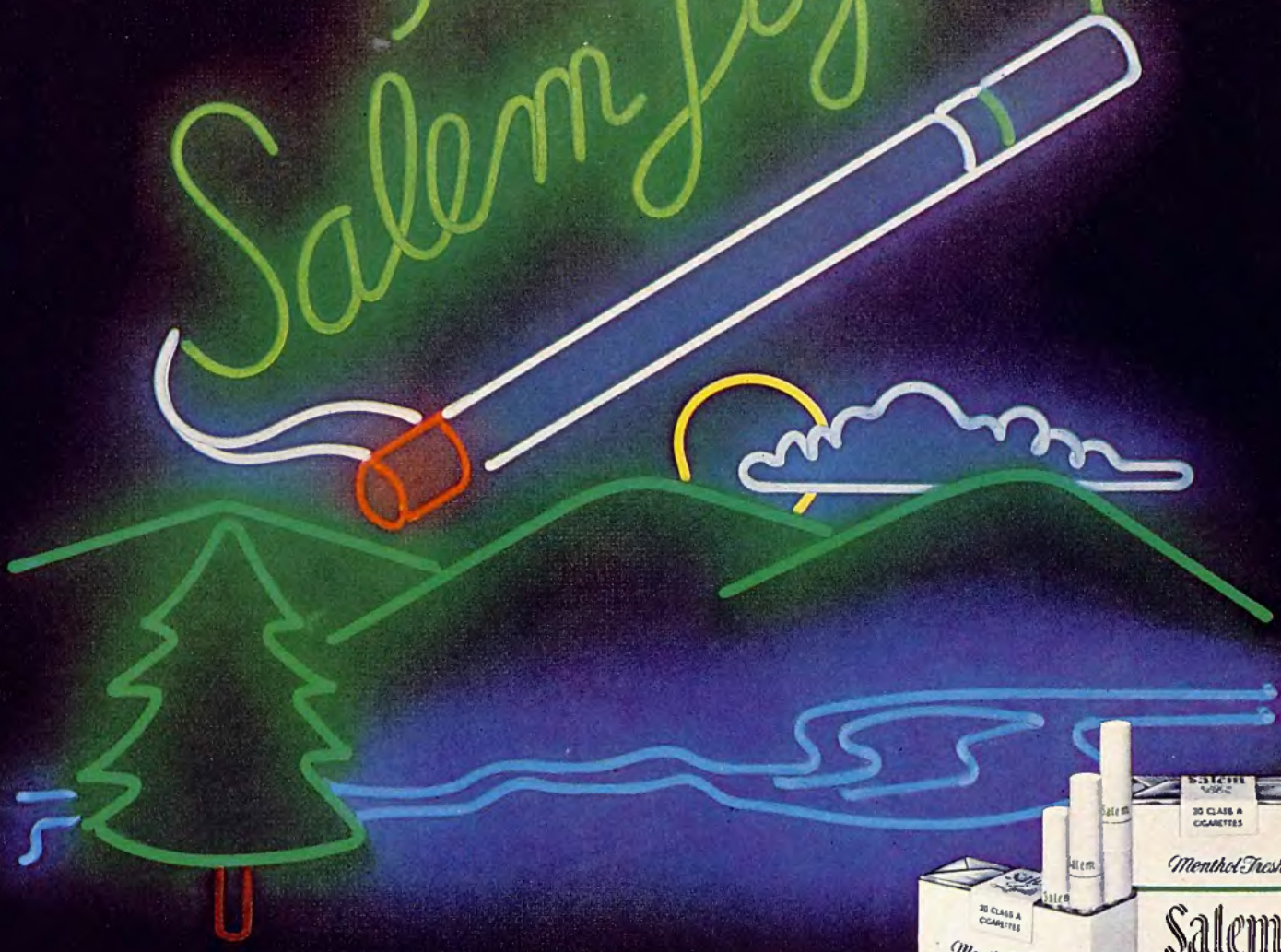
Aykroyd

Belushi

leaves off and will *not* be presented in concert situations. Starring **Dan Aykroyd** (who also wrote the script), **John Belushi, James Brown, Cab Calloway, Carrie Fisher, Aretha Franklin, Henry Gibson** and **Steve Lawrence**, the flick had its share of on-location (in Chicago) craziness. Among other stunts, a Pinto was dropped by helicopter from 1200 feet into the Chicago River and another car was driven right smack through the window of the Daley Center. Aykroyd earned the nickname Dudley Do-Right when, during filming, actress Carrie Fisher choked on a Brussels sprout and he saved her life through the Heimlich maneuver. Also, I'm told, smoking was not allowed on the set, since director **John Landis** is an avowed nonsmoker. That alone would have been enough to make *me* crazy.—JOHN BLUMENTHAL

© 1979 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Taste Salem Lights



Refreshing light menthol.
Low tar.
Satisfying taste.
The best selling low tar menthol.
Salem Lights.

The Best Of The Lights.

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

10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

©1979 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

THE ALL-NEW TOYOTA COROLLA SR-5 Sport Coupe. More space, aerodynamic styling plus futuristic features put this 1980 Corolla into a whole new orbit.

Notice the instrument panel. Its symmetry, beauty and precision are examples of the new Corolla's advanced styling.

And space is an integral part of that style. Wide open spaces offer more comfort for leggy drivers and a backseat for leggy passengers. There's even more space to check your baggage!

To help you take off, there's a larger 1.8 liter engine, aided by the new, sleek, aerodynamic shape which reduces air drag resistance up to 9%.

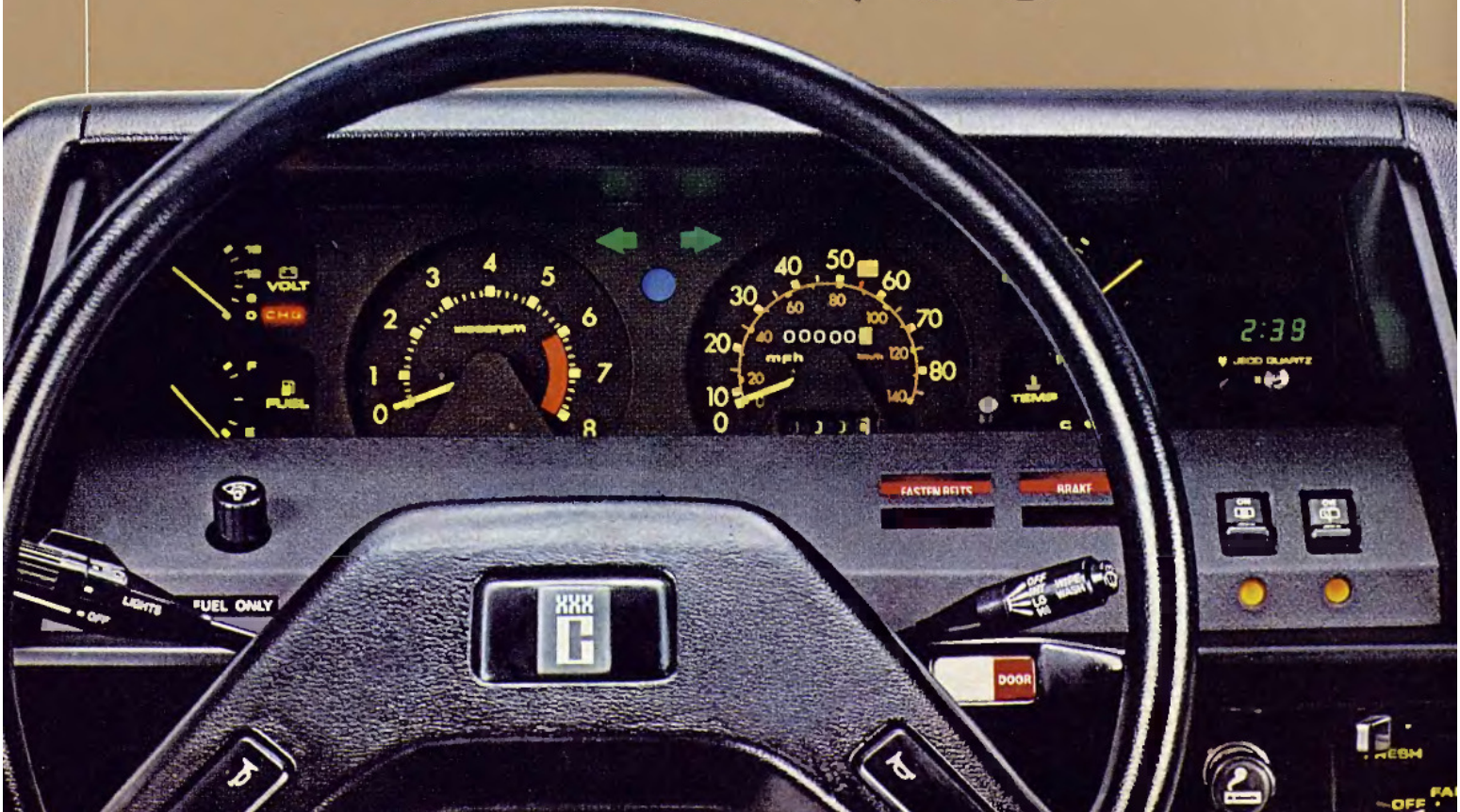
Given this space-like styling and handling, you'd expect these new Corolla options such as an eight-track tape deck and power steering!

SELECTED BY THE U.S. OLYMPIC COMMITTEE

Each of the 12 new Corolla models is definitely out of this world. Yet they're still Toyotas, with all four wheels placed firmly on the ground —when it comes to reliability, a lot of standard features, and total economy.

The new Toyota Corollas. Space has never been so beautiful. Or so accessible.

SPACE:1980



THE DUTY-FREE DILEMMA

In search of duty-free bargains abroad? Before you go on a spree, take heed. . . .

By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

SHOPPING is no idle undertaking for travelers, as anyone who has ever tried to stuff six bursting shopping bags under an airline seat will ruefully attest. Otherwise sane citizens suddenly find themselves wholly out of control in the face of a bonanza of foreign-made merchandise, and it's not at all uncommon to observe a crazed consumer stumbling down Rome's Via Condotti, eyes glazed, numbly murmuring, "Gucci! Gucci!"

And if tourists routinely come a cropper on New Bond Street or the Rue Faubourg St.-Honoré, it's nothing compared with the quiet frenzy of purchases made in the supposedly bargain-filled airport areas called duty-free shops. For the term duty-free may be the most abused term in foreign commerce, and it's probable that more tourists have been deceived in innocent-looking airport shops than in the back-alley sooks of Morocco.

Don't get me wrong: Duty-free shops are not inherently dishonest. In fact, the prices of all merchandise are clearly marked and I can't recall ever seeing any high-pressure selling tactics. It's the traveler's own ignorance that so often costs him money.

The fact is that only a fraction of the merchandise displayed in airport shops is even remotely connected to any duty-free designation. That's a perfectly sensible conclusion, if you think about it, since there's very little import duty you should expect to save on merchandise manufactured in the country you're visiting. The truth is that most airport shops operate very successfully (if a bit cynically) on a cheap-by-association basis, with only a small area of true duty-free items—usually liquor, cigars and cigarettes and perfume—surrounded by regular retail shops where customers are not discouraged from believing that the whole area is duty-free.

That's not to say that there aren't some very real bargains in duty-free shops; the problem is how to determine which items represent real values and which are no bargain at all. That is especially difficult in times (like now) of rapidly changing rates of international currency exchange, extremely erratic product price fluctuation and the far from universal availability of all brands and all models.

Not too long ago, we checked prices of several popular camera-and-lens combinations at the world's most famous duty-free shop—the one at Shannon, Ireland. What we discovered was that we could buy all the cameras checked for less money in New York City, and my report of that fact has prompted Shannon to go out of the camera business. But that doesn't mean that nonbargains in cameras no longer tempt unknowing travelers. For example, a Nikon EM with a 50mm lens recently cost 465 guilders—approximately $250—at Amsterdam's Schiphol Airport. In New York City, that same camera was recently for sale for $210; in Chicago, for $215; and in San Francisco, for $197. The bottom line is that European duty-free shops are generally lousy places to buy expensive cameras, with the possible occasional exception of one or two that are manufactured in Germany.

Now, that doesn't mean that cameras are a bad buy *every* place in the foreign world, and the best general advice is to save your camera shopping for a trip to the Orient—where most of the fine camera products are manufactured. But you'd better watch yourself even in a shoppers' paradise like Hong Kong, for despite the fact that Hong Kong camera prices are generally lower than those even in Tokyo, cameras cost less at the regular downtown camera shops than they do at the duty-free shop at Hong Kong's Kai Tak Airport.

Quite clearly, the only consistent protection against overpaying for much coveted gear in a foreign duty-free shop is knowing just what each desirable item costs at home. Frequent travelers (at least the smart ones) often make a short list of the home-town prices of the five or six items they're most likely to find abroad, so they have an up-to-date basis for judging prospective foreign buys. There's no substitute for this research.

The general rule is that locally manufactured products (with the notable exception of liquor) are almost never the best buys at foreign airport shops. Again, it takes only a little simple logic to confirm that conclusion. There's just no reason for them to be any less expensive than anywhere else in the country, and high airport-store rents (and occasional profit-sharing arrangements) sharply retard any potential discount instincts. So such Irish goodies as Donegal tweeds, Moygashel linen, Waterford crystal or Belleek china are certainly not particularly good buys at Shannon Airport, as lower prices for those items usually can be found in virtually every other area of the country—with far larger selections of styles and sizes. Far more alluring price-wise are items of "foreign" European origin, which have been imported to Ireland and are available in Shannon without any duty levied in their price.

As noted previously, spiritous libations are generally the very best buys in duty-free shops, and the way to maximize your price advantage is to buy potables that have been fermented within the country you're visiting. Scotch whisky, for example, is cheapest in the United Kingdom, while champagne costs far less in France than elsewhere. And you should never—repeat, never!—buy American-made liquor in a foreign duty-free shop, since part of its price is the cost of shipping it out of the U. S.

Furthermore, travelers regularly ignore the very real bargain opportunity to buy duty-free liquor when *going* abroad. Liquor purchased at an American duty-free shop (in the airport from which you are departing) is often almost as great a bargain as it is when you return, especially when compared with the cost of bottles of liquor purchased in retail liquor shops overseas. So if you happen to be headed for a destination such as Mexico (where imported whiskey can cost more than your hotel room), the savings can be very meaningful, indeed.

One last note about duty-free drinkables: It's often possible to find brands of local liquor that are not widely distributed anywhere else in the world. If you ever find yourself at Kastrup Airport in Copenhagen, for instance, check out a brand of aquavit called Loiten, a Norwegian brand generally unknown outside Scandinavia. For reasons known only to the Norwegians, this stuff is sailed across the equator in a cask, and when finally bottled, each precious vial bears the date of its tropical voyage and the name of its ship. Last time I looked, Loiten cost about five bucks a bottle, and one shot was enough to drop King Kong.

OUT THE DOOR. ONT
INTO THE RECORD B

Out on the racetrack, you'll see exactly what makes one motorcycle better than another. The power. The acceleration. The reliability. The handling. The brakes. And that's where these total performance machines have been proving themselves. Again and again.

THE CB750F

Back in 1969, we introduced the first Honda 750. And it made such an impression on the critics that they invented a whole new word just to describe it.

Superbike.

In 1979, we introduced a completely re-thought version of this phenomenal machine. And the critics didn't waste any time getting it out on the track. In fact, if you picked up a motorcycle magazine with a road test of the CB750F, there's only one way to describe the reviews.

Rave

Take a close look at the 1980 CB750F and you'll see where all the excitement is coming from. Start with the engine. A 749 cc DOHC power-plant with a Pentroof™ combustion chamber and 16 valves that just breathe horsepower. Four 30 mm CV carburetors with an accelerator pump. And pointless inductive ignition.

Then look at the way it handles. Those tuned, four-into-two pipes tuck right up under the frame rails for lots of clearance. Because we designed everything to work together. The tough, double-cradle frame. The geometry. The low-stiction forks. The needle-bearing swingarm pivot. The aluminum-alloy ComStar™ wheels. The tubeless tires. The all-new externally-adjustable 30-setting shock absorbers. And thanks to those three big disc brakes, it stops as well as it goes We don't have to say much about the

O THE TRACK.
OOK.

styling here. Because if you own a CB750F, you'll love every last detail. And if you don't, you just can't appreciate all those tremendous little touches.

You'll be so busy trying to catch up, you'll never get a good look.

THE CB400T HAWK™

Take a look at the 410 cc Box Stock Class. You'll see the 1979 AFM Number One plate—on a 1979 Hawk fitted with low handlebars and roadracing tires.

And for 1980, you'll see the same big-bore, ultra-short-stroke, high revving 395 cc twin. The same three valves per cylinder, Pentroof™ head, 30 mm CV carburetors, hot-sparking electronic ignition, and exclusive Power Chamber™ exhaust system. All pumping red-hot gobs of horsepower into a new quick-shifting, six-speed gearbox.

But this year, you'll get all this record performance in a brand new package. Because now the Hawk has the same all-business styling as the other two all-out machines in the Honda High Performance Series: the CB750F and the CBX.

HONDA

FOLLOW THE LEADER.

ALWAYS WEAR A HELMET AND EYE PROTECTION.
Specifications and availability subject to change.
© 1980 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

For a free brochure, see your Honda dealer.
Or write: American Honda Motor Co., Inc.
Dept. A1, Box 50, Gardena, California 90247.

Jameson Irish

"~~Scotch~~ on the rocks."

If you like Scotch, you'll love light, imported Jameson Irish – and what better day to try it than St. Patrick's.

Try a glass of Jameson Irish the way you would your favorite Scotch. With water. Soda. On the rocks.

You'll notice how much it tastes like fine Scotch—only lighter and more delicate.

The dedicated Scotch drinker will instantly appreciate this flavor difference.

Though it may take a little time getting used to saying, "Jameson Irish on the rocks, please."

Jameson. World's largest-selling Irish Whiskey.

80 PROOF • CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

As a single woman, I've grown tired of the inevitable late-evening wrestling match on a first date—especially the question "Your place or mine?" Is there an advantage to home court? Is there a nice way to tell a guy that you'd like to see him again but that you are not interested in doing it that night?—Miss M. T., New York, New York.

According to our sources, the question most frequently asked in singles bars is "Your face or mine?" As for home courts, we took a survey of the office and discovered that most women have an easier time dealing with dates on their own ground than effecting an exit from someone else's lair. Most guys view their apartments as extensions of their bedrooms. If it's a studio apartment, it is his bedroom. If you enter a man's private quarters, then you have already crossed a threshold. On the other hand, if you invite someone over for coffee, you can always ask him to leave (or sleep on the couch). But the best strategy is to announce your intention early in the evening. You don't have to be overly aggressive. Something this side of Jill Clayburgh in "Starting Over" ("Get the fuck away. I've got a knife. I'll cut your balls off") should do.

I have an answering machine that I put to novel use. Sometimes I leave obscene phone messages for my girlfriend, so that when she calls, there's something to warm the fires. I'm curious: Are we breaking any laws?—C. M., New Canaan, Connecticut.

Look at it this way: If someone dials your number by mistake and gets "I'd like to slip my dipstick into your Arabian oil fields" or some such, chances are he won't remember what number he dialed. What a great way to deal with those idiots who call asking you to subscribe to the Podunk News. *If you leave obscene messages on someone else's answering machine (an entirely appropriate response to the damn things), be sure to use an alias. That way, if Ma Bell hears the tapes, they can't be traced to you.*

For some reason, my girlfriend cannot achieve orgasm during intercourse. I have suggested that she learn to masturbate, but she doesn't feel comfortable with it. She says that she has read that masturbation makes a person dependent on one kind of stimulation. Can you settle this argument?—D. W., Dallas, Texas.

You've seen the motto on dollar bills: In hibition we trust. Most sex therapists feel that if a person is too anxious to masturbate—because of parental guilt

or whatever—then he or she will be too anxious to reach orgasm during intercourse. Kinsey found that women who did not masturbate were three times as likely as masturbators to have problems achieving orgasm. Feminists suggest that self-help is the only cure. If nothing else, all your girlfriend has to lose is a couple of hundred orgasms. She seems to have encountered what we call the masturbation backlash. Some shrinks do feel that too much masturbation will make a woman dependent on clitoral stimulation. Consequently, she will be unable to reach orgasm during normal intercourse. That sounds like sour grapes. We define intercourse as everything that happens between two people in bed . . . including touching, watching "The Tonight Show" and playing with Black & Decker vibrators. Go to it.

Have you heard of a substance called vitamin B_{15}? One of my friends claims that Russian athletes use the superdrug to drastically increase their endurance. I would love to have something that would allow me to make love all night and then do the 100-yard dash in ten flat. Is that it?—P. W., Alta, Utah.

We've heard of one thing that fits your requirements—the sudden arrival of a jealous husband. Of course, you have to do the 100-yard dash in your bare feet. As for vitamin B_{15}—it exists, but it isn't a vitamin. The Russians call it pangamic acid, but that, too, is a misnomer. The chemical involved is N,N dimethyl glycine (DMG). Right now, the FDA is trying to decide whether it is a vitamin, a food additive or worse. Consequently, you may have a hard time locating a source. Most of the supplies are bought up by pro teams—the Pittsburgh Steelers, the New York Yankees, et al. DMG does appear to live up to its claims. One study found that taking five milligrams daily increased oxygen in the blood by 27.5 percent and increased endurance (the time to exhaustion) by 23.6 percent. The chemical apparently reduces the amount of lactic acid that collects in muscles during exertion. The researchers would have conducted a follow-up study, but their subjects went out and bought all available supplies.

My lover and I are into bondage. We both get really turned on when he handcuffs me. With my arms behind me, the handcuffs cut into my wrists and hurt. We have tried leaving my arms in front, but that is not as much of a turn-on for me. There are times when he has me wear them on my legs all night. That leaves marks on my ankles that take hours to disappear. Any suggestions?—Miss S. H., Hitchcock, Texas.

The November 1979 "Sex News" features some soft restraints (velvet-lined wrist cuffs) that might do the trick. You might also try some old school ties, nylon stockings or silk scarves. They are easier to sneak through airport security, for those trips away from home. For more information, write to The Pleasure Chest (20 West 20th Street, New York, New York 10011) for a catalog of other B & D regalia. Then tie one on.

Potholes in my part of the country take a big toll on my car during the winter. I usually have to have my front end aligned after an especially large crop appears in the spring. And that brings to mind an old confusion: the difference between caster and camber. What is it and how does it affect my car?—R. J., St. Paul, Minnesota.

The annual Pothole Slalom is such an exciting event that we're surprised it hasn't been included in the winter Olympics. But if it ever is, here's what the pit crews will be doing: First, they'll check the angle of the wheels from the front of the car to make sure that the tread is perpendicular to the road at speed. That's the camber, and properly set, the tread will lie flat on the road. Obviously, if it doesn't, uneven tire wear will result. Second, the caster is checked from the side of the car. Caster is the angle of the wheel spindle itself. The car wheels must lead the car, not be dragged along by it. Correct caster is necessary for handling and steering and to keep the wheels tracking straight. Too much caster creates shimmy and wander at

Frangelico liqueur 56 Proof Imported by William Grant & Sons, Inc., New York, N.Y.

The Kitty Cat. Outrageous Swimwear at a Value-Packed Price of only $14.99

SUNUP/SUNDOWN

P.O. Drawer 11899, Ft. Lauderdale, Fl 33339

For the "Kitty Cat" send $14.99 + $1.75 handling.
(Fl. residents add 4% State Sales Tax)

□ Master Charge
□ Visa
□ Check/Money Order

Full Signature Acct. No. Expiration Date

Name (Please Print Legibly)

Address

City/State/Zip/Postal Code Style 201/PB 4

Or Call Free Order Desk Only
1-800-358-9151
In California 1-800-862-4999

Sizes: □ 5-7 small □ 7-9 medium □ 9-11 large

Colors: □ virgin white □ sexy black □ ocean blue □ burgundy □ dark chocolate

Second color choice: _____

No-Nonsense Guarantee*— *Refund if not totally satisfied, return within 10 days. $14.99

high speeds. Your crew will also check your toe. Toe is the difference between the distance at the front of your tires and that at the rear. A slight toe-in situation is necessary, since wheels tend to line up parallel at speed. Make sure that is checked, since it will have the greatest effect on your tire life. Be aware that misalignment caused by potholes requires only an adjustment and seldom means that there is any physical damage to your car.

Sinsemilla is a form of marijuana that I've heard a lot about lately. It's supposed to be very strong and almost seedless. How is it possible to grow grass without seeds and why is it so powerful?—R. D., Mendocino, California.

Sinsemilla is the result of a cruel injustice perpetrated on pot plants. As you know, there are male and female Cannabis plants. Ordinarily, they coexist in a plot, the males fertilizing the females willy-nilly in a kind of garden Sodom and Gomorrah. Unfortunately, males produce nowhere near the THC potency of female plants. As a result, growers have taken to killing off the male plants as soon as they appear, leaving the females lonely and seedless. Then they clip off the lower leaves of the females, forcing all the potent THC into the top leaves and buds. The result is a better high for you.

I could spend my life looking for a sunrise sensualist. Why is it that men like to make love in the morning and women don't?—T. P., New York, New York.

It sounds like you've had a run of bad luck—we've known women who like to do it morning, noon and night. One of the primary ingredients of desire in both men and women is testosterone (the male hormone). For men, there is a peak in testosterone production every morning. So it's early to rise. Also—during the night—a male experiences four or five erections during REM (rapid eye movement) sleep. Stimulation facilitates sperm production; therefore, in the morning, he may feel primed and ready. (The more ejaculate, the more pleasurable the orgasm.) Now look at it from the woman's point of view. She wakes to a lover who is unshaven and suffering from morning mouth. She may require courtship or conversation as prerequisite to sex. That's not likely to happen until after the coffeecake. Our advice: Try a candlelight breakfast in bed. Take in a bedside table with toothbrush and mouthwash. Let her shave you. If you take your time, you'll be rolling by evening.

I seem to be the victim of male-pattern baldness. My roommate tells me that baldness is related to virility. Of course, I

believe her, but I wonder: *Is* there a relation between hair loss and masculinity?—J. P., Atlanta, Georgia.

We'd like to think so. It gives us something to look forward to. As a boy becomes a man, two things happen: He begins to grow hair on his chest, legs, arms, armpits, pubic area and face; and he begins to lose hair on his head. This is directly related to the production of testosterone (see preceding letter). If you had been castrated at the age of ten, you would have developed a luxurious head of hair. You could even have sung backup for the Bee Gees. This is pure speculation. If your girlfriend believes it—all power to you.

Alas, my physician tells me that I suffer from an enlarged prostate. One of the symptoms seems to be a tendency toward premature ejaculation. I come almost immediately—a problem I never had before. Are the two related?—S. T., Chicago, Illinois.

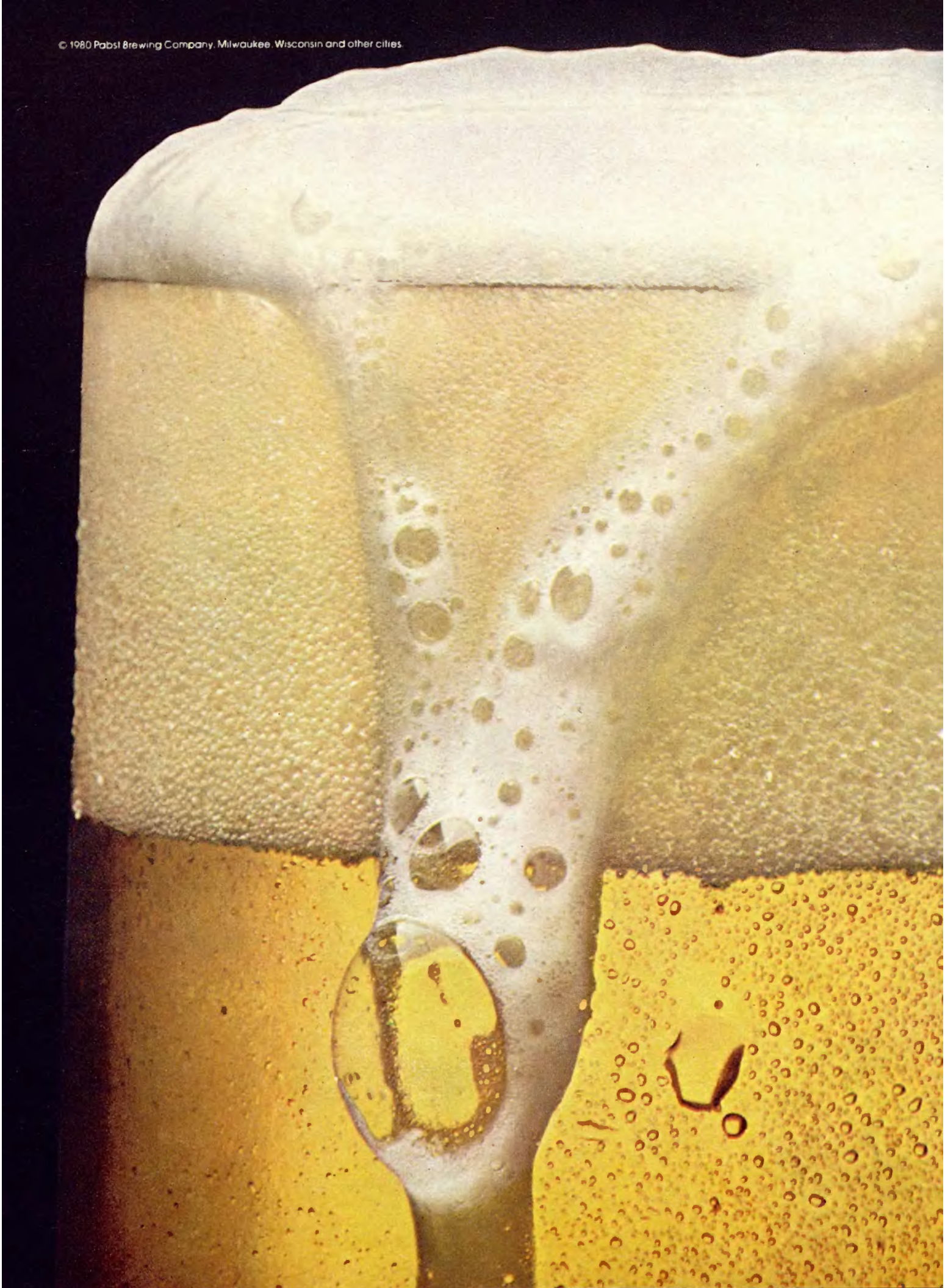
An inflamed prostate gland may contribute to premature ejaculation. One expert compared the effect to "a foreign body in the eye causing rapid blinking." Check with your doctor, follow his instructions and the situation should improve.

I have two questions, and both are about tipping. I belong to a health spa/racquetball club, where I go three times a week to work out in the gym. There is a locker-room attendant who shines shoes, replenishes the hair-grooming supplies and does general cleanup work. Now, a sign in the locker room says that one must pay 50 cents for a shoeshine and 25 cents for use of the hair-grooming supplies. THESE ARE SUPPLIED AS A COURTESY, the sign says, and, accordingly, one is to pay the attendant the 25 cents or 50 cents for them. I don't use any of them. Am I supposed to tip the attendant, nevertheless? Does his mere presence in the locker room warrant a tip? If so, how much? (The spa costs $400 a year.) Secondly, I have my hair shampooed, cut and blown dry at a haircutting place in a mall nearby. I know I should tip both the shampoo girl and the haircutter/stylist, but how much?—W. J., Huntington Valley, Pennsylvania.

It isn't necessary to tip someone in a health club who doesn't provide you with any service. Of course, if he takes your workout for you, then, by all means, tip. When in a hair-styling establishment, a 15 percent gratuity should go to the stylist, while 50 cents to one dollar should go to the shampoo girl. Watch others and see what the accepted amount is.

My new video-cassette recorder has enabled me to develop a pretty good collection of my favorite TV programs and

© 1980 Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin and other cities



Pabst
Blue Ribbon
BEER
Pabst Blue Ribbon®.
America's quality beer since 1844.

THIS MONTH IN THE NEW oui
SERVICE WITH STYLE
April oui is at your service to get you through the Eighties survival game in style. First you'll get valuable advice on *Dating Married Women* without risking your neck. Next you'll learn how to *Stock Your Bar* without spending a fortune. Then oui offers expert tips on *Creative Borrowing* that will keep more cash where you want it—in your wallet. You'll also meet Charlene Tilton, the lovely nymphet from TV's *Dallas*, and feminist foe Andy Kaufman, who wrestles with some tough questions—and a very sexy young lady. Plus an in-depth look at soccer, a trip through the Malibu Grand Prix, the world's most beautiful women and much more. April oui. At newsstands everywhere.
ANDY KAUFMAN
oui
Survival Guide for the '80s

movies. Unfortunately, I've got a good collection of TV commercials as well. It's impossible for me to sit with the machine while it's on to edit out the commercials, so what's the answer?—R. T., Los Angeles, California.

Are you sure you really want to get rid of those commercials? Even recorded commercials can serve the same purpose as the originals. That is, provide time for a quick trip to the kitchen or the bathroom. And, as everyone knows, they are indispensable for quickies during bedroom watching. But if you must have uninterrupted viewing, there is a device called The Editor, made by Shelton Video Editors in Vashon, Washington, that will do the trick. The Editor does it by shutting itself off when the screen fades to black with no audio before a commercial. It remains off for certain standard lengths of time, such as 10, 30 or 60 seconds, until the device determines that the ads are over. The only problem is that the machine is a little slow in starting again, so you could lose up to 30 seconds of programing. If that doesn't bother you, your problem is solved. At least until nature calls.

Please help. I often experience acute pain upon ejaculation. Sometimes it lasts for days. I thought it might be prostatitis, but an examination proved negative. Do you have any knowledge of that reaction?—L. F., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Helen Singer Kaplan, author of "Disorders of Sexual Desire," has suggested that men undergo something akin to vaginismus (in which a woman experiences pain at the moment of penetration). "In this syndrome, the man experiences a sharp pain at the moment of ejaculation, or more typically, a short time after he ejaculates. This pain may last for minutes or hours or even days. It is frequently so intense as to be disabling." Bummer. Apparently, the genital muscles go into an involuntary spasm. The problem appears to be psychological. Kaplan notes: "In males, the underlying causes range from mild masturbatory guilt to profound and severe sexual conflict. Sometimes no underlying cause can be detected." You might review your attitudes about sex and see if any of the above fits. Self-knowledge is the first step toward improving the condition.

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.

PLAYBOY

the name of the game in NASSAU.

Next time you're in the mood for action, come to Nassau and play at our place. The new Playboy Casino.

Baccarat. Blackjack. Craps. Roulette. Big Six Wheel. Slot machines. You'll find them all in a setting of European-style elegance...in the luxurious Ambassador Beach Hotel and Golf Club on Cable Beach.

It's a vacation paradise made even more so.

The PLAYBOY CASINO®

The Ambassador Beach Hotel Nassau, Bahamas

One More Reason Why It's Better in the Bahamas. Ask your travel agent to tell you all about it.

A Note Of Interest To PLAYBOY Subscribers

Periodically, PLAYBOY supplies carefully screened organizations (whose products and services we feel could be of interest to you) with the names and addresses of our subscribers. Most subscribers enjoy receiving mail of this nature. However, others sometimes object to having their names released for this purpose. If you wish to have your name deleted from lists furnished to outside companies, please mail your written request (and include your mailing label, if available) to:

PLAYBOY Subscriber Service
P.O. Box 2523
Boulder, Colorado 80322.

Technics

If you want a frequency response with more dynamic range and more high-end extension, you'll want nothing less than metal tape. And for about $380 there are many metal tape decks to choose from. But if you want more than just metal, you'll want what most other comparably priced decks don't give you. The 3 heads and double Dolby† in Technics RS-M63.

The RS-M63's 3-head configuration lets you do what most other comparably priced decks don't: Monitor your recordings while you're recording. And, since our separate HPF record and playback heads are precisely gapped and enclosed in a single housing, you won't get azimuth error. What you will get is an extremely wide frequency response with CrO_2 tape and an incredibly high response with metal tape.

Wow and Flutter	Frequency Response	S/N
0.05% WRMS	20Hz-20kHz(metal) 20Hz-18kHz(FeCr/CrO_2) 20Hz-17kHz(normal)	67 dB Dolby in

As good as that sounds, double Dolby will make it sound even better, because there are separate Dolby circuits for recording and playback. So you can monitor your tapes with the full effects of Dolby Noise Reduction. That means a lot when it comes to accurate recordings.

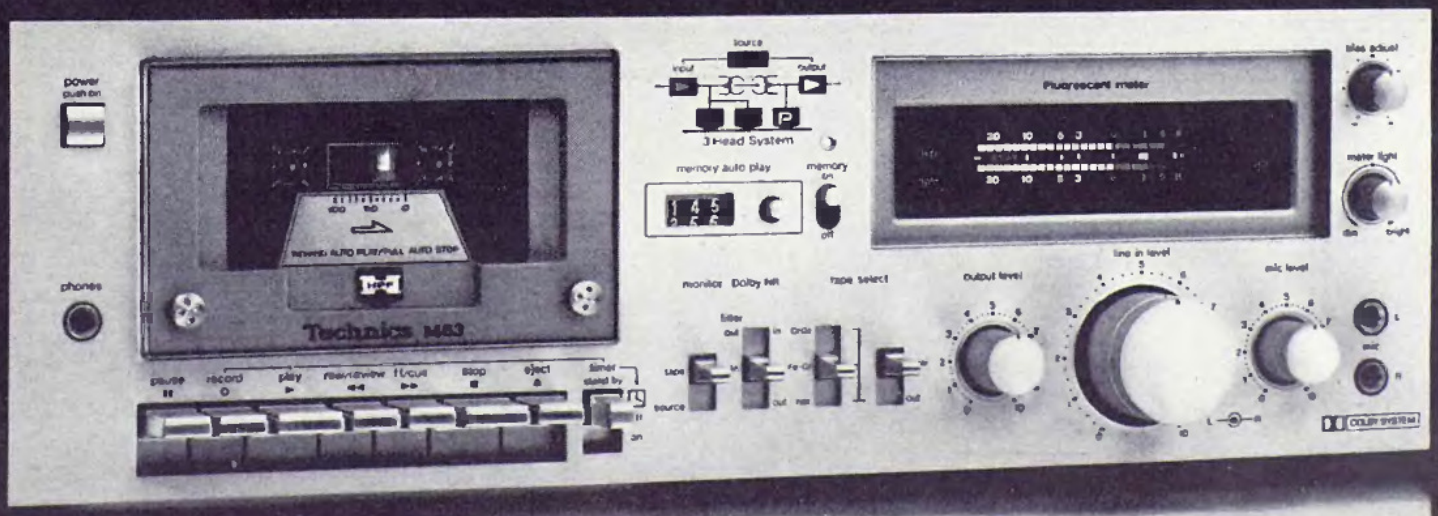
So do the RS-M63's fluorescent (FL) bar graph meters. Especially when it comes to dynamic range. Because with their device attack time of just 5-millionths of a second, they can respond to the most sudden musical transients.

To help you make the most of all this performance, the RS-M63 has a fine bias adjustment, so you can get the most out of all kinds of tape. And you'll spend more time listening to music and less time searching for it, because we include the memory features you need. Like auto-rewind, auto play and rewind auto play.

Technics RS-M63. The only deck to consider when you consider what you get for the price.

* Recommended price for Technics RS-M63, but actual price will be set by dealers.
† Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories.

Before you spend $380* on a metal tape deck, make sure it has 3 heads and double Dolby.



THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

SLOPE SIGNALS

Re the Aspen skier who, distracted by the sight of a pants-down female on the slopes, managed to cream himself—referring, of course, to his resulting broken ankle. Whatever the circumstances, attractive women skiers definitely contribute to the intrinsic hazards of this otherwise wholesome sport (I say with tongue firmly in cheek) and something has got to be done about it! I suggest this:

Just as most ski areas have posted symbols to indicate the relative difficulty of the trails, women's ski apparel should have appropriate markings, if not for the slopes, then for the social interactions that are part of the whole scene. Traditionally, a plain circle indicates easy terrain, suitable for beginners; a square means intermediate difficulty—challenging but quite cruisable for those with a bit of skill and experience. Now, the black-diamond symbol means definite risks are involved and only seasoned experts should stick their necks out very far. Terrible things can happen when amateurs tangle with these black-diamond girls, for sure.

(Name withheld by request)
Carlsbad, New Mexico

Clever, if a bit chauvinistic; how about comparable markings for men? Or would every male wear only markings indicating he was a pushover? (For readers who missed the original letter, the "pants-down female" referred to was an unfortunate lass who had been answering nature's urgent call behind some bushes and accidentally schussed off before she was ready.)

FRIENDLY SKIES

I was amused to read Cynthia L. Duffy's letter (*The Playboy Forum*, December), in which she comments on "Santa Monica Private Pilot's" orgasmic experience while flying and watching the sunset (*The Playboy Forum*, September). I'm not sure why Miss Duffy thought that Santa Monica was a male—could have been a woman. The letter doesn't say.

Anyway, I have a story that literally tops that one. It happened approximately ten years ago. I was flying over west Texas one night at 43,000 feet in a single-seat Air Force fighter. The skies were perfectly clear and not only could I see thousands of stars but I could see the cities and towns hundreds of miles away. Being alone with such beauty was too much for me. I got a hard-on that wouldn't quit.

I tried to ignore my feeling, but there was no way; it wouldn't go down. I had about five minutes before I had to change headings and make a radio call, so I unzipped my flight suit and started some manual massage. For those who have never experienced an orgasm at 600 miles an hour while breathing pure oxygen, I can only say that it's incredible. I almost lit the afterburner when I came.

"I was making some pretty serious gestures toward back-seat, mile-high sex."

Since I had no automatic pilot, I had to control the stick and throttle with one hand while I throttled my own stick with the other. (I would *not* recommend this activity to an inexperienced aviator!) If Cynthia had been there, I'm sure I could have trimmed the plane to fly itself for a few minutes.

California Professional Pilot
Orangeville, California

The letter from the private pilot who got his rocks off to a spectacular California sunset inspires me to share my own adventure in the skies, which was somewhat less poetic—at least as it turned out. A friend of mine owns a Bellanca and my girlfriend and I were flying with him and his wife from Texas to California several years ago. In the course of the flight, we all got talking, mostly joking, about how we should make a real effort to have some high-altitude sex so we could submit our applications to the Mile-High Club. (I don't know if the club truly exists, but it's legendary and a perfectly good excuse for screwing, regardless.)

After a lot of bullshitting one another, the four of us were getting horny enough to overcome our inhibitions and were deeply into the logistical problems of performing any kind of sex under such space limitations.

By the time we had crossed Las Vegas and were nearing the California-Nevada border, we were all psyched up and sorted out and I was making some pretty serious gestures toward some back-seat, mile-high sex (we were about 10,000 feet, but it never hurts to be safe), when the aircraft nearly flipped upside down, for no apparent reason. Actually, it only bumped up and sideways and put us into a panic for a few seconds, but I hate to ruin a good story.

As soon as the pilot recovered control, he turned on the radio and we learned that we had just been hit by the shock wave from an underground nuclear test; apparently, the warning had been on for hours, but we hadn't been listening. It was no big deal, but it was sufficiently distracting that my boner wilted, my girlfriend buttoned up her blouse, the pilot and his wife became preoccupied with the radio and the trim and other matters associated with airplane flying, and that was the end of that.

Since that day, I have been an ardent opponent of nuclear testing.

(Name withheld by request)
San Antonio, Texas

THE HOMOSEXUAL ISSUE

PLAYBOY has been so long an uncritical supporter of homosexuals that I'm pleased to see a little common sense creep into the magazine. I'm referring, of course, to *The San Francisco Experience*, by Nora Gallagher, in the January issue. Despite the usual (and perhaps deserved) sop to those gays who do not make a dedicated effort to be offensive, she describes quite clearly why there is such a thing as prejudice against

homosexuals. They've worked hard for quite a few years to bring it on themselves.

(Name withheld by request)
Palo Alto, California

A letter from a homosexual in our January "Playboy Forum" makes somewhat the same point, if a little more sensibly. Letters in our March issue both thank us and denounce us for our positions on the subject, which is debated continually in these columns. But let us clarify something: We are not uncritical supporters of homosexuals; we do strongly support the rights of all citizens, including homosexuals. Now, for some further comments, wise and otherwise:

In order to show what makes straights apprehensive and enraged, Gallagher takes us where? Into the glory holes and the leather bars—to the private, not the public side of gay life, an exclusive nighttime world that heterosexuals, and many homosexuals, rarely if ever visit. Gallagher would have done better to stick with what straights like herself might encounter of gay life during the course of an ordinary day and examine her feelings regarding those more common exchanges.

Michael Rubin
San Francisco, California

To be homosexual and live in San Francisco and *not* fit into the local gay lifestyle, as Gallagher describes it, virtually ensures isolation. You inhabit a kind of no man's land where you are, on one hand, ignored or even shunned by your wonderful gay brethren and, on the other, an object of contempt to heterosexuals who have had enough of fags. Fortunately, my stay in gay mecca was short (one year) and I have returned to greener pastures.

John Forth
New York, New York

Part of the reason some people don't approve of homosexuality may be that they don't approve of heterosexuality, either. Note the common expletives: Fucker, Get fucked, You fuckhead; phrases like fuck over, fuck around and the ubiquitous fuck up.

The questions I want to confront all heterosexuals with are simply these: What have you got against fucking? Why do you use the word as if it's the nastiest thing you can think of? Your grandparents never used it, because they thought it was dirty—both the word and what it stood for. You use it all the time, for the same reasons, even if the shock value has gone.

The main idea behind all this kind of language is that the way to dominate, humiliate and hurt a person is to stick a penis into her or him. Such talk reflects the way rapists think. I don't know

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

IS NOTHING HARMLESS?

McDonald's coffee stirrers have become something of a collector's item since the company announced it was redesigning them to eliminate their possible use as "drug paraphernalia." The issue came up, to the dismay of

McDonald's officials, when witnesses before a U.S. Senate subcommittee testified that the tiny spoons have been adopted by drug users as a standard measure of and a popular means of snorting cocaine.

VACCINE FOR MONO

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS—*A researcher at Harvard's Sidney Farber Cancer Institute reports the development of a vaccine that may provide protection against mononucleosis, otherwise known—inaccurately—as the kissing disease. Laboratory tests with rabbits indicate that the vaccine produces antibodies against the virus that causes mono, which has been linked to two types of cancer.*

VACATION FROM HOUSEWORK

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA—*A 49-year-old mother of seven is reportedly delighted at the jail sentence of six months to three years that she received for growing marijuana. The woman's 19-year-old daughter told a newsman, "Mum wanted it this way. She went around telling everyone that it would give her a chance to have a rest. She's never had a holiday, except for a day or two in Adelaide or Melbourne on business, and she's always worked very hard. So she was really cheerful about it."*

GOOD SHOT

BATH, MAINE—*A young carnival barker was acquitted of running a crooked skill game after undergoing a "trial by ordeal." The judge in the case decided that the game would be found legitimate if the defendant could play it himself and win. On his sixth try, he succeeded in bouncing a softball off the belly of a stuffed green dragon and into a ten-gallon milk can. Courtroom spectators applauded and the judge found him innocent of theft by deception.*

LICENTIOUSNESS

SACRAMENTO—*A Californian whose last name is Schmuck may sue the state over its refusal to issue a personalized license plate bearing his last name. The motor-vehicles department includes* SCHMUCK *on its list of words deemed obscene, offensive or insulting. The motorist said he did not intend for his name to be translated into the Yiddish word for penis and might take legal action to uphold his good name, which in German means ornament. He added that he would not settle for a plate with only his first name, which happens to be Peter.*

GOOD NEIGHBORS

BEATTY, NEVADA—*Local citizens, businesses and service organizations—including the Veterans of Foreign Wars—have held a special fund-raising drive to help rebuild Fran's Star Ranch, one of the area's legal brothels, which was destroyed by fire. The V.F.W. Women's Auxiliary sponsored a "fire dance" that raised more than $5000 and a saloon owner donated $1000 in receipts from card playing. "We're not doing this to restore a brothel," explained one contributor. "We're doing this for Fran. She's one of a kind"—with a popular reputation for buying uniforms for the local softball team, advertising in the high school yearbook and donating regularly to the volunteer fire department.*

PAY POTTIES

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Senator John Warner of Virginia may be stirring up a new controversy over pay toilets. Charging that such toilets discriminate against women and children, because men's urinals are free, the Senator has introduced an amendment that would eliminate pay toilets from all airports that emplane at least 25,000 passengers a year.*

VIRGINITY LOSING OUT

TEMPE, ARIZONA—*Both male and female college students now rank chastity at the bottom of the list of personal characteristics they consider important in selecting a mate, according to an Arizona State University study. When essentially the same survey was conducted in 1939, chastity ranked tenth on a list of 18 qualities. Topping the list in the new survey were emotional stability and mutual attraction, with dependability—the most important quality in 1939—dropping to third place.*

FBI GOES SOFT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The FBI, which has always been extremely strict about personal conduct, has liberalized certain rules to the point where its agents no longer face automatic dismissal for engaging in premarital or extramarital sex. While rules remain strict on homosexuality and marijuana use, the bureau indicated that eventually some latitude may be shown in individual cases, usually involving past conduct in which the acts in question could have no detrimental effect on an agent's work.*

DRINKING TO REMEMBER

LOS ANGELES—*A moderate amount of alcohol may enhance the memory if taken just after a learning experience, according to experiments at the University of Southern California. School of Pharmacy researchers found that with mice, at least, a little booze seemed to aid in the storage and retention of information a week after the*

experiment, but they cautioned against projecting such effects to human learning and memory. Past research indicates that memory impairment is one of the common side effects of alcohol abuse.

FREE SPEECH

KITTERY, MAINE—*A district judge has found a New York City woman innocent of littering after she dumped a box of garbage under the police dispatcher's window at the town hall. Noting that the act was committed to protest the lack of trash barrels at a local beach, the court held that the woman tourist was exercising her right of symbolic free speech.*

TAX AVOIDANCE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The Internal Revenue Service has decided to challenge the tax returns of a Maryland couple who three times have divorced and remarried twice in order to take advantage of the lower taxes payed by employed single people who are simply living together. The test case should provide a court ruling on what the IRS calls "sham divorces" intended to lower tax liability. The defendants found it possible to save some $2800 in Federal income taxes by obtaining a $350 divorce in Haiti and then remarrying after the first of the year.*

GAYS STILL BANNED

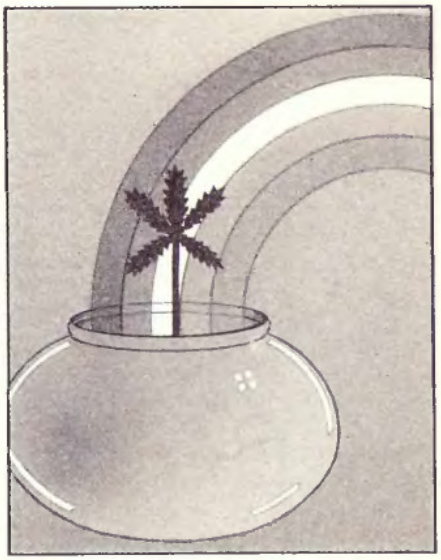
WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Despite a recent ruling by the head of the U. S. Public Health Service, Justice Department lawyers have concluded that the Immigration and Naturalization Service still must enforce a statutory ban on the admission of homosexual foreigners to the United States. Last summer, the U. S. Surgeon General, acknowledging changes in medical views, declared that homosexuality should no longer be considered a "mental disease or defect" and that immigration officers would be so advised. An assistant attorney general conceded that this would make enforcement of the ban difficult or impractical but said it did not alter the law itself. Gay rights groups are expected to further challenge the 1952 immigration law, known as the McCarran-Walter Act, which considers homosexuality itself a disease.*

DOGS AND DRUGS

HIGHLAND, INDIANA—*The use of police dogs in public schools to search for drugs does not violate the constitutional rights of students, a Federal district judge has held. Ruling in a suit brought by the American Civil Liberties Union, the judge decided that the dogs merely acted as aides to the school administrator in detecting the scent of marijuana for the purpose of enforcing school regulations rather than conducting a criminal investigation. The same decision ruled out strip searches of students.*

"ODEC"?

BOGOTA—*Colombia's most respected economics organization, the National Association of Financial Institutions, has proposed that marijuana be legalized and that the funds now spent combating it instead be earmarked for development programs in the regions where the pot is now cultivated. Recognizing the problems of taking such action unilaterally, the association's yearlong study points out that Colombia presently spends close to $150,000,000 annually to fight the*



weed and that its ultimate legalization and marketing could raise at least $170,000,000 a year in tax revenues.

Meanwhile, the president of Colombia's national senate went even further, calling on seven Latin-American countries to legalize the production and sale of both marijuana and cocaine. According to Zodiac news service, Senator Hector Echeverri Correa referred to Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, Chile, Venezuela, Mexico and Colombia, which would form a kind of "organization of drug-exporting countries" along the lines of OPEC, the international oil cartel.

CHURCH OF YOUR CHOICE

SEATTLE—*The Venusian Church, alleging that raids on sexual activities at its temple constitute religious interference and harassment, has filed a $10,000,000 suit against Seattle and the city police. The church acknowledges that sexual activities play a major role in its beliefs and practices but defends them as being religious in nature and entitled to constitutional protection. The suit claims that the sexual materials, including movies, slides and live performances, are presented at the temple to "serve as a medium for the communication of the principles and philosophies of the church."*

why feminists haven't realized there's an issue here more significant than "chairperson."

Roger M. Smith
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

In response to the faggots who have written letters to defend gay rights, I say this: They may have the right to do what they want in the privacy of their own homes, but nature gave us an urge for sex with the intent that we'd give way to temptation and thus propagate the human species. I've heard gays say that what heterosexuals are doing is just as unnatural as what *they're* doing—having sex not for the purpose of keeping the species alive but for pleasure. This may be true, but the attraction between man and woman is natural (all opposites attract). Homosexual attraction is unnatural, despite what anybody says.

(Name withheld by request)
Los Angeles, California

All opposites attract? How about the birds of a feather who flock together?

SMOKEY, THE BANDIT

By STEVE DANIELS

Earl Henry "Smokey" Burris, 66, took his stand in the grand manner of frontier individualism and dared the state of Arizona to stop him from growing and smoking his own marijuana. Arizona accepted the dare and locked him up in prison for three to five years. The case is an embarrassment for both Arizona lawmakers and Arizona law enforcers. In the name of protecting citizens from themselves and from drugs and teaching them respect for the law, they may have passed a death sentence on a harmless elderly eccentric in failing health. Steve Daniels, who has been covering the story as a bureau chief of The Arizona Republic, *sends us this report:*

OATMAN, ARIZONA—Here in the rural Southwest, county sheriffs ride Ford LTDs, not horses, but you'll find most of them still wearing Stetsons, pearl-button shirts, boots and paunches in the classic Western lawman tradition. At least that's the case in Mohave County, where law-enforcement personnel have an almost equal dislike for Communists and Federal Government bureaucrats (the Environmental Protection Agency has threatened to fine the sheriff for stripping his patrol cars of their emission-control devices). Local lawmen also dislike dope smokers—make that dope fiends, and make the definition real loose.

In the mid- to late Seventies, the U. S. Law Enforcement Assistance Administration pumped a lot of money into Mohave County to combat the flow of drugs, including heroin, across the Mexican border. Increased vigilance of the nearly 80 deserted airstrips in the county, plus increased manpower and the paraquat scare, virtually eliminated the nightly flights from Mexico, and undercover agents have had to change their policies to keep the "war on drugs" going. The result—besides a phenomenal inflation of the price of marijuana—has been a marked increase in the number of small drug busts. Which brings us to the case of Smokey Burris.

For ten years, Burris was one of about 150 residents of this former gold-mining boomtown, once a hot spot of about 5000 residents on the long, scenic, desolate haul over the old Route 66 between Chicago and Los Angeles. To use the local vernacular, Burris qualified as a colorful but often contrary old codger who minded his own business and expected other folks to do the same. Since last year, however, he has been a resident of the Arizona State Prison, where he is serving a three-to-five-year term for cultivation of marijuana. He may well die there, a victim of nonviable drug laws and a melancholy symbol of a justice system that is too often truly blind.

Burris entered prison with known respiratory problems and a heart condition yet was assigned to a work detail at Fort Grant in southern Arizona. He was eventually given medication and transferred to a medical section of the state pen at Florence after fellow inmates raised a ruckus over the labor he was expected to perform. They were afraid he would die.

Burris had been sentenced to prison as a result of his arrest in July 1978, when county narcotics agents found 50 marijuana plants over ten feet tall growing in his side yard. The sentence was handed down by Cochise County Superior Court Judge Anthony T. Deddens, considered a "hanging judge" by several members of the Arizona bar. Some Arizonans wrote to newspapers, suggesting that justice should include an element of mercy and the law an element of common sense; and if poor judgment is a crime, then perhaps Deddens should join Smokey in the slammer—or even take his place. But this popular sympathy has had to acknowledge that Smokey certainly was obstinate and defiant of Arizona's tough drug law.

"Even if sent to jail, he would continue the use of marijuana," a probation officer told the court. "It is the defendant's belief that the courts and the law are wrong concerning marijuana and he is right."

Judge Deddens agreed. "There is nothing in this man's background that makes him a viable candidate for probation," he said in pronouncing sentence against Burris. "The defendant seems adamant in his determination to decide for himself whether or not to conform to the laws of society." He added that Burris was "flagrant in his disregard for the law." Burris had established that beyond much doubt, at least with respect to the law against marijuana. Since 1972, he had managed to get himself arrested three times under the administrations of three county sheriffs, one arrest culminating in a two-month jail term.

In 1973, after reading that three young people had received long sentences for marijuana, Burris had belabored the local constable to accept a sample of his own home-grown and then lock him up in their place. The constable refused, but Burris later ended up facing pot charges and was temporarily exiled from the state. About then, he began proclaiming himself loudly and proudly to be "probably the world's oldest pothead." At his trial last year, he smoked a joint on the courthouse steps during a recess.

In short, it wasn't easy for Smokey to get himself into serious trouble, but his efforts finally paid off. He attracted too much attention and the state decided he was setting a bad example by thumbing his nose at the law. Now it is setting a good example, presumably, by locking him up.

Burris' conviction is on appeal, but that protracted and probably futile process may last longer than Smokey.

MADNESS OF THE MONTH

Among the stranger species of *non compos mentis* inhabiting this state is a group calling itself the Pro-Family Coalition of Utah, which is currently opposing the Planned Parenthood Association of Ogden. In one mailing, the Pro-Family folks listed the following as the measures Planned Parenthood advocates to "reduce fertility in the United States":

Encourage homosexuality.

Put fertility-control agents in citizens' water supplies.

Encourage women to work.

Increase taxes for married people and people with children.

Require women to work.

Subsidize childless citizens to encourage birth control.

Subsidize sterilization to encourage sterilization.

Subsidize abortion to encourage abortion.

Compulsory abortion for out-of-wedlock pregnancy.

Compulsory sterilization of all who have two children, except for a few who would be allowed three.

Now, that's what I call a comprehensive program of population control! I don't know what the Planned Parenthood people would call it.

(Name withheld by request)
Salt Lake City, Utah

Bullshit, most likely, though they might put it a bit more delicately.

STREET STRATEGY

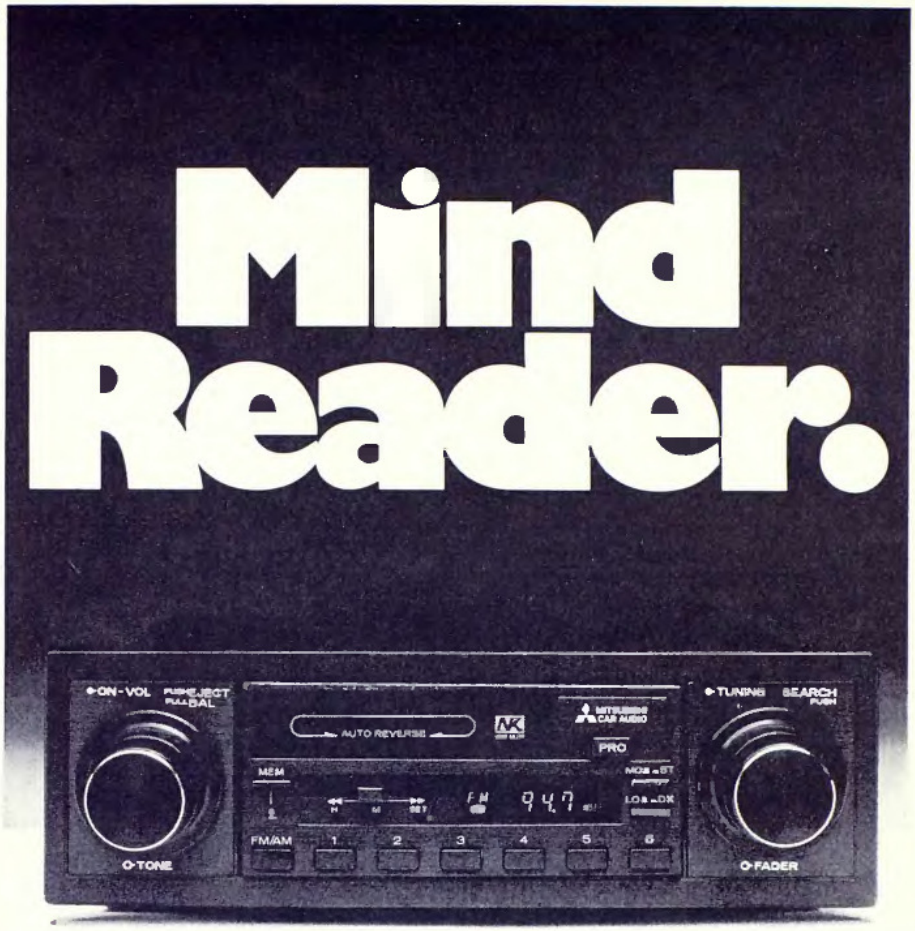
You should have advised the man in Norwalk (*The Playboy Forum*, December) that there is, in fact, a way to approach a prostitute and practically eliminate the possibility of her being a police decoy. Simply ask her if you can buy her a drink and avoid discussing specific sexual acts or any payment until you both are in the car and have driven several blocks. It's true that some prostitutes might insist on striking a deal in advance, but many will go along with that system. The point is that no policewoman will accept such an offer or be in a position to make an arrest.

John H. Cone
Pasadena, California

SIMPLE SOLUTION

You may be interested to know that PLAYBOY has been banned at the Franklin Pierce Law Student Cooperative. This situation came about after some members of the Women's Caucus, a feminist group at the Law Center, asked the directors of the bookstore to stop selling magazines that supposedly exploit women. Rather than debate which do and which don't, the directors solved the problem by banning the sale of *all* magazines in the bookstore, including newsmagazines.

So far, those of us who are outraged at this blatant denial of First Amendment



RX-2
from Mitsubishi
Car Audio.

It's car stereo that knows your favorite stations.
It's car stereo that knows what time it is.
It's car stereo that locates the stations for you.
It's the RX-2 from Mitsubishi. An in-dash cassette deck with a digital AM/FM MPX tuner. The electronic pushbutton memory recalls up to six AM and six FM stations. Auto-search/manual-scan plus auto-reverse and auto-eject. The digital display indicates tuning frequency and time-of-day right before your eyes.

If you've been thinking about buying a car stereo, why not get one that will do your thinking for you.

MITSUBISHI® CAR AUDIO
SOUND US OUT

© 1980 Melco Sales, Inc., 7045 N. Ridgeway Ave., Lincolnwood, Ill. 60645, 800-323-4216 (Outside Ill.) 312-973-2000 (Within Ill.)
In Canada: Melco Sales Canada, 900 C. Denison St., Markham, Ontario L3R3K5, 416-495-7728

IT GLIDES
OVER THE PALATE
WITH NARY A RIPPLE.

CUTTY SARK®

"CUTTY SARK," "CUTTY," THE CUTTY SARK LABEL & THE CLIPPER SHIP DESIGN ARE REG. TMS OF BERRY BROS. & RUDD LTD., LONDON, ENG.
90 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORP., N.Y., N.Y.

SCOTS WHISKY

Or to anything else that's exposed.

Tri-Flon lubricates and protects just about anything in your home, on your boat, in your car, on your gun, or anywhere.

We've suspended specially processed, micron-sized Teflon* beads in solution to produce the longest lasting, most effective lubricating, penetrating protection available.

Spray on Tri-Flon wherever you want to stop sticking, squeaking, rubbing, wearing or corrosion. And keep it working up to 10 times longer than with other products.

Tri-Flon lubricates and protects in cold down to −65°F and in heat to 470°F. And it won't break down or build up with use.

Tri-Flon is a development of the very latest in space-age technology. There's absolutely no better way to keep things moving.

TRI-FLON™
Lubricant with Teflon*
Making your life a little smoother.

Do it to anything that moves.

The Tri-Flon Company, 3180 Pullman Street, Costa Mesa, CA 92626 (714) 540-4023
*Registered trademark of E.I. Dupont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.)

rights have been unable to convince the directors to reverse their decision. It is especially disturbing to find that the same individuals who so ardently champion freedom of choice in the important area of abortion rights are willing to deny freedom of access to publications. But we can take heart from a recent case in the Federal district court pertaining to First Amendment rights and access to magazines. The court in that case said it best: "The most effective antidote to the poison of mindless orthodoxy is ready access to a broad sweep of ideas and philosophies. There is no danger to such exposure. The danger is in mind control."

Richard F. Silber
Concord, New Hampshire

Some people seem ever willing to demand freedom for themselves while denying it to others. Only a few years ago, it was a Federal crime to mail information on abortion and birth control.

ADOPTION VS. ABORTION

It is very apparent that those anti-abortionists who offer adoption as a substitute for abortion have not studied the far-reaching psychological effects of that option.

Considering the trauma and the pain connected with giving up a child for adoption, it can be understood why many favor abortion or single parenthood. Birth parents are denied participation in the planning of their child's future and are forced to live with lifelong guilt for having abandoned him. Dr. Arthur Sorosky, co-author of *The Adoption Triangle*, has described birth parents' pain as a sense of psychological amputation. They frequently face social and self-induced secrecy and guilt over their decision and experience feelings of depression, anger, grief and loss.

Perhaps anti-abortionists have not considered any of this. Or maybe the improper-sex *vs.* proper-punishment principle applies. Whatever the case, it must be remembered that no option is without its penalty and each woman must be permitted to decide for herself which action to take.

Wilma Walkling Cogliantry
Kensington, Connecticut

SEXUAL SEMANTICS

I must admit I am thoroughly amused by the argument that rape should not be considered a "sexual" offense! The psychologists and criminologists can analyze motives all they want, but it will never change the fact that in rape, a woman is forced to have sex against her will. It's possible that many cases of rape are acts of violence toward another person, and the legal point is assault. But if, in fact, a woman is penetrated and can prove that it was against her will, then that involves her body; and to a virgin woman who

does not believe in premarital sex, something irreplaceable has been lost.

Don't misunderstand me. The point is well made. It is much easier to convict a person of assault than of rape, and many of the current rape laws could be improved. But no matter what law is enacted or enforced or what views are taken into consideration, let's not distort the facts. When a woman is forced to have sexual intercourse, it is a *sexual* assault—otherwise known as rape.

Timothy C. Gimber
Huntsville, Texas

Apparently, you're a victim of the same tendency too many jurors have to confuse physiology, emotions and statutory law when considering the crime of rape. By treating rape as a crime of violence, as in physical assault or battery, leaving sex out of it, the questions of pleasure or enticement are minimized; assault, by definition, isn't anyone's idea of fun.

GOOD-NEIGHBOR POLICY

I refer to the letters addressed to you by Chip G. Younkin and James Douglas Clarke, concerning mistreatment to American tourists by Mexican customs officers and published in your September issue. We strongly disapprove any misbehavior of any of our officers and we are doing our best to prevent these unfortunate occurrences. We have taken several administrative measures to make the entrance and stay in Mexico of all tourists as easy and pleasant as possible.

Agustin Acosta Lagunes
Assistant Secretary of
Public Information
Mexico City, Mexico

CRIME CONTROL, MEXICAN STYLE

Some Mexican police may be just as corrupt and offensive as several of your *turista* correspondents suggest, but when they do resort to serious "anticrime" measures, their tactics are effective.

When the Baja Peninsula was opened to the regular tourist trade by means of a paved road, a bandit problem developed. Americans in campers and pulling trailers were being stopped and robbed, sometimes killed, which was bad for the local economy. To discourage that sort of thing, the Mexican *federales* started trolling up and down the new road in a family-type sedan pulling a trailer loaded with cops. When the *banditos* took the bait, the cops poured out of the trailer and simply machine-gunned all the bad guys on the spot. There wasn't much due process, but after that there wasn't much of a *bandito* problem, either.

That was several years ago. Last summer, another problem developed because of the U. S. gas crisis. Some of the peninsula filling-station operators started gouging American tourists and creating international bad will. Again, the

OVER THE COURSE OF TIME, THE TASTE HASN'T ALTERED A DEGREE.

CUTTY SARK®

"CUTTY SARK," "CUTTY," THE CUTTY SARK LABEL & THE CLIPPER SHIP DESIGN ARE REG. TMS OF BERRY BROS. & RUDD LTD. LONDON, ENG. 90 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY THE BUCCANEER CORP., N. Y., N. Y.

SCOTS WHISKY

The French Wrap. Outrageous Swimwear at a Value-Packed Price of only $19.99

SUNUP/SUNDOWN

P.O. Drawer 11899, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33339

For "The French Wrap" send $19.99 + $1.75 handling.

(Fla. residents add 4% State Sales Tax)

□ Master Charge □ Visa
□ Check/Money Order

Full Signature _____ Acct. No. _____ Expiration Date _____

Name (Please Print Legibly) _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip/Postal Code _____ Style 1005/PB 4

Or Call Free (order desk only)
1-800-358-9151
In California 1-800-862-4999

Sizes: □ 5-7 small □ 7-9 medium □ 9-11 large

Colors: □ virgin white □ sexy black □ ocean blue □ burgundy □ dark chocolate

Second color choice: _____

No nonsense guarantee *—Refund if not totally satisfied, return in 10 days.* **$19.99.**

Mexican police rose to the occasion: Masquerading as gringos on holiday, they simply started patronizing various stations up and down the Baja highway and shooting anybody who cheated them.

I can't say I totally approve of such measures, but they do seem to work.

Ed Johnson
Los Angeles, California

We can't verify them, but such stories, we discovered, are at least well-established Baja folklore.

GOOD INTENTIONS

This is a late comment but probably still valid. The Rutgers University police program of handing out "rape cards" (*Forum Newsfront*, July 1979) strikes me as one of the finest measures yet designed to prevent this particular crime. (Women found hitchhiking or in other vulnerable situations are given cards that read, IF I WERE A RAPIST, YOU'D BE IN TROUBLE. Naturally, in another knee jerk of intellectual menopause, local women's groups went berserk chanting their mantra "Sexist" and an honest effort to protect them bit the shit.

Nobody sane believes women are responsible for being raped. But anybody sane must agree that precautions can be taken against it. That's what the Rutgers cops tried to point out. If a Detroit policeman handed me a card one dark night that read, IF I WERE AN ARMED ROBBER, YOU'D BE IN TROUBLE, I would say, "Thank you."

But if the Rutgers ladies choose to object, I, for one, say fuck 'em.

Russell B. deBeauclair
Birmingham, Michigan

SPARING THE ROD

On behalf of the National Center, our executive committee, board of advisors, friends and the citizens against the use of force on children, I want to thank the Playboy Foundation for its generous support of and continuing interest in our activities. Your money will be used to further our legal efforts on behalf of children. You might be interested to know that the center is being increasingly utilized by groups such as the Children's Defense Fund and the Center for Law and Education at Harvard in providing social-science evidence to refute ill-founded efforts of punitiveness against children in the schools.

Irwin A. Hyman, Ed.D., Director
National Center for the Study
of Corporal Punishment
Temple University
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dr. Hyman and James H. Wise have compiled "Corporal Punishment in American Education (Readings in History, Practice and Alternatives)," a 471-page collection of articles and studies available in hardcover through Temple University Press, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122.

DEATH PENALTY

Legal execution is not murder, just as a legally imposed fine is not theft. If the Government has a rightful authority to send innocent young men to battle to be maimed and slaughtered to protect the country and its citizens, why hasn't it the same authority to execute convicted murderers and terrorists for the same reason? That, I believe, is the real question—the only question.

Archie Hovanesian, Sr.
New Britain, Connecticut

If only it were that simple. To date, there's no evidence that capital punishment deters the one crime—murder—to which it generally applies. Confine your argument to rational, profit-motivated armed robbers and it might have some validity. But then it logically extends to unarmed robbers, burglars, thieves and purse snatchers—at least to those professional enough to heed the advice of their attorneys. In short, the death penalty always sounds good to already law-abiding people who tend to support it out of fear and frustration, but it has no known deterrent value.

FORUM FOLLIES

Our frequent coverage of psychological surveys, studies and research in "Forum Newsfront" prompted Andrew Arnesson of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, to submit the following bit of doggerel—source, author, era unknown—which he found while sorting through some old papers.

NOTES FROM A PSYCHIATRIC WORKER

I never get mad, I get hostile.
I never feel sad, I'm depressed.
If I sew or I knit and enjoy it a bit,
I'm not handy, I'm merely obsessed.

I never regret, I feel guilty;
And if I should vacuum the hall,
Wash the woodwork and such, and
Not mind it too much,
Am I tidy? Compulsive is all.

If I can't choose a hat, I have conflicts,
With ambivalent feelings toward it.
I never get worried, or nervous or hurried;
Anxiety, that's what I get!

If I'm happy, I must be euphoric.
If I go to a Stork Club or Ritz
And have a good time making puns or a rhyme,
I'm a manic—or maybe a schiz.

If I tell you you're right, I'm submissive,
Repressing aggressiveness, too;
And when I disagree, I'm defensive, you see,
And projecting my symptoms on you.

I love you, but that's just transference
With Oedipus rearing his head.
My breathing asthmatic is psychosomatic,
A fear of exclaiming, "Drop dead!"

I'm not lonely, I'm simply dependent.
My dog has no fleas, just a tic.
So if I'm a cad, never mind, just be glad
That I'm not a stinker—I'm sick!

PORN PROBLEM

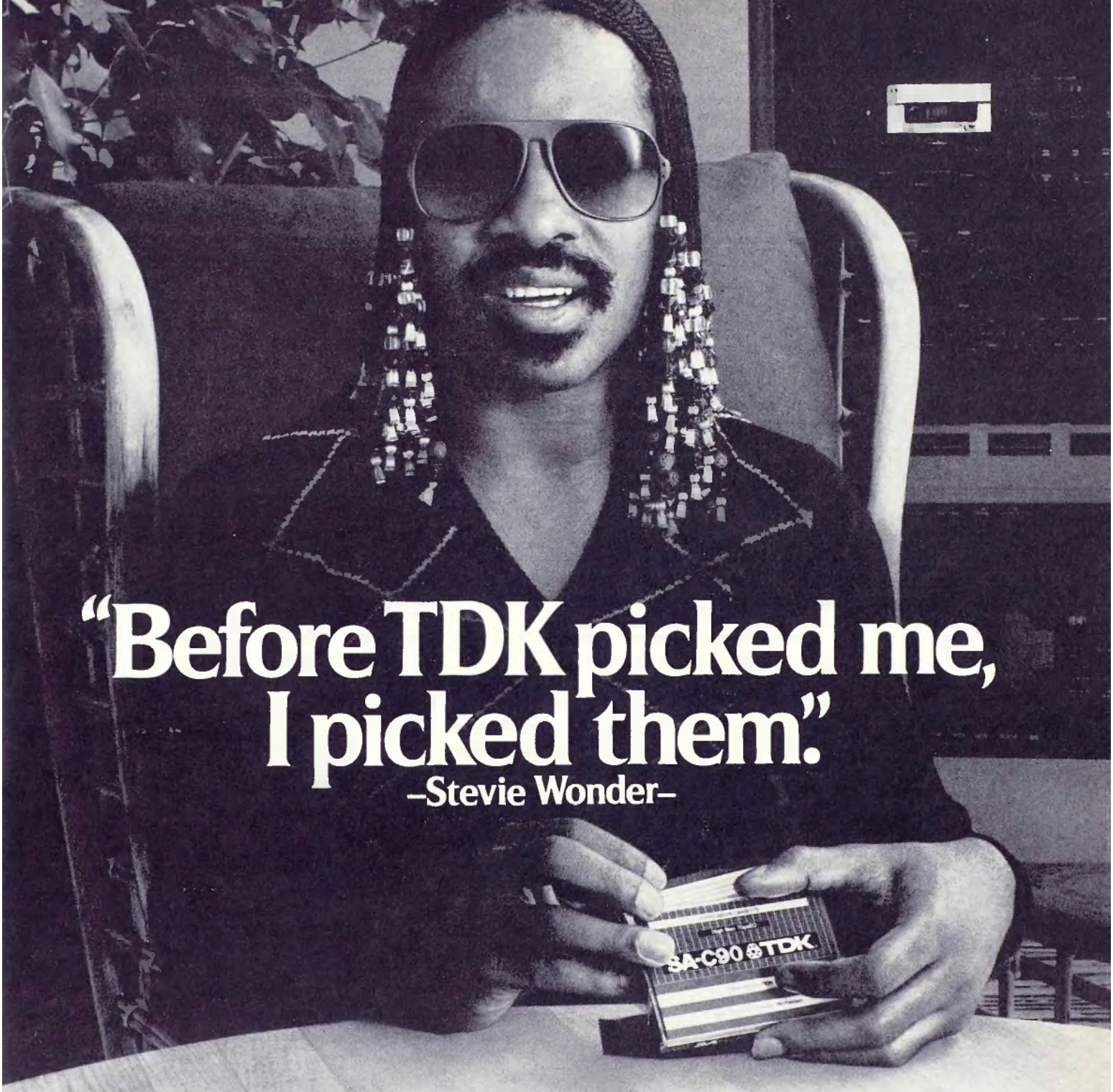
As civil libertarians, social scientists and PLAYBOY have so long asserted, there may well be no connection between pornography and antisocial behavior. That has seemed to be the case in Denmark and was the conclusion of the Presidential Commission on Violence and Pornography that, as far as I know, is considered to have done a great deal of objective research on the subject. But I am familiar with quite a few other studies that have found violent tendencies to be enhanced by visual stimulation; I am also aware of some present studies now examining the effects of such visual stimulation on sexual behavior; and my background in psychology, plus my common sense, tells me that pornographic violence—not necessarily to be confused with pornography—may, indeed, influence antisocial behavior toward women, as in rape.

In your concern over our constitutional rights and individual freedom from censorship—a concern that I strongly share—do not blind yourselves to the strong likelihood that there is a serious social problem here and one that this country, for the sake of its citizens, must deal with.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

Well said. Pornographic violence does create a problem for those who oppose it on aesthetic and social grounds but who fear it will become—and, indeed, is becoming—justification for an antisexual backlash and an excuse for censorship. Only in the past decade did abortion become legal, contraception become respectable, sex education become tolerated and sexual disabilities become the subject of serious medical research. It's our belief, supported by nearly everyone in the field of mental health, that repression of sexuality causes far more personal and social harm than a healthy openness toward the subject. Pornographic violence isn't healthy sex and we oppose it, but we know of no social problem that was ever remedied by passing a law against it.

"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.



"Before TDK picked me, I picked them."

–Stevie Wonder–

Stevie is a perfectionist through and through. He records every song track by track. Plays back each section countless times to check quality and performance.

We feel we have a lot in common with Stevie. Each TDK cassette has 250 components, assembled with microscopic precision. There are 1,117 check points for the shell alone. Quality deck manufacturers use TDK as a high bias reference. Rock and jazz enthusiasts pick normal bias AD for its hot high end and low noise.

TDK is meant to be played everywhere in every conceivable machine. So it's tested in home, portable and car decks under extremes of heat, humidity and shock. It performs brilliantly. Which is why each TDK package has a full lifetime warranty.*

Look for TDK in bright new packages

TDK

The Amazing Music Machine.

Still, we didn't know what Stevie thought of TDK. Until we asked. It turns out he's been using our cassettes for years. "It's a little music machine that delivers the best sound, for its size, I've ever heard." We asked Stevie if he'd like to add anything to that. He did. And those are his words up on top.

*In the unlikely event that any TDK cassette ever fails to perform due to a defect in materials or workmanship, simply return it to your local dealer or to TDK for a free replacement.

Supplier to the U.S. Olympic Team

©1980 TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, N.Y. 11530

A Reporter's Notebook

TRAVELS WITH TEDDY

the candidate? tenuous.
the press? ingenuous.
the campaign? strenuous

By PETER ROSS RANGE

What makes journalism so fascinating and biography so interesting is the struggle to answer that single question: "What's he like?"
—JOHN F. KENNEDY

DON'T GET your hopes up. I don't know what Ted Kennedy is like and neither do you. It is as fundamental to him as his belief in liberal principles that you and I are not going to find out. Ted Kennedy, the hidden man, may be running for President; but he doesn't want to be your best friend.

In 1976, Jimmy Carter loved us all, looked thousands of people in the eye and sent vibrations of Christian charity through his hand when he shook yours. His style is to win votes *one by one*, a true hearts-and-minds campaign based on letting the voter judge the man up close. He is notoriously ineffective speaking to large crowds.

Ted Kennedy likes the big numbers; he seems most comfortable in groups of about 2000, for they afford him some of the anonymity he has never had. He is nervous around strangers, so he keeps them at a distance. During campaign stops in 19 cities, I saw him kiss not one single person—infant, grandmother or anything in between. And those Kennedy can't keep at a physical distance—such as reporters—he keeps at a psychological remove. Indeed, when in public, he seems to live at one remove from even himself. When I had occasion to meet his eyes during his campaign, I sometimes had the feeling he had *curved* vision, that he was actually casting his eyesight around me at something behind; his gaze was almost never direct except in a flat, shallow, polite way. His speech, too, is circumlocutionary. He seems shell-shocked from a lifetime of stardom. You cannot avoid the feeling that after the tragedies and bathos of his life, the real Ted Kennedy has retreated into a special private room inside himself. All you get are impressions, sketches, glints.

•

Boston, November 7, 1979: Faneuil Hall has been transformed into a movie set. The Kennedy claque fills the front 60 seats, while several hundred members of the media rise in tiers around them like movie extras. Klieg lights and strobes streak the 18-foot painting of Daniel Webster debating Robert Hayne in 1830. A cheer goes up, but not for Ted Kennedy; it is Jackie Onassis who walks onstage like a figure out of a wax museum. Another cheer. Still not Ted but his mother, Rose, who at 89 tends to get standing ovations for merely showing up and smiling. Then a prolonged ovation: The star has arrived on the set.

Everybody stands to get a better look, and I spy some space (forget about a seat; it's space that's at a premium) on a window ledge just above the press bleachers. I squeeze myself into my perch and discover I am directly behind Hays Gorey of *Time* and Roger Mudd of CBS. It is only three days after Mudd's devastating interview with Kennedy, yet he seems strangely subdued today.

Kennedy moves across the stage with the gingerly gait of a man treading on new ice. The brace he wears for his old back injury causes him to pitch slightly forward. He self-consciously places his light, thin-soled shoes one after the other, as though something might give way beneath him. He seems to glide across the floor. Following her husband is Joan Kennedy, who looks appalling. Her overrouged make-up is noticeable from 50 feet away; if she were a brunette with her hair in a bun, she would look like a Japanese kabuki dancer. Teddy, Jr., 18, is a husky, handsome, lightly acned copy of his father who moves with remarkable agility and grace for a boy who lost most of one leg to cancer. Only giggly Kara, 20, and wide-eyed, freckled Patrick, 12, give this pitifully broken family a look of normalcy. I can't help wondering why Kennedy is doing this.

And yet he has no choice. It is the historical imperative that he be President, or at least run. His father, were he still alive, would expect no less. And not to understand that Ted Kennedy is his father's son is not to understand Ted Kennedy or anybody else in that family. Being a Kennedy is a whole business unto itself, a way of life, a corporation, a fully layered society with its own rules and expectations and order of things. Ted Kennedy *has* to run for President.

After all, what else could he do? Except for one year as a Massachusetts assistant district attorney, the only job he has ever held is that of U. S. Senator. By all indications, of course, he could stay in that job for the rest of his days. But he has been doing that for 17 years now and more is expected of him. If he should someday no longer be a U. S. Senator, he would be effectively out of a job, as we in the normal world know it. In the Kennedy context, of course, that doesn't mean a thing. Just managing the business of being a Kennedy is full-time work by any standard. The family employs some of its members—notably, brother-in-law Stephen Smith, who is also this year's campaign manager—on a handsome lifetime basis just to count the coins and write the checks. Being a Kennedy, then, comes complete with its own fall-back positions.

But it also comes complete with the legacy of Joe Kennedy's ambitions for his sons.

Everybody sits down and Kennedy begins his speech, saying he wants to be "in the thick of the action" and elaborating on the "need for leadership." With lines echoing those of his brothers John and Robert, it is a set piece designed to rekindle the Camelot spirit, but it sounds like a classroom recitation. He reads it almost without pauses, rarely looking up and never smiling. There is something bloodless about the whole exercise. Even the on-cue explosions of applause from the family seem almost rehearsed. The closest thing to spontaneity is the reaction of the crowd of about 700 people gathered in Quincy Market outdoors. They get the speech over loud-speakers a split second late, so their reactions are slightly out of sync with those indoors. Inside Faneuil Hall, I feel more like I'm on a controlled movie set than at a political rally. The ultimate media creature, Ted Kennedy, has begun his campaign.

•

Before the end of its first day, the Kennedy juggernaut as seen from the back of the plane, where the traveling press lives, is a tunnel with no light at the end. A full year before general election day, a Presidential campaign is going full throttle, with two chartered Boeing 727s, 115 reporters, a double order of Secret Service men—and almost no access to the candidate. In

politics, big is worse.

On board the lead plane, Ted and Joan are standing before take-off near the curtain dividing first class from coach. Joan looks better up close but still seems as jittery—and endearing—as a nervous rabbit. Kennedy and I eye each other for a moment, then shake hands. He is uncommonly handsome and bigger than I expected. His jaw line must set some kind of record for width, and his face is a remarkably true copy of his mother's. Yet for all his good looks, Kennedy appears older than his 47 years. His ruddy skin looks loose and, up close, given to pallor; it hangs a bit around his collar. He apparently shares the family tendency to rapid skin aging from sailing and skiing. Last summer, a small skin cancer, thought to be due primarily to sun exposure, was removed from his chest. The Secret Service obviously did not know that when it code-named him Sunburn.

I return to my seat feeling that there is a quality of fragility about the man, the last thing I expected in a person of such hearty, bluff good looks.

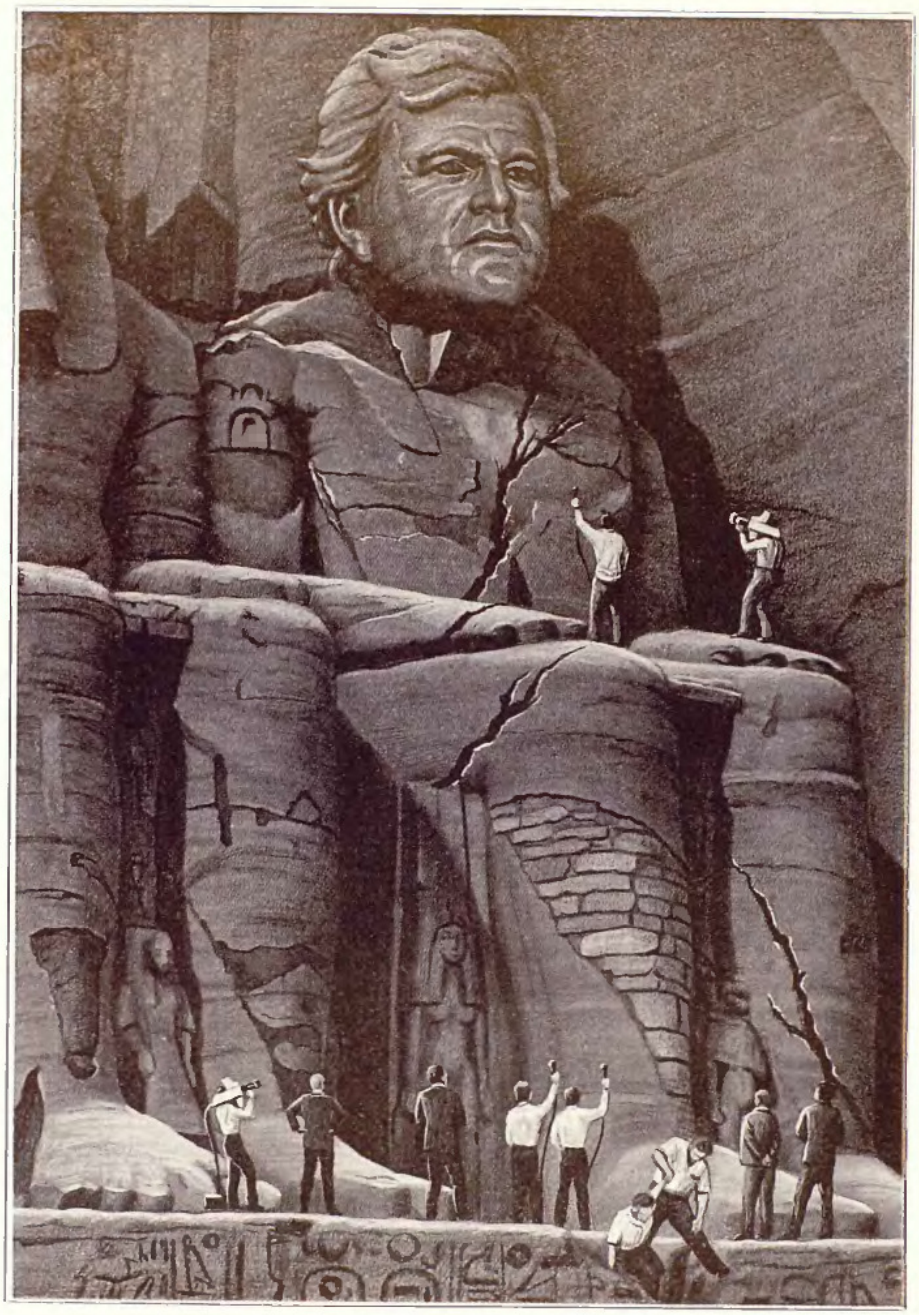
Joan leaves the plane before take-off. She managed her cameo appearance onstage and even acquitted herself well in answering a question before the cameras. But she apparently is not yet ready for the campaign trail. Jean Smith, Kennedy's sister, comes along instead as a surrogate wife. (On other days, we get other sisters and other kids.)

Prior to this first day's trip to Chicago, we're off to Manchester, New Hampshire, and Portland, Maine. This is shakedown time for the boys and girls who, in varying combinations, will be living with one another for many of the coming 12 months. Friendships are struck, cliques are formed, insults exchanged, the rhythms of dealing with the monster of a modern media campaign established. It is a bit like the first day of camp.

•

We drop down in New Hampshire and Maine like an invading army. We are surrounded by all manner of security. The Secret Service people are the ones with wires in their ears and little flesh-colored microphones inside their coat sleeves. They have blow-dried razor cuts and dress alike in sleek three-piece suits. Their gray Samsonite briefcases contain Israeli-made Uzi submachine guns. One latch on the briefcases always seems to be open. They all appear to have gone to darting-eye school.

Kennedy hacks his way through his first speech. No matter how good the sound system, Kennedy has only one speaking style: very loud. He also gives us his first dose of what will become famously fractured prose, referring to New Hampshire's United States Senator John Durkin as a "United Senator." A bit later, there is a "walking tour," an event staged for the TV cameras to show the candidate actually pressing the flesh. In fact, it is a walking farce. The security blanket and media mob are so overwhelming that Kennedy can barely reach the ropes restraining the crowds. After a few attempts to shake hands, he gives up and simply walks on.



We board the plane for the two-hour flight to Chicago. Embarking has become a ritual. Secret Service men everywhere. Front and rear doors of the plane are open. Kennedy and staff through the front door into first class. Press through the back door, scrambling for seats. TV crews dive for seats nearest the rear, positioning themselves for the quickest possible exit when we land. God forbid Kennedy should stumble down the ramp without a camera ready to tape it. Not that the TV correspondents themselves go for the back seats; they send a producer ahead, who immediately reserves rows of seats by slapping ABC, CBS or NBC stickers on the headrests. Brutal.

Print reporters, who like to talk politics, sit closer to the first-class section, in case the candidate decides to go slumming to the back of the plane. It also keeps us near the beer source. Sure enough, once airborne, Kennedy walks to the back of the plane and is immediately surrounded by brandished microphones and cameras.

To escape the pandemonium, I amble into first class and spot Mayor Jane Byrne of Chicago sitting alone. She

endorsed Kennedy a few weeks before and has decided to lead his grand entrance into Chicago. I ask her why she abandoned Carter in favor of Kennedy. When I mention that I am a reporter from PLAYBOY, her response is sharp and candid: "I think Jimmy Carter is beginning to believe what he said in his *Playboy Interview*. The last time he came to Chicago, he kept kissing people all day long. When he kissed me, he said, 'Now you see why I sent Rosalynn home early.' He's just so *corny*!"

•

Chicago, November 8: We get off to a brutal early-morning start that is to become typical of the campaign. We're headed for the Copernicus Senior Citizens Center near the Maryla Polonaise Restaurant and Slowik's parking lot. This is Kennedy's ritual ethnic stop. In Chicago, that means Polish. The place is packed at eight A.M. for coffee, doughnuts and Kennedy. The pitch, of course, is health care. As he starts his speech, he makes his first stumble, asking everyone over 80 to "please stand." Many of them can barely stand, and giggle nervously.

Already there is a disembodied quality of unreality to the campaign that resembles life in a series of time capsules. Outside, on the sidewalk, columnist Murray Kempton keeps us amused with a running commentary. He is curmudgeon laureate to the nation. "Last night," he laughs, "I inadvertently wrote 'Mary Jo Copernicus Senior Citizens Center' on my schedule—I swear I did."

Kennedy emerges after the speech to his first hecklers of the campaign: six members of the Communist Workers Party holding banners and chanting. All the press except the TV pool, which is supposed to record his every step (in case of *you-know-what*), has boarded the buses when, out of nowhere, an egg sails through the air and hits Kennedy on the shoulder. It breaks on the ground and there is a moment of uncertainty followed by gallows humor: Reporters unsure of how many eggs have been thrown debate the Second-Egg Theory.

•

Norman, Oklahoma, November 8: The entire airport fire department—three trucks and a car—flanks the runway as we land. Our convoy to the University of Oklahoma campus is more elaborate than a homecoming parade. Everywhere we go, freeways are blocked off and entire city blocks are cordoned for Kennedy and his entourage. We are wrapped in a security blanket that also gives our rolling snake-oil show the aura of great celebrity: police cars front and rear, spiffy motorcycles with flashing blue lights racing up and down our flanks to head off normal mortals who would nip at our loins (though they really want only to get home before rush hour), stake-outs on every bridge and overpass. On one day, a helicopter monitors our daylong motorcade trail across the rolling Iowa winterscape from about 1000 feet up and one mile off our port quarter. You eventually get the feeling of true invincibility. Old-timers in the press corps say they have never seen anything like this so early in a campaign. It's as if Kennedy were already President. (Some, including people close to Carter, have been slipping up and referring to the Senator as "President Kennedy.")

Kennedy is obviously in his element on college campuses. In fact, he seems most comfortable around very young or very old people. As the introductions are made before this Oklahoma college crowd, he asks sister Jean Smith to step forward for a bow. As the applause builds, he shouts, "That'll be enough for Jean now!" which has the ring of the old patriarch Joe Kennedy presiding over a boisterous dinner table with his numerous offspring. His speech this afternoon is better than any the day before, but he is running through it too fast. He is not reading it, which gives him more flow, better diction and some power. But he still runs right past his applause lines. Kennedy does not understand the art of the judicious pause, yet there is some fire in his voice today. In a play on John Kennedy's beloved "Ask what you can do for your country" line, he says, "The real challenge for young people is to give something back to America for all it has given you." They love it.

•

Nashville, Tennessee, November 8: This is the Imperial Candidacy as it was meant to be. It is already dark when we reach Music City, which is what makes it so spectacular. The Nashville police department is a bikers' heaven: Rather than heavy Harleys or those broad-beamed Kawasaki 1000 Police Specials, these men of the boot have laid in a fleet of screaming fast Suzuki 750Es. On a narrower line than the usual police bikes, they are outrageously quick. Decked out with brand-new white Windjammer SS fairings, four-way blinkers and flashing blues front and rear, nine brace of these bikes lead us up the freeways of the Cumberland Plateau and down into the bowl of Nashville. It is a sight to behold. I am reminded of the way the French president travels or the way they take visiting African dictators on state visits into the Elysées Palace in Paris, behind a phalanx of white-gloved motorcycle cops on gleaming BMWs.

At the hotel, the press is guided to the wrong place—it's someone's diamond-and-ermine reception. The only release for weary reporters is to send up a chorus of crazed oinks, moos and baas.

Kennedy's entourage includes everything a prince who would be king might need: a personal photographer; an aide perpetually at his ear, whispering names, figures and directions; a press secretary to explain what the candidate *meant* to say; a special nurse with trauma training; a physician who is an expert on national health insurance but who also carries around a special black bag for emergencies. ("Our preparations are no different from those for the President when he travels," says Dr. Stuart Shapiro in an attempt to convince me his presence on the campaign trail is nothing to write about.)

The only thing missing is a food taster.

At the predominantly black Meharry Medical College, Kennedy wows the crowd of administrators, students and townspeople. Speaking forcefully, he does not notice his left coat sleeve has ripped at the shoulder seam. His left ring finger, unadorned since his wife moved away from their home two years ago, bears a Band-Aid. His voice is hoarse.

"Lord, child, get that man a drink of *water*!" This is the command of a robust black woman who hears Kennedy's rasp. She is pure South, pure soul, pure black. A good omen, perhaps, in the black South, which voted 92 percent for Carter in 1976.

•

Nashville, November 9: At a breakfast meeting of community leaders, Kennedy lays on a few bloopers that leave people wondering about him. Introduced by Dr. Walter Leonard, the dignified black president of Fisk University, Kennedy begins by thanking "Dr. Leonard Fisk." Then he announces, "I come here to ask your hope." Finally, referring to our hardy ancestors, he intones, "We rolled up our sleeves, our fathers and our mothers." He means our folks rolled up their sleeves.

Next stop, the Country Music Hall of Fame. Kennedy's brow furrows when he has to adopt his feigned-interest pose, especially when guided through aluminum-can factories, corn-feed operations, cattle yards, truck depots—or country-music museums. Does Kennedy like country music? his press secretary Tom Southwick is asked. "Oh, he listens to about four hours' a day." Such as what? Southwick grins and glances up at the nearest name. "Mainly Tammy Wynette. But only at home."

His speech at Vanderbilt University is another success, where he coyly remarks that he attended Harvard, "the Vanderbilt of the North." The kids are let down when, taking questions, he refuses to be pinned down on marijuana, the issue these essentially well-heeled upper-class

10 AGAINST ONE.

THE MAGIC OF CLARION'S NEW MAGI-TUNE™ OUTWEIGHS TEN LEADING CAR STEREOS IN SAN FRANCISCO CHALLENGE.

The San Francisco area may be a visual delight but it's a nightmare for car stereo reception.

That's why Clarion chose it to test our magical Magi-Tune FM against ten of the best car stereos made.

We asked ten leading Bay Area dealers to choose what each considered to be his best FM car stereo. Using the same antenna, the same speakers and the same power supply, we drove around and had each expert listen, then weigh the quality of Magi-Tune's performance against his own choice.

Now taking on ten of the best may sound foolish so before we give you the results, here's our reason why:

Let's start with the Magi-Tune Signal Activated Stereo Control. The all new SASC circuit significantly reduces noise by *automatically* and smoothly adjusting the degree of stereo separation to the optimum point while still maintaining stereo imaging.

Put simply, in weak signal areas the familiar switching noise between stereo and mono is virtually eliminated.

Next, Magi-Tune has Dual Gate MOS FET Front End. In strong signal areas, where there are several strong stations, FM signals can become "mixed" causing interference noise which degrades the reception quality. Magi-Tune FM utilizes two Dual Gate MOS FET's. One in RF Amp and one in Mixer, to greatly improve RF Intermodulation distortion.

Strong signal areas also experience another phenomenon—jumping. That's where adjacent or alternate channels interfere with the station you're listening to. Magi-Tune utilizes a narrow band filter to minimize the jumping effect. This improves selectivity and also permits the design of a more sensitive tuner section. Resulting in a superior performing design.

Finally, there's the Pin Diode. Our Clarion engineers have designed a new LO/DX Circuit using a Pin Diode. What it does is expand the usable range of FM reception in strong signal areas to greatly reduce interference noise.

Now with all that going for us we knew it was really no contest. Clarion's Magi-Tune won hands down. *Out of ten tests we got nine wins and one tie.* It was so one-sided it almost seemed unfair.

Clarion's new Magi-Tune FM. There's a small difference. Like between night and day.

*PANASONIC CQ 8520 EU

Clarion

QUALITY FOR THE MAGIC IN MUSIC.

kids from the South seem to care most strongly about.

•

South Miami, November 9: Ninety-one degrees. The retirees like Kennedy. They don't like Carter. A helicopter with pontoons patrols the royal palms. A black kid across the street is selling KENNEDY IN '80 T-shirts.

"Sold many?"

"Yeah. No. About two."

"You working for the campaign?"

"Naw. I'm working for Marty Goldstein."

•

At the airport in Miami, waiting to board our plane, we have a little time to kill around two small tables. Kennedy comes over for a chat with us, but the TV people pounce into action with their long mikes and minicameras. Since the electronic boys are taking it all down, the print people are forced to whip out their notebooks and cassette recorders. A couple of times, Kennedy tries to break the mood and become informal. "Cahn't we just go over heah and have a Coke?" he asks twice. It's not to be.

On the phone to Washington, one reporter responds to a friend:

"So how do you think he's doing?"

"Teddy? Oh, terrible. Can't seem to say his own name right. Awful."

"Awful?"

"I mean terrific. What I mean is, he's doing terrible to *me*, to *us*, the press. With the people, he's doing great."

•

Kennedy often refers to himself in the plural. He speaks of "our candidacy" and says, "We've spoken out on many occasions. . . ." All campaigning politicians do that to some extent, but with Kennedy, it goes further, occurs more often. Constantly surrounded as he is by an elaborate support system, with knowledgeable aides rarely more than a few feet away, it is easy to see how he would come to think of himself in the collective. All his life has been a group effort. Kennedy is a man whose ear gets whispered into a lot. His Presidency would no doubt be very collegial.

•

Charleston, South Carolina, November 9: "We want Ted! We want Ted!" It is not a cluster of supporters but Kennedy himself who starts the chant at a Young Democrats rally in Charleston. It is an awkward attempt at humor but doesn't dampen the crowd's enthusiasm. His speech is about criminal justice and he inverts a couple of sentences and blows the punch line.

Our dinner on the homeward flight is United Airlines' idea of a roast-beef sandwich: soggy on the outside and frozen in the middle. TV technicians in the back leave United a message by using their beloved gaffer's tape to secure a dozen sandwiches to the bulkheads, ceilings and windows. It is not for nothing that when a separate plane is laid on for the technical types (a.k.a. the Visigoths), it is called the Zoo Plane.

•

Davenport, Iowa, November 12: Rose Kennedy stands up to make a rare political speech. Kennedy is a changed man. As his mother simply asks the crowd to "help my ninth child," he sits forward on the edge of his chair and his tongue seems to click up and down inside his open mouth. He is so happy he cannot sit still and swivels around to see other people's reactions. He is a boy whose mother has come to the recital.

Outside the auditorium of St. Ambrose College in Davenport, I ask some young students whether or not Chappaquiddick is an issue with them. "Don't be a critic . . . of Chappaquiddick," replies one coed. "We're not voting for him because of the past. We're voting for him because of what he is today."

Don't be a critic of Chappaquiddick. Madison Avenue couldn't have done better. To the Pepsi-and-Quaaludes generation, Chappaquiddick is ancient history. Chalk up Catholic youth for Kennedy.

•

Newton, Iowa, November 13: At a United Auto Workers rally, Kennedy pulls yet another boner, referring to Iowa's "fam farmlies" (farm families) without noticing it. His difficulties with ending sentences or even speaking coherently off the cuff seem to become more pronounced.

During a visit to a nearby farm, Kennedy's new surrogate, his sister Eunice Shriver, catches a chicken and Ted accepts a huge black homemade sausage. At the cowpen, he moos at a beast ankle-deep in mud; the cow moos back. But in the interests of accuracy, I should state that the cow was rehearsed by reporters who mooed loudly, singly and in unison, before the candidate arrived.

•

As in any movie, there are costume changes to match the sets. One frostbitten Iowa morning begins with a visit to a corn farm. Kennedy hits the trail decked out in a tan corduroy jacket and unscuffed work boots. The visit ends with the ritual trip to the farmer's wife's kitchen for homemade cookies. The press is kept waiting outside. Finally, Kennedy emerges, like Clark Kent, resplendent in his basic superman outfit: pinstriped blue suit that bulges slightly at the chest, soft blue shirt and matching silk tie, black dress shoes. He is wearing his tiny gold Cartier watch. It is as though a continuity girl were along with a trunkload of costumes.

•

Kennedy is consistently inconsistent. At a noontime assembly at liberal-arts Grinnell College, he gives a thundering speech that has them cheering to the gym rafters. But in the Q. and A., he waffles and rambles and several students later accuse him of being vague. Some days Kennedy blows the speech but stirs them up with humorous and exciting responses during the question period. Sometimes he chops wood and other times he spins silk. You never know what to expect.

•

After a few, uh, days, uh, a day the first week, on the, ah, road campaign trail with Ted, uh, the candi—Ted uh Kennedy, I uh . . . find my—I start talking, I notice myself, uh, speaking, that is, just like, uh, him.

•

I am standing beside the only pay phone at the enormous Alcoa Aluminum plant in Riverdale, Iowa, patiently awaiting my turn. The phone is presently in the possession of a short, fast-talking brunette woman with a New York accent and about $2000 worth of communications gear hanging around her neck, including a walkie-talkie that lets her speak from one airplane to another and a little belt-model radio scanner with a series of blinking lights that lets her hear through an earplug what the Secret Service agents are saying to one another. She is from television; i.e., Mars.

"Yeah! This is Sally from NBC! Yeah! How are you? Yeah! OK. What we need to know is, should we charter out of Duluth or out of Cedar Rapids? You know, last time, we arrived late. We gotta send film for the *Nightly*."

It is unclear whether the airplane this lady is in the process of renting will carry human beings or only video tape. Decisions, decisions.

Somehow, she gets her plane chartered and relinquishes the phone. I have to borrow a dime from her to get an operator.

Television, commercial television, is an amazing thing to behold, and very frightening. The network news that you see from time to time is *Star Wars*. In fact, if it ever comes to war, I hope the networks fight it. Communications is the secret of great strategy and the networks have got it. God knows, the Army hasn't. Or the Navy or the Marines. Look at the Mayaguez incident, for Christ's sake, where Gerald Ford and Henry Kissinger with the greatest military communications network in the world managed to get 18 of our boys killed by having them attack a deserted island and then go down in their own helicopter crash *after* the Mayaguez crew had all been released. Or the Son Tay raid on a prison in North Vietnam, another disaster. Our people tried an early

version of Entebbe, only to find no Americans at home but some empty barracks instead. All reportedly because a certain wave-band-frequency radio was missing from the communications plane circling overhead and the proper intelligence could not be radioed to the squad on the invading party on the ground. By snafu ("situation normal, all fucked up"), the radio had wound up in some other part of Vietnam.

In the event of war, wish yourself NBC or an Israeli rescue squad commanded by MOSSAD.

•

En route to Washington, midnight, November 14: This is the tiredest everyone has been. A killer schedule. Baggage call was at six A.M. and we've traveled around Minnesota all day.

Kennedy, in an expansive mood, walks back to our section of the plane. Over the intercom, a reporter plays a tape of Kennedy's "fam farmlies" garble in Iowa. Everyone, including Kennedy, laughs. Someone cracks a raunchy line about the large black sausage he was given.

"That PLAYBOY you're talking to, Rick?" Kennedy jokes as he sits on the arm of my seat. "He's writing all this stuff down about you guys, you know that? Boy, has that guy got a story!" Kennedy is playing on the persistent plane-board rumor that I am doing a piece on the press rather than on the campaign.

A TV correspondent begins to quiz Kennedy good-naturedly about his knowledge of farm lore. He answers most of the questions but is stumped by one.

"What's a worm screw?" he asks, breaking everyone up.

"Different strokes for different folks," shouts *The New York Times*.

"Did you get that, PLAYBOY?" Kennedy rejoins.

No surprise that Kennedy should delight in the idea of an article more about the media than about himself. He has not been faring well in the press, especially in long interviews. One of his aides told me Kennedy has a rule "not to give personal interviews to publications his mother can't read, and his mother can't read PLAYBOY." Rose Kennedy was born in 1890.

•

Washington, November 27: In Congress, Kennedy seems very much at home. He moves through the halls of the Senate with a click to his step, presides over a committee hearing with the firmness of an impatient schoolmaster, lights up a large Montecristo without reservation before the TV lights. Striding across the echoing marble floors of the Capitol, he and his phalanx of SS men sometimes fall into an unintentional lock step that sounds from around the corner like Hollywood sound effects for an executioner's squad bearing down on death row. The ubiquitous tourists squeal, "It's him, it's Ted Kennedy," as he passes; he signs autographs without breaking stride or looking up.

•

Phoenix, Arizona, November 29: Following tonight's speech to a dinner of 1700 people, at which Congressman Mo Udall's wry wit nearly steals the show, Kennedy shows his true colors. Little boot-shaped plastic whistles have been passed out as party favors. During dinner, some members of the press corps have contrived to play *Hail to the Chief* on the whistles. As Kennedy leaves the hall surrounded by the usual mob of Secret Service men, TV cameramen and let-me-just-touch-him-once well-wishers, a chorus of five whistlers strikes up the tune. Kennedy's ears prick, his eyes light up and his head swivels to find the source of the devilment. Laughing boisterously, he moves with his entire entourage to the ropes setting off the "press pen" and says, "You guys . . . I'm speechless!" It seems to me that deep down, Ted Kennedy is just a rowdy Irishman who would rather be having fun than running for President. I wonder if *he* sometimes wonders how he got into the rich man–public servant–national idol bullshit.

•

Los Angeles, November 30: In the city where Robert Kennedy was killed, security is heavily increased. For the first time, even the press undergoes body frisks as we pass through the back corridors to the banquet hall at the recently opened Bonaventure Hotel. Suddenly, I sense the reasons. Kennedy, too, will pass through these corridors adjacent to the kitchen, hallways lined with food carts and men in black bow ties speaking mostly Spanish. "Jeez," says writer Dick Schaap, after we pass through, "I wonder if Kennedy got the same creepy feeling there that I did."

At Los Angeles airport, another body search, handbag checks, photographers unscrewing lenses. Dogs on the tarmac as we move toward the ramp. On the airport rooftop, not just the usual guys with binoculars but other men stooped in the take-cover position behind air-conditioning units and assorted abutments. I don't *want* to know what they are pointing at us.

•

San Francisco, December 2: For several weeks, Kennedy has abided by Carter's request of all candidates to refrain from commenting on the hostages being held in Iran. The situation has been helping Carter in the polls, and it must have been frustrating to Kennedy. Tonight, with nothing on the candidate's schedule, the national press heavies have escaped the boredom of the campaign to dine on San Francisco's seafood delicacies. This is also the night Kennedy decides to give a spur-of-the-moment interview to a local TV reporter. And he comments, for the first time, on Iran.

Late at night, in a motel room, Kennedy is prodded several times by the reporter to say something about the shah. He finally asserts—without any national reporters present!—that the shah's was "one of the most violent regimes in the history of mankind."

When the news breaks early this morning, Kennedy and the press do not know what hit them. Phones begin ringing at 4:30 A.M. (it is 7:30 in Washington), with frantic editors wanting to know if he really said it.

When he finally comes down to meet with us, Kennedy attempts to "clarify" his remarks of the night before. He is clearly irritated and tries to make a distinction between being against the shah and supporting efforts to free the hostages honorably. But the damage is done. Everybody files stories, and some wonder if it is the beginning of the end of Ted Kennedy's Presidential campaign.

•

Washington, December 3: It is two A.M. when we land at Dulles Airport. Kennedy speeds off to his home in nearby McLean, Virginia, and an exhausted, punch-drunk press corps starts a football game around United's baggage-claim area, using the rubber conveyor belt as a pass receiver's pattern. Still, it is not as spirited as it might be. Although Kennedy has tried repeatedly aboard the plane home to defend his stand on Iran, everyone knows that the candidate we've been traveling with all these weeks has managed to blow off one of his political big toes in a single shot.

•

Washington, December 4: Little rest. We're up this morning to cover Kennedy's speech to a troublesome constituency: activist women. The subject of Kennedy's extracurricular sex life has become a hot topic again in the capital, with the publication of articles showing that women resent Kennedy's attitudes and behavior, despite his strong commitment to their causes.

Four hundred women from 120 organizations have gathered at the Shoreham Hotel. Today, sister-in-law Ethel is the wifely surrogate. And Kennedy surprises us again. He is in fine voice, both the rhythm and the words finding the right feel of the room and its audience. Inevitably, he garbles his text at least once, quoting from Martin Luther King, Jr., in his "Letter from a Birmingham Jail" (in Ted's words, "Injustice anywhere is injustice anywhere"), but he manages to

To beautiful times: an ounce of Kahlúa, two ounces of vodka, rocks.
Do send for the Kahlúa recipe book. Our compliments. Maidstone Wine & Spirits Inc.
116 No. Robertson Bl., Los Angeles, CA 90048. ©1979 Kahlúa. Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico. 53 Proof.

The Original Velveteen Air Bed®

A Revolutionary Sleeping Experience

$49.95 *from*

Lightweight...Sensual...Adjusts to your comfort. An experience in rest or play unmatched by any other support structure. Takes the seasickness, immobility, and weight out of waterbeds, yet offers the same "give and take" sensation. *The air coil construction, with multiple controlled air chambers, supports your body evenly, independently.* **The AIR BED is the most revolutionary and luxurious way to spend a third of your life.** You are gently but firmly supported by 100% air instead of metal springs and stuffing. **Store it on a shelf, take it camping, use it in your van, boat, summer home, on a floor or in a frame. Sunbathe and float on it.** Available in Twin, Double, Queen and King sizes. Inflates in minutes with most air pumps or cannister vacuum. (Bed comes with adapter) Durable 20 gauge poly vinyl cleans with soap and water. Repair kit included. High Powered Air Pumps available: AC pump operates from standard electrical outlet. DC pump operates from auto cigarette lighter. $29.95 each.

Do not be confused by inferior imitations. This is the original, permanent, red velveteen The Air Bed...once priced as high as $119.95. Try it for 10 days at our expense. If you are *not* satisfied, return it within 10 days for a refund.

CREDIT CARD ORDERS CALL TOLL FREE **800-648-5600** Nevada Residents Call: 800-992-5710
OPERATOR NO. 48, 24 HOURS A DAY, 7 DAYS A WEEK
790 Maple Lane, Bensenville, Illinois 60106

Contemporary Marketing, Inc.

Air Coil Construction

Stores Easily on Shelf

Please send me the following AIR BED(S):

☐ Twin Size	(Item 2339)	$49.95
☐ Double Size	(Item 2354)	$69.95
☐ Queen Size	(Item 2360)	$79.95
☐ King Size	(Item 2374)	$99.95

Add $4.95 per bed for shipping and insurance.
☐ AC Air Pump (Item 0004) $29.95
☐ DC Pump-12 volts (Item 0005) $29.95
Illinois Residents include 5¼% sales tax.
☐ Check/M.O. Enclosed ☐ Charge My Credit Card:
☐ MasterCharge ☐ American Express ☐ Carte Blanche
☐ Visa ☐ Diners Club

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Signature _____

Contemporary Marketing, Inc.
790 Maple Lane, Bensenville, IL 60106
Dept. PBMD-091 ©CMI1980252

get "farm families" right twice. ("By George, he got it!" whispers one reporter with a Henry Higgins lilt.)

•

Twenty blocks away from the Shoreham, and one hour later, the battle is about to be officially joined. The mood at the White House is downright festive. Carter's aides know that Kennedy has laid a big one on Iran, and on this very day that Carter will announce his re-election bid, that the hostage crisis has lifted the President's ratings in the polls to within two points of Kennedy's. Scores of jubilant White House staffers are crowded with the press into every available cranny of the stately East Room, which is lighted on this sunny fall day by three enormous crystal chandeliers.

Jimmy Carter strides to the podium with members of his family: Rosalynn, his real wife (though perhaps a surrogate President); Miss Lillian, the homespun wiseacre whose overstatements are forgiven by the nation; his children. With Billy Carter safely out of view, it strikes me that this family, in comparison with Kennedy's a month earlier, is robust and healthy.

When the applause dies down, Carter steps up and whispers—*whispers*—into the microphone: "Thank you very much." I can barely hear him as he begins. "I speak to you at a somber time. . . ." After nearly a month of Kennedy's booming tones, it is almost startling to hear the fragile cadences in Carter's speaking voice. The speech itself, though low-key because of the hostages in Iran, is nonetheless so managerial and small of vision that I am brought back to Kennedy's ringing call for strong leadership.

After the speech, Carter walks by the section in which I am standing and shakes my hand. I had forgotten how small a man he is, how delicate his hands are. He is a serious man, and a serene one. If Ted Kennedy can only work the large crowds, Jimmy Carter makes a virtue of being so personal that he lacks the ability to reach out and touch us as a nation. One man is outsized, the other smaller than life. One a rowdy, the other a reader. One hyperbolic, the other understated. Yet each has ridden the roller coaster of public opinion, from deep lows to exultant highs.

When I left the Kennedy campaign, there was evidence that it was unraveling. And yet even on this jubilant day for the Carter people, election-campaign chief Robert Strauss is talking to reporters on the White House steps. "No," he is saying, "I don't underestimate President Kennedy—uh, uh, *Senator* Kennedy, but. . . ."

THE NETWORKS SHOW THEIR TRUE COLORS ON SCOTCH®. YOU CAN TOO.

When the networks tape a TV show, they demand top performance from their video tape. The picture has to be sharp and bright with brilliant, true color and sound fidelity to match. That's why they all use Scotch.®

So if you want true color and sharpness from your home video recorder, there's one sure way to get it.
Get the same brand of tape. Get Scotch Videocassettes. They're specially formulated and engineered to give you all the color, the clarity, the brilliance, the performance your VTR can deliver.

That's what you'd expect from Scotch. We invented video tape over 20 years ago, and we've been responsible for most of its technological advances ever since. ...advances the networks use to show their true colors.

To show *your* true colors, get Scotch Videocassettes. In both Beta and VHS formats.

SCOTCH® VIDEOCASSETTES. THE TRUTH COMES OUT.

3M

Premium. Imported.

Velvet Feelin'

BLACK VELVET® BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY, 80 PROOF. IMPORTED BY © 1980 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LINDA RONSTADT

a candid conversation with the first lady of rock about her music, her colorful past, her new image and her "boyfriend," jerry brown

Thursday is talent night at the Palomino Club in North Hollywood. Young girl after young girl (and some not so young) makes her way to the small stage, clutches the mike, takes a deep breath, closes her eyes and sings: "Desperado," "Love Has No Pride," "Blue Bayou," "When Will I Be Loved," "You're No Good." They all sing her songs precisely—every lick, each tiny inflection—just the way she does. These girls have hooked their dreams onto her music. And it's likely the same thing is happening at talent nights and hootenannies from Seattle to Boston.

Linda Ronstadt is probably the most successful woman singer of the Seventies. Cash Box *named her the top female pop singer of the decade; she may be the most popular ever. Her concerts sell out within hours of being announced and she has had four records go platinum. To many, Ronstadt epitomizes not just the Southern California sound but the Seventies as well. Her music, as the decade, is random and eclectic. Ronstadt is an interpreter. Rarely does she write her own songs or play an instrument. She merely sings. And her voice, technically soprano, seems capable of anything.*

She has sung almost every form of music except, perhaps, hard-core disco—and succeeded. She reaches way back for standards such as "Old Paint" and "I Never Will Marry" and sings them with innocence. She lunges ahead into the risky territory of punk and knocks out a haunting version of Elvis Costello's "Alison." She belts out love songs like "Loose Again" and "Down So Low" with the authority of someone who has seen and done it all. She sings Mexican, Motown, reggae—and the girl can rock 'n' roll. And when she sings a country tune such as "I Can't Help It (if I'm Still in Love with You)," there is no doubt that Ronstadt has something for everyone.

She was born in Tucson, one of four children, in 1946. Her English-Dutch-German mother (whose father invented such things as the electric stove, rubber ice trays, the grease gun) grew up in Michigan. Her Mexican-English-German father, who runs a successful hardware store, is from an old Arizona ranching family. At four, Ronstadt's father, who loved to sing, pronounced his daughter a soprano, and that was it. From that moment, Linda wanted to be a singer. She became addicted to the radio, memorizing every song she heard. Music dominated her life.

She attended Catholic schools and her penchant for flouting tradition (a trait she picked up from her maternal grandmother) surfaced early on. She teased the young priests, exasperated the nuns and wore black pants under her white debutante dress when she made her formal bow to society. Ronstadt managed to stick it out for one semester at the University of Arizona before hitting the road in 1964. Her worried father slipped his daughter $30 and told her never to let anyone take her picture without her clothes—probably the only advice Ronstadt has ever heeded.

Arriving in L.A., she hooked up with Bob Kimmel and Kenny Edwards and formed the Stone Poneys, which was basically a folk/country band that played local gigs at places such as the Troubadour and the Palomino. The group eventually signed with Capitol Records and released three albums. The band had one hit, "Different Drum." In 1969, Ronstadt struck out on her own and released her

"I love flirting. It doesn't have to be an ongoing sexual thing. If there is someone around I can flirt with before I go onstage, my shows are always better. It's a good way of priming the pump."

"There's no way for me to stay neutral on Jerry's Presidential race. If I won't support him, and I know him best, it looks like an attack. I'd like him to be able to speak his ideas. They are important."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY L. LOGAN

"The real hard rock-'n'-rollers are dead. The ones who survived paced themselves. Yes, I am intense and, yes, I take chances and, yes, I push it to the limit—but there is a limit."

first solo album, "Hand Sown, Home Grown." Her second album, "Silk Purse," was released in 1970 and included her first hit, "Long, Long Time"; it also earned her her first Grammy nomination.

In 1971, she released her third solo album, "Linda Ronstadt," and formed a new band, which included Glenn Frey and Don Henley, who later formed a band of their own, The Eagles. In 1973, "Don't Cry Now" was released. By that time, Ronstadt had a cult following, pulling her fans not only from the country ranks but from pop and rock as well.

But it was in 1974, when she teamed up with Peter Asher, who became her manager and producer, that Ronstadt took off. She released "Heart Like a Wheel." The single from that album, "You're No Good," sprinted up the charts to number one. Her cover of Hank Williams' "I Can't Help It (if I'm Still in Love with You)," also from "Heart Like a Wheel," won Ronstadt her first Grammy award for best female country vocal.

"Prisoner in Disguise" came next and was followed, in 1976, by "Hasten Down the Wind" and "Linda Ronstadt's Greatest Hits," and Ronstadt won another Grammy, this time for best female pop vocal performance. The Playboy Music Poll named her the top female singer in both pop and country categories.

There was no stopping her. The next year, she released "Simple Dreams," which some critics still call her best work. The album produced five hit singles, including her all-time biggest single, "Blue Bayou." "Simple Dreams" was also Ronstadt's best-selling album—over 3,500,000 copies in less than a year in the United States alone. And PLAYBOY *again named her the top female singer in both pop and country categories.*

"Living in the U.S.A." hit the stores in 1978 with an initial shipment of more than 2,000,000 copies. That album further demonstrated Ronstadt's versatility and growth. She sang the Hammerstein/Romberg tune "When I Grow Too Old to Dream," covered Smokey Robinson's "Ooo, Baby, Baby," Chuck Berry's "Back in the U.S.A.," as well as Warren Zevon's "Mohammed's Radio" and Elvis Costello's "Alison." By that time, she had appeared on the covers of many major periodicals, from Redbook *to* Rolling Stone *to* Time. *Her fans couldn't get enough information about her.*

Ronstadt has broken new ground and remains unpredictable. One minute she appears barefoot, the next she appears on roller skates (setting off a national craze), the next in Ralph Lauren boots. She wears a white-silk dress to the Bottom Line and blue jeans to Nancy Kissinger's Carter Inauguration party. She is rich (in 1978, she made an estimated $12,000,000). She is independent. She has talked openly of drugs, sex, love, men. She is rumored to have had romances with such men as J. D. Souther, Albert Brooks, Mick Jagger, Steve Martin, Bill Murray and, most recently, California governor Jerry Brown.

PLAYBOY *asked free-lance writer* **Jean Vallely** *to talk with Ronstadt about her music and her life. Here is Vallely's report:*

"I first met Linda Ronstadt in 1976 at Lucy's, a Mexican restaurant in L.A., when I interviewed her for a Time *cover story. Over the next four years, we became friends. To sit down with Ronstadt and actually interview her again was fascinating. She has, quite simply, grown up. She is no longer the silly girl, willing to say anything for effect. She no longer wants to appear flaky. Linda Ronstadt wants to be taken seriously, as a woman and as an artist. To be sure, there is still a naughty streak that runs down her back the size of the San Diego Freeway, but she has it under control. As she does her life. As she does her music. I met with Ronstadt seven times, at her Malibu beach-front home.*

"Her life is frenetic. One day the interview was interrupted as we all (Linda, her assistant, her bodyguard and I) searched for the papers to the new Mercedes diesel station wagon that Linda had just bought—mostly for her three dogs. Another time, she was in the midst of planning a $1000-a-couple benefit dinner for Brown's Presidential bid. And through it all, she was in touch with her decorators, who were in the process of remodeling her seven-bedroom mansion in Brentwood. All the interviews took place either in the glass section of her house that juts out onto the sand, which she calls the teahouse, or at the kitchen table (except for the two Sundays when Brown was there, working out on the deck, when we slipped upstairs to her bedroom). We drank a lot of Tab. Those sessions were at once intense and enjoyable. Ronstadt is generous, witty, articulate, smart and a whole lot of fun to be around . . . and she sings like a dream."

PLAYBOY: You've just finished your first album in more than a year and a half. Was lack of inspiration the reason it took you so long?

RONSTADT: I was coasting on material that had evolved from a previous season. For a while there, the music was like a noise bludgeoning my eardrums, so I did a lot of traveling. I went to Europe with my mother. I cut my hair. I went to Africa with my boyfriend——

PLAYBOY: You mean Governor Jerry Brown?

RONSTADT: [*Smiling, not missing a beat*] And I didn't go to any of those places for musical reasons. Then I hurt my ankle and was in a cast. That made me stay home.

PLAYBOY: On the subject of Africa and your "boyfriend"——

RONSTADT: I'm not going to talk about him.

PLAYBOY: We'll see how you feel about it a little later on. For now, what did you do while you were at home?

RONSTADT: The only thing that kept me there was my foot being in a cast. But it was the best thing that ever happened to me. I started watching a lot of television. I tuned in right around the time of Jonestown. I thought, Is this what it's like all the time? I hadn't really seen the news broadcasters before—for example, Barbara Walters.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of Barbara Walters?

RONSTADT: Barbara Walters will forever be Gilda Radner to me. I saw Gilda before I saw Barbara Walters. I had never heard of Tom Snyder, either, until the first time I went to see *Saturday Night Live* and Danny Aykroyd was in his Tom Snyder getup. I asked him, "Why is your hair like that?" He said he was Tom Snyder. I asked, "Who's that?" I watched Danny for two years before I ever saw Tom Snyder, and now there is no way I can take Tom Snyder seriously.

PLAYBOY: Besides TV, what did you do with your time?

RONSTADT: A lot of reading, riding, playing with my dogs. But then I started getting really panicky. I thought there was something terribly wrong with me because I didn't have any new ideas for the album. I got real desperate.

PLAYBOY: What did you do?

RONSTADT: I visited some of my musician friends. I sat down with Wendy Waldman and we wrote a song. I saw [bass guitarist] Kenny Edwards and we stayed up all night singing. I went and saw Emmylou Harris. Then I went to every club in town and saw a lot of new stuff and went to concerts and saw people like Bette Midler. She is an awesome talent I think we've taken for granted. All the juices started flowing again. I realized that a lot of the problems with lack of inspiration—my own and others'—were because of our own cynicism. You know, the idea of ushering in a new fashion in the music business, like they do in clothes, just isn't a natural way for art to function.

PLAYBOY: You mean to force it is to fake it?

RONSTADT: Right. A lot of new stuff and talent is being taken for granted out there. I just hadn't been looking hard enough. So I really needed to have that rest. I got a chance to put myself in perspective with the rest of the world. I found out that music isn't the center of the universe. But, finally, it became boring to be away from the music.

PLAYBOY: Did you cut your hair so short because you were bored?

RONSTADT: Kenny Edwards said he hadn't

Supertuner.® Nobody can steal our thunder.

Ever since Pioneer unleashed its Supertuner® technology on car stereo, the competition has tried to catch up. Tried to match our home hi-fi specs. Tried to duplicate our unique, station-grabbing sound.

But the only thing that sounds like a Supertuner is a Supertuner. And Pioneer now offers an entire line. Including the newest Supertuner of all: the incomparable KP-5500 pictured here.

The KP-5500 gives you FM muting to blank the noise between stations. Useable FM sensitivity of 1.1 μV.

Selectivity of 74 dB. A capture ratio of 1.7 dB.

Team it with a set of Pioneer TS-695 3-way speakers, and you've got a Supersystem that works audible wonders with tape and FM.

Your Pioneer dealer can give it to you at a very reasonable price.

TS-695

KP-5500

Supertuner by Pioneer.

The competition can't give it to you at any price.

Electronics of America, 1925 E. Dominguez St., Long Beach, CA90810

©1980 Pioneer

PIONEER®

The Best Sound Going

To find your nearest dealer, toll-free, call: (800) 447-4700. In Illinois: (800) 322-4400.

heard any music that made him want to change his hair style and I thought, Well, if I cut my hair, it might inspire me. What do *you* think?

PLAYBOY: It doesn't exactly go with your image. You look like a punk star.

RONSTADT: This [*pulling at her inch-long hair*] looks like what I feel like now. What seems to reflect *me* is a lot of change.

PLAYBOY: How have you been changing?

RONSTADT: I think I've kept the basic values that I got from my family and I'm glad for that. But the packaging is flexible. To me, there is something feminine about having a real boyish haircut—it's like a real feminine girl dressed in Army clothes—it accentuates the femininity, rather than diminishing it.

PLAYBOY: How does the new album, *Mad Love*, reflect your recent experiences and changes?

RONSTADT: There is almost no overdubbing. This album doesn't follow what seems to be my prescribed pattern: a J. D. Souther song, a Lowell George song, a couple of oldies, kick in the ass and put it out there. In this album, almost all the songs are new. It's much more rock 'n' roll, more raw, more basic.

PLAYBOY: How did you get the new tunes?

RONSTADT: Elvis Costello, who I think is writing the best new stuff around, wrote three of the songs.

PLAYBOY: What did Costello think of your cover of his song *Alison*?

RONSTADT: I've never communicated with him directly, but I heard that someone asked him what he thought and he said he'd never heard it but that he'd be glad to get the money. So I sent him a message, "Send me some more songs, just keep thinking about the money." And he sent me the song *Talking in the Dark*, which has not been released here, and I love it. I also recorded *Party Girl* and *Girl Talk*.

PLAYBOY: You also have three songs from Mark Goldenberg. Who's he?

RONSTADT: Next to Elvis Costello, he's writing my favorite new rock 'n' roll. He's part of a group called the Cretones. He's great. I don't know how this album will sell. I'm sure I'll be attacked: "Linda's sold out, trying to be trendy, gotten away from her roots." But, well, can't worry about what the critics say.

PLAYBOY: Wait till they see your hair.

RONSTADT: [*Grabbing her head with her hands*] Oh, God!

PLAYBOY: Besides the New Wave stuff, what's going on musically these days?

RONSTADT: It is a strange time for all of us in the music business. The music is oddly lacking in different kinds of sensibilities. In the Sixties, there was such a variety: the delicate, romantic approach of Donovan, Motown, The Rolling Stones, the Beatles, all the country stuff. I like it when it's all messed up like that. Right now there is a whole lot of disco and it's just not the kind of music that inspires you or that gives you a personality to get involved with. The Seventies was a polished-up version of a lot of the things coming out of the Fifties and the Sixties. I think we refined them past their prime; like racing horses that have been overbred—they run fast but their bones break.

What interests me is that for the first time, American pop music doesn't seem to make a bow to black music—except *reggae*, which is Third World music. Pop music has always been largely based on American black music: jazz, blues, Gospel. And for a while, it was very much the thing for white musicians to be able to play with heavy black affectations; for instance, putting the rhythm emphasis way back behind the beat. If you could do that and keep the groove, that was a real hip thing to do, and now it is the opposite. The grooves are very rushed and fast and the emphasis seems to be very much on top of the beat. And the moves I see are very white. I saw the B-52s and their moves. Well, they look like someone in a Holiday Inn disco, sort of Ohio housewife dancing—very white.

"All of us worry that we are turning into old codgers. But that's silly. There's always the music."

PLAYBOY: What does that indicate, musically?

RONSTADT: For the most part, I think it's Whitey's death rattle. It's the end of the curve. The Third World music coming up will be the more dominant force after the year 2000. But the thing to remember is that there is still a lot of life in this curve—it's not expanding anymore, but it's still viable.

PLAYBOY: Before we get to the year 2000, what about the music just ahead—in the Eighties?

RONSTADT: The Eighties is a season of change, kind of like the Sixties just before rock 'n' roll exploded. A lot of us are kind of walking around wringing our hands and wondering what the music will be like. The most interesting things seem to be coming out of England again. At least *my* favorite things: Elvis Costello, Joe Jackson, Rockpile. L.A. looks like it has dried up as far as ideas are concerned. Right now there is a real vacuum. I keep turning the radio dial a lot.

PLAYBOY: Could it be that you're getting too old to rock 'n' roll?

RONSTADT: Well, every now and then, we clutch our hearts and wonder if we're getting so old we don't understand what is coming down. All of us worry that we are turning into old codgers. But that's silly. There's *always* the music.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about disco?

RONSTADT: What I mainly believe is that the music should be very democratic. Disco is a good example. I don't really care for it myself and I hate to dance to it. I'd rather dance to Latin music or rock 'n' roll. Disco brings lots of people together but in a rather shallow way. I don't feel it should be wiped out, though, because there are a lot of people who like it and need to go out and dance to it. Every sensibility should be represented. One of the funniest things to me is that the East Coast has this snobbery against the West Coast; that we only manufacture shallow emotions and even shallower art. Yet it's the East Coast that gave us disco. They take for granted the Beach Boys and Randy Newman, Ry Cooder, great artists. The kids coming up are going, "Oh, the Seventies, all that music was trash, overproduced, too slick," and they are probably right. But we needed that for a while, just as we need their anger, too. I agree with them for the most part, but it doesn't mean that the music had no right to exist.

PLAYBOY: You sound defensive about the East Coast versus the West Coast. Is there a difference in the music?

RONSTADT: There is a real difference, and there should be. You go to the mountains and there is mountain music. You go to the plains and there is plains music. That's one of the things that make the music so interesting. But I am mystified by the vicious, violent feeling that the East Coast has against the West Coast music. I remember if it hadn't been for the Beach Boys, I wouldn't have been able to turn on my radio in high school. They are totally musical and totally a product of California. I just loved that. And I also know that if it hadn't been for the Drifters, my life would have been poorer. We had the Drifters singing *Up on the Roof* and Brian Wilson singing *In My Room*; two totally different ways of expressing exactly the same sentiment. I'm glad. It's all music.

PLAYBOY: So you like California?

RONSTADT: It's nice here. It's different from New York. I don't expect the same things. I don't expect a peach to taste like an apple. Sometimes I think we should all move to San Francisco. It's sure nice up there. Except it's too foggy.

PLAYBOY: Of course, people on the East Coast think that the only thing people from the West Coast talk about is the weather. And here you are, doing just that.

RONSTADT: God, why should we apologize for the weather? The weather is boring, for God's sake. I read this article in the sports section about the Dodgers. The writer was from *The Boston Globe* and it was, like, the meanest article I've ever seen in print. This guy was saying things

John Newcombe

SATISFIED.

Nearly three years ago, John Newcombe became an accomplished photographer with the revolutionary Canon AE-1. The camera that took advanced electronics technology, unsurpassed optics and superior quality and made fine photography simpler than ever before. Now, John Newcombe has added a Power Winder, several lenses and accessories. To make himself an outfit that he carries everywhere. The AE-1 has made photography his favorite occupation. Next to tennis.

John Newcombe isn't alone. In the time since its introduction, more than one *million* Canon AE-1's have been bought in the United States alone and it's still going strong. Making it far and away the most successful camera of its type in history. A million satisfied customers must know something!

What they know is this. The Canon AE-1 was, and still is, unmatched for its combination of cost and performance. It has shutter-priority automation that's as simple as focus and click. Shutter-priority automation is a long way of saying that you get sharper pictures, because you select a shutter speed fast enough to prevent blur and the camera adjusts the lens for the light. Our competition usually does it the other way around. The result? You get more blurry shots with the other cameras than with the AE-1. Unsatisfactory.

And, satisfied Canon AE-1 owners knows some other smart things too. They know that special Canon "A" Series Speedlites make the AE-1 the most automatic flash available. They set the AE-1's shutter speed *and* aperture as soon as they're ready to fire. You just can't make a mistake. And what's the use of an automatic reflex camera if your flash isn't just as automatic?

Satisfied Canon AE-1 owners also know that with the Power Winder A, they'll never miss a shot of the action because they can take fast single frames or sequences as fast as two frames per second.

The Canon AE-1 can bring you in close to the action when you're far back. Or widen a tight shot into a sweeping vista. With more than forty of the world's finest lenses. Lenses which have been hailed by professionals as some of the best they've ever experienced.

Want to satisfy your curiosity? Ask your local Canon dealer why the AE-1 is his best-selling automatic reflex camera. When you buy *your* AE-1, you'll be opening a door into creative photography (and fun) that you may have never realized was there.

And that's *real* satisfaction!

Canon® AE-1

THE OFFICIAL 35MM CAMERA OF THE 1980 OLYMPIC WINTER GAMES

Official Camera of the World Championship Tennis

Canon USA, Inc., 10 Nevada Drive, Lake Success, New York 11042 • 140 Industrial Drive, Elmhurst, Illinois 60126 • 6390 Peachtree Industrial Blvd., Norcross, Georgia 30071 • 123 Paularino Avenue East, Costa Mesa, California 92626 • Bldg. 1-2, 1050 Ala Moana Blvd., Honolulu, Hawaii 96814 • Canon Optics & Business Machines Canada, Ltd., Ontario

© 1979 Canon U.S.A., Inc.

like, "I'd like to see them shoveling snow. They always have perfect weather, perfect tans, perfect blue uniforms." If it got down to competing for weather hardships, the East Coast could have the hardest and we could have the most boring. It's so weird, I just don't think you have to undergo some horrible hardship just to be acceptable.

PLAYBOY: Enough about weather. Let's talk about you.

RONSTADT: Oh, Lord.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about moving into your mid-30s?

RONSTADT: Being 33 is OK. It's 40 I'm worried about. I'm in pretty good shape these days. Exercise was the big thing, learning to exercise right. Everyone kept saying, "Linda, you've got to get some exercise," and I would think, Yeah. And then I would look through a magazine, you know, for the ten exercises to do before summer so you can fit into your bathing suit. And I would lie on the floor of my motel room and it was so boring and I never got any results, because I didn't do it right.

PLAYBOY: How did you learn to do it right?

RONSTADT: It took some time. I went to a health club, but that was pretty confusing. Then I met this guy Max, who kept telling me I should lift weights, and I thought, I don't need muscles. Then I went to this health ranch where you couldn't eat and had to take seven-mile hikes up hills. God, I was miserable.

But by the third day, I noticed that I was waking up feeling like I did when I was seven years old—clearheaded. Then I started running and it was the only cure for depression that I had ever encountered. I was so firmly into running, before I hurt my ankle, that I used to get in front of the television and run in place when I was on the road. The more I ran, the more I read about exercising and understanding exactly how the body works.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you afraid of building up large, masculine muscles?

RONSTADT: Women don't get big muscles like men. Their muscles just get firmer. I got real high just wanting to do it better. It was inspirational, having a regular exercise routine while I was with all those hard rock 'n' rollers—the gentlemen of the Great Indoors.

PLAYBOY: How did you pump iron on the road? Did you carry the weights with you?

RONSTADT: No, they were too heavy. We'd get to some place like Kansas City and we'd call a men's gym. It got to the point where I found there weren't any excuses. I didn't want to miss my daily calisthenics and weight lifting. And I began to realize how much of my life I fooled myself with excuses. It was a breakthrough. I needed to have a little victory and it carried over into other areas of my life.

PLAYBOY: How?

RONSTADT: Well, I always felt with my music that I was getting by by the seat of my pants. I didn't have a clear knowledge of how to apply myself. I had the same problems in school. I was at a loss with certain things like music theory. I couldn't learn it in school. I think it was explained in a confused way. But with the exercises, I realized that if I understood clearly, I could go on to the next step. And I've just turned the corner with some things about music theory that I've never been able to understand. I have a lot more confidence just in terms of my own ability to improve. And it really has made a difference in how I feel about everything I do. I learned how to work. I didn't learn how to work when I was a kid. It was too hot.

PLAYBOY: Too hot?

RONSTADT: It was too hot in Tucson, where we lived. So there I was, exercising, and suddenly I found I was doing better shows and I was happier. I almost hesitate to talk about it, because as soon as you do, it's written off as part of the California narcissistic movement. But, goddamn, it's a really good thing, to be able to think that when you are 45 or 55 or 65, you're not going to be crippled or diabetic or have a terrible heart condition. When you're disciplined, things happen. They do. They just do.

"I've learned some pretty hard lessons along the way and sometimes I think the greatest sin is carelessness."

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you've become disciplined?

RONSTADT: Yeah, and I also learned about morality. Coming from a Catholic background, I was much more inclined to rebel against the idea of being good for moral reasons and stuff just because you were supposed to be. I don't like to do anything just because I'm supposed to. I always want to have reasons. That's the way I was with exercises. I found that weight training strengthened my will.

PLAYBOY: What does that have to do with morality?

RONSTADT: Well, see, if you adhere to some kind of moral code, whatever it is, it makes it a more efficient way to deal with people. One time I got caught being catty about someone and got busted for it. I realized that it made my position with that person and with the people who were witness to it weaker. So I decided that you have a contract with someone and if you're trying to break that contract, your case is weaker if you haven't lived up to all your parts. And every single day, we have little social contracts and the strengthening of my will just made it easier to deal with situations head on. So I am going to live up totally to my part of the bargain, whatever it is. If you play dirty tricks on people, it makes you weaker. And, in that sense, they've got a victim's kind of strength and I know a lot of people who maneuver and get into that position of being the victim because it gives them power. I hate that.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like a lesson you learned from your own experience.

RONSTADT: I've learned some pretty hard lessons along the way and sometimes I think the greatest sin is carelessness. When I was a child, we lived out in the country in a very dry area and there were scorpions and snakes and brush fires, all kinds of things, and you had to be careful. You didn't stomp on insects' nests or send dirt clods down the hill or throw matches around. And I think most people are careless, not just with other people but with things. It carries over to a piece of equipment I have in my house—not letting it rust or whatever.

I'm beginning to have this theory that more and more, I should have only things I need. Too much clutter in my life makes me anxious. You know, you don't always get what you want, but sometimes you get what you need. Form follows function. It's just a much more efficient way to live. I'm real interested in efficiency.

PLAYBOY: Somehow, your image doesn't suggest a consuming interest in efficiency.

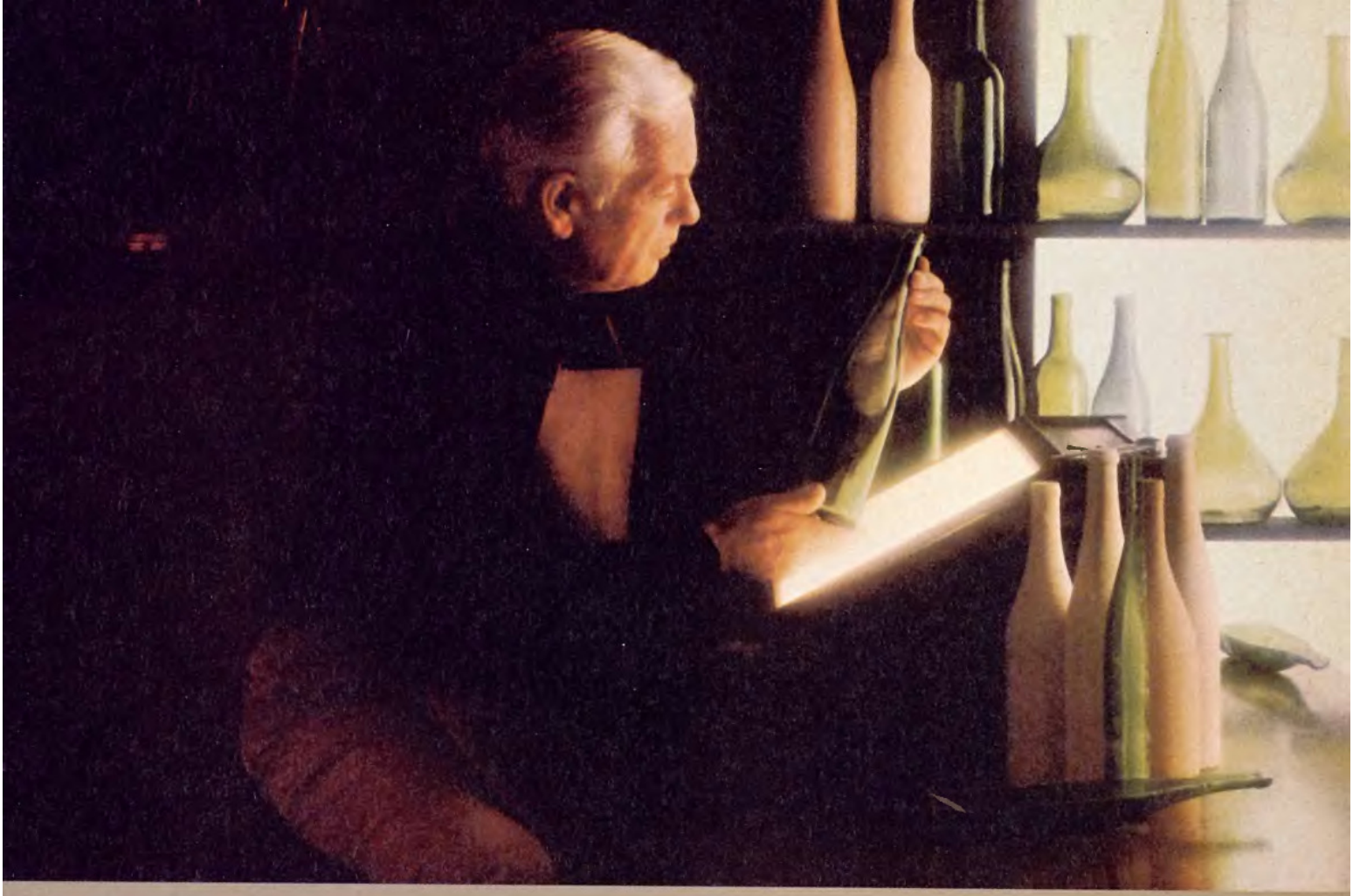
RONSTADT: Well, now my German background's coming out. I swear to God, I am a real Kraut at heart. I'm a firm believer in the appropriate application of a movement, of doing it exactly right. It's like reading your owner's manual. I went to Germany this past summer, thinking I would hate it. It was real nice. I like those Germans. So I decided that it was OK to let that part of my heredity assert itself, because the Mexican side of me had been running the show for such a long time. I love the Mexicans, but they're supposed to sing, sleep and eat and it had been dominating my whole personality. I began to think it was OK to be organized. And it started having a deeper effect. It changed my whole attitude toward a lot of things, including my music.

PLAYBOY: We'll follow up some more on your music, but we'd like to know why you feel you can't discuss your personal life—for example, your relationship with Jerry Brown, which is discussed publicly everywhere.

RONSTADT: I can't talk about him. I just can't. I don't feel it is fair to him or to me.

PLAYBOY: Why?

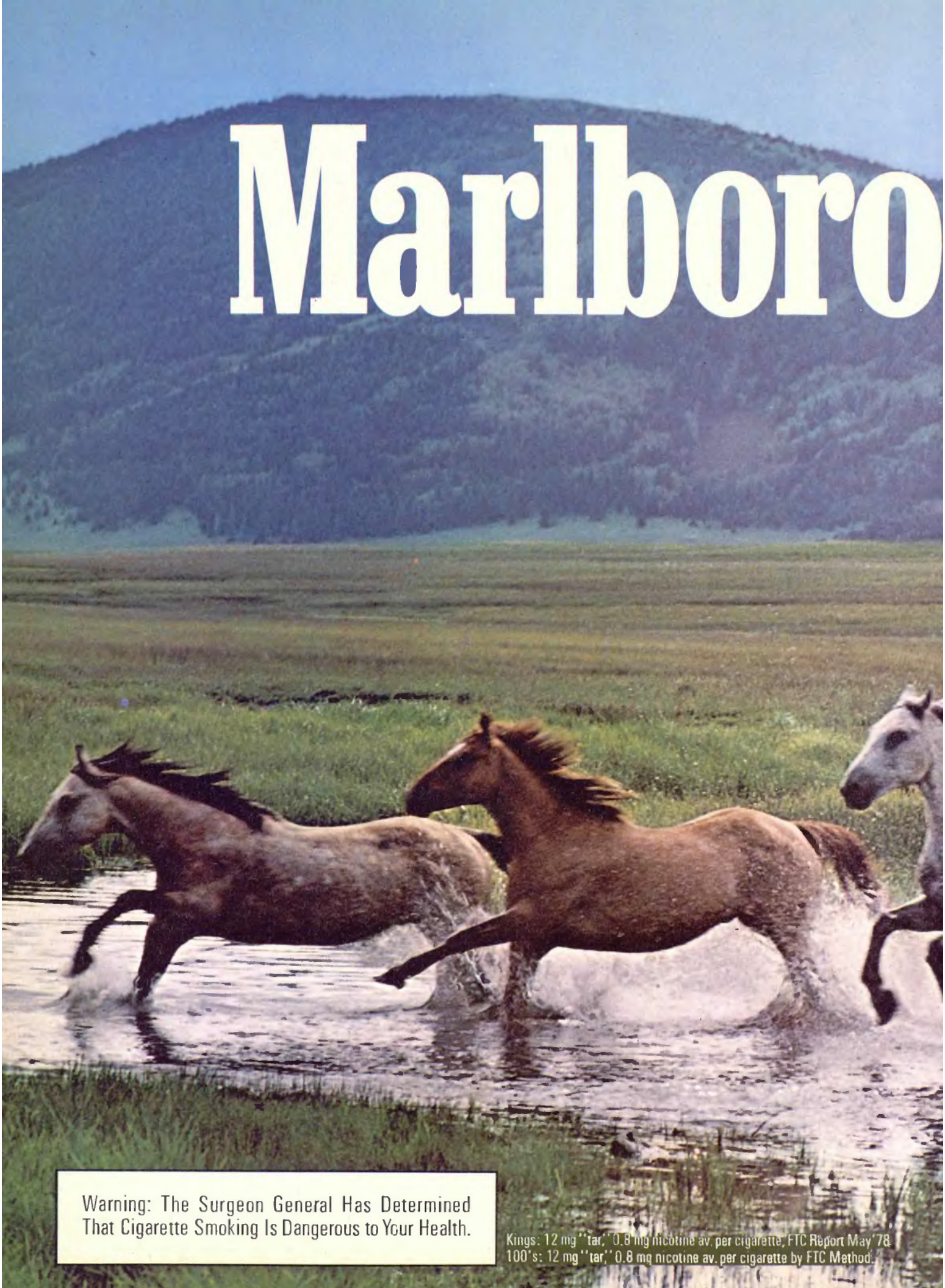
RONSTADT: [*Jumping up from her chair, she rummages through some papers and returns with a copy of the April 1976*



BECAUSE fine wine is sensitive to the light's rays, the bottlemaker creates a special color in the glass to shield our delicate Chenin Blanc from the light.
Every step we take, we take with care because THE WINE REMEMBERS

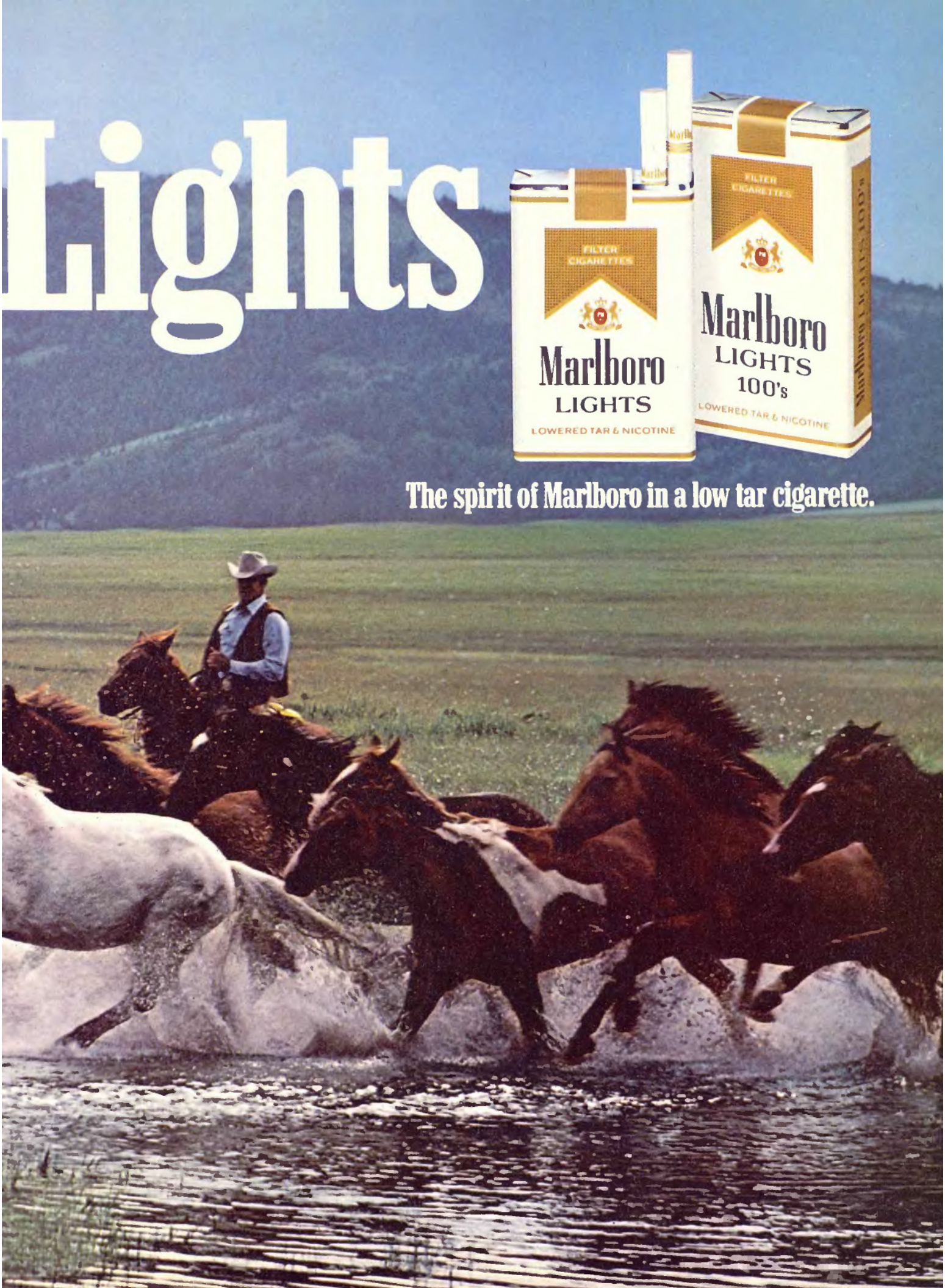
THE WINERY OF
ERNEST & JULIO
GALLO

Chenin Blanc of Calif.
Ernest & Julio Gallo, Modesto, CA



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

Kings: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.


Lights
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
LIGHTS
LOWERED TAR & NICOTINE
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
LIGHTS
100's
LOWERED TAR & NICOTINE
The spirit of Marlboro in a low tar cigarette.

"Playboy Interview" with Jerry Brown and begins to quote aloud] "PLAYBOY: It would be interesting to know if it's possible to lead a normal social life as a young, bachelor governor. BROWN: I think it is. But not if you talk about it all the time."

PLAYBOY: That was a nice quote from him. But you used to talk about *your* private life very openly.

RONSTADT: Yeah, well, I'm just clenching my jaw a lot these days. It's one of the greatest lessons I've learned and the hardest. I did talk freely at the beginning. Some of it was compulsive laundry airing that was self-indulgent and immature. But a lot of it was a genuine desire to communicate. I am not afraid. I don't have anything to hide. I have never done anything really horrible in my life. I am uncomfortable around people who are so carefully selective about what they allow to pop out.

PLAYBOY: Yet that's what you're doing now. What has caused this "clenching of the jaw"?

RONSTADT: The press. I worry that the press is discouraging candor. It is encouraging people to be secretive about their lives. Just to sell copy, the press distorts and flat-out makes up things. I'm more quiet out of self-protection.

PLAYBOY: Are you claiming that all the stuff written about you in the past—the sex and drugs—was made up or distorted by the press?

RONSTADT: [*Leaning toward the tape recorder*] I've never taken drugs, not even an aspirin. . . .

PLAYBOY: Come on, Linda.

RONSTADT: Look, if I did all the things that the newspapers said I did, I would have to be cloned. There are simply not enough hours in the day. Sure, the reports were exaggerated.

PLAYBOY: You mean you're not an authentic, hard-living rock 'n' roller?

RONSTADT: The real hard rock 'n' rollers are dead. The ones who survived paced themselves. But, yes, I am intense, and, yes, I take chances, and, yes, I push it to the limit—but there *is* a limit. Look at someone like Rod Stewart. He's supposed to be the biggest drug taker, biggest chaser of women; I mean, look at that guy's face, his skin, his hair. If he were doing all those things he was supposed to be doing, his skin would be green, his hair would be falling out and he wouldn't be able to walk, let alone run around the stage the way he does. I've learned to pace myself. I just don't do things that are flat-out stupid.

PLAYBOY: Pace yourself . . . you sound like someone in training.

RONSTADT: Well, basically, I'm interested in fitness and not confusion. I think we are moving into an era of polarization and it's going to be very violent and turbulent. I think the writing is on the wall and I don't want to be stumbling around with my senses altered. People like Ken Kesey and others were genuine social experimenters and I respect those people and they broke a lot of ground for us. I think reading about them is real good, but we don't have to take those little things that make us crazy. God, who wants to take acid? The thought is enough to make me break out in hives. . . . It's growing up, being more secure with yourself.

PLAYBOY: How do you find security?

RONSTADT: Security comes from knowing what you're doing. There was a time when the music just wasn't good enough. I'm doing my best work now. And being fit, in good shape, working out, makes you feel better than taking drugs. Those of us who managed to survive the Sixties are so grateful to be alive that the idea of taking things that, you know, will harm you just doesn't seem smart. Putting anything between me and reality has never done anything but make me feel less secure and more scared and awful. It's lies. I'm not comfortable with lies . . . though I still do tell a couple now and then.

"If I did all the things that the newspapers said I did, I would have to be cloned. There are simply not enough hours in the day."

PLAYBOY: We assume you won't during this interview. Why have you given so few interviews recently?

RONSTADT: Interviews, in a sense, steal your soul, your privacy. If I come out with an opinion about something, or a funny, snappy remark, I can't use it again. After it has gone into print, it has become useless, a cliché.

But as far as the press in general is concerned, I was talking with [political writer] Ken Auletta about the fact that the Government has a complete set of checks and balances. The press has nobody to check its authority, to control it. And thank God there isn't. I would sooner see us go down in the worst kind of decadence and horrible corruption than see the press be censored; but if the press is unwilling to take responsibility for its actions, then it will cause its own demise. It's gotten to the point where I pick up a magazine and I just don't believe a quarter of what I read. I know how much stuff has been distorted about me. It even happens in places like *The Wall Street Journal*, my hero. I always thought it would be nice to be in there, but I didn't think it printed gossip or that it didn't check the facts. In some sense, I think that the unbridled cynicism of the press is the most dangerous thing in our society.

PLAYBOY: Is that what you saw on your African trip with your "boyfriend"?

RONSTADT: The African trip is a good example.

PLAYBOY: How did the trip come about?

RONSTADT: I asked if I could go. I had been on the road for a real long time and when I got home, the trip had already been planned and I wanted to go. Africa is a real interesting place and someplace I wouldn't go alone, because it's too strange to me. I never dreamed it would be OK. At first, I didn't even get an answer. Then I said, "Oh, come on, take me." He said yes. I didn't tell anyone, not even my mother. Then my publicist, Paul Wasserman, called and he said he kept hearing from newsmen that I was going to Africa and that he just wanted to warn me that the press was going to be on my tail. I said, "OK, forget it. I am not going, not if there is going to be trouble." That was the afternoon before we were supposed to go.

PLAYBOY: What made you change your mind?

RONSTADT: I thought, Why am I surrendering to these people? I am being threatened out of a good time. Then I thought, I can go and not have anything to do with the press. I am not going in an official capacity and I am not working. I am just going as a sight-seer and all I have to do is stay out of the way. If anybody asks me a question, I just don't have to answer. If anybody wants to take my picture, I'll just turn the other way. It's nobody's business what I am doing. Also, I was convinced that once we got there, we could ditch the reporters.

PLAYBOY: You obviously didn't do a very good job of ditching them.

RONSTADT: Well, first of all, I didn't expect the press to commandeer the entire first-class section of the plane. We went coach and the press was furious with us. They saw this as a clear-cut case of our being uncooperative. They kept coming back, trying to interview us. I wasn't talking. The stewardess kept trying to prevent them from taking our picture while we slept. God. If anybody took my picture on a plane, no matter who I was, I would consider that they had no right to do that. There was an actual struggle in the aisle between two photographers for a certain spot and someone clunked this nine-year-old kid on the head with a camera. The pilot had to come back and tell them to stay in their seats. The press were fools. It was an outrage that they would act like what we were doing was hostile to them. They accused us of a publicity stunt. It was the press who needed a publicity stunt, not us.

PLAYBOY: Sounds pretty melodramatic.

RONSTADT: It got worse. We had this very loose schedule and went to countries and cities we hadn't planned to go to. Then

FIREFIGHTER

Discover Center Court® by Jantzen this season.
It keeps its cool when the competition heats up.

The Season Belongs to Jantzen®

DUPONT Dacron®

the press came up to us and said they would like us to go on a safari; that would make a good story and good pictures. We had *no plans* to go on a safari! One day we were in the desert, looking at a United Nations desertification project, and a baby camel walked by and it was just the cutest thing and I wanted desperately to pet it. I barely got one finger on it when all the cameras went popping and the camel ran away. The pictures went back to the States saying, "Ronstadt on safari in Kenya." I was no more on safari than I was on a rock-'n'-roll tour.

The press constantly threatened us. They pounded on my hotel door and said, If you don't cooperate, we're going to give you a really hard time; we are going to follow you until we get the pictures we want. One day I was walking with a friend from my hotel to the car and a photographer jumped into the car. Now, if I were going from a concert hall to my car and a fan jumped into the car, I would be scared. I would think that person was trying to hurt me. My friend pushed this photographer out of the car and was scratched all the way down his arm. I would have felt totally within my rights, if someone jumped on me and clawed my arm, to turn around and relieve that person of his front teeth. But, see, if you do anything like that, the photographers scream at you and tell you that you're preventing them from doing their job.

PLAYBOY: The trip sounds like a disaster from your point of view.

RONSTADT: Actually, we had a great time. The plane ride, the incident in the desert and the photographer jumping in the car were the only encounters we had with the press. We *did* ditch them. The press managed to base three weeks' worth of news on three encounters in which I said not one word. They had so little to work with that they had to pad and fluff it with hopelessly implausible drivel; like we were getting married. I read one account about how I sulked all day in my room. You know what that was? I can't even remember how many hours we flew and all the waiting in the airports and stuff like that; so when we landed, I went to my room and slept for about 15 hours. I was *sleeping*, not sulking. I was in dreamland.

PLAYBOY: What was it like when you got home from Africa?

RONSTADT: For three weeks, I couldn't go out of my house. I was so embarrassed. There were so many people aware of what my face looked like. I couldn't walk down the street or into a restaurant without everyone staring and pointing. It is so dehumanizing, I got defensive and wouldn't talk to anyone, and then people said I was a snob. I don't know those people. I don't have to talk to strangers. I really understand why people want to hide and become recluses. It would be good for this society to be encouraged to be as open as possible, because when society is encouraged to be closed, then evil things develop in the dark; horrible little stunted things grow out of darkness. That's what the press is encouraging.

PLAYBOY: Would you rather not be famous?

RONSTADT: Well, it's hard to go to the market and buy chicken, but I'm glad people think I'm cool and I understand a little of what the fame thing does to you. Take the Eagles, who have been my friends through the years. If I don't see them for six months or so, I begin to think of them as stars. I'll think about calling them, and then I'll think, Oh, they're so busy, they're such big stars, they don't want to hear from me. I called Don Henley the other day and he was so sweet. But we had this very businesslike conversation; I hadn't talked to him in months and I was kind of nervous and he responded in a businesslike way. He called back and he said, "What was that all about? How *have* you been?" And he came over with a bag of figs and we had a great time. I mean, the last people who should be falling for one another's press hypes are us.

PLAYBOY: Does fame make social situations easier?

What do tournament golfers see in Foot-Joys?

Shoes that perform perfectly when you play hard and walk a tough course. Shoes made of the world's finest leathers and a pride of craftsmanship that began in 1857. And exclusive features such as our Foot-Joy Power Strap Golf Shoe shown here.

Its patented Velcro closure (no laces, no buckles) gives the exact snug fit you want. See our complete new collection at your golf shop, and see why more tournament golfers wear Foot-Joys than all other golf shoes combined—year after year.

Foot-Joy®
Foot-Joy, Inc., Brockton, MA 02403

Cruise Suit: 100% texturized polyester poplin

Stratton Suit: 100% polyester

"On land or sea, you won't find better looking, more summer-comfortable suits than these from my Spring Collection. Styled for easygoing elegance. Like my poplin 'Cruise' suit with its contrasting pocket trim. Hold the phone! There's also my 'Stratton' suit that looks like all-linen, with a smart self-stripe. And both suits are 100% polyester to keep them shipshape through the warmest days. See-worthy!"

here's johnny!

JOHNNY CARSON APPAREL INC.

FOR NAME OF NEAREST DEALER, WRITE TO 2020 ELMWOOD AV., BUFFALO, N.Y. 14240.
CANADIAN RESIDENTS WRITE: 637 LAKE SHORE BLVD W., TORONTO 2B, ONTARIO. ©1980.

Summer Cruise-
You summon all your craft to launch the Summer Party to Remember. And, for the crew you've strung along, you stash a special stow-away on board— plenty of Smirnoff to brighten the juices and tonic you've stored. Then it's clear sailing for all hands. Smirnoff® vodka. It leaves you breathless.
Smirnoff Style

Cookout-
Sure, there's a nip in the air. The weather outside's delightful. And when you've got steaks sizzling on the fire, and your friends to keep you warm, it's never too cold to charcoal. So let it snow! Smirnoff® vodka. It leaves you breathless.
Smirnoff Style

Social Climbing-
When you first came up with the family treehouse idea, you thought they'd say you had your head in the clouds. Instead, they helped you build it. Now you're there celebrating. And Smirnoff's there, too. After all, it's hardly a penthouse without it. Smirnoff® vodka. It leaves you breathless.
Smirnoff Style

Home Movies-
You're staging your own epic production— a cast of dozens starring all your friends in their favorite roles. And from the way you've propped the set with Smirnoff, you're a positive shoo-in for Best Party of the Year. Nope, that's entertainment! Smirnoff® vodka. It leaves you breathless.
Smirnoff Style

Contest- Smirnoff Style

WIN $25,000

You get a great idea for a Smirnoff Style party. You throw the party, take a picture of it, give it a title, and send it in. That enters you in the Smirnoff Style Contest, and you can win either $25,000, $5,000, or $1,000.

What's Smirnoff Style? Bringing your own special creativity and imagination to the usual and making it unusual. Turning the expected into the unexpected through originality, and flair, and style—Smirnoff Style. For instance:

Honeymoon—you go off on a sailboat rather than in a car.

Social Climbing—you have cocktails in a tree house instead of your living room.

Home Movies—you give a costume party but everyone has to come dressed as a film star.

So send us your idea. Who knows? You just may party your way to fame and fortune—Smirnoff Style.

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

Please print clearly:

Contestant _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Zip _____ *Telephone* _____

I hereby certify that I am of legal drinking age in the state of my residence.

_____

(signature of contestant) *(date)*

Mail entries to:
P.O. Box 10000, Westport. Conn. 06880

OFFICIAL RULES:

1. To enter, *COMPLETE AN OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM* and send it along with a photograph and written description of your Smirnoff Style party including party theme or title. You may use current Smirnoff advertising as a guide. Official entry forms may be obtained at any retailer having the Smirnoff Style contest display or by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to "Smirnoff Entry Form," PO. Box 10000, Westport, Conn. 06880. Please allow two weeks for delivery.

2. Photographs submitted may be either color or black and white prints. NO SLIDES OR TRANSPARENCIES WILL BE JUDGED. DO NOT SUBMIT UNPROCESSED FILM. Sorry, no photographs or entries can be returned. All entries become the property of Heublein, Inc., which will have the right to use any or all entries for advertising, publicity and promotional purposes.

3. All entries will be judged based on relevance to the Smirnoff Style advertising theme, originality and practicality by International Marketing Group, Inc., an independent judging organization. The decisions of the judges will be final. All entries must be received by June 16, 1980.

4. $50,000 in cash prizes will be awarded. The Grand Prize winner will receive $25,000 cash plus the opportunity to appear in a Smirnoff Style ad which depicts that contestant's winning party theme and description. Three (3) Second Prize winners will each receive $5,000 cash. Ten (10) Third Prize winners will each receive $1,000 cash.

All winners will be required to sign an affidavit certifying their eligibility and compliance with all contest rules, plus a release form which will allow the use of their likeness and name for advertising, publicity and promotional purposes by Heublein, Inc. All Federal, State and local taxes are the sole responsibility of winners. Prizes are not transferable and no substitution allowed for prizes as listed.

5. This contest is open to residents of the United States, except employees (and their families) of Heublein, Inc., International Marketing Group, Inc., and their respective advertising agencies. Wholesale and retail licensees selling alcoholic beverages in the United States are not eligible to win prizes. This contest is void where prohibited by law. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY TO ENTER.

SMIRNOFF® VODKA 80 & 100 PROOF DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FILS
(DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC.) HARTFORD, CT.— MADE IN U.S.A.

RONSTADT: I used to think it would make it a little easier when I went to a party, because I wouldn't have to impress anybody, people would just sort of automatically be impressed. And there was a period when I was moderately successful when I could just walk into a party and have a good time. But I went to a party the other night and I was more embarrassed than when I was in high school—a nobody and socially screwed up. Everybody was staring at me and saying, "There's Linda Ronstadt," and people immediately took sides, for me or against me. And the sensitive people have enough respect for themselves not to be swayed by my presence and they just usually hang back. You mostly don't get to meet the nice people.

PLAYBOY: Would dark glasses help?

RONSTADT: I realized what protection dark glasses are when I did this concert once. I close my eyes when I sing. I get scared when I open them and see all the people. But this concert was outdoors, 105 degrees and the sun was blaring and I had to wear dark sunglasses, and I kept my eyes open through the whole thing and I realized how much I close my eyes as a device because it's unnatural to have thousands of people staring at you. It's embarrassing.

PLAYBOY: If you won't talk about Jerry Brown directly, how about men in general?

RONSTADT: Great. I adore men. God, I love to flirt. Flirting isn't necessarily based on offering yourself in a sexual way. I hope I'm flirting when I'm 80. I just love real vibrant older women who don't deny their sexuality but who also don't try to act like it should assume a place in their lives that is inappropriate to their age. That's a fine line to walk.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

RONSTADT: This may sound terribly racist, and I don't mean it to, but I have noticed that black women, when they're older and if they tend to get heavy, still dance and sing with the same sense of abandonment that they had when they were young and thin. She knows she's hot. A white woman, in the same situation, if she got up to dance at all, which she probably wouldn't, is so self-conscious. There is a certain amount of sexual posturing that goes on between human beings. It can go on between two women, a man and a woman, two men. Boy, men sure do strut for each other. I think that the desire to relate to people in a sexual way is a natural thing.

PLAYBOY: Do you think of yourself as a professional at the art of flirting?

RONSTADT: I'm not bad. But the pro is Dolly Parton. She is able to flirt and be very overt and sexual in a way that challenges, but there is no cruelty in it or unkindness. She relates to children, men, women, all in the same tone. She broadcasts her femininity all the time and is consistent. I get suspicious of someone who changes drastically in the way he treats men and women. But if there is someone around to spark you sexually, it really does make you get up and do your best. I love that. And it doesn't have to be an ongoing sexual thing. If there is someone I like to flirt with around before I go onstage, my shows are always better. It's a good way of priming the pump.

PLAYBOY: When did all this flirting start?

RONSTADT: I have always been boy crazy . . . since the first grade. Maybe it was because there weren't many boys around. I really wanted them to like me and I was really concerned that they might not think I was attractive. In high school, I really believed that the boys might not like me unless they were physically attracted to me; that I couldn't keep their attention unless they were on the receiving end of that sexual dynamic and that if I didn't set up that sexual tension, they would walk away from me. And I was often afraid to let go of that and rely on the nuts and bolts of the friendship. So I think I sometimes overloaded that end of it.

"The press constantly threatened us. They pounded on my hotel door and said, If you don't cooperate, we're going to give you a really hard time."

PLAYBOY: Any regrets?

RONSTADT: I regret none of it. I loved some of it, hated some of it, but it was all part of the experience.

PLAYBOY: When you were starting out, did you expect to become as big as you have?

RONSTADT: When I came to L.A. in 1964, I kind of looked around and thought that maybe the kind of career Judy Collins had was perfect. She was quietly putting out things that seemed tasteful and sold respectably. That was the kind of career I wanted; a career where you earned a nice living, your records sold well, you had the respect of other musicians and did things in good taste. I never tried to become the next big thing. It seemed that was something to be guarded against at all costs.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

RONSTADT: It's unnatural not to reach out, not to try to progress. What are you going to do? Start walking sideways? So there is no way to control those things. I was going along, making country-rock albums, experimenting. I felt I was somewhat of a pioneer in that area. I felt like I was throwing some new ideas onto the pile. My records were selling OK. I thought I had arrived. That was before *Heart Like a Wheel*. I had no idea I was destined to be more.

PLAYBOY: Was *Heart Like a Wheel* the turning point in your career?

RONSTADT: Yes. In the early Seventies, I was in a rut. I didn't know how to get out of it. I was on this plateau that seemed endless. I was so numb. I could hardly see or feel. In fact, it all feels now like a murky dream.

PLAYBOY: What caused the rut?

RONSTADT: Years and years on the road. I was punchy. In fact, the fluorescent lights in certain kinds of dressing rooms make me crazy. [*Laughs*] If anyone ever wants to brainwash me, if I'm a hostage and they put a fluorescent light on me, I'll become a Communist, anything, you name it. God, I hated those years. I tried to stay unconscious the whole time.

PLAYBOY: How did you lift yourself out of that comatose state?

RONSTADT: It was thanks to my relationship with Peter Asher.

PLAYBOY: How did that happen?

RONSTADT: I had decided I wanted this person from Nashville because I wanted to explore the country area some more. But I became friends with Peter. We hung out a lot. But he was managing Kate Taylor at the time and he felt that if he took on another girl singer in the same market, it wouldn't be fair to either one of us. Then I ran into Kate and she said she was going to stay home then, so why didn't I call Peter?

PLAYBOY: Why did the combination work so well?

RONSTADT: Peter has a very rounded musical background, like I do. He listens to everything. His taste is eclectic. But there is a thread of taste and quality that runs through everything he does and because of the consistency of the quality, I was able to really trust him. And because I trust him, he is a good sounding board for all the things I want to do.

PLAYBOY: There are those who say he controls *you*.

RONSTADT: I'm more secure musically now than I was, but I never wanted to become the boss lady. As I see it, it is always a team situation involving me, Peter and the band. I never want to feel like the boss. Peter doesn't want to feel like the boss. We jointly make the final decision about everything. Neither of us wants to do the whole job. We're too lazy.

PLAYBOY: Do you do everything Peter tells you to do?

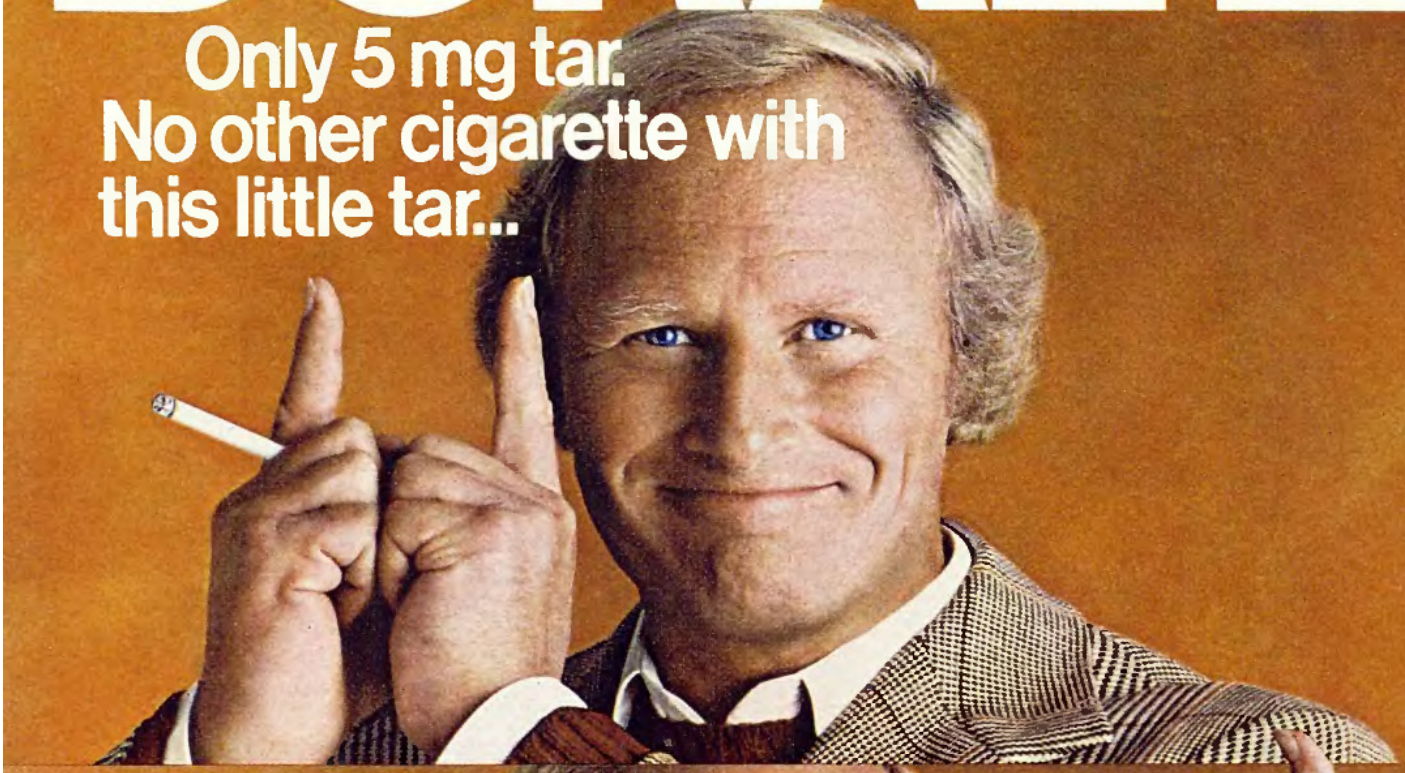
RONSTADT: No. If we disagree on something, I really re-examine it and if I still think I'm right, I go ahead. I remember *Blue Bayou*—Peter was afraid it wouldn't be a hit. He said we should shop around for some insurance. I said, "OK, get the insurance." But I knew it

5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1979 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

DORAL II

Only 5 mg tar. No other cigarette with this little tar...



...has this much taste.

ONLY 5 MG TAR

Get what you never had before:
Satisfaction with ultra-low tar.

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

was a hit and it was the biggest single I've ever had. Sometimes he is real wild about stuff and I say, "Oh, no. That will never go."

PLAYBOY: Do your instincts generally prove to be right on the mark?

RONSTADT: There are those times when I am just plain sure, when I have that incredible right feeling; and when I have that feeling about a song and I put it on a record, it usually doesn't miss. But sometimes it works the opposite way.

PLAYBOY: For example?

RONSTADT: I didn't think I sang *Different Drum* or *Heat Wave* particularly well. I was really on the fence about those two, but the public certainly didn't respond the same way. I'm sure the songs on *Mad Love* are the right songs for me.

PLAYBOY: Is there a point of diminishing returns in working with someone as closely and for as long as you've worked with Asher?

RONSTADT: Peter, Val [Garay, the engineer] and I pretty much felt we had exhausted the possibilities within the confines of the style in which we had made records. I wanted to change. And I wondered if I should change producer and engineer for the new album. When I approached Peter about this, he had to talk to me wearing his manager's hat. He never jealously guarded his role as producer. He encouraged me to think freely of all the possibilities. Then I realized that the desire to stretch was on all our minds and it seemed to me that to take that step as a team, I would wind up with a much more solid and authentic version of what I wanted. It was the best decision I'd ever made.

PLAYBOY: You feel the changes were positive?

RONSTADT: Yeah. The stretch seems completely natural. A lot of the avant-garde stuff isn't the standard form—verse, chorus, verse, chorus. Groups like the Talking Heads are doing real interesting stuff, but for me, I still need a song that works in a verse, chorus, verse, chorus format—like the stuff the Cretones and Elvis Costello do. To adopt a new musical style just for the sake of it is like putting on a chicken suit—it looks ridiculous. At the same time, I wanted to change, yet the thoughts of changing producer and engineer made me sweaty under the armpits. We had worked together for so long. But we all wanted to flex our musical muscles on this one. It feels good.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you are at the height of your career?

RONSTADT: I certainly don't feel that I have accomplished what I would like to accomplish artistically. I feel like I am only beginning to learn how to sing in a lot of ways. So, to me, it is like a beginning. How the public views it may be totally different. I am certain I am doing my best work. But there are people I watch when I'm stuck.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

RONSTADT: Warren Zevon and Neil Young; those guys are amazing. Randy Newman is one of the main ones. He has his hand on the tow bar. I don't know about that guy. I suspect he watches a lot of television and reads a lot of periodicals and it all seeps into his brain like a giant computer. His lyrics are a subliminal way of predicting the future. I watch his lyrics and when I see a shift, I know it's going to show up later on, not just in music but in society. And his new album is pretty alarming, in the sense that violent polarization is dominant.

PLAYBOY: Then do you think the Eighties will be a decade of violence?

RONSTADT: Well, look at that new group The Dead Boys. And that group Police. They have that song, "You'll be sorry when I'm dead / and all that guilt is on your head / and I guess you'll call it suicide." And I hear a lot about war. The Talking Heads have a song, *In Time of War*, with a line that goes, "This ain't no disco, / this ain't no CBGB's, / don't have time for that now." It's like the era of self has to end in war, because war is the only thing that's great enough to distract one from one's self. That's pretty horrible. Neil Young has that song *Powder Finger*. It's just starting to creep

© 1980 Lever Brothers Company

DENIM

For the man who doesn't have to try too hard.

He doesn't have to. Things come easy for the man who wears DENIM.® Because a man feels better. A man feels cooler.

A whole new feeling in Cologne and After Shave.

Wouldn't miss the Reverend Judd's "Evils of Drink" sermon for love nor money. Reckon when you're in the home distillery business it pays to know what the competition is thinking. So, one Sunday a year, me and the boys head for town, done up in our best. Which this year includes these fine looking new Timberland handsewn shoes we've got on. Latest thing from the folks who make our boots that we wear for tending the mash and making deliveries. Our Timberland handsewns are made with real soft leathers and they will keep fitting right and looking natty for a long time 'cause they're all hand lasted and hand sewn. They are also leather lined and got a padded collar so they're nice and comfortable over a long walk. Which is the way Reverend Judd prefers us to arrive. Parking our delivery car outside the church seems to make the Reverend *real* nervous!

Timberland

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

Available at all Vanguard, Ltd. stores.

The Timberland Company, Newmarket, New Hampshire 03857

MORE GUTS FOR YOUR BUCKS.

Don't ever settle for anything less than clean, clear, gutsy sound.

You don't have to. Not when you can get things like quartz tuning, great specs, and precise metering — without blowing your bank account.

And that's why, at under $350,* Sanyo's new 2050 is in a class by itself.

Now you can finally get all these high performance features in **one** affordable receiver.

There's nothing like it for the money. Here's why:

SAMPLING QUARTZ LOCKED CIRCUITRY

Our exclusive Sampling Quartz Locked circuitry is designed to keep the FM tuner "locked" at the exact point of minimum distortion and interference.

Your FM station **will never drift** because the 2050 "samples" and corrects the tuning frequency 100,000 times per second.

When the green front-panel LED lights up, the SQL system has achieved "lock." And you've achieved the flawless tuning that even the most hyper-expensive, esoteric tuner can't surpass.

HI PERFORMANCE SPECS

A great tuner section doesn't mean much unless it's combined with a power amp section that pumps out pure, uncolored sound ...free of any form of audible distortion.

Our phono preamp eliminates the problems inherent even in some premium receivers — high noise levels and irritating crossover distortion. And most of them can't exceed our astonishing 78dB phono signal-to-noise ratio and 0.04% total harmonic distortion.

PRECISE METERING

Take a look at the picture of the 2050 and you'll notice it has dual power meters (on the left) for determining maximum pre-distortion listening levels. Our four-meter system allows for incredibly accurate evaluation of several receiver functions. Four meters — a rarity at this price.

So, you can see why at 50 watts per channel†, no other receiver in the 2050's class begins to come close to delivering all its ultra-sophisticated engineering and superb overall quality.

The 2050 from Sanyo. Probably the gutsiest receiver you'll ever see for under $350. For sure, the only one combining all these features.

† 2050 receiver: 50 watts per channel minimum continuous average power into 8 ohms, 55 watts into 4 ohms, 20-20,000 Hz, no more than 0.04% total harmonic distortion. Phono Signal-to-Noise Ratio 78dB; FM sensitivity 10.8 dBf.

*Suggested retail price. Actual selling price is at sole discretion of dealer.

into the lyrics enough to make me sit up and take notice. There is definitely violence in the new stuff. I'm looking around at the new music and searching for a helmet or a hard hat.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about something lighter. What's your ideal evening?

RONSTADT: [*Laughing*] Sitting up in bed with my boyfriend and reading a book.

PLAYBOY: On the subject of bed and boyfriend——

RONSTADT: Oh, no, you don't. Why don't we talk about my ideal dinner party instead?

PLAYBOY: What would you serve?

RONSTADT: Turkey. It would have to be turkey, because that's all I can cook.

PLAYBOY: Whom would you invite?

RONSTADT: Leo Tolstoy, Mozart——

PLAYBOY: Oh?

RONSTADT: Yeah, but I'd only invite Tolstoy when he was in the kindest and most earnest part of his life. I read a lot of Mozart's letters and he seemed like a real nice guy.

PLAYBOY: Don't stop. Who else?

RONSTADT: Bergman . . . and then I would have Fellini, because they're each other's favorite directors and they'd have something to talk about. I wonder if Mozart and Fellini would have anything to talk about. Oh, and I would invite Liv Ullmann. She's my favorite actress. I met her once and, oh, God. I was sure I had on all the right clothes, a nice new suit, a hat I bought in a secondhand store—I always have to throw something weird into an outfit—and my make-up was perfect. I wanted to look special. And when I walked into her dressing room, I just knew my nose was shining so bad you could see it four blocks away and I was sweating and my make-up looked caked on and greasy and my hat looked ridiculous and I'm sure my suit was wrinkled. I stammered like an idiot. I'm sure she thought I was a complete goon.

PLAYBOY: You can explain all that to her at your dinner.

RONSTADT: I'll have Tolstoy explain; he'd do it much better.

PLAYBOY: What about inviting someone like Mick Jagger?

RONSTADT: Well, that would be interesting, but Mick would have to be on his *best* behavior. I wonder what Mick would say to Mozart? The dinner needs some singers. Well, I'll be the singer . . . don't need any competition. Oh, we'd have to have Albert Brooks. Albert's so funny and bright and he can make everyone laugh. Then I'd invite Peter Asher and Jerry——

PLAYBOY: Jerry who?

RONSTADT: [*Making a face*] And then I'd make Peter and Jerry stay after everyone had gone and we'd talk about them. Peter always has the best things to say about people and Jerry has a completely opposite viewpoint, but real accurate. . . . I wonder if Mozart likes turkey?

PLAYBOY: In real life, you have a lot of movie people over for dinner; are the rumors true that you'll soon become a movie star?

RONSTADT: That's like asking someone who's a plumber if he's going to become an electrician. I've worked all this time to learn how to become a singer and really strived to get good at it. Why should I try to do something else that I have no idea how to do? Which is not to say I'd never make a movie, but at this time, I can't see making a career change.

PLAYBOY: Do you go to lots of movies?

RONSTADT: I used to have a boyfriend who loved to go to the movies and now I have a boyfriend who doesn't have any time to go to the movies.

PLAYBOY: What is taking up so much of your boyfriend's time?

RONSTADT: Three guesses.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite movie?

RONSTADT: I have three, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, *The Seventh Seal* and *Scenes from a Marriage*. Those movies tell life to me.

PLAYBOY: OK, back to more serious topics. Do you think you've made an impact as an original artist?

"There is definitely violence in the new stuff. I'm looking around at the new music and searching for a helmet or a hard hat."

RONSTADT: I remember not long ago standing in the dressing room at the Universal Amphitheater, talking to some Warner Bros. record guy who said he was looking for a girl singer *like* me. It made me feel so funny. I had become a trend, like when the English were a trend. I was this female who could sell records, and suddenly, female artists became cool. I hear girls singing with the same kind of inflections that I do. I remember so many times sitting down with a record when I was young, trying to copy every tiny inflection of a girl singer. But there are better girl singers than me—Bonnie Raitt, for example.

I don't think I've made the kind of impact that changes the face of music like, say, The Rolling Stones or the Beatles. And not in terms of writing the book on singing style. At some point, all girl singers have to curtsy to Ella Fitzgerald and Billie Holiday. I brought together a lot of kinds of straight threads of music and put them in a little fabric that has an interesting design. I had commercial success and opened the door for girl singers.

PLAYBOY: Are you afraid of being blown out of the water?

RONSTADT: There will be some female to come along who will blow me out of the water and when she does, you know what I'm gonna do? [*Grins, makes a fierce face*] I'm going to watch her real close, find out where all her hot licks are and steal them. You know, Bonnie Raitt was the first girl to get up onstage and play the guitar and have the guys say, "Hey, she doesn't play like a girl." And she didn't try to copy the opposite attitude and play real *macho*. Bonnie simply plays her instrument as if it were an extension of her arm and she succeeds gloriously. And I think there is a whole wave of little girls out there who not only will be able to play that guitar but will sing and have a real impact.

PLAYBOY: Anyone on the horizon?

RONSTADT: One night, I was really desperate for some inspiration. I went with a bunch of people in the music business to see Louise Goffin [Carole King's 20-year-old daughter]. We were all holding our breath. I knew she was good, I had heard some of her stuff in the studio, but none of us were sure how we felt about that. Just before the curtain went up, I thought, Do I want her to come out and fall flat on her face? If she did, I could go "Phew!" But then I thought, If she blows me away, I will have some inspiration and that will be good. I decided I wanted her to be great.

PLAYBOY: Was she?

RONSTADT: She was wonderful. She was exciting and she had so much confidence. You know, all we female singers in the Seventies knew was that we were these independent people going around the country, earning our own living, and that we represented something because all these articles were written about us. But we didn't know how to arm ourselves. Our defenses were put on in a clumsy fashion. Louise came out the quintessential Eighties woman. She wore her defenses like enameled veneer. It was beautiful. She understood exactly who she was and how to protect herself. She had done her homework. She knew how to move around. She knew her craft thoroughly. Stevie Nicks leaned over to me and whispered, "Gee, do you think we still can get a job singing backup for Joe Cocker?" We were the graduated class.

PLAYBOY: You have a reputation of helping women singers such as Karla Bonoff, Nicolette Larsen, the Roches——

RONSTADT: It's not a deliberate attempt on my part. We're all friends. I was the first one visible. We've been helping one another out for a long time. I've drawn on a lot of their stuff.

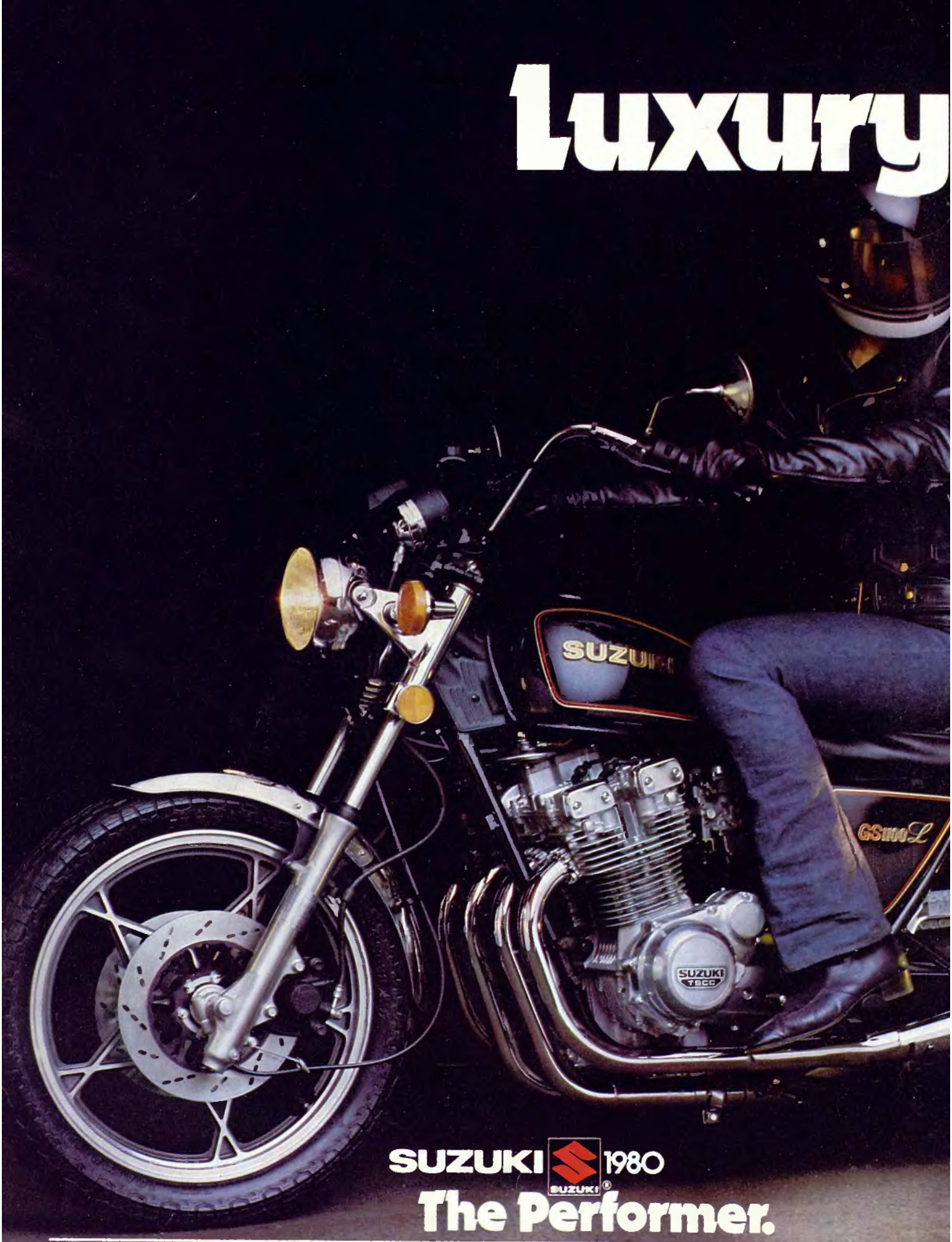
PLAYBOY: Are you ever secretly afraid one of them will get bigger than you?

RONSTADT: To me, a new person coming up is good. Take Emmy [Emmylou Harris] for example. When I first heard Emmy sing, I wanted everybody to hear her. I love Emmy. She's the most inspiring singer to me, bar none. I would

There may still be places on earth where Grand Marnier isn't offered after dinner.

Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy. 80 proof. Carillon Importers, Ltd., New York, New York 10019. © Carillon Importers, Ltd.

Luxury



SUZUKI 1980

SUZUKI®

The Performer.

Ride safely. Always wear a helmet, eye protection and appropriate riding apparel. Member Motorcycle Safety Foundation

Cruiser.

This bike, friends, is enough to send other cruisers down the boulevard of broken dreams.

Honest, the new GS-1100L is that good.

Why? To begin with, it's powered by a unique 16-valve head 4-stroke with a patented Twin Swirl Combustion Chamber design.

Is that good? It's great. Because fuel is burned more efficiently. Thus, more power is produced. More than any conventional 4-stroke.

This new engine is only part of the story. Other parts include triple disc brakes. Slotted, no less.

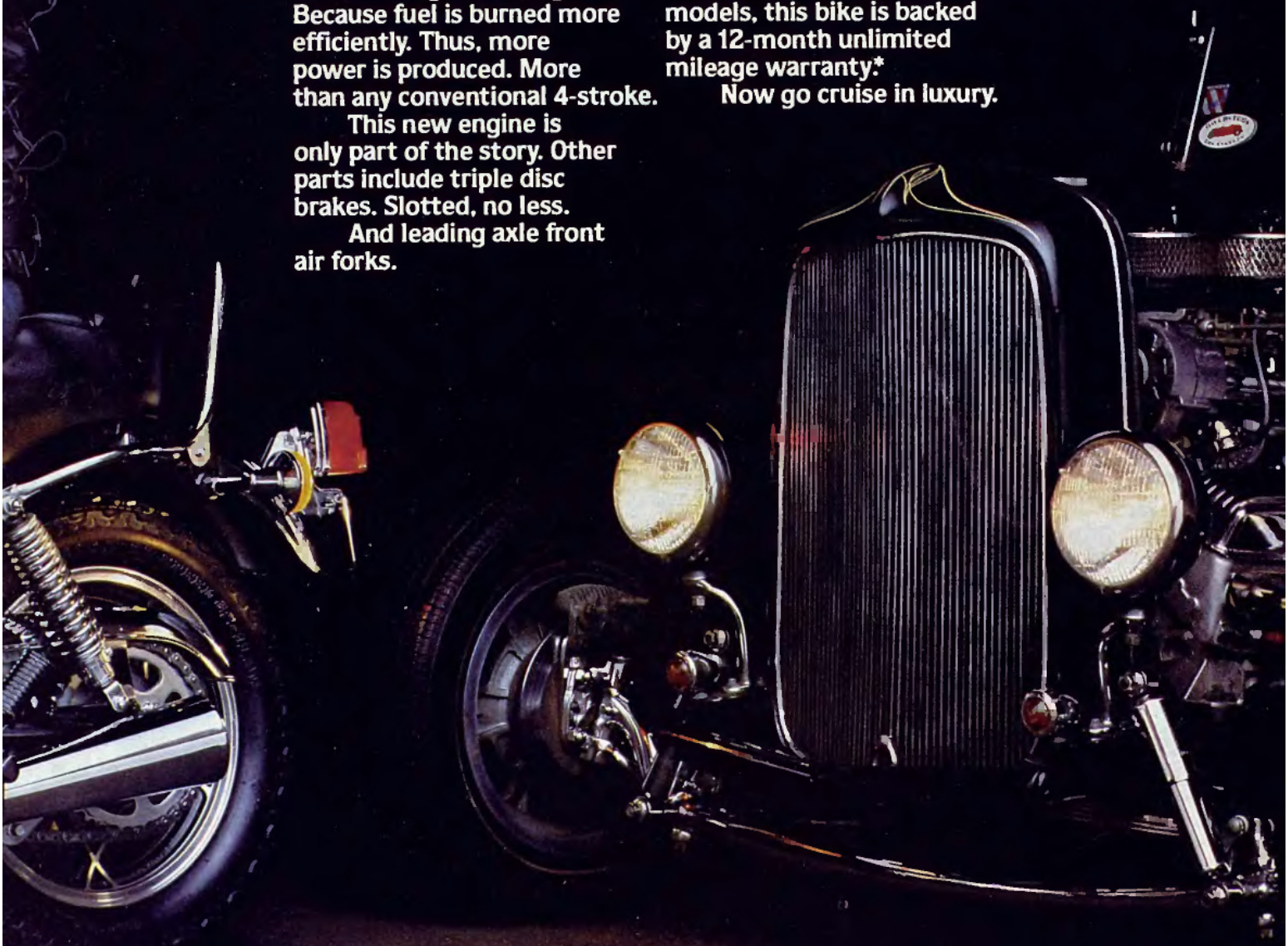
And leading axle front air forks.

And 5-way adjustable rear shocks with 4-way rebound dampers.

And the story continues: Fully-transistorized pointless ignition. Electric fuel gauge. Halogen headlight. Teardrop tank. Pull-back handlebars. Plush step saddle. Chopped pipes. And a fat 16" rear tire.

End of story? Nope. Get this: Like all 1980 GS models, this bike is backed by a 12-month unlimited mileage warranty.*

Now go cruise in luxury.



1980 GS Model
TWELVE-MONTH UNLIMITED MILEAGE WARRANTY*

*See "Limited Warranty" brochure for details. This warranty furnished only in the 48 contiguous United States and Alaska.

Master Charge is becoming MasterCard.™

To give you more of the good life.

A subtle name change. But it will mean a world of new possibilities for you. And The Good Life.

Because MasterCard™ is not just a charge card. It's becoming a system for universal transactions. For banking needs and services. For more of the new services that you'll want (and need) in the 80's... in more than 140 countries... at more than 3 million locations.

When you receive your new MasterCard™ bank card, it will replace your current Master Charge card.

Until your new card arrives, continue using your current card.

We circle the world

THE GOOD LIFE

rather sing with Emmy than with anybody else. She can make me feel the music and the ideas of a song like nobody. I can't imagine Emmy not being successful, because that might mean that I can't sing with her so much. I mean, it's in my best interests for Emmy to be successful and for people to hear her, because she brings up the general standards of the music.

PLAYBOY: When did you meet Emmylou?

RONSTADT: I was in Houston on tour with Neil Young and we had a night off and Emmy was playing with Graham Parker. I kept hearing about her and that she was the only one doing what I was doing. At that point, we were struggling to get record companies to listen to us sing Hank Williams. I saw Emmy and I died. Here was someone doing what I was doing, only, in my opinion, better. But hearing her finally outweighed the pain of being outdone and I just thought, Well, here's the level and I'd better get up there; I'd better fight for it. I sat down with Emmy and sang and I learned a hell of a lot about singing from her and I still do.

PLAYBOY: Whatever happened to the album you and Emmylou and Dolly were making?

RONSTADT: We're still trying. It was a ludicrous situation. We were trying to make an album in ten days. We three grownups should have known better than to put ourselves in a pressure cooker that way. We just wanted to do it so badly and thought that was our only chance.

PLAYBOY: Are the rumors true about the three of you fighting?

RONSTADT: No. And the potential for hideous and bitchy behavior and accusations was enormous. At the very beginning, we made a solemn pact that at any time our friendship was hurt, we would end the project. Friendship first. And when I think of the kinds of things that could have happened, it blows my hair. The thing is that Dolly—God, there is not one trace of malice in her—has such a keen understanding of what motivates people that there was never a trace of bitchiness. Basically, what I learned was that I wanted to be on the team with Dolly and Emmy. Singing with them is a precious experience. It was like musical nirvana. I learned a lot about music and about morality, and Dolly was responsible for that.

PLAYBOY: Some of your most beautiful songs are with them.

RONSTADT: There are people who act like catalysts for me. They make me do things I can't do on my own. When I sing with Emmy, she can make my voice go into a corner I can't reach by myself. And as for Dolly, when I sang *I Never Will Marry* in the studio, it just didn't have any magic. But all of a sudden, when Dolly started singing with me, wow!

PLAYBOY: Anyone else spark you like that?

RONSTADT: Sometimes I need an interpreter. Waddy [Watchtel] taught me how to sing *Tumbling Dice*. He really understands The Rolling Stones better than anyone except Keith Richards. And if you want to know about the Beatles, you go to Andrew Gold. If you want to know about Roy Orbison, you ask J. D. Souther. If you want to know about Neil Young, you ask Dan Dugmore. And if you want to know who to ask, you ask me. I'm the expert on who to ask. There are some people who work well all by themselves. Some of those Swedish fiddlers who sit in front of the mountains and just emote this passion are wonderful. But I live in a complex society and there are a lot of people around and I just need somebody to come in and put the other parts of the puzzle together for me.

PLAYBOY: You know, of course, that there are people who think of you as the sex symbol of the rock business.

RONSTADT: [*Laughing and tugging at her Arizona State T-shirt and baggy jeans*] Sex symbol! Look at me. I am not a great beauty, that's for sure. I didn't set out to become a sex symbol. I set out to be a singer. I think of myself as a sexual being. It's an important part of my life. I've never tried to keep sexuality out of my personality or my singing. It's fun that people think I'm sexy.

PLAYBOY: Do you have groupies?

RONSTADT: Well, guys come up after the show and want me to kiss them.

PLAYBOY: Do you?

RONSTADT: I don't really like to kiss strangers. I couldn't imagine 17 juicy, wet kisses from 17 strangers. It's unsanitary. You'd have to go home and get your teeth cleaned.

PLAYBOY: So guys don't knock down your hotel door?

RONSTADT: I think men are more naturally inclined to promiscuity than women. I don't know if it's biological or what, but men are able to depersonalize sex a lot more than women and still remain nice persons. The guys I know on the road are holy terrors, but I love them.

PLAYBOY: You mean you don't fool around on the road?

RONSTADT: I don't like to go to bed with strangers. [*Laughing*] I like to know what kinds of books they read. I wouldn't be interested in someone who had a groupie mentality.

PLAYBOY: You have been linked with many famous, rich, successful men through the years.

RONSTADT: Well, it would be very odd if it turned out that I had had a long relationship with a dentist. I mean, I meet famous people. I tend to have relationships with people I admire, who tend to be successful. I mean, who are you going to get a crush on? Somebody you don't admire? Why would you want to go out with a loser? What would you talk about? How I lost my job last

week? But I have lots of friends who are successful and not famous. It's just that when I go out with someone else who is famous, it gets written about—makes better reading.

PLAYBOY: When you meet a man you admire, what's the next step?

RONSTADT: I have to get chased a whole lot. I need a lot of convincing, especially if he's famous. I don't want it to seem that I'm standing in line. I have to be convinced he is more interested in me than any of the other women interested in him. I have to know that I'm the exceptional one.

PLAYBOY: How long do those relationships usually last?

RONSTADT: I go out with a guy either for a night or for a year. I rarely have boyfriends for less than a year. Some just move over to friendships.

PLAYBOY: Is it hard to keep former lovers for friends?

RONSTADT: You have to explain what the nature of the relationship is, going in. Are we going steady? If you don't promise something that you don't have any intention of delivering, you can move on and not leave bitterness behind. I never felt obligated to be physically faithful to anybody or to be in any way emotionally entwined with just one man. I have never made that promise. I have never had a ring around my neck or an engagement ring or a wedding ring on my finger. If I did make that promise, I suppose I would be mad if I didn't honor it. So I enjoy and let the other person enjoy, and some of that's sexual.

PLAYBOY: Where does love fit in?

RONSTADT: Being in love is the best way to excite the feelings of sexuality. But you can't fall in love with everybody you are hugely, physically attracted to. I think you fall in love once, maybe twice. If you are dumb enough to screw it up the first time or unfortunate enough to lose it and if you're lucky enough to find it again, that's great. Love is a special circumstance. When you fall in love, a whole different set of principles apply. I think shallow relationships are boring. Who wants endless streams of shallow relationships? My relationships are very intense. Whether or not they last five years is totally beside the point. And I don't think my lifestyle is conducive to those kinds of relationships. I don't consider any of my relationships a failure. I think they have all been rather successful. But, boy, are they intense. Whoa, Jesus!

PLAYBOY: How many times have you been in love?

RONSTADT: It's really a little death, in a way, falling in love, because you surrender yourself. When you're about to fall in love, you have this inner dialog. You know, Is this guy really cool, is he thoughtful, has he shown me strength of character, do I love him? At some point, when you are really in love, you stop having this inner dialog and you just go on and love that person unconditionally and when you do, it's a little death. You surrender and you just totally let yourself open to that and it's the most vulnerable position to be in. But to me, it's the ultimate of sexual excitement to fall totally in love.

PLAYBOY: How many times has that happened to you?

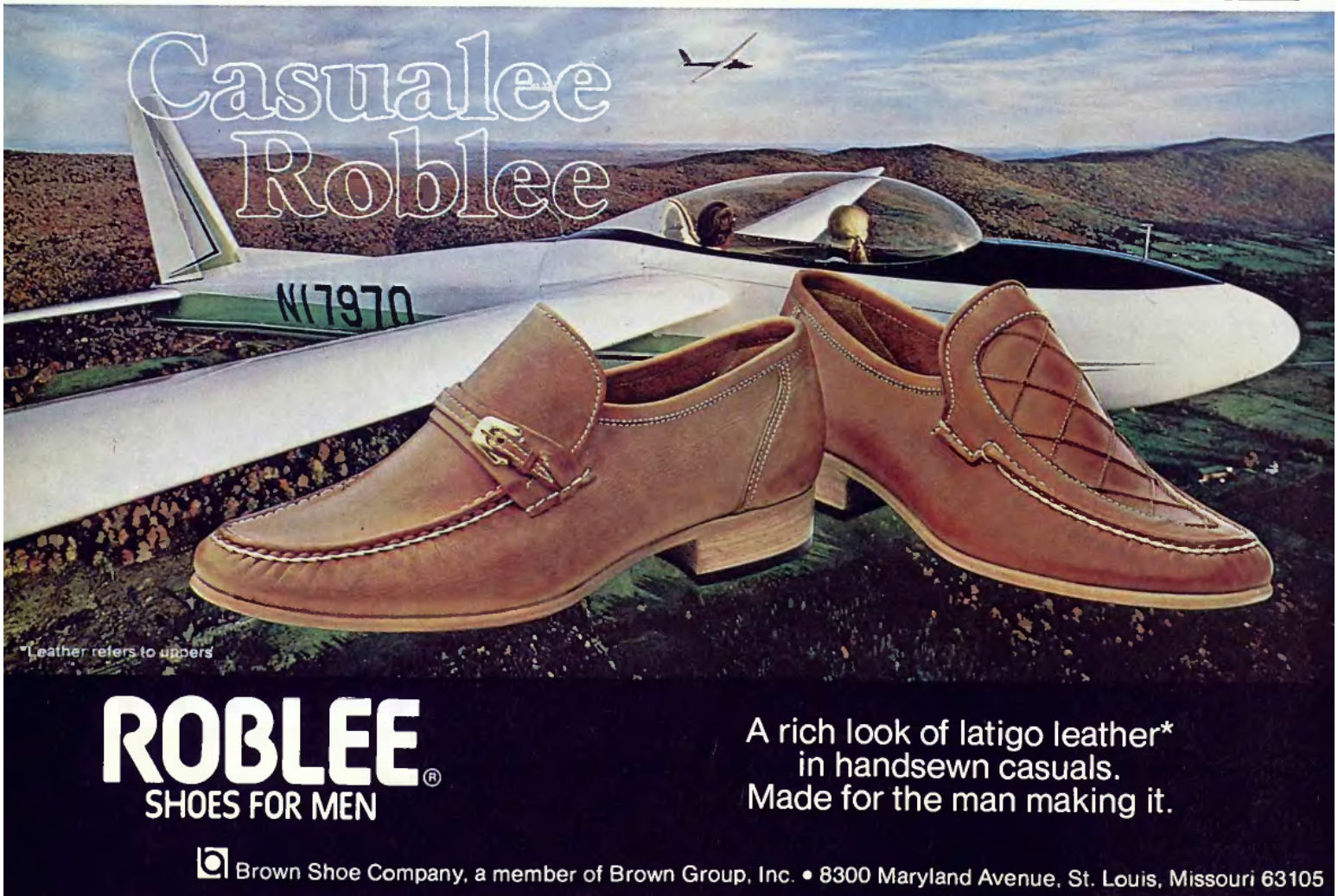
RONSTADT: I went over that line only once. It was really frightening and it took me about two years to come back.

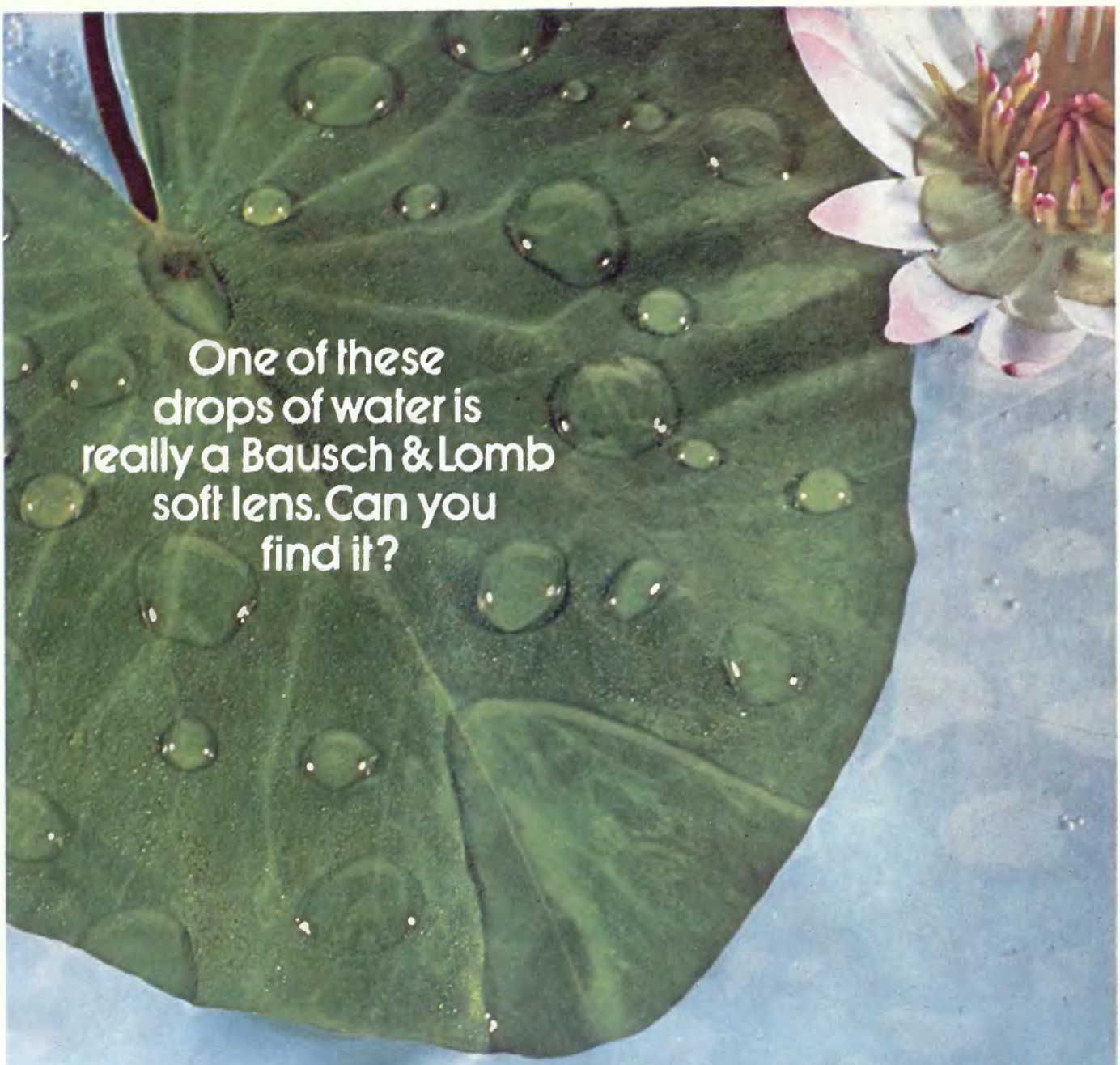
PLAYBOY: Was that with J. D. Souther?

RONSTADT: It doesn't matter. But once you totally let go, it is not easy to regain control. There is a part of you that always stays connected to that person and it changes you. But I still think it's neat. I still think it is something to strive for.

PLAYBOY: So you are not totally in love with anyone at the moment?

RONSTADT: That's right. I realized that that first time I actually went overboard. I went *splat!* It was such a wonderful feeling. That was stage one. Stage two was learning what the consequences are and stage three is being very careful. I don't think there is anything wrong with taking a real long time to fall over the edge the next time, because the next time, I would like to stay there. It's like





Believe it or not ... as incredible as it seems ... Bausch & Lomb soft lenses are made with water! So they look like water, and they're almost as soft. Which means they're cool, comfortable, safe and easy to wear from the very first time. They're so soft they actually curve to the surface of the natural moisture in your eye ... so they stay in better without irritation. And with our specially designed care products, keeping your lenses clean and clear takes you only a few minutes a day. Which drop is the Bausch & Lomb soft lens? The one nearest our name. Just ask for soft lenses by Bausch & Lomb. We've been helping to correct people's vision for over one hundred years.

Try this easy demonstration: Now we don't claim to be as soft as water itself, but just gently touch the surface of a drop of water. Until you visit your eye care professional and feel the incredible softness of the real thing, that's as close as you can get to soft lenses by Bausch & Lomb.

For free contact lens information, write Bausch & Lomb, SOFLENS Division, Rm 101, Rochester, NY 14602.

EXPERIENCE THE NATURAL FREEDOM.

BAUSCH & LOMB

SOFLENS* (polymacon) Contact Lenses

Protect your eyes with regular examinations. And if you ever have any eye problems, consult your eye doctor immediately. Contact lenses shouldn't be worn while swimming, sleeping or in the presence of irritating vapors. Avoid exposing lenses to cosmetics, lotions, soaps, creams and hair sprays. Your eye doctor will decide, based on the health of your eyes, the vision correction they need and the way you work and relax, whether you can wear Bausch & Lomb SOFLENS Contact Lenses. He will also see that you enjoy their full benefit by giving you easy directions for lens wear and daily care.

*A registered trademark of Bausch & Lomb Incorporated for polymacon contact lenses made of 61.4% poly (2-hydroxyethyl methacrylate) and 38.6% water when immersed in a sterile solution of 0.9% sodium chloride, U.S.P.

The Frosty Gin & Tonic

Tall, clean-tasting, icy-cold. Made with Gilbey's Gin, of course. The famous frosty bottle pours a gin that's made for mixing. With tonic or juice, in a Martini or Collins, the smooth flavor of Gilbey's always comes through.

Smooth Gilbey's Gin
in the frosty bottle.

The Frosty Bottle with the diamond label is an official trademark registered with the U.S. Patent & Trademark Office. Distilled London Dry Gin. 80 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd., Distr. by Nat'l. Dist. Products Co., N.Y.C.

reading your owner's manual. You read it, you do what it says and you do it pretty good.

PLAYBOY: Do you want to get married?

RONSTADT: As a life goal? Not really. I think it would be nice to have a mate whether it involved marriage or not. And I understand the reasons for wanting to ritualize the situation. It lends a bit more weight. But sometimes for people like me, who are real skittish and need a lot of freedom, maybe having that extra weight might be a burden. I've never seriously considered marrying anybody so far. But I've gotten some interesting proposals.

PLAYBOY: Do you want to have children?

RONSTADT: That's the big one. I've thought about it a lot, especially as I get nearer to 35. I like children a whole lot, but that's not a good enough reason. The only reason to have children is because you want them more than anything else and if I get to that point, I won't care if I'm married or not. I'd prefer to be with the kids' father, because I think that would multiply the enjoyment and the richness of the experience geometrically, but I don't think it would be impossible to do it alone.

PLAYBOY: Then you're not really looking for a permanent commitment.

RONSTADT: My favorite Brownism is: "Choice is the enemy of commitment." Here I am, cruising around the world, and you see this one and that one and it makes it hard if you're with one person. Suppose that person comes up short in a couple of areas and you miss that and you go to a city and find a person who's just got those two things and maybe none of the others and you go, "Why shouldn't I have that? I want that." It's just human nature.

PLAYBOY: Do you think monogamy is impossible?

RONSTADT: I don't think it's impossible; I don't think it is particularly necessary. If you live with a man and he is unfaithful to you, the only thing you can do is hope you don't find out, because it may not have any bearing on your relationship. Or if you are unfaithful to the man, I don't think you have an obligation to tell, because sometimes it is more destructive to tell. You should try real hard to stay true, though, because it's less complicated. You may be at a crossroads with somebody and if you just stayed with him, stuck it out a little bit longer, you may get up to the next level, which may be really wonderful. And if you get tempted astray, it may damage whatever kind of momentum you have going. But then, on the other hand, it may enrich it. Who knows? There just aren't any rules. I don't think a relationship can survive continual deceit and lies. As for occasional deceit and lies. . . . [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: You are obviously a man's woman. Professional friendships aside, do you *like* other women?

RONSTADT: I do like women. I am suspicious of people who categorically don't like men or women. Forget it. They have nothing to teach me. I can remember a time when I had very few women friends because I was on the road and everybody I knew was a man. I got into a bad habit of always being able to strike up a friendship with a guy based on being able to flirt. If all else failed, I could flirt with a man. I could bribe him into liking me. You can't do that with a girl. There is a whole other dynamic that is set up between two females and it can be sexual, but heterosexual, like in *Julia*. Women friends are important.

PLAYBOY: How difficult is it for a rock-'n'-roll star to have friends?

RONSTADT: We all work so hard out here that we isolate ourselves. It used to be, before we all had nice houses, that we all lived in crummy apartments and it was so depressing that we all went out to clubs every night. And the clubs provided a surrogate family. But then we all got record deals and money and

"If you are unfaithful to the man, I don't think you have an obligation to tell, because sometimes it is more destructive to tell."

big houses and that surrogate family changed. It, in a way, became the staff—you know, the people who help run your life—because our lives became so complicated with all the traveling. I don't have time for those little relationships that are important. I don't run out to the Troubadour every night. I have this nice house and I'm tired, so I slop down and watch TV. The success broke down something vital in the friendship process, as well as in the process of how we create music.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

RONSTADT: There was a time when I knew every single group or performer who came into town through the Troubadour. I knew every new trend in music so far before it was ever felt anywhere, because I was there when it was being formed. And, boy, it's real interesting, what's going on in the music industry right now. I know a lot of people are getting laid off and it will be harder for new acts to get deals, but it also means that in order to support themselves, groups are going to have to go back to the clubs. It's just going to get smaller. Those giant, expensive tours, with 30 people, four semis, stuff like that, just cost too much money. I think it will ultimately give the music a kick in the pants. I think pop music was commanding a disproportionate influence on culture and now it's getting back to normal. It will still be important, but pop music will now just take a seat, instead of driving the entire train. People may not have to live their lives vicariously through rock-'n'-roll stars. To me, that was real oppressive, because not everybody is supposed to be a musician.

PLAYBOY: Do you think this financial crisis in the music business will be good?

RONSTADT: Yes. The music will change and ultimately get better. We all got too greedy. It became an egotistical thing of saying how much money you got paid or how you just engineered a $1,000,000 deal and all the bragging about what you got written into your concert riders, like cases of champagne, Perrier, caviar.

PLAYBOY: Do you ask for tins of caviar in your concert contracts?

RONSTADT: Too many calories. No, I once had written in that I wanted a case of Shasta Diet Chocolate, and then I heard that some of the promoters were having a terrible time and going to a lot of expense to get it and I said, "Well, Tab is OK." But once, I saw these silk nightgowns I really wanted. They were so beautiful and so expensive. It was time to re-sign with my record company and I considered asking the company to buy them. But why should it? They aren't necessary and have nothing to do with the music. I thought, Well, if I want them, I'll just buy them myself.

PLAYBOY: Does what you've been saying mean you'll go back to playing clubs?

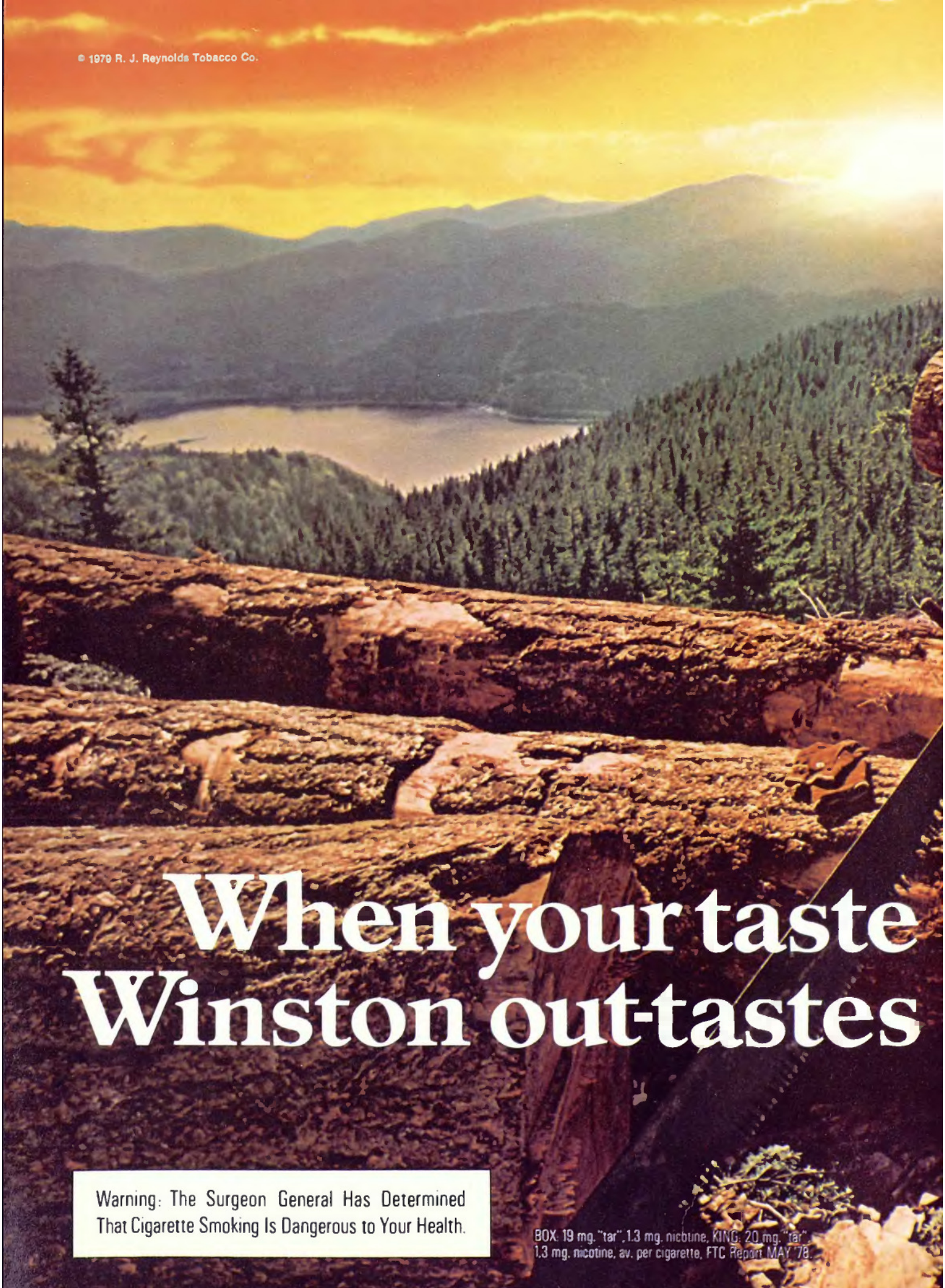
RONSTADT: I think the club scene will get real healthy again and it will give some acts places to play. But there are some practical reasons why it would be hard for me to play clubs like the Roxy and it's not because I've gotten lazy or selfish. For what I would be paid to play a club, I couldn't pay one member of my band a week's salary. The way costs have escalated and the particular economic sandwich I am in right now, I can't afford it—at least not all the time. But I plan to play the Palomino and do odd clubs during the tour. I need the feedback.

PLAYBOY: Why weren't you involved in the benefits opposed to nuclear power?

RONSTADT: I didn't have a band and I felt it might be construed as an attempt on my part to start stumping for Jerry Brown.

PLAYBOY: What's wrong with that?

RONSTADT: I feel it can be dangerous for me as an artist to get involved with issues and, particularly, with candidates. But at some point, I feel like I can't *not* take a stand. I think of pre-Hitler Germany, when it was fashionable for the Berliners not to get involved with politics and, meantime, this horrible man


© 1979 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
When your taste
Winston out-tastes
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
BOX: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

grows up,
them all.
Only Winston's Sun-Rich™ Blend
of the choicest, richest tobaccos
tastes this full and satisfying.
Winston after Winston.
KING SIZE
Winston
FILTER-CIGARETTES
FULL-RICH
TOBACCO FLAVOR
Soft Pack or Box.

took power. But it is difficult for me as a public person. I don't want people to take my word for something because they like my music. That's a danger in itself. I am real aware of my ability to influence impressionable people and I am reluctant to wield that power. If I am saying things about nuclear power, I want people to go out and learn about it. I don't want them to say "No nukes" because Jackson [Browne] and Linda say it. I don't want them to think that to be hip, they have to be a no-nukes person. I don't want people to think about issues when they hear my music. I really want them to hook their dreams onto what I am singing. When I'm out in public, I want to be *singing*.

PLAYBOY: But you are stumping for Brown. You had a $1000-a-couple dinner for him and you're doing concerts, something you said you'd never do.

RONSTADT: You know how most people burn their bridges behind them? Well, I have a tendency to burn my bridges ahead of me. I swore up and down I wouldn't do a benefit for Jerry. The artistic reason is the selfish reason, but also, I always thought that if I did a concert for Jerry, it would be perceived by the public as him trying to use me. They would say, "I told you all along: The basis of their relationship is that she can do concerts for him and make him a lot of money." But there is no way for me to stay neutral. If I won't support him, and I know him best, it looks like an attack. I would like him to be able to speak his ideas. I think they are really important and good and, for the most part, he's right. It's so hard for me, not only as a public figure but also as someone who believes in him, cares about him, is close to him and is on his side. I want to be on his side.

PLAYBOY: What's the reaction to your limited public support of Brown?

RONSTADT: I'm going to take a lot of heat for it, but I'm ready. I just don't feel that any of the alternatives are as good as Jerry, and that's what it comes down to. Look at it this way: The Eagles and I, in a way, represent the antinuclear concern. Westinghouse is heavily invested in nuclear power. A candidate like Ronald Reagan can go to Westinghouse and ask for lots of money and despite the $1000 limit, Westinghouse can commandeer huge sums of money. Plus, it can hire lawyers and take out huge ads in the newspapers and continue to brainwash the American public about the safety of nuclear power, which I think is a lie. Jerry Brown can't go to Westinghouse. He can only go to the individuals. He has no corporate financing for his ideology. A candidate like Jerry Brown can't go to Arco for money for solar power, because it's not in the company's interest. I believe it's in the public interest to have a candidate who is interested in furthering technology like solar power and protecting us from things like nuclear power.

PLAYBOY: Then you're not wary about ill-informed performers' affecting politics.

RONSTADT: A lot of us were naive in the beginning about doing benefits. We tended just to take people's word for things. I don't now. I read newspapers, periodicals. I'm not saying I'm an expert, but I am a hell of a lot better informed than before and better informed than the average person. I think my opinion is informed enough to put out there. Richard Reeves wrote sarcastically about how nobody would pay $400,000 an hour to watch him type, but Richard Reeves, in fact, swings much more influence with a typewriter than I ever could. He's a political writer. He sways public opinion every day. Doing a concert for a candidate can't swing an election. We flatter ourselves to think that. What I can do is provide better access to the public forum, and then it's up to the public to decide. Artists like Jane Fonda, Joan Baez, Vanessa Redgrave, I say more power to them, they are sticking out their necks. I don't particularly want to stick out *my* neck. But I don't see how I can *not* take a stand. It's dangerous territory for me, that's for sure. But if Frank Sinatra is going to do a benefit for Reagan, then I guess I have to do a benefit for Jerry.

"I think pop music was commanding a disproportionate influence on culture and now it's getting back to normal."

PLAYBOY: Let's return to your music. Where do your songs come from?

RONSTADT: Mostly, I get them from my friends. And from those situations late at night when a bunch of people have gotten together and gone through a lot of social ritual and the defenses are down and you get real bored. The best cure for boredom is music, and that's when the ideas start coming and your fingers start to ache and you start harmonizing, and then someone says, "I just wrote a tune," and you take the plunge. I keep getting all these funny demos from housewives and I keep praying one of those songs is going to be brilliant. It never is.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever sung anything you felt was perfect?

RONSTADT: I sang *Sorrow Lives Here* in Tokyo once and I thought it was perfect. I got this reading on this one line exactly the way I wanted to do it. I remember that night.

PLAYBOY: Is there one song you never get sick of singing?

RONSTADT: Yeah, *Willin'*. Lowell George wrote that, bless his heart. You know, I am completely an emotional singer. I have to be emotionally connected to a song or I can't sing it. I was on *Saturday Night Live* one time and had to sing a song about saccharine. I just couldn't remember the lyrics, and finally I thought about how miserable I'd be if there weren't any Tab and I got the song. It was the same thing with *Alison*. Peter [Asher] heard that song and said, "That's a hit for someone." It wasn't until I met a girl who was just like the girl in the song and I felt I had this message for her. Then I wanted to record the song. Even when I needed a hit, I turned down songs I knew would be hits because I couldn't emotionally connect with the song.

PLAYBOY: Given the tragedies some of your fellow rock 'n' rollers have suffered in the past ten years, do you ever look around and pat yourself on the back just for surviving?

RONSTADT: Yeah, I feel pretty good. I didn't become a drug addict. I didn't become a compulsive liar. Sometimes I think I'm going to be like Anna Karenina and throw myself under a train. She is a great lesson to me and I think of her every time I think about getting off the path. The thing that screws up people in my position more than anything is isolation. Because if you become isolated, then you don't get ideas; and if you don't get ideas, then you think that you can't do it anymore and you start to fall.

PLAYBOY: Are you afraid of falling?

RONSTADT: That's the other thing that screws up people in my position, the idea you're not allowed to fall. It's perfectly natural to fall, especially if you get up afterward.

PLAYBOY: You sound pretty sane these days.

RONSTADT: Part of learning how to stay sane is learning not to attach yourself to things that cannot be yours. I'm pretty good at letting go of them. Even with things I want very badly, with hindsight, there was always a real reason why I couldn't have them and it turns out for the best. That goes for songs, business, men. . . .

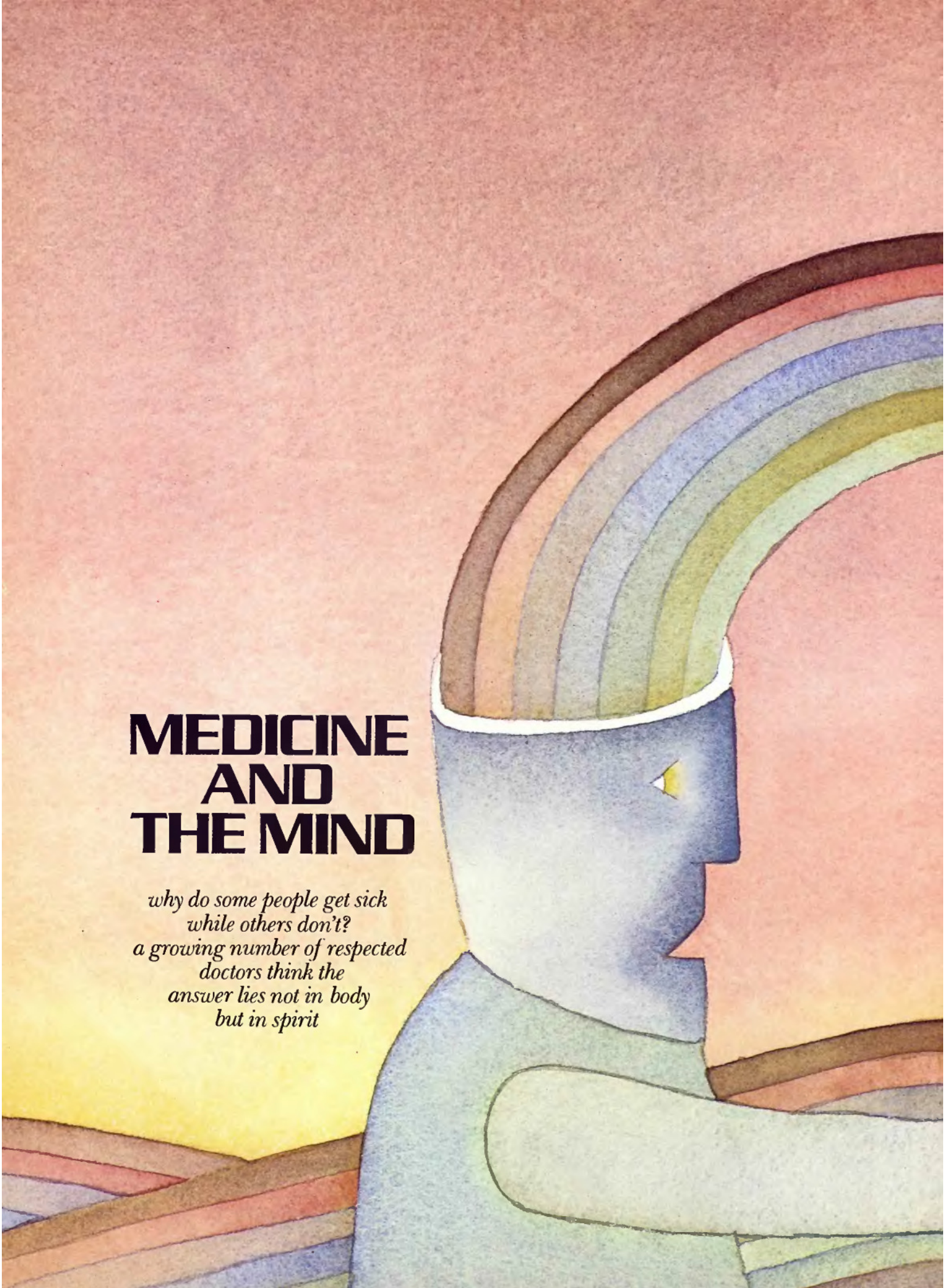
PLAYBOY: This has nothing to do with the boyfriend you won't discuss, of course, but do you ever think about being First Lady of the United States?

RONSTADT: Sometimes. It's a pretty funny thought. But if I thought about it seriously, I would probably die laughing. I like my job. And the pay is a lot better.

Some things just naturally go together.

Seagram's V.O.
The symbol of imported luxury. Bottled in Canada.
Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Canadian whisky. A blend of Canada's finest whiskies. 6 years old. 86.8 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.



MEDICINE AND THE MIND

why do some people get sick while others don't? a growing number of respected doctors think the answer lies not in body but in spirit

article **By DAVID BLACK**

MIRACLES HAPPEN all the time. Doctors call them spontaneous remissions.

In 1964, Norman Cousins, then editor of *Saturday Review*, exhausted himself in Russia as chairman of an American delegation on cultural exchange and, upon returning to America, fell critically ill with ankylosing spondylitis, a degenerative disease of the connective tissues in the spine. The glue that bound his cells together was disintegrating. Cousins, one of the most active and respected humanists of our time, a man whose career had always been marked by flexibility of intellect, was becoming physically rigid. He had spent a lifetime being outspoken and now he was so paralyzed he

could hardly open his mouth.

"The prognosis," says Cousins, "was progressive paralysis; I was told I'd have to make a choice between having my body freeze sitting up or lying down." The doctors told Cousins his chance for recovery was one in 500.

"I didn't care what the doctors said the disease was. They could have said it was cancer multiplied by ten. And I would have said, 'OK, boys, you just tend to your business; I'll tend to mine.' "

Cousins smiles sweetly and, stretching his legs, crosses his feet at the ankles. His pants cuff catches on the top of one of his Wellingtons and he nimbly reaches down to free it. Not the gesture of a man who 16 years ago was told by specialists that he would have to get used to a life as a living statue.

"When I discovered the disease was serious," he says, "I had a much better attitude toward it than when I thought it was transient. Before, it was something to accept passively; I had put myself in other people's hands. Now it became a challenge; I realized I'd better get into the act and take an interest in the case."

His smile widens. The happier he grows at the memory, the more clearly marked his features become—as though joy, in a very real way, defines him. "I was curious," he says, "and had this great experimental desire. I didn't have to kill any sheep or dogs to do my experiment. I had a beautifully self-contained laboratory: me."

He had remembered the work of a Montreal doctor, Hans Selye, who a decade earlier, in 1956, had published a book based on his pioneer study of how stress could adversely affect body chemistry and cause illness. Cousins had assumed the reverse was also true, that positive emotions, like love, hope, faith, the will to live and joy, could promote health. So he discharged himself from the hospital—a very stressful environment, "the last place someone sick should go," he now claims—and checked into a hotel, where he was more comfortable, the service was better and the cost was less. From Alan Funt, Cousins borrowed a movie projector and some classic reels of *Candid Camera*. He also stocked his medicine cabinet with Marx Brothers films, E. B. and Katharine White's *Subtreasury of American Humor*, Max Eastman's *The Enjoyment of Laughter* and the works of P. G. Wodehouse, James Thurber, Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman and—he confides, "if you promise not to tell anybody" (I didn't promise)—"even Bennett Cerf.

"I made a very interesting discovery," he says. "Ten minutes of solid belly laughter would give me two hours of pain-free sleep."

A decade later, in the mid-Seventies, scientists discovered that the brain produces proteins called endorphins, which are natural morphinelike painkillers. Apparently, laughter—and, in general, any happy, relaxed state—triggers the production of endorphins. So the anesthetic effect of Cousins' self-prescribed therapy of joy has a scientific basis. Furthermore, laughter seemed not only to reduce his pain but also to help cure him. Because of its anesthetic effect, he no longer had to take sleeping pills and painkillers, which affect the endocrine system and interfere with the body's own healing mechanisms. Cousins found that after each session of laughter, his sedimentation rate—a gauge of how severe an infection or inflammation is—dropped a significant five points.

He also took massive doses—25 grams—of vitamin C, which lowered his sedimentation rate even more. "At the end of the critical two weeks during which I took the love, laughter and ascorbic-acid [vitamin C] therapy, I was able to move my thumbs," says Cousins, working his thumbs like Danny Kaye singing *Thumbelina* in *Hans Christian Andersen*, "and I knew I was going to make it all the way." He now plays tennis an average of three times a week.

Orthodox doctors have trouble with Cousins' case. If he had gone to Lourdes, they would have been skeptical enough. But a pilgrimage to the Marx Brothers? Traditional physicians tend to explain Cousins' improvement as something that would have happened anyway—that one-in-500 chance—or, as the result of the placebo effect—improvement due to a patient's (and sometimes also a doctor's) belief in an otherwise useless therapy. But neither of those cautious explanations explains much. What was it that made Cousins that one in 500? If love, laughter and vitamin C did not cure him, how did the *belief* that they would cure him make him healthier? Just what *is* the connection between the spirit and the flesh—between a healthy body and a healthy mind?

•

If Cousins' cure were the only one on record, it would be easy to dismiss it as a fluke. But doctors have often had to deal with miracle cures—and with equally inexplicable declines in health—associated with dramatic changes in mood or expectation. Sixty-four miracle cures—including regeneration of withered limbs—have been documented at Lourdes alone since the turn of the century. And about 200 cases of regressions of terminal cancers have been published. Then there are thousands of cases of widows and widowers who die within days of their spouses, of people who have heart attacks shortly after being fired from their jobs, of others who fall seriously ill following divorces. There are the results of a study done recently by Caroline Thomas and Karen Duszynski of Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine that found a significant psychological similarity among medical students who later developed malignant tumors; the patients seemed to share a feeling that they were not close to their parents. How can a feeling of estrangement from parents lead to cancer? And what can a medical doctor do about it? There are no pills that can heal a rupture within a family.

There are the results of startling—and ethically questionable—experiments reported by the late Dr. Henry K. Beecher of the Harvard Medical School. Patients suffering from angina pectoris were given sham arterial-bypass operations: They were merely cut and sewn up. But the patients generally expected the operation to improve their condition and, in fact, they did as well as patients who were given real bypass operations. Apparently, something other than surgery was at work.

The maiden who pines away for love and the healthy Haitian who dies after having a voodoo curse placed on him are not fictions. They are realities traditional modern medicine has tended to deny or ignore. If civilization is a hospital ward, the maiden and the Haitian live in the forest surrounding the hospital grounds. And the rest of us—with a few brave and inquisitive exceptions—try unsuccessfully to reassure one another that their howls of pain are the sound of the wind in the woods. Mysterious changes in health seem, at least at first, to threaten the rational myths upon which our culture is based. We want to believe medicine is technology, because if it is, we can improve our health merely by building better machines. Any other model of medicine might suggest that to improve our health, we must somehow improve our very selves.

We could understand it if mood or behavior changes *followed* improvements or declines in health. But often the mood or behavior change occurs simultaneously with or even *before* the change. This sounds too much like magic—or, worse, religion. At least in magic, the one spinning the spells is human; if magic proved useful, doctors could grab the wands. If religion rules health, doctors must defer to divines. We drown in disease or wait for an almighty hand to still the waters.

Whatever the agent of these mysterious cures and illnesses, doctors have found it harder and harder to deny that such improvements and declines have some significance in the practice of responsible medicine: first, because the more they look, the more they find that expectation—or attitude, temperament, mood, personality, call it what you will—

(continued on page 211)

"The Kitamutos and the Shimititsus are truly fun people!"

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REUNION

what an anniversary!
25 years of centerfold beauties gather at playboy mansion west
to celebrate with the man who made it all possible

In the beginning was the $600, the typewriter on the kitchen table and a young man's dream—to publish a magazine thot would "respond to the repressive, antisexual, anti-play-and-pleasure aspects of aur puriton heritage." Also, that would allaw him to meet a *lot* of beautiful women. Amang titans of industry, this is known as a fringe benefit. At the Playmote Reunion, Hef found himself awash in benefits, in the form of 11 Playmates of the Year (above). The ladies are (front row) Cyndi Wood (1974), Monique St. Pierre (1979), Debra Jo Fondren (1978), Liv Lindelond (1972), Linda Gomble (1961); (second row) Connie Kreski (1969), Claudia Jennings (1970), Lillian Müller (1976), Jo Collins (1965), Allison Parks (1966) and Lisa Baker (1967). At left, Hef is double-teamed by the original girl-next-door Playmate, Janet Pilgrim, and Phi Beta Koppa Playmate Vicki McCarty (Miss September 1979).

IT WAS A FANTASY come alive, a daydream you could touch. On one of the hottest days of a Los Angeles September, the most elite sorority in the world gathered at Playboy Mansion West for a first-time-ever meeting. There were women in tank tops, in disco pants, in short-shorts, in slit skirts, in see-through dresses, in tailored suits. Some were self-assured, others nervous. Most were stunning; none was less than attractive. They came in all sizes but only one basic shape, because what all these women had in common was that each had reached a pinnacle of popular culture: Each had been a PLAYBOY Playmate.

The reunion was the idea of PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner, who invited 25 years of Misses January through December to spend a weekend getting acquainted and reacquainted, all expenses paid. It was a fitting way to sum up PLAYBOY's 25th-anniversary year, he thought, for, as he told the assembled throng, "Without you, I'd have a literary magazine."

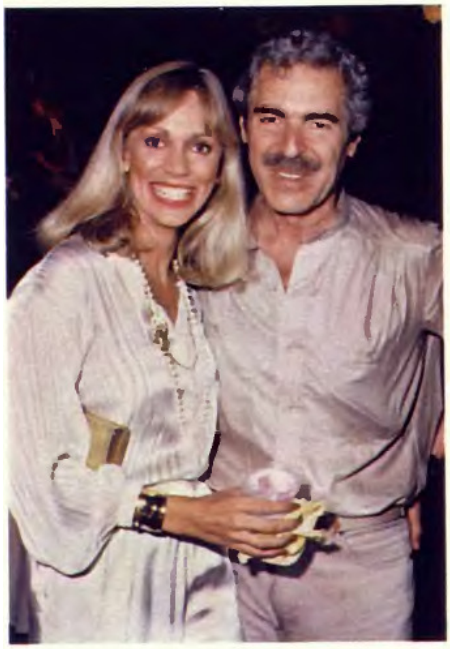
Getting in touch with the 307 women who'd been Playmates *(text continued on page 234)*

More scenes from the reunion at Playboy Mansion West. At top left is Jayne Marie Mansfield, who was featured in a PLAYBOY pictorial in July 1976 and is the doughter of the late famed actress Jayne Mansfield, our February 1955 Playmate. Miss April 1979, Missy Cleveland (top right), chats with longtime PLAYBOY contributors Shel Silverstein and LeRoy Neiman. Above, Hef shows himself to be a good skate in the company of current and potential Playmates Terri Welles, Candy Collins (December 1979) and Victoria Cooke. You may have seen Victoria featured as one of the Playmates of the Eighties in last November's ABC-TV special *The Playboy Roller Disco and Pojama Party*.

Top left: Hef and his secretary Joni Mattis (in background) greet Playmate Eleanor Bradley, whose February 1959 centerfold appears at top right. Joni, herself Miss November 1960, and Eleanor were regulars on *Playboy's Penthouse*, Hef's first syndicated TV show. Above: Hef compliments February 1973 Playmate Cyndi Wood (her gatefold is above left) on her performance in *Apocalypse Now*.

Janet Pilgrim is the only Playmate to have appeared three times in our centerfold: in July 1955, December 1955 (that's the Playmate photo she's posing with above) and October 1956. It's clear that Janet has changed little, but attitudes about nudity have: Her centerfold, thought racy in 1955, recently was televised in prime time on NBC-TV's *Real People*. Twenty years separated the appearances of Marianne Gaba (September 1959 centerfold at far left) and Missy Cleveland (April 1979), but both look great today (near left). Below: Four Playmates model for Hef their new promotional costumes, designed by Walter Holmes (who was responsible for creating the Jet Bunny uniforms for Playboy's DC-9).

At near right, Playmate Janice Pennington at the reunion and as she appeared in the magazine (May 1971). Janice has been a regular on the TV game show *The Price Is Right* for the past seven years. Far right: Norwegian Playmate Lillian Müller with her August 1975 centerfold. Lillian's appearance in PLAYBOY soon led to a film career and the 1976 Playmate of the Year title.



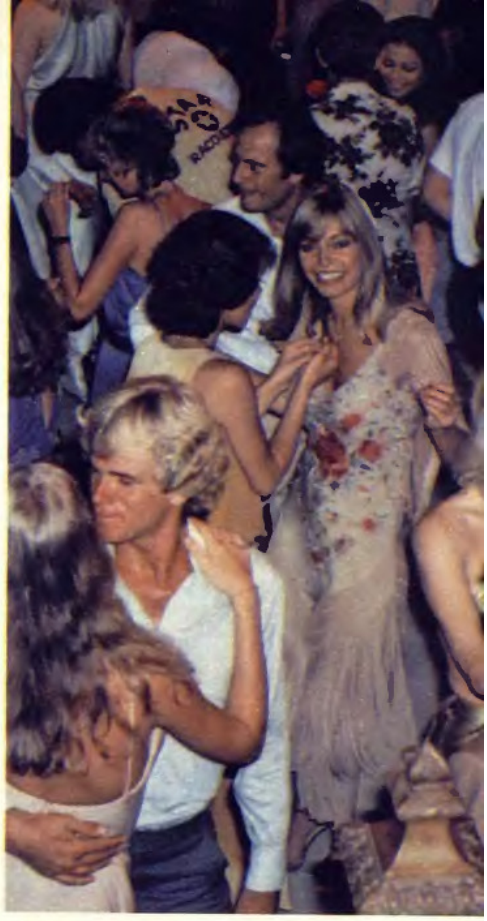
Above, Playmate Connie Mason gets reacquainted with PLAYBOY Staff Photographer Pompeo Posar. Pompeo was responsible for shooting Connie's June 1963 centerfold (above right), and has done 49 others during his 20-year career with the magazine. Connie worked as a Bunny in the Miami and Chicago Playboy Clubs in the early Sixties, was a successful fashion model after that and now has a grown daughter who was also a Bunny, in New York in 1976. Below: Playmate Rosanne Katon (September 1978) with pro-football superstar turned actor Jim Brown. Rosanne is a regular in the TV series *White Shodow*. Playmate Kristine Hanson (September 1974), seen interviewing Hef at the reunion, was the one TV newsperson at the event with an extraspecial insight into what it means to be a Playmate. Her interview was for her own show, *Weeknight*, a magazine-format news-and-feature program on KCRA-TV in Sacramento.

Above: December 1964 Playmate Ja Collins, best known for her widely publicized trip to Vietnam, is seen above right signing her centerfold an a Playmate-covered rec-room wall. Below: Miss December 1963, Donna Michelle, who was 1964 Playmate of the Year, swaps recallections with Hef. Danna switched to the ather side of the lens in 1974 to shoat the PLAYBOY feature *Donna Clicks*.

Playmate Julie Woodson used her April 1973 appearance in the magazine (left) to enhance a successful career as an actress and fashion madel. At the reunion (below left), she poses again, this time for the pen of artist LeRoy Neiman. Below: Playmate Delilah Henry, who used the professional name Teddi Smith when she appeared in the magazine in July 1960 (bottom), gives Hef a hug.

Above, Playmate Miki Garcio poses with photographer Mario Cosilli in front of the blowup of her January 1973 centerfold. Miki is now a Playboy executive, Director of Playmate Promotions, while Mario keeps on shooting—at last count, he had done 53 centerfolds for the magazine. Below: TV-game-show host Richard Dawson, who emceed the reunion program for television, presents Julia Lyndon, Miss August 1977, with the keys to one of two Volvo Bertones awarded in a lottery.

Below, the reunion luncheon gives two of PLAYBOY's most famous contributing artists, Alberto Vargas and LeRoy Neiman, the chance to talk a little shop. Vargas has been portraying feminine beauty for more than 50 years, first for Flo Ziegfeld, then for *Esquire* and, for the past 20 years, for PLAYBOY. Below center: Hef greets May 1966 Playmate Dolly Read and her husband, comedian Dick (*Laugh-In*) Martin.



Above left: Producer Allan (Grease) Carr, actress Valerie Perrine (who stars in Carr's newest film, *Can't Stop the Music*) and singing great Mel Tormé drop by the reunion to chat with Hef. Above: 25th-anniversary Playmate Candy Loving, whose appearance capped a nationwide hunt, poses with a blowup of her centerfold. Above right: 1979 Playmate of the Year Monique St. Pierre is at the center of the disco action as a friend admires her Rabbit necklace, given to each Playmate at the reunion. Left: October 1965 Playmate Allison Parks shares some of the magic with Hef. Her centerfold (below left) led to her being chosen 1966 Playmate of the Year. Bottom left: Playmate Sondra Theodore was all smiles at the reunion but a trifle more reserved in her July 1977 centerfold (below).

Playmate Carol Vitale (July 1974) is shown putting her vital statistics into motion an the dance floor (left) with ace cameraman Mario Casilli. Talk about fringe benefits: Bet you thought being a PLAYBOY photographer was *all* work. Below: Why is this man smiling? In one of the more remarkable moments of a remarkable event, Hef is surrounded by Playmates for a heart-stopping picture. How many girls next door is one man entitled ta? Surely, so much beauty in ane place violates some zaning ordinance—even in California. For Hef, it was a dream come true. Just think. He could have published *Car and Driver* and ended up with a yard full of Edsels. A mere mortal in this situation would have been speechless. But Hef rose to the occasion, describing the day as "something that will stay with me as long as I live."

THE AMERICAN JAMES BOND: A TRUE STORY

top spy william harvey uncovered kim philby, tapped the berlin tunnel and conspired against castro—but his own government gave him the fiercest fight

article By DAVID C. MARTIN

"OVERTHROW OF CASTRO is possible," Bobby Kennedy told Richard Helms amid the controlled chaos of his fifth-floor office at the Justice Department. An aide to the CIA clandestine services' Helms wrote rapidly to keep up with the Attorney General's staccato cadence. "A solution to the Cuban problem today carried top priority in U. S. Government. No time, money, effort—or manpower—is to be spared. Yesterday . . . the President had indicated to him that the final chapter had not been written—it's got to be done and will be done."

President John F. Kennedy was still smarting from the Bay of Pigs fiasco and, as his brother had told Helms, was determined to settle the score. Helms's response was to place William King Harvey in charge of what would be known within the agency as Task Force W. Two-gun Bill Harvey, foil of Soviet spy Kim Philby, foreman of the Berlin tunnel, was the CIA's heaviest hitter. Harvey's appointment, more than anything else Helms could do, would convince the Kennedy Administration that the CIA meant business.

Brigadier General Edward Lansdale, Kennedy's "Cuba Commander," was suitably impressed. He introduced Harvey to the President as the American James Bond.

The President's enthusiasm for Ian Fleming and the improbable escapades of his British superagent, 007, was well publicized, so Lansdale must have been more than a little flattered when John Kennedy remarked to him one day that he was America's answer to Bond. Lansdale, with all due modesty, demurred, suggesting that the real American 007 was this fellow Harvey, whom Helms had just put on the Cuba case. Naturally, the President wanted to meet the man, and before long, Harvey and Lansdale were sitting outside the Oval Office, waiting to be ushered in.

As Lansdale told the story, he turned to Harvey and said, "You're not carrying your gun, are you?" Of course he was, Harvey replied, starting to pull a revolver from his pants pocket. Aghast at what the Secret Service might do if this strange-looking man were suddenly to draw a gun, Lansdale quickly told Harvey to keep the damn thing in his pants until he could explain to the agents that the gentleman would like to check his firearm. Harvey turned over the gun and was about to enter the Oval Office when suddenly he remembered something. Reaching behind him, he whipped out a .38 Detective Special from a holster snapped to his belt in the small of his back and handed it to the startled Secret Service agents.

The President left no record of his reaction to the sight of his American Bond—this red-faced, popeyed, bullet-headed, pear-shaped man advancing on him with a ducklike strut that was part waddle and part swagger. Harvey's deep, gruff voice must have restored the President's faith in 007 somewhat, but Ian Fleming would never read the same again.

•

William Harvey's father was the most prominent attorney in Danville, Indiana, a small town 20 miles west of Indianapolis, and his grandfather was the founder of the local newspaper. In 1936, on the strength of his father's name and the endorsement of his grandfather's newspaper, Harvey himself ran for prosecuting attorney in Hendricks County while still a student at Indiana University law school. Despite *The Danville Gazette*'s promise that "Billy is a keen student and his election would be a great benefit to the people of Hendricks County," Harvey was a Democrat in a staunchly Republican county, and he lost by 880 votes out of 12,000 cast.

Staying in Indiana only long enough to collect his law degree, Harvey and his young wife, the former Elizabeth McIntire—called Libby by her friends—moved to the small Ohio River town of Maysville, Kentucky, where he opened a one-man practice. Harvey went through the motions, joining the Rotary Club and working with the boy scouts, but he never really made a go of it in Maysville. "In a small town, you have to be nice to people and smile," said a local insurance broker, one of Harvey's friends. "He didn't meet people well. . . . He didn't indulge in small talk. He could walk down the street and not speak to anybody." Harvey did little more than "sit around in the office and fiddle with his collection of guns and knives."

No one was very surprised in December of 1940 when Harvey left Maysville and joined the FBI, starting in the Pittsburgh field office. By 1945, he had made his way to FBI headquarters in Washington as part of a small vanguard of three agents—himself, *(continued on page 198)*

ILLUSTRATION BY THOMAS INGHAM

THE
TABLES HAVE
TURNED!
SONY
DIGITAL AUDIO DISC PLAYER DAD-X1

oh, the music still goes round and round, but there have been sensational improvements in the machines that do the spinning

Opposite page: You're looking at the shape of things to come: Sony's revolutionary **DAD-1X Digital Audio Disc Player** that should hit the market in about five years equipped with a helium-neon laser light in lieu of a tonearm and stylus, thus eliminating all surface noises. Projected price for the DAD-1X is not established and owners will have to revamp their record collections, as it plays plastic-coated polished-aluminum discs housing computer-code bits of musical information. Right, top to bottom: **Phase Linear's Model 8000 Series II** turntable incorporates a linear tracking tonearm that keeps the stylus perfectly tangent to the groove; all controls are on the outside of the dust cover, about $750. It's shown here equipped with an Ortofon Concorde 20 ultralight cartridge, from Pacific Stereo, Chicago, $125. The **LP-3000U** is a quartz-lock, direct-drive turntable with a digital speed indicator; it features a linear tracking tonearm with automatic programing, which allows the owner to choose the tracks on an album he wishes to hear, by Aiwa, $1200 complete. **Yamaha's YP-D71** is a quartz-lock, direct-drive double-servo turntable with tonearm sensors that eliminate end-of-record surface noise, $330; plus an MC-1X cartridge, also by Yamaha, $250. **Optonica's RP-4705**, a fully automatic, direct-drive turntable, features controls outside the dust cover, $280. Ours is equipped with an Ortofon Concorde 20 ultralight cartridge, from Pacific Stereo, Chicago, $125. **Technics' SL-10**, a compact, direct-drive turntable, is little larger than an LP jacket cover; it functions fully automatically and silently when the cover is closed, by Panasonic, about $600. Last, the **Micro Seiki BL-91** is a belt-drive armless turntable with a base of ebony for maximum resistance to vibrations, $700, plus tonearm mount, $75, tonearm, $225, and an ADC Model XLM Mark III Improved cartridge, $120, the last from Pacific Stereo, Chicago.

PHOTO BY NED PHILLIPS

article **By Norman Eisenberg**

A REVOLUTION in turntables may be an easy pun, but it aptly describes what is happening (and what is about to happen) in a major area of home entertainment. The innovation, which is still waiting in the wings but threatens to come onstage at its own cue, is digital sound. Why the fuss? According to Sony, which has been working on digital-audio-disc systems since 1976 and whose latest version—the model DAD-1X—is shown here, digital audio represents such an advance in the quality of recorded and reproduced sound over existing analog sound that its development is tantamount to bringing present-day audio "out of the Stone Age."

Digital sound (also called pulse-code modulated sound, or PCM) is credited with banishing all the forms of distortion inherent in analog sound. Wow and flutter become ghosts of the past finally laid to rest. Dynamic range is increased to 95 dB or more as against the 50 to 60 dB of the best analog discs. Frequency response is ruler flat across the audio range up to 20,000 Hz within a mere +0.25 dB variation. (For all you nontechnical buffs, that's terrific.)

That kind of performance from a disc recording involves, as you might expect, a radically new kind of record and player to handle it. Basically, the system is a spin-off of video-disc technology, and so a few companies other than Sony also have prototypes or at least working models that are let out tentatively from the labs for a peek by the press and audio trade. The Sony model, like many others, uses a laser beam to scan the digitally pulsed signal on the specially coated disc. There is no physical contact between the record and a tracking stylus. That factor alone does away with record wear,

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

tracking distortion, stylus wear, stereo-channel lopsidedness and other devilries, not the least of which is the static charge that attracts dust.

As a final fillip, the Sony system, which runs at a speed of 450 rpm, can pack up to two and a half hours of playing time on the one-sided disc, enough for many a full opera or a hefty rock concert, depending on your musical tastes.

Before rushing out to queue up at your local hi-fi dealer, be advised that none of the impending systems is currently in stock. Nor is any likely to be available for some time. Estimates as to just when vary from five to ten years.

The reason for the delay is not that technology or production know-how is lacking but that the records themselves are. The PCM trend is still essentially a hardware-inspired thrust, based largely on the audio possibilities inherent in a digitally encoded video disc. In that regard, it is unlike two earlier major changes in record playing—the long-playing or microgroove disc in the late Forties and the stereo disc about ten years later.

Both of those upheavals started in the recording industry itself; and, in each instance, it was a matter of hardware's following the new software, or new equipment's being developed to play the new kind of records. The digital disc, or at least the audio digital disc, has not been announced as a new home-program format by any recording company. It is, in a sense, being thrust on the recording companies—and at a time when they are attempting to cope with a slew of problems, from the rising cost of vinyl to shaky sales.

As for digital sound as such, the record companies are just getting into it by using digital tape recorders for making master tapes, which then are used for cutting and processing conventional analog discs. And even here, there are reports that the exact digital tape system to use can become a source of violent internal controversy among top recording executives, producers and performers.

In the meantime, today's turntable remains a viable product, and the sheer number of new models—not to mention the improvements and refinements associated with them—seems ample testimony to the continued durability of records as we know them. There have been changes within that format, but they are evolutionary, not revolutionary.

Record-buying and record-playing habits seem to be somewhat related to what has happened to turntables (and their working partners, tonearms and cartridges) in the past few years. What has happened, of course, is the rise of the single-play turntable and the decline of the platter-plopping automatic model. One reason for its success is the indisputable logic contained in the argument: Why pay for automation that you don't use?

One of the first of the Seventies' examples of the "economy manual" was the Pioneer PL-12AC, a two-speed model (33⅓ and 45 rpm; the 78-rpm speed was summarily dropped as of no further interest to the current market) that sold in 1972 for a mere $100. A year later, hi-fi enthusiasts were attracted to a unit that had an even more intense appeal in *aficionado* terms. That model was the Technics SL-1100A, also a two-speed manual but costing (with mounting base) $350. That price got you no automation, but it did get you state-of-the-art performance. It also—in common with other Technics turntables that soon began proliferating—reintroduced to Seventies hi-fi fans the phrase direct drive, which, together with other buzz words such as quartz locked and radial tracking, have become the new jargon for today's turntables.

Direct drive suggests, of course, indirect drive, which is actually how most turntables operated and how many still do. The indirect-drive turntable uses a high-speed motor whose normal speed—usually about 1800 rpm—must be reduced to the 33⅓ or 45 rpm required by most records. The speed reduction, and the coupling of the energy to the rotating platter, can be handled by an idler wheel or a belt. Because idlers tend to develop flats, and because they do not isolate the platter as effectively as belts, the belt-drive system became the preferred choice for hi-fi applications.

A direct-drive turntable uses a motor that rotates at the same speed as the platter, and coupling is literally direct, since the center spindle over which you place the record is an extension of the motor shaft. By definition, the slower a motor turns, the lower in frequency will be its rumble, which is all to the good. However, the control of such a motor—especially for the critical job of rotating a record—requires some fancy new technology, such as servo control or the even fancier one known as quartz locked in which a quartz crystal serves to "monitor" the speed and initiate any needed correction instantaneously (not unlike the quartz control used in watches). Generally speaking, the cost of a quartz-locked-control turntable will be higher than that of a servo-controlled unit, which, in turn, will be more costly than a belt-drive unit. To be sure, design features other than the drive system (such as the weight of the platter and the type of arm used) contribute to the varying costs, but the over-all pattern is illustrated by these examples.

Yet another refinement on the quartz-locked direct-drive system is the quartz-locked double servo system, which has both a frequency generator and a circuit known as the phase locked loop (PLL). The PLL is designed to enhance speed accuracy by freeing the turntable from small speed drifts caused by changes in temperature, load or voltage. In the new Yamaha YP-D71, for example, the PLL feature is incorporated by means of an integrated circuit.

Despite the increasing popularity of direct drive, a healthy quota of belt-drive turntables continues to be manufactured and enjoyed by a vast number of hi-fi listeners. But the newest versions are belt drive with a difference. For example, in the Philips AF-977, the motor is coupled to the platter via a belt, but a tachometer monitors the speed and signals any needed corrections through a PLL circuit. Philips calls this system Direct Control. In the new belt-drive Visonik VT-5300, the motor is servo controlled with the help of an internal frequency generator. Again, speed is constantly monitored and any needed adjustments are immediately made.

The obvious concern with speed control (by whatever means) has less to do with the actual absolute speed as such than with those small, nagging short-term speed variations known as wow and flutter. Those slow and rapid, respectively, speed variations can distort the musical sound by introducing wavering pitch or birdies into it. No less disagreeable, and potentially more harmful, since it can introduce heavy distortion and overload into a stereo system, is the low-pitched noise known as rumble. While the direct-drive system starts out with potentially low rumble, this virtue is hardly its exclusive accomplishment. Properly made belt-drive systems have inherently low rumble, too. It is, in the last analysis, a matter of how well any operating principle is applied and worked out in terms of the parts used and how cannily they have been assembled.

The moral is not to let any buzz word con you into buying a product that cannot document its own performance in terms of hard specifications. A typically fine spec for wow and flutter (the two disorders are usually combined into one measurement) would be a weighted root mean square (WRMS) of about .03 percent, and the lower that number, the better. A good rumble figure would

(concluded on page 286)

"No—it's a home for a wayward girl."

ALL THE FREAKING WAY TO THE BANK

chuck barris didn't get as rich as he is by misjudging the pleasures of the american tv fan

personality

By TRACY J. JOHNSTON

JOIN CHUCK BARRIS AND SEE THE WEIRD is what the ad campaign says, and the finger of Barris, as Uncle Sam, is pointing at you. No longer just a daytime television producer with a couple of game shows to his credit, Barris has become a significant packager of American popular culture, and his specialty is that part of the culture that has traditionally been kept hidden: bawdy sex, lowbrow comedy, side-show freaks and downright lunatic crazies.

There are now five Barris shows on the air, providing more than eight hours a week of programing in most major markets. And all of them are stages on which genuine American characters *(continued on page 238)*

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES SHIELDS

LET THERE BE LIZ

how many playmates does it take to put an end to those dumb polish jokes? just one

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

When Pope John Paul II made his historic visit to Chicago, he should have felt right at home—you don't have to go to Poland to find beautiful Polish women. Chicago is said to have a Polish population second only to Warsaw's; and Chicago is beautiful, Polish Liz Glazowski's home town. Remember when we scoured the country for our 25th Anniversary Playmate? Liz is one of our bonuses from that venture. "I'm impulsive. I heard about the Great Playmate Hunt, thought I'd make a good Playmate and went to the Mansion for an interview." She came, we saw, we concurred. Liz was an ace secretary before trading in her steno pad for a

"Sex comes in three varieties: making love with the one you love, pure lust and making babies. I can tell you all about the first two."

model's portfolio. That's not all she does well: Miss April was a top basketball player at her high school. "I'm athletic; I loved playing basketball—now it's tennis. I want to stay in shape. When there's a 50th Playmate Reunion, you'll still be able to recognize me." We've always believed a girl's genes have something to do with how she'll look in her jeans when the 21st Century gets here, so we checked out Liz's mom. Not to worry: She's tiny and trim. And, by the way, Liz adores her. She surprised us by being very traditional about some things . . . for example, her Catholicism. "I'd never take Communion from a woman. Nuns who want to be priests should leave the Church." What about celibacy? What if priests could marry? "If it's OK with the Pope, it's OK with me. But I've never met a priest I was particularly attracted to." Who is she attracted to? "For some reason, I like Jewish guys." Liz is like that: She says things you just don't expect. But whenever she says something really outrageous, there's an irrepressible laugh sure to follow. Liz is

"If you think women are jealous of you, they probably will be—you have a certain air about you. I don't have that attitude. I don't think I'm more beautiful than anyone else; I've just tried to bring out my best qualities—everyone has something special."

"A lot of people think they know me. Nobody knows me. You can know certain sides of a person, but you can never know someone totally—even someone very close—unless you really work at it. I don't even know myself as well as I'd like to."

"I think Catholics are probably more guilt-ridden about sex than other people, but I'm not. I didn't know how I felt for a long time. Being away from home—from my family—gave me the time I needed to think about myself. I was able to resolve the problem and stay a Catholic. I still go to Mass."

headed for L.A., where she hopes to "get an offer I can't refuse" in films. Who's her choice for leading man? "John Travolta, of course." Before you go, Liz, say something sexy in Polish. "Nothing is sexy in Polish. But *ja kocham ciebie* means I love you." It sounds sexy when *you* say it, Liz.

"Sex is healthy. It doesn't have to be with someone I'm madly in love with—what's love, anyway? How do you know if you love somebody? I've thought I've been in love many times, but obviously I haven't met the right person: that doesn't mean I can't enjoy going to bed with someone. People always say men take advantage of women. Women take advantage of men, too."

MISS APRIL
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Liz Glazowski

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Liz Glazowski

BUST: 34½ WAIST: 24 HIPS: 33½

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 110 SIGN: Sagittarius

BIRTH DATE: 12-19-57 NATIONALITY: Polish - American

AMBITIONS: become a successful model, be a Cosmopolitan Cover Girl, eventually get into acting

TURN-ONS: the ocean, party people, dancing, affectionate men

TURN-OFFS: jealous and possessive people, waiting

FAVORITE FOODS: pierogi, kielbasa, mushroom soup

FAVORITE DRINK: Perrier with a squeeze of lime

PEOPLE YOU'D LIKE TO MEET: the Pope, Jackie Onassis, John Travolta, Prince Charles

PLACES YOU'D LIKE TO SEE: Zakopane, Poland, Paris, New York

FANTASIES: making love underneath the moon and stars on an incredibly beautiful night, sailing to the Hawaiian Islands

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: The Knack, Jamie Sheriff band

FAVORITE AUTHORS: Harold Robbins, Ernest Hemingway

8 weeks: My first centerfold!

11 yrs. old: In my more sophisticated days.

17 yrs. old: High school - year of thin eyebrows

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Playing her cards carefully, the scheming new girl in the office finally landed a dinner invitation from the handsome and *macho* sales manager. "Do you have a particular hobby, Brenda?" he asked her in the course of making small talk over liqueurs in the restaurant.

"Yes, I do," Brenda answered brightly. "I grow mushrooms in the basement of the apartment house where I live alone."

"Mushrooms? That's a somewhat strange interest. Why?"

"Well, you see, Don," was the purred response, "I'm fascinated by things that grow in the dark."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Biblical orgy* as sharing the prophets.

It was close to midnight when the telephone rang in the sex-therapy surrogate's apartment. "I'm all wound up and I've just *got* to see you!" urged the voice of one of her newest patients, who had been making remarkable strides under her tutelage.

"There, there—relax, relax," the woman responded soothingly. "Just take two aspirins now, and then ball me in the morning."

Screamed a muscular housewife named Beth,
As she choked her poor husband to death:
"I've never found lipstick
Adorning your dipstick,
But that's sure FDS on your breath!"

You may possibly have heard about the central European sodomist who liked to backdate Czechs.

When a curvaceous female midshipman officer at the Naval Academy noticed that one of the men she was inspecting during a formation had an erection, she snapped, "And what do you call that trouser bulge, mister?"

The culprit looked her straight in the eye as he replied, "It's a one-gun salute, ma'am."

The Baseball Supplement to our Unabashed Dictionary defines *coitus interruptus* as a braking ball.

Since I sometimes go off prematurely," a masochist carefully explained to the young woman whose services he had encouraged, "please take it easy at first by keeping the foreplay down to some dirty looks and a few scathing remarks."

It says here," commented the tourist consulting her guidebook, "that to assist the scholarly research it conducts on the subject, the Vatican has the world's largest collection of pornographic material."

"And with all that chastity," mumbled her husband, "the Vatican sure *needs* it."

What would be the chances for advancement, Mr. Klingle?" inquired the foxy job applicant.

"In my company, young lady," responded Klingle jovially, "a girl with your qualities could go up, up, up! Provided, of course," he added, "that she was willing to go down, down, down."

There once was a flasher named Paul
Who stationed himself in a mall.
He unzipped as he bowed
To the curious crowd,
Then extended his welcome to all.

Scientific research has, at long last, produced something to measure the degree of female sexual arousal. It's called *clitmus paper.*

People in your line of work aren't always too smart," grunted the half-crocked businessman on the motel phone to an outcall service, "so be damn sure you get it right: I want an intelligent blonde with big tits and a tight pussy!"

"I'll come myself, sir," responded the girl at the other end of the line.

Before long, there was a knock on the man's door. "Who is it?" he called through the door.

"It's Stephanie," replied a female voice, "and I'm looking for a gentleman named Ross with a big mouth and a little peter."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *ten-inch erection* as double-digit inflation.

I screwed this crazy broad doggy style so much over the weekend," boasted a cocksman, "that when I saw her on the street the next day, she was chasing motorcycles!"

Two quite elderly gentlemen were playing croquet in a park when one of them, whose eyesight was very bad, hit his ball into an adjoining patch of woods. While searching for it, the oldsters happened upon a blasé young couple who were stretched out naked behind a bush. The poor-sighted one would, in fact, have stumbled over the lovers if his friend hadn't grabbed his arm and guided him away. "Walter," exclaimed the guide when they were out of earshot, "did you see what that young woman was doing?"

"Just barely," replied Walter. "And wasn't it an odd sort of mallet she was using?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"I'm glad older women are being praised again—
I was too young the first time."

I KNOW A YOUNG MAN who claims he can judge the fuckability of a woman by her *shoes* (e.g., a high-heeled, naked-looking sling-back connotes readier availability than a clog); and while this method of assessing female willingness is not to be guaranteed for its infallibility, it has at least the distinction of being the most amusing thing I've heard about sex in a long time.

Alas, it did seem that much of the humor and whimsy went out of sex in the sullen Seventies. The young man with the incipient shoe fetish—which he finds as funny as anyone—is one of the few people still liberated enough to laugh about sex. What hath sexual liberation wrought? How *(continued on page 162)*

YOU HAVE TO BE LIBERATED TO LAUGH

funny thing about women's lib—
nothing seems very funny anymore

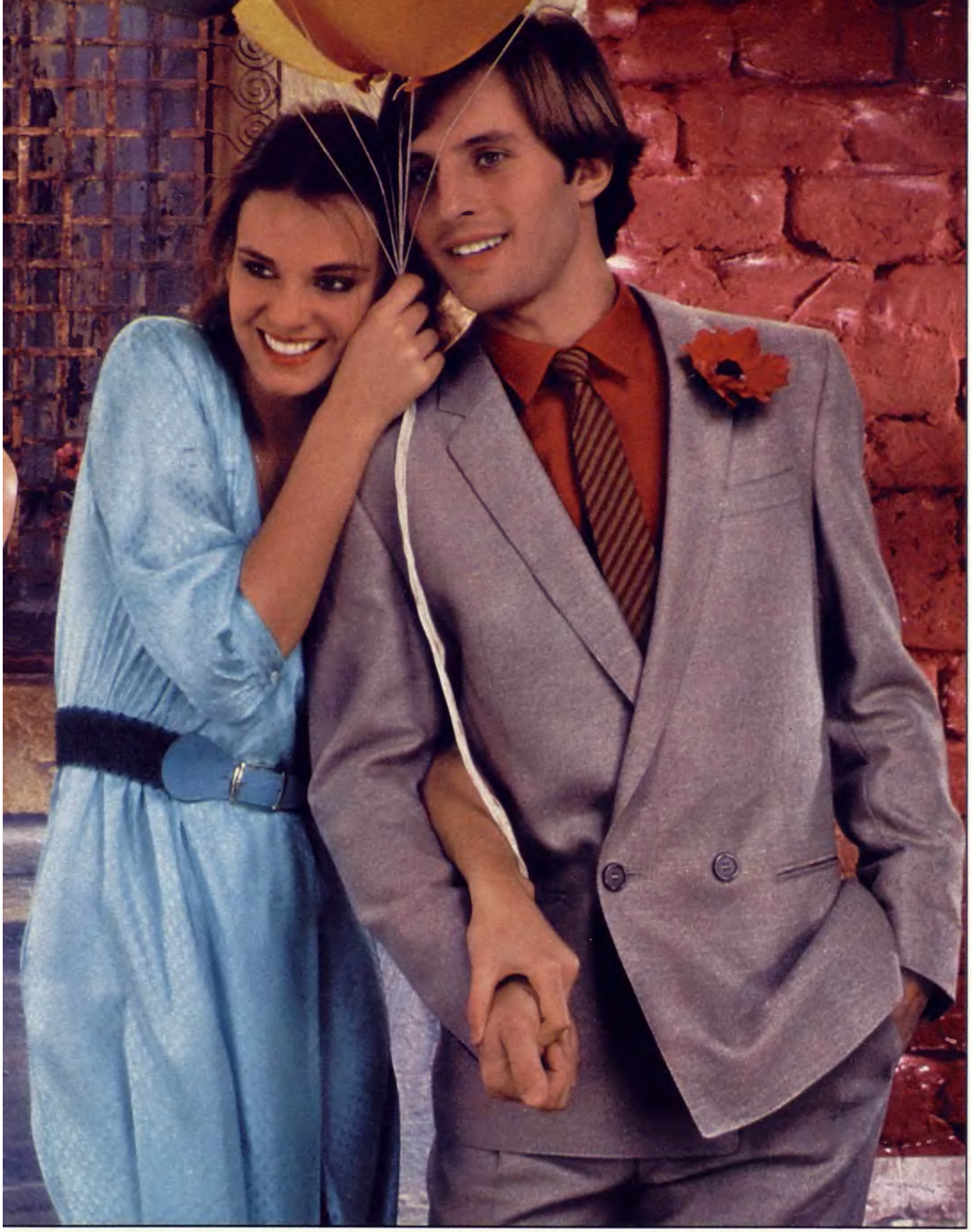
article **By ERICA JONG**

PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

attire by **DAVID PLATT**

up against the wall, everybody! warm-weather wear is on the way

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



FASHION IS A LOT like music these days: No one style dominates. And in the same way that many are stocking their record libraries with a cross section of music modes, it makes sense to think about stocking your wardrobe with a cross section of styles. Why should a taste for the classics preclude an appreciation of jazz, pop, rock, *reggae* or any other type you care to name? It will doubtless be to the despair of some if this turns out to be the eclectic Eighties (fads and trends

Above left: It's love at first sight for his silk/wool/polyester striped tweed suit, about $375, that's worn with a cotton pinstriped shirt, about $48, and a multicolor silk necktie, about $27.50, all by Alexander Julian. Above: More romance in the making and he has doubled his pleasure with a double-breasted wool/silk/polyester tweed suit that features a ventless jacket and straight-legged pants, by Macintosh, above $200; plus a cotton dress shirt, about $28, and a silk tie, about $13.50, both from Equipment by Henry Grethel.

become so much harder to predict and capitalize upon), but from our point of view, it is encouraging evidence of fashion sophistication. Ever since the so-called peacock revolution of the late Sixties, we have heralded the movement away from uniformity and championed individualism in dress. It seems to us that now there is a more mature attitude than rejecting the old (as in the aforementioned times when not just natural-shoulder but all suits were eschewed in favor of jeans) for

Above left: Come rain or come shine, it's obvious that this brew-loving lad's warm-weather outfit is right on the button. It includes an iridescent cotton zippered jacket featuring a quilted shawl collar and shoulder detail, pleated back, elasticized waist tabs and double-entry pockets, $115, cattan double-pleated slacks with a button-through flap pocket and straight legs, $60, both by Paul Bayé for Azani Associates, and a cotton/nylan terryclath short-sleeved shirt with a hidden placket front, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, $25.

the latest, *new* uniform. Today, more men are refusing to be typed by peer pressure or designer dictates. Rather, there is an open-minded willingness to examine and select styles from the multitude of directions that abound. Whether it's the natural-shoulder stylings of an Alexander Julian or a Jeffrey Banks or the more squared-off "European" suitings of a Macintosh or a Cardin, today's man is willing to consider them all for the mix of his wardrobe. In fact, if you take

Above right: Peekaboo! She sees samething she definitely wants to latch an to—her camera-toting boyfriend in a cotton zippered outer jacket with slightly padded raglan shoulders, band collar, zippered breast pocket, elasticized waistband and side-entry pockets, by Bobos Italian Sportswear, $98; worn with cotton carpenter slacks that have seven pockets (three zippered pockets, bellows packet, patch pocket and twa cargo pockets), by Gary Miller for H. Rothschild, about $50; plus a silk taffeta short-sleeved shirt, by Gary Miller for Irka, $35.

a close look at the seven outfits we've selected for our forecast, you will note that while the items range widely in levels of formality and attitude, there are an incredible number of outfits possible by interchanging their elements. And that is the key to men's fashion today: From a relatively small wardrobe (and the styles here could practically make up an entire summer selection), a much larger number of handsome looks can easily be put together. No more Johnny One Note.

Above left: There's no question who's getting the looks while walking his baby back home, wearing a silk jacket with notched lapels, pleated detail, self yoke, bellows patch pockets and slightly padded shoulders, about $70, with double-pleated silk slacks that have straight legs, quarter-inch top pockets and a button-through flap back pocket, about $60, both by Gary Miller for Irka; plus a cotton plaid short-sleeved shirt with patch pockets, by New Man, about $62; and a canvas reversible belt, by The French American Group, $7.50.

Above center: OK, Louis, drop the bad-ass Bogey imitation (or is it George Raft he's doing?) when you come on in your funky tweed polyester/wool/silk double-breasted suit with a ventless jacket that has notched lapels, slightly padded shoulders and besom pockets and double-pleated pants with belt loops, on-seam pockets, button-through back besom pocket and straight legs, by Pierre Cardin, about $240, plus a cotton knit shirt with a plocket front, from Allen Solly by Gont, about $22.50, and a straw hat, by Makins Hats, $30.

Above right: Our end man's spring-and-summer wardrobe is nothing to take a back seat over (and neither is the girl he's dating), as it includes a multicolor silk tweed single-breasted ventless jacket with notched lapels and besom pockets, about $230, worn with linen slacks that have extension waist tabs, a reverse-pleated front, on-seam pockets and straight legs, about $70, both from Jeffrey Banks by Glanzrock, plus a cotton broadcloth shirt, about $27.50, and a cotton poplin tie, about $15, both by Jeffrey Banks Shirt Company.

YOU HAVE TO BE LIBERATED *(continued from page 154)*

"A sexually healthy culture does not fragment life into sexual and nonsexual components."

did sex get so grim and the Seventies so sullen?

The screaming Sixties did not give way to the sullen Seventies all at once, of course. In fact, that frenetic period we usually refer to as the Sixties is really the *late* Sixties and the sullen Seventies are really the *late* Seventies—as if we were not sure what the flavor of a particular decade was until it was almost over. But now it does, indeed, seem clear that since 1975 or so, the decade turned sullener and sullener, sexually speaking, and a sense of humor between the sexes began to go the way of the myth of vaginal orgasm and condoms behind the drugstore counter.

Is there any reason to believe this will change in the Eighties? I hope so, but the signs hardly look promising. The women's movement, for all its vital work, seems to have left a legacy of male nervousness about offending "new" women; the "sexual revolution" (which to my mind has hardly even begun) seems to have unleashed a mammoth backlash among America's ever-present guardians of morality; reproductive freedom seems once again under attack; book banning, if not burning, is still going strong (when school libraries ban *Gnomes* for its "nudity"—perhaps we should say "gnudity"?—you know that somebody's funny bone has been amputated); and while grim female separatists argue about whether or not women who sleep with men are "really feminists," even grimmer Right-to-Lifers argue about the civil rights of fetuses our daughters aren't even old enough to gestate. (What *would* the founding fathers—not to mention mothers—have thought of a Right-to-Life Amendment to the Constitution?) Not a situation designed to tickle the funny bone—assuming that America still has one.

It does seem significant to me that in one of the most highly praised and widely read books of 1979—the richly interesting (though almost pornographically violent) John Irving novel *The World According to Garp*—the pivotal love affair results in no less than one dead child, one partially blinded child, one bitten-off penis and the decisions on the part of both main characters to give up, at least for the time being, both sex and their careers. No—sex was certainly no laughing matter in 1979.

Whence this sexual grimness? To say "puritanism" and leave it at that explains nothing, although, in essence, that is the answer. America, like most sexually terrified cultures, is subject to periods of feast and periods of famine. The feast is just getting started (and people are beginning to pick at the hors d'oeuvres without feeling too guilty) when the protectors of public morality march in again, deploring that very "license" and "moral depravity" that, in fact, has scarcely surfaced. Suddenly, we are in the midst of another backlash, and the moral guardians—those people who, according to Freud's biographer Ernest Jones, busy themselves with removing public temptations so that they will not be tempted themselves—are back among us, rapping our knuckles every time we reach for a goody.

It's pointless to tell them that they're rapping other people's knuckles just to keep from playing with themselves. Moral guardians are never self-aware (or they wouldn't become moral guardians). Might as well tell the Ayatollah that he's a male chauvinist or Anita Bryant and Marabel Morgan that they'd really like to strangle their husbands and that's why they preach submission. Freud's true message—that the unconscious exists and that it lives our lives unbeknownst to us—has not been understood by the country that so often takes his name in vain. Self-aware people rarely concern themselves with public morality, gnudity among gnomes or what other people do in bed with whom. The fear of sexuality that has been a major component in American culture at least as far back as the 17th Century has never been eradicated—though in the late Sixties it may have appeared that way. In short, reports of the death of puritanism are much exaggerated.

All the same, those reports have managed to generate new repression. The women's movement, the decline of censorship in magazine and book publishing, the ready availability of written pornography and sexually explicit films may create the *illusion* that America's morality is profoundly altered, but puritanical, patriarchal attitudes persist under the gaudy artifacts of the so-called sexual revolution. I believe, in fact, that pornography is a symptom of puritanism rather than an indicator of its demise. A sexually healthy culture does not divide books into "clean" and "dirty" and does not fragment life into sexual and nonsexual components. A sexually healthy culture is one in which sex is received into the mainstream of life and neither overestimated nor underestimated. We can scarcely say we have such a culture today.

What does that have to do with humor between the sexes? A great deal. The ability to laugh at ourselves is a sign of health; and the capacity for laughter about sexuality is a sign of security about our sexual identities. Just as humor about the Church was tolerated during the Middle Ages (when religion was a living force for great numbers of people) and not tolerated in the 17th Century (when faith was beginning to wane in favor of rationalism and scientism), the ability to joke about something implies an underlying security of belief. It is my conviction that the general humorlessness of the women's movement (there are *some* exceptions to this, but not, alas, enough) stems from a great uncertainty on the part of many women that they can really *tolerate*—psychologically—the freedom they are demanding. That is understandable, even poignant. The most outwardly liberated woman today is likely to have a far less liberated mother; thus, she is bound to feel two sets of values in conflict. The part of herself that heeds the parental imperative, with all its emotional seductions, longs to go back to the old security of home, hearth and oppression. The more cerebral part of herself chooses liberation—at least intellectually. In such a state of psychological turmoil, where is there room for humor? Humor may be the consolation of the underdog, but the ability to laugh is the privilege of the already liberated. Ready laughter implies a doubleness of vision and a sense of security about gains already won.

I remember that when *Fear of Flying* was first published, in 1973, I heard grumbling from several radical feminists about the deficiencies of my vision: My heroine was too sexually oriented, too male-oriented and too full of wisecracks. A writer friend finally told me to my face why my book was seen as somewhat treasonous by certain feminists: "You're writing humorously about the battle between the sexes," she said, *"and it's no laughing matter!"*

I can understand that position, even, at times, wholly sympathize with it. What revolution, after all, has *ever* been humorous? Most revolutions begin by banning privilege and end by banning sex and burning books. Moreover, revolutionaries need slogans in black and white to make their grievances with the status quo widely known. Humor *cannot* serve their purpose, because it deals in shades of gray, in double—even triple—visions. How can it *not* risk confusion? How can it *not* offend some just as surely as it amuses others?

The list of writers who have been put

(continued on page 206)

I HAVE MADE THE POINT many times that baseball and, for that matter, any professional sport is 60 to 80 percent mental. This doesn't mean that a man can play with 75 percent of a full deck and survive, though it happens all the time. What this means is that when you get to the professional level, the only thing that separates a winner from a joke is something like emotion or pride or guts or heart or determination, something you can't see.

People who play with emotion are better than people who play like, well, there's always tomorrow. The way you have to play the game is like you're on your last leg, like you might drop dead in the morning. You have to make every swing count. Emotion is one of the secrets of life. When a man starts playing like there's *(continued on page 192)*

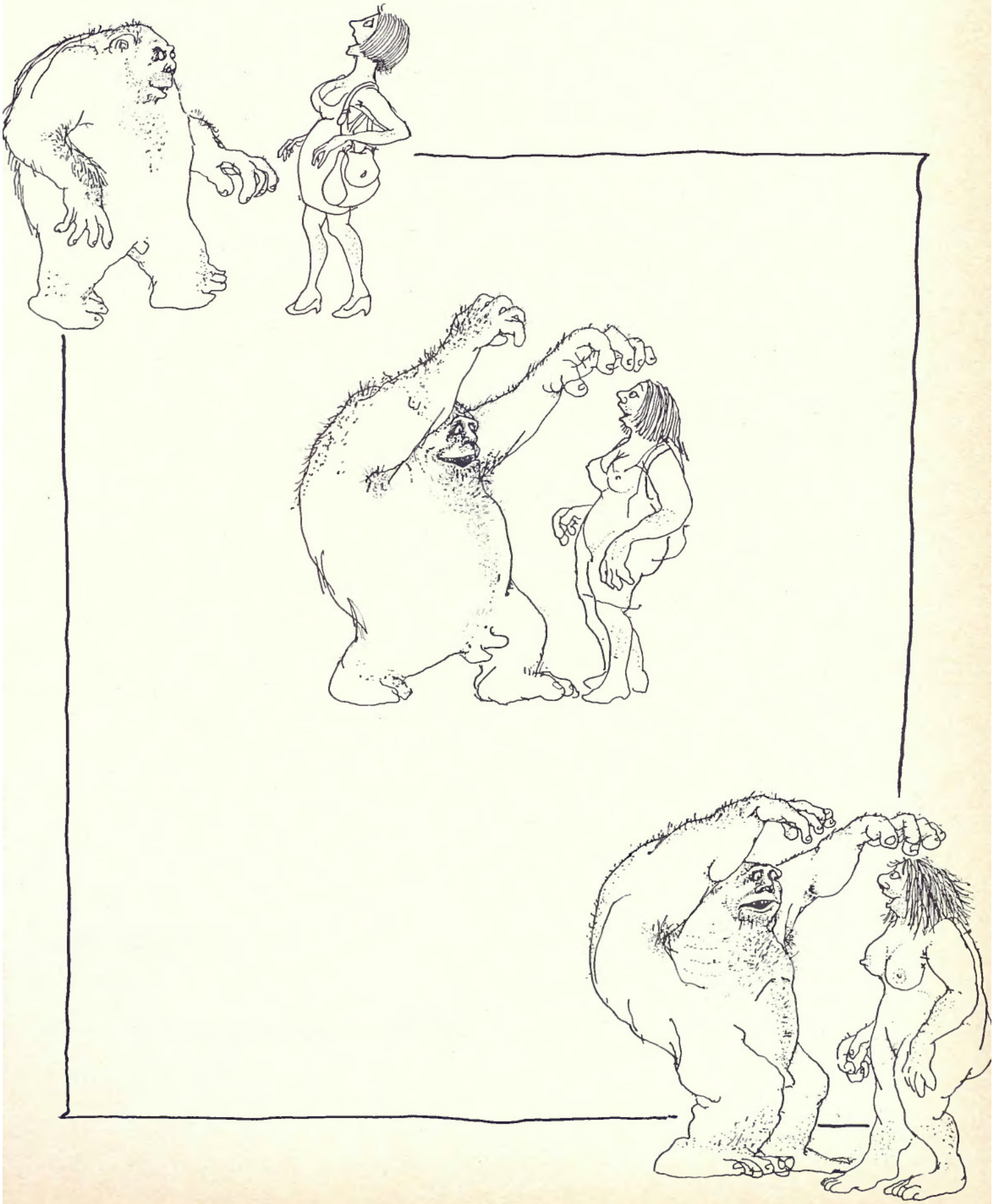
he expected a slider—and got screwed

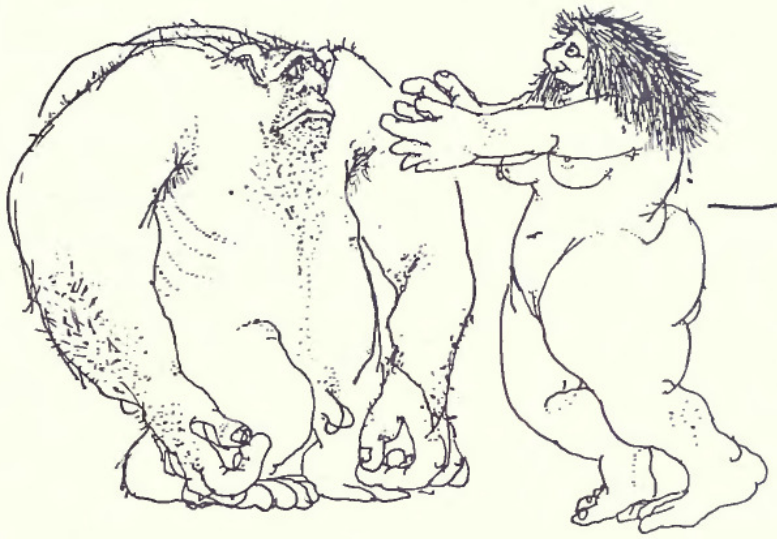
fiction By JAY CRONLEY

SCREWBALLS

Silverstein

SOME ENCHANTED EVENING





WOMEN OF THE ARMED FORCES

IS YOUR IDEA of the enlisted woman that of a sort of Florence Nightingale in uniform? We put that myth to rest last November, when Army Specialist Four Colleen Donovan posed for us in not much more than her name, rank and serial number. Believe us, things have changed. Back in World War Two, the reigning pinup was Betty Grable—in the men's barracks, natch. Now you'll find Burt Reynolds and Sly Stallone hanging proudly beside a petite pair of skivvies in almost any women's barracks. That's not all that's changed. After you've seen the pictures on the following pages, you'll agree that these charming representatives of the Army, Navy, Air Force, Marines and Coast Guard make us almost doubt that war is hell.

WHEN UNCLE SAM SAID, "I WANT YOU," LOOK WHO REPORTED FOR DUTY

The Navy's Susan Gage (abave left) may not pass full-dress inspection, but she would the physical. The same goes for Navy machinist Lisa Ann Woolf (near right, tap), Airman Cindy Lutz (right center) and naval aviatian baatswain's mate Rebecca Vissman (right).

Was it Chairman Mao who said that in uniformity there is strength? How can we argue—especially with these unifarmed beauties: the Coast Guard's Kim Hempfield (top), Marine sergeant Bambi Lin Finney (center) and Army dental assistant Karen Cary (above)?

Cindy Lutz (right and below) specializes in electronic intelligence operations for the Air Force. If that means bugging, you can bug us any time, Cindy. The U.S.A.F. jet below won't be in Cindy's future long—she plans to become an actress/model. She's already made her film debut, in a crowd scene in *The Rose*. Her biggest weakness? Cheesecake, of course.

Kim Hempfield (left) wants to be a child-care instructor after her Coast Guard hitch is up, but that's a real gun, not a water pistol, she's practicing with above. In the meantime, as you can see, Kim maintains military decorum: tummy in, chin in, chest out. For you statisticians, Kim weighs 110 pounds and is 5'5" tall. Florida-born Kim likes hanging out at the beach, jogging, sunrises, swimming, backpocking, bicycling. . . . At ease, Seaman Hempfield, at ease.

Obviously, **Karen Cary** (above) is made of sterner stuff than your average dogface soldier. Just look at those biceps! It's clear she's had a lot of experience resisting the enemy's advances. At right, Karen dons her lab technician's smock to work as an Army dental assistant. Is that anything like a drill sergeant? Karen, who plans on a nursing career, tends bar when she's off duty. Her drink? White wine. She expects a man to be considerate, well mannered and *tall*. Karen herself, you see, is a mere slip of a girl standing 5'9". She spends time with books, too.

Rebecca Vissman (above) hotes it when her alarm clock lets her oversleep. That's why she likes Sunday, when she con sleep late and stay in bed to read the funnies—or just lie around contemplating her naval experience as an aviation boatswain's mate. On the job (right), Rebecca signals to and fuels Navy jets. She wants to become a commerciol artist in a few years, but meanwhile, Navy blue is her primary color. Right now, Rebecca's enjoying the ocean sunsets at Virginia Beach, Virginia, where she's currently stationed.

Bambi has a breath-taking hobby—sky diving. At right, she prepares for a leap with fellow free-fallers. Below, they're airborne. That's Bambi floating on the far left below.

They're just not making leathernecks like they used to. Take, for instance, **Bambi Lin Finney** (right). No skinhead haircut, no jutting lower jaw, no five-o'clock shadow. It's enough to make a lifer out of you. Bambi's been in the Corps four years already. Well, what do you expect of a gal who was born at Camp Pendleton, largest Marine base in the U. S. While she's on duty, Bambi's a teletype technician; at left, she's on maneuvers, doubtless humming a few bars of *Tanks for the Memories*. (No pictorial about the Armed Forces would be complete without a bit of a tribute to Bob Hope, would it?)

The Navy's **Lisa Ann Woolf** (above) has very clean hands for a machinist. Is that a U. S. Navy Regulation garter belt? Lisa hails from Fargo, North Dakota, and likes to ski on either snow or water. She doesn't mind roller skating or driving sports cars, either. Presently, she's serving in the Pacific fleet aboard the U.S.S. Samuel Gompers—where there's not much space for such activities. Below, Lisa improvises in a confined space. Request permission to come aboard!

That isn't the way the Navy usually enters a port (left), but **Susan Gage**, left, and Lisa Ann Woolf, right, can occupy our pulpit any day, in or out of uniform. Notice how the rest of the fleet pales behind them. Susan (below) is a Navy electrician who obviously has no trouble making a connection (above); she wants eventually to be an electrical engineer. Meanwhile, though, it's man—er, woman—the hatches, ship ahoy, damn the torpedoes and full speed ahead, mates.

"Look, we share the rent, food, entertainment and household expenses, right? We take turns with the shopping, cooking and cleaning chores, right? So how about doing your part in moving your ass?"

tales from the old french

from *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, circa 1460

A New Way of Love

There was a knight of Hainault, the Sieur de la Rochenoire, whose obsession was war. He had spent most of his life in camp or in battle when, one fine day, he took it in his head to wed a most beautiful and charming young lady—charming, indeed, though scarcely the most clever of her sex. He took her to his castle and, during a long interval of peace and no campaigning, they were quite happy.

Whenever they made love, which was often enough in those first days, he would ask her to don a short coat of mail that he had had made for her. It was really a very fine hauberk, close-meshed and smooth, but she found it something of an impediment to her enjoyment of the act. To her questions, he replied only, "In battle, one goes armed," or "a fortress to be stormed will have its defenses." But, uncomfortable as the mail was, she *did* enjoy the storming part.

A few months passed, and then the prince took the field; the knight was forced to take farewell of his lady. He left the castle in her care and, for attendants, she had an elderly gentleman who managed the affairs of the estate, some ladies in waiting and a number of servants. Oh, yes, there was also a tall and handsome young clerk in holy orders who kept all the records of income and expenditure. His name was Guillaume.

The prince besieged a castle or two. He marched north and was outflanked by the enemy. He retreated south and made a feint to outflank the enemy in turn. He captured a town and his soldiers pillaged it. Perhaps he did all this and perhaps he didn't, but, in any case, that was much the story of any war in those days. At last, both sides having won, each retired to its winter quarters and our knight rode homeward.

He arrived with the sounding of trumpets and there was great joy in the household. His lady ran out to the courtyard to kiss him. The horses neighed and the servants huzzaed.

As soon as the dinner was over, the lord conducted his lady to their bedchamber, where the big, canopied bed was ready and a bright fire was burning in the fireplace. The lady shrugged off her gown and embraced her husband.

"But where is your hauberk?" he asked with a frown.

"Oh, my dear," she said in a winning voice, "let's try another way of love. I'll tell you how—you see, we wear nothing when we clip each other close. And instead of the old way, we find ourselves face to face. I lift my legs, so——"

"And what is this outlandish method called?" asked the knight in an angry voice. "I never heard of such nonsense."

"Come, my heart," said the lady, "it is reported to be the clerkly way of approaching things."

"The clerkly way!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, the two of us were—I mean are—naked in the sight of God. Like our first parents, Adam and Eve," she said quickly.

"What do you know about the customs of the clerks?" he thundered.

"Only that they drink before the sacrament," the lady replied smoothly. "Come, let us have a glass of wine, my sweetest; you may call it a cup before the charge, if you like."

And so, quite bewildered, the knight allowed himself to take the wine while his wife dutifully donned the hauberk and got ready.

Still, she sighed a bit, because she remembered another, much more agreeable way of conducting the matter. But she had, by her replies, put her husband's mind at rest. It was, no doubt, the clerkly cleverness, some of which seemed to have rubbed off on her.

The Magical Donkey Detector

Once, in the land of the Bourbonnais, there lived a physician who, for simple ailments, prescribed only one cure. No syrups, potions, plasters or sugar-coated pills for him—he sternly believed that there was one sovereign remedy for most of mankind's ills. In that, he was either very wise or very lucky, for most of his patients recovered and his fame spread throughout the country, until he was rumored to be able to solve any difficulty whatsoever.

Now, one day there was a simple peasant named Godfroy who had lost his donkey. He searched the woods and the fields and all through the village without success, and he was beginning to weep from frustration when he happened to pass the doctor's house. Immediately, he thought of a solution.

The doctor was surrounded by a crowd of patients when he entered and all was noise and confusion. But, taking up courage, Godfroy elbowed through the people and began to blurt out his troubles. But the story of the donkey got all confused.

"Eh, what's that?" the physician said irritably, when he heard Godfroy's gabbling. "What's the fellow want?" And, with half his attention still turned to the other patients, he shouted to his barber-surgeon and the attendants, "Give him my usual remedy."

The attendants at once seized Godfroy, haled him off to a corner of the room, downed his breeches and brought forth a huge clyster to give him an enema.

Godfroy fought, kicked and bit, but they held him down. He shouted that it was his donkey he meant and someone said, "Bring it in and we'll give it one, too."

All to no avail. When the thing was done, the poor man hoisted his breeches and, all bewildered, ran out into the street and through the village, his stomach rumbling and full of the physic.

Finally, he came to a deserted hovel and he could last no longer. He went inside and delivered himself of a terrible explosion.

His donkey, which had been quietly munching the grass in back of the hovel, was frightened and let out a bray.

"Well, God save the mark, it worked!" said Godfroy. He went to the back of the hut and took his donkey in charge.

So it was that the physician became more celebrated than ever, not only as a healer but also as a man of universal knowledge who could locate almost anything that had been lost. And in his pride, he prescribed even more enemas than before.

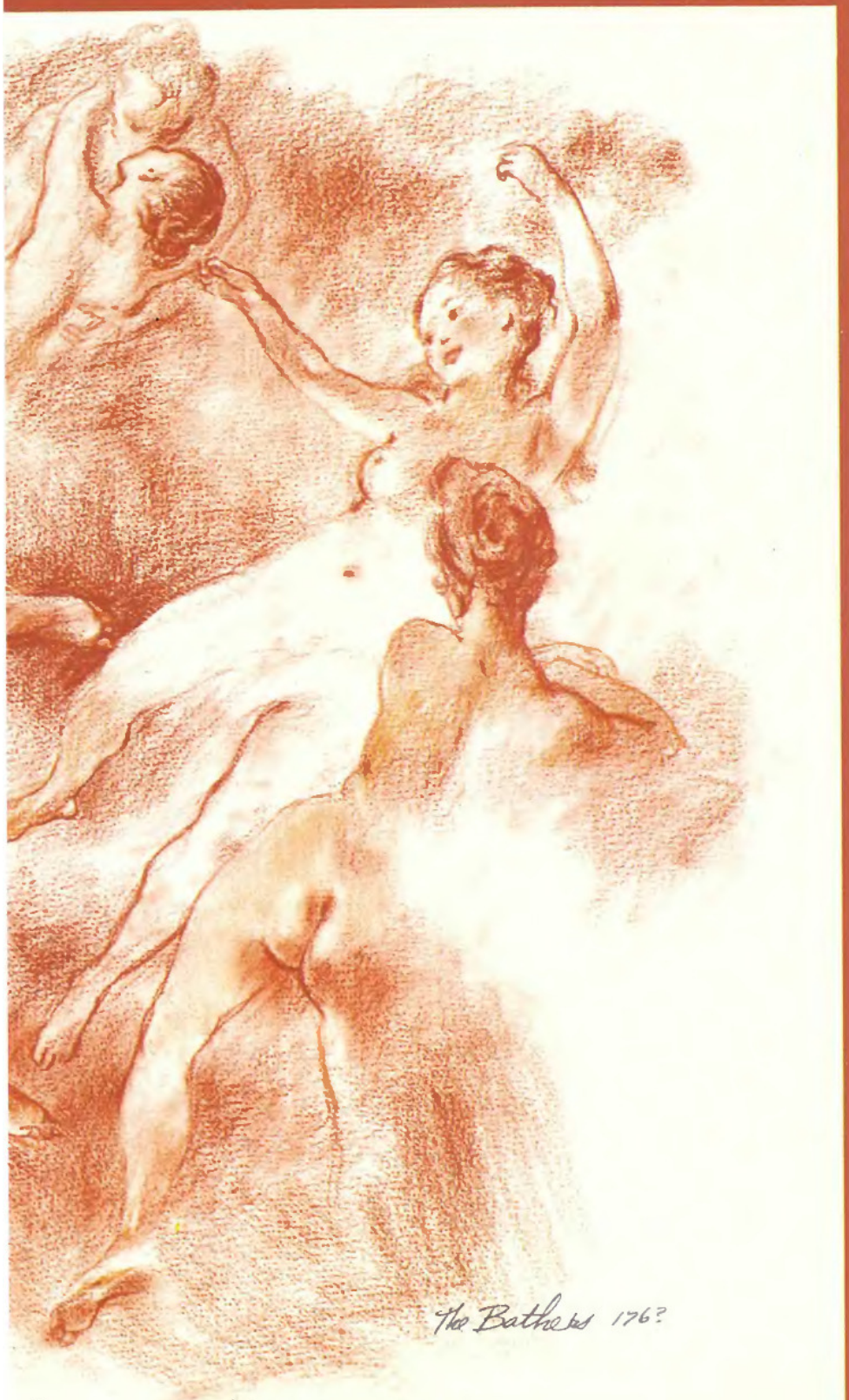
—Retold by Robert Mahieu

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAO HOLLAND

LEROY NEIMAN

• SKETCHBOOK •

XVIII th Century Nudes after 1703-1770 Boucher (France) and Fragonard



Francois Boucher (1703–1770) and Jeon-Honoré Fragonard (1732–1806) provocatively embellished the lusty atmosphere of 18th Century France with what may be the first examples of cheesecoke.

Until the French Revolution put an end to the Rococo era, the prevoiling style at the French court was sophisticoted (though locking individuality) and frilly, due to the influence of women's tastes within the royol circle. In that otmosphere, Boucher and Fragonord distinguished themselves as masters with a possion for painting the nude. Boucher was first to point scenes of erotic love affoirs omong the gods for privote palace apartments. Fragonard followed by painting the pleasures of sex in delicious boudoir scenes with titles such as *The Kiss on the Neck*, *The Useless Resistance* and *The Desired Moment*. The nude nymphs of Boucher and Fragonord are coy, naughty, sensuous ond exuberant, with dimpled, pinchoble derrières and soft, rose-petal-pink flesh. These pastel sketches, drawn from vorious works of the two great mosters, are my way of poying homoge to them. —L.N.

"We Puerto Ricans know white rum makes a smoother drink than gin or vodka. We're pleased you're starting to agree with us."

Enrique Vila del Corral, CPA, and his wife Ingrid.

Puerto Rican white rum and soda on the rocks with a twist. Refreshingly dry and satisfying.

You'll also find that white rum mixes beautifully with other favorites like tonic and orange juice. In fact no matter how you mix it, Puerto Rican white rum makes decidedly smoother, better tasting drinks.

For one very good reason. By law, every drop of Puerto Rican white rum is aged at least one full year. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

Make sure the rum is Puerto Rican.

The name Puerto Rico on the label is your assurance of excellence.

The Puerto Rican people have been making rum for almost five centuries. Their specialized skills and dedication result in a rum of exceptional taste and purity.

No wonder over 85% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS

Aged for smoothness and taste.

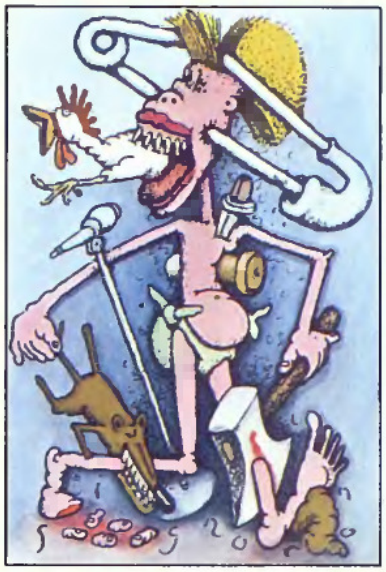
For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. P-4, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019 ©1979 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

white rum & soda

Playboy
MUSIC '80
running on empty
JCT
183
BLONDIE

HITS, HYPES & HEAVIES

BTLEMANIA:** The B**tles are winners in several categories this time around: for breaking their previous record of eight years by *not* getting together again for the ninth year in a row—thereby remaining in contention for the elusive decade mark. They take our Lawsuit of the Year Award for their $60,000,000 slap at the producers of *B**tlemania* for improper use of the B**tles name (we're not taking any chances ourself). And there are separate awards in the increasingly competitive Mogul Division: to ex-B**tle John Lennon for financially homesteading his way through New York's exclusive Dakota; and to ex-B**tle Paul McCartney for his efforts to corner the publishing rights to just about every song you've ever heard, including *Stormy Weather* and that anthem of Saturday-afternoon fever, *On Wisconsin*.



WELCOME TO THE FUTURE: In the Sixties, we had The Supremes, The Four Tops, Cream, Ultimate Spinach—names that said even the *sky* wasn't the limit. But there's definitely a different *cast* to the names these days. Helping us celebrate our entrance into the Eighties, Land of Diminished Expectations, are the following new groups: The Plasmatics, The Ants, Laughing Dogs, Cheetah Chrome and the Casualties, Dead Boys, Cheap Perfume, Pink Section, The Cramps, Terrorists, Murder the Disturbed, The Police, Dead Kennedys, Single Bullet Theory and Model Citizens.

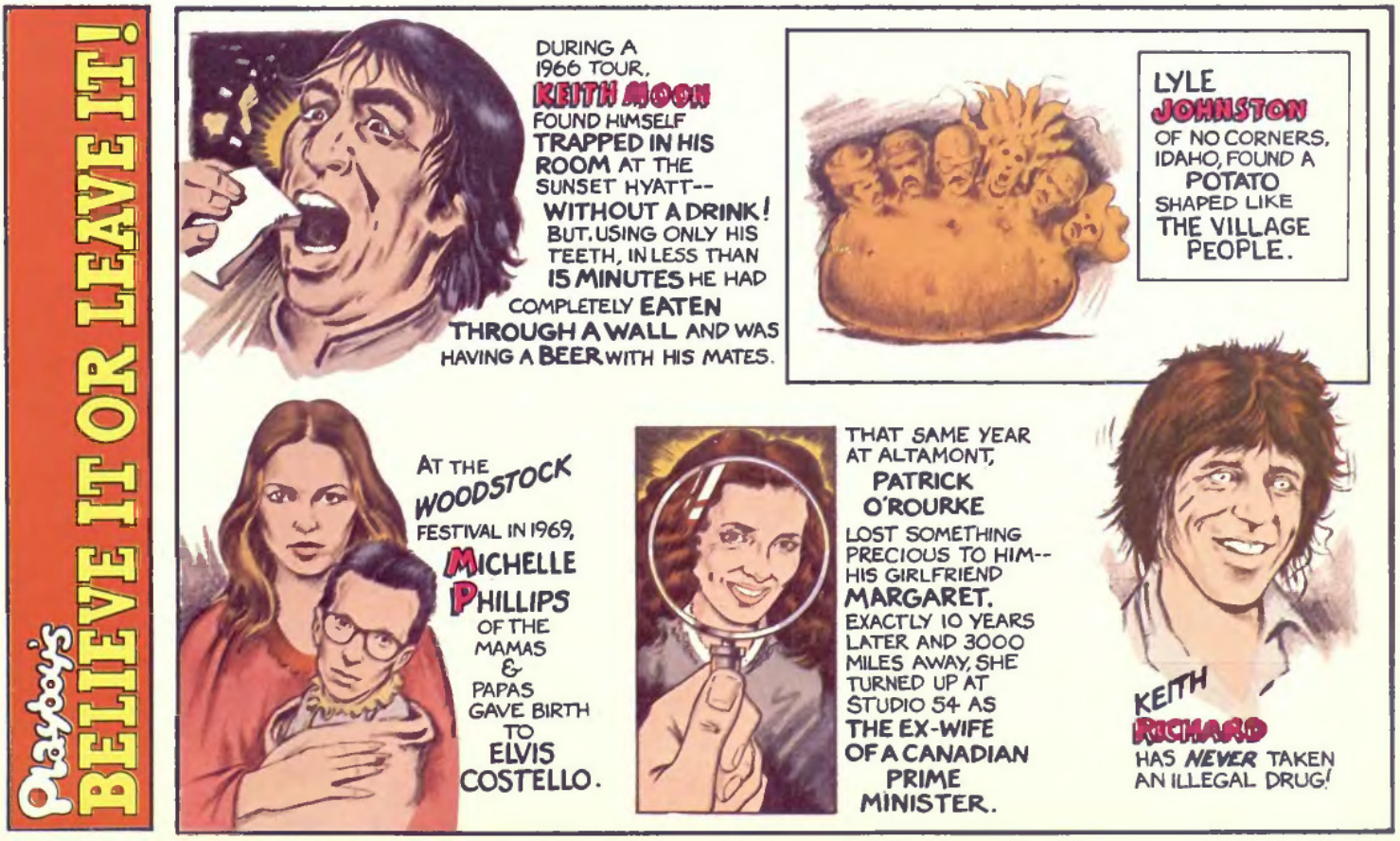
GREAT MOMENTS IN ROCK: THE HISTORY OF ELTON JOHN'S HAIR

OUR BOBBY, WHICH ART IN MALIBU: Maybe it ain't *Freewheelin'* or *Highway 61*, but it's survival. Dylan surprised all of us first by going electric, then by going country, and now by going God. His *Slow Train Coming* entered *Billboard*'s pop charts reasonably heavenward, then sank quickly into the infernal abyss and switched over to the Gospel charts. Sneaky old Bob. Who would have thought he'd carve a new audience from the ranks of Debbie Boone, Donnie and Marie and *The 700 Club*? And are those rumors true that he'll soon team up with that other gold-record performer at the top of the God charts, Pope John Paul II? Will the album be called *Vatican Skyline*? Will Andrew Loog Gabriel produce? Stay tuned.

UH, MOM, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY DATE: It's a true Dale Carnegie success story. Once upon a time, *she* was just a lowly street kid in L.A. and *he* a mere earthling elementary school teacher in New York City. But now, through the miracles of a free country, hype and costume design, they have not only become superstars, they've been named the Hits, Hypes & Heavies Fun Couple of 1979. It could happen to you!

HOT WAX: Definitely not bubble gum, their music is about as inviting as their name. But the Scorpions' *Lovedrive* cover art cops this year's Hot Wax Award, I'm St-Stuck on You Division.

HER AIM WAS TRUE: The winner by acclaim of our annual Golden Fist Award is Bonnie Bramlett, for knocking off Elvis Costello's glasses at a Holiday Inn bar in Columbus, Ohio, last May during a late-night discussion turned brawl. The subject was America and music—with Costello reportedly calling the U.S. "a fucked country" and offering the opinion that Ray Charles was "nothing but an ignorant, blind nigger." As *Rolling Stone* reported: " 'That's when I slapped him,' Bramlett said. 'I told him that anybody that mean and hateful had to have a little bitty dick.'. . . 'This had to happen right when I was trying to be a lady,' lamented Bonnie. 'Back when I was drinking, I woulda kicked his ass.' " And to Costello, we award his choice of penis enlargers and 15 free lessons at the Thumper School of Charm (Our Motto: "If you can't say something nice, don't say anything at all!").

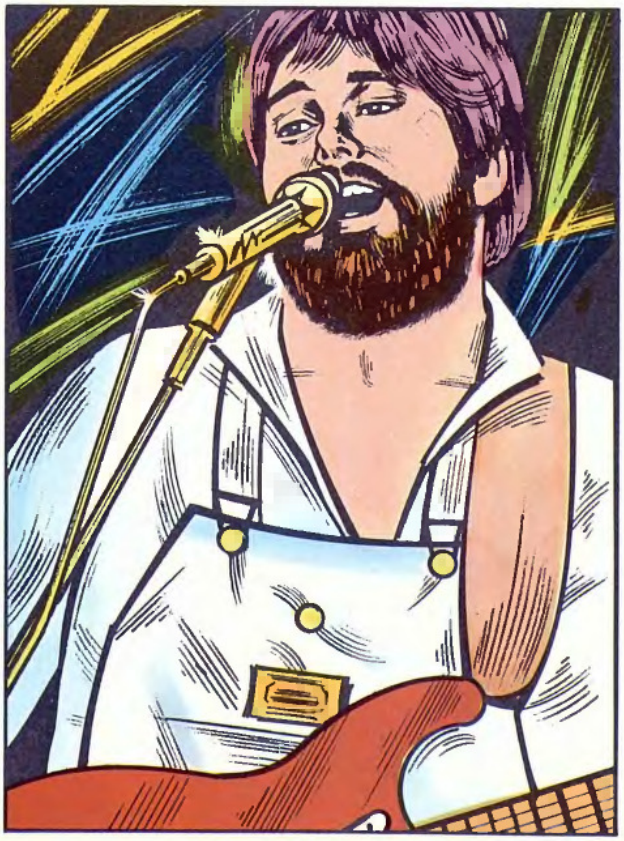


DON'T MATTUH IF YO' BROTHUH *IS* PRESIDENT—WE DON'T ALLOW NO HARMONICA PLAYIN' ROUN' HEAH! The big First Family Musical News of '79 was the arrest of President Carter's sister at an Americus, Georgia, restaurant called Mcwaffle. The charge: illegal harmonica playing. Seems First Sister Gloria Spann came in blowing strong and was asked by a waitress to cool it. But, explained Spann, "My husband said, 'Play me another tune,' so I played some more." The arrest came when other patrons complained that they couldn't hear the jukebox. No wonder. She'd been playing harmonica barely a month—we bet that even *You Decorated My Life* sounded good by comparison.

OOPS: June Carter Cash and hubby Johnny Cash caught June's daughter Carlene Carter in a high-voltage performance at the Bottom Line in New York. But Carlene gave them a jolt when she announced a playful little ditty called *Swap-Meat Rag*. "If this doesn't put the cunt back in country, I don't know what will," quipped Carlene, uninformed that her parents were there. Mom wilted when the man in black turned white as a sheet. What's gotten into that girl? Must be in her genes—June's first husband (and Carlene's daddy) is Carl Smith, whose big hit in the Fifties was *Loose Talk*. As for Cash, he's since brought out an inspired-sounding Gospel album, *A Believer Sings the Truth*. Johnny, just be glad she's not *your* daughter—she might have called her song *Cashbox*.

BEETHOVEN WITH A BULLET: According to a KFAC-FM listeners' poll in Los Angeles, last year's top Pick to Click, the hottest Wax to Watch, a solid 95 with great lyrics—was Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*. Rounding out the fave-rave top ten were Beethoven's *Sixth Symphony*, Saint-Saëns' *Symphony Number Three* (the organ symphony), Mozart's *40th Symphony*, Rachmaninoff's *Second Piano Concerto*, Beethoven's *Third Symphony*, Ravel's *Bolero*, Pachelbel's *Canon in D*, Rossini's *William Tell Overture* and Rachmaninoff's *Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini*.

TUSK, TUSK! They spent nearly a year in the studio and so much $$$$ nobody's admitting exactly *how* much—probably $1,000,000-plus. So what if *Get the Knack* cost only $18,000 total? Too bad that after all this... this *care*... deejays began playing it early and it had to be rush-released, so as not to lose precious profits. Except the entire first pressing of the single was defective and had to be recalled. And the music on *Tusk* proved to be much ado about little. To Fleetwood Mac, for self-indulgence beyond the call of duty, our special Platinum Mastodon Award.



LOWELL GEORGE

He was eclectic, blessed with a cartoon consciousness, an eye for the elegant. He had "two degrees in bebop / a Ph.D. in swing / He was a master of rhythm / He was a rock-'n'-roll king." When Lowell George died on June 29, 1979, we lost one of the good ones. George was a musician, a pioneer of the slide guitar, the founder of Little Feat, the band with the herky-jerky trampolin shuffle. He was a catalyst, producing albums for the Little Feat, Bonnie Raitt, The Grateful Dead, Valerie Carter. Some critics felt he was the best white blues singer in the world period. He was perhaps best known as an eccentric songwriter. *Willin'*, *Dixie Chicken*, *Roll Um Easy*, *Spanish Moon* and *Long Distance Love* were outside classics. The catalog may become as important to this decade as the songs of Buddy Holly were to an earlier generation. George was a class act. He will be missed.

WHAT WAS ELVIS PRESLEY'S PRISON NUMBER IN "JAILHOUSE ROCK"?—AND OTHER IMPORTANT QUESTIONS

ladies and gentlemen,
the world's hardest rock-'n'-roll quiz

(1) What was Elvis Presley's prison number in *Jailhouse Rock*?
- (a) BE-4-5789
- (b) 6239
- (c) 6240
- (d) P-409
- (e) 1

(a)

(b)

(c)

(d)

(e)

(2) Match the secondary sex characteristics with the correct star:
- ___Fee Waybill
- ___Grace Jones
- ___Nona Hendryx
- ___Bette Midler
- ___Wendy Williams

(3) Match the dead stars with their supposed means of destruction:

___Brian Jones	(a) suffocation
___Jimi Hendrix	(b) bullet
___Cass Elliot	(c) airplane
___Otis Redding	(d) heart trouble
___Sam Cooke	(e) still alive
___Keith Moon	(f) water
___Jim Morrison	(g) ham and cheese

(4) You recognize the fresh glow of Hibbing on little Bobby Dylan's well-scrubbed face—but who's the pretty Peggy-O on his arm?
- (a) Malvina Reynolds
- (b) Peggy Seeger
- (c) Judy Henske
- (d) Suze Rotolo
- (e) Carolyn Hester
- (f) Albert Grossman

(5) Who among the following has/have *not* cohosted *The Mike Douglas Show*?
- (a) John and Yoko
- (b) Eddie Money
- (c) Gladys Knight & the Pips
- (d) Neil Diamond
- (e) Barry Manilow

(6) Identify this clean-cut duo:
- (a) Paul and Paula
- (b) Dick and DeeDee
- (c) Jan & Dean
- (d) Ferrante & Teicher
- (e) Nino Tempo & April Stevens

(7) Yes, it's *that* Bert Convy. But back in the Fifties, he was in a group that had several hits. The group's first hit and name were:
- (a) *Crazy 'Bout You, Baby*, by The Crew Cuts
- (b) *Diamonds and Pearls*, by The Paradons
- (c) *(Bazoom) I Need Your Lovin'*, by The Cheers
- (d) *Sorry (I Ran All the Way Home)*, by The Impalas
- (e) *Florence*, by The Paragons
- (f) *At the Hop*, by Danny & The Juniors

(8) This talented eight-year-old won *Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour* in a national competition. Who is she?
- (a) Diana Ross
- (b) Kinky Friedman
- (c) Mary Wells
- (d) Gladys Knight

(9) Rock 'n' roll is real American Dream material—just look at the artists who went from nowhere little towns to international success. Match the birthplace with the artist:

___Eddie Cochran	(a) Wink, Texas
___Jerry Lee Lewis	(b) Albert Lea, Minnesota
___Roy Orbison	(c) Glenwillard, Pennsylvania
___Muddy Waters	(d) Ferriday, Louisiana
___Hank Williams	(e) Rolling Fork, Mississippi
___Lou Christie	(f) Georgiana, Alabama

(continued on page 280)

been up so long it looks like down to them

THE YEAR IN MUSIC

THE MUSIC BIZ entered 1979 as confident as Goliath, despite a sales slump in the last six weeks of the previous year—a time when it normally does 33 to 40 percent of its annual business. It had much empirical justification for its *hubris*, having grown steadily fatter for 15 glorious, flamboyant, wasteful years. Its annual growth rate had averaged over 20 percent since 1975, and in 1978, led by the fantastic 42,000,000 sales rung up internationally by two high-priced releases—the sound tracks from *Grease* and *Saturday Night Fever*—it had matured into a 4.2-billion-dollar juggernaut of an industry that could brag of being bigger than the movies and all spectator sports combined.

Perhaps because the multinational corporations that had come to dominate the business were staffed by young-ish execs who had never known times to be anything but bullish, there was also a notion, surprisingly widespread within the industry, that it was recession-proof. Confident that the success of the two 1978 blockbusters had staked out a new sales plateau to which all could aspire, the record companies flooded the retail *(continued on page 222)*

By CARL PHILIP SNYDER

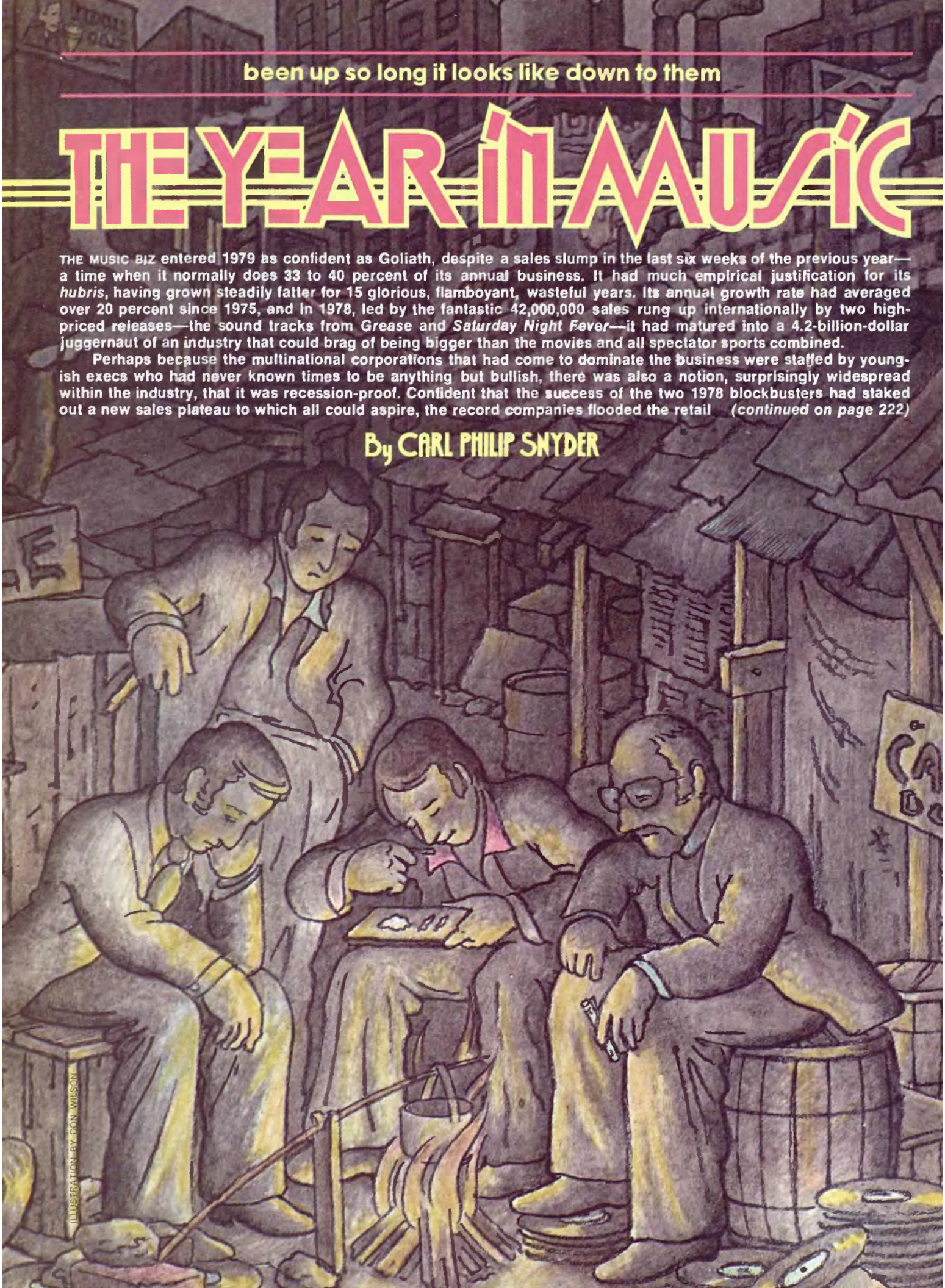


ILLUSTRATION BY DON WILSON

HALL OF FAME

SCULPTURE BY JACK GREGORY / PHOTOGRAPHY BY SEYMOUR MEONICK

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Bruce Springsteen is arguably the greatest rock-'n'-roll performer of his time. Live, in a club or small concert hall, he and the E-Street Band take possession of the stage as though it were their home turf and enlist the audience as celebrants of the true joys of rock 'n' roll. The mixture of his passionate adolescent epics with deeply felt versions of rock-'n'-roll classics has made Springsteen's marathon two-hour performances legendary since the mid-Seventies. Curiously, that early popularity almost proved to be his undoing. The recorded versions of such high-spirited rockers as "Blinded by the Light," "Spirit in the Night," "Rosalita," "The E Street Shuffle" and "Kitty's Back" couldn't begin to capture the exuberance and total involvement Springsteen puts into the tunes in his live show. Add to that the great hype of 1975, an almost terminal misunderstanding that sharply divided the rock world into Those Who Had Seen Him and Those Who Hadn't, and you've got some seriously muddied waters. Calling Springsteen a creation of CBS and media publicity made as much sense as the world accusing the National Weather Service of hyping a tropical storm into Hurricane David. Springsteen is the poet of the small-town escape, a romantic street rocker possessed by rock 'n' roll—all of it—which is why he can follow "Thunder Road," say, with a monolog about hassling with his dad that becomes a five-minute intro to The Animals' "It's My Life," and pull it off. He's the Boss.

Poll WINNERS

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

LINDA RONSTADT female vocalist

ROY CLARK picker

KENNY ROGERS male vocalist, composer

POP/ROCK

PAUL McCARTNEY bass, composer

MICK FLEETWOOD drums

LED ZEPPELIN group

BILLY JOEL male vocalist, keyboard

ERIC CLAPTON guitar

LINDA RONSTADT female vocalist

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL UTTERBACK

ROAD & TRACK

"The TR7 convertible must rank as one of the most comfortable, practical and entertaining sports cars on the market today."

CAR and DRIVER

"It tracks as straight as a laser and speaks through the steering in positive, reassuring tones. Peeling back the top reveals a roomy and striking interior... this is one of the great remaining bargains."

Reprinted from Car and Driver
© 1979 Ziff-Davis Publishing Co.

MOTOR TREND

"With several thousand miles on the clock, the TR7 convertible still felt tight and solid, and all things considered, it's an exhilarating car to drive."

For the name of your nearest Triumph dealer call: 800-447-4700; in Illinois call: 800-322-4400.
Jaguar Rover Triumph Inc. Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

SCCA NATIONAL CHAMPION IN D PRODUCTION!

THE CONVERTIBLE TR7

THE SHAPE TR7

SCREWBALLS *(continued from page 163)*

"Sammie Land had requested a lightweight flak jacket that he could wear under his uniform."

always tomorrow, then he's going to wake up one day 39 and he's going to say, "Well, it's time to get me a hit," only he'll get a slipped disk, because it's too damn late. When you hear a man who is 40 say he feels like he's 30, you can have him, because that means he hasn't been doing a thing for ten years.

Now, you can be *too* emotional.

Our first baseman years ago in Ardmore was a kid named Richardson and one night we were trying to get into the play-offs because the team fed you free meals as long as you kept playing. Richardson was in the on-deck circle and one of the opposition yelled, "Richardson, hey, your wife is a hog."

We started yelling at Richardson, "She is not," but he was so crazy by the time he got in the box, he couldn't even think. He tried to stretch a single into a triple and was tagged out around second. Richardson charged their dugout and cracked his head on a post and missed the play-offs with the injury, so he didn't get paid.

The point is, you have got to control your emotion.

And you can't be giving away emotion like it was dime beer.

That's what our team did, preceding the crucial September Boston series.

The men got a little carried away.

In a copyrighted story in the Boston paper, Sammie Land, outfielder, was quoted as saying, "We're going to kick their [Boston's] butts right up that slimy left-field wall."

Our catcher, Edgar, was quoted as saying the only one of Boston's players who could start for us was their bat boy, and without the cheap shots off the left-field fence, Boston would never be a contender in our division. "If they played in our park, nobody would hit ten home runs," Edgar concluded.

First baseman Doyle Legg was much more to the point. "I hate Boston's guts," he said.

That catchy phrase was the headline in that edition. Doyle Legg's picture, and Edgar's and Sammie Land's, appeared on the next page under the subheadline "MARKED MEN."

The Boston manager, a coward named Fish, had a quote of his own. "The gentlemen over there are entitled to their opinions."

Sammie Land was outraged. He clipped that quote out and put it in our dressing room. "He can't call us gentlemen," he said.

One thing was for sure: Boston would be ready for us. They made it out like we were a motorcycle gang swooping down on an old folks' home.

The person who prospered the most was the Boston owner. The day before the series opener, he sold out the standing room and then sold out the leaning room, and had only about three stalls in the bathroom left to unload.

The commissioner of baseball had caught wind of what promised to be a very heated rivalry and he sent us a telegram encouraging, "Hearty competition and, above all, honor and sportsmanship."

"If that's the way he feels, he can go to hell," Doyle Legg said.

While we were shocking Detroit, the Red Sox split at home, winning 3–2 over the White Sox when a pop fly over the pitcher's mound blew over the dumb wall in left.

The vital stats were: We were six out of first going into the five with them.

Sammie Land announced at our final team meeting that when we took the field in the bottom of the first inning of the first game, he would do something that would let the fans and the Red Sox know exactly what we thought of them.

Sammie said his strategy would also help us win the game.

Guessing what Sammie Land would do in left field broke a lot of the pressure the day before.

"I predict he goes to the bathroom on the wall," Arnette Blackwelder guessed.

"I say he climbs it like a mountain climber," Golden Rule guessed. "With rope and suction cups."

"Whatever he does," Cliff Masterson said, grimly and majestically, "I'll be there to back him."

Game day, news of our opener in Boston was on top of the front page, above "GOOD HUMOR MAN MURDERER STRIKES AGAIN" and "COST OF LIVING INDEX HAS BIGGEST JUMP OF YEAR," we were *that* important.

•

I drove over the morning of the game with our owner, McBroom.

He was in fine spirits.

When pressed for a key to victory in the first game, I told him, "If we're still alive in the fifth, we should win it."

He wondered exactly how I meant alive.

I told him I was not sure.

Rudd was pitching the opener of the series with Boston. We probably would have been better off with Golden Rule or Mulebach, since Boston has a ton of right-handed hitters aiming at the runt fence, but Rudd was going to have to pitch sometime over there, and it was best to stay with the normal rotation.

So here is what our line-up looked like:

1. Jimmy Netherlands 2b
2. Arnette Blackwelder CF
3. Cliff Masterson 3b
4. Sammie Land LF
5. Edgar C
6. Doyle Legg 1b
7. Jesus El Dorado RF
8. Bone SS
9. Rudd P

That's some crew, all right.

Ina flew in for the big series with Boston and brought me up to date about the goings on with the in-laws, like her sister's 16-year-old daughter was named alternate homecoming queen.

There are all kinds of theories about what makes a good marriage, and I have always believed that honesty is the most important thing two people can have going.

"Ina, I don't give a damn about that kid," I said.

She sulked.

She rode with me to Boston with McBroom and his wife and was bored to death as the three of us talked strategy. Mrs. McBroom said she had promised the girls at the club a pennant.

"El Dorado will probably have a great series," McBroom said. "Guys who don't understand what's going on don't choke."

The secret was, Rudd had to keep the ball down so they would hit grounders and not routine flies over the chicken wall.

Sammie Land had requested a lightweight flak jacket that he could wear under his uniform. He had some *spectacular* trick planned for the wall in left.

McBroom placed a hand on my shoulder and said that whatever happened, I had done a brilliant job and deserved Coach of the Year.

Mrs. McBroom was wearing a low-cut blouse.

When they got a runner on first, she planned to expose her left breast and hope the guy got picked off.

"How much farther?" Ina asked two miles into the trip.

•

Boston is one of those towns where they use gimmick nights a lot, and it was unfortunate that this game had been designated Quarter Beer Night. The way it turned out, with our rivalry, they could have filled the joint charging $20 a ticket. You can imagine what variety of person a 25-cent-beer night would seduce. There is hardly anything meaner than a premeditated drunk.

The Boston management had the courtesy to station extra cops in and behind our dugout and in and around our

(continued on page 270)

© 1979 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

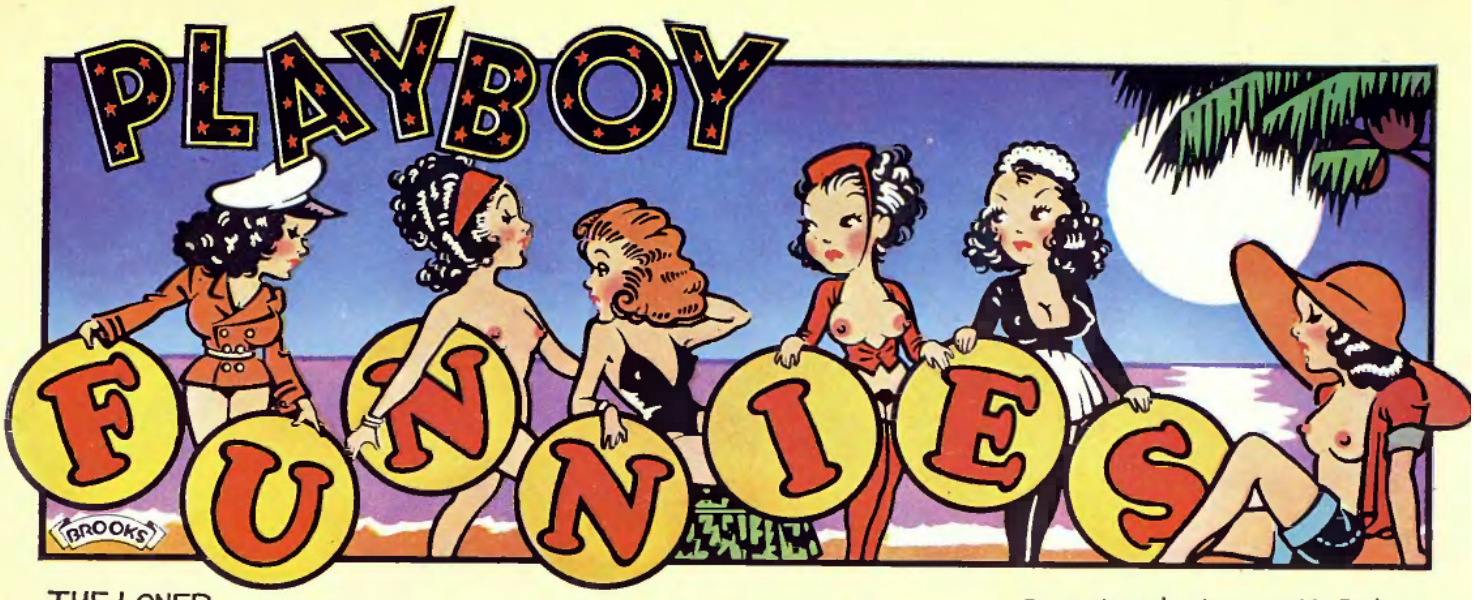
No compromise

Winston Lights didn't compromise on great taste to get low tar. Why should I?

Winston Lights taste good like a light cigarette should.

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

LIGHTS: 13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine. LIGHT 100's: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.



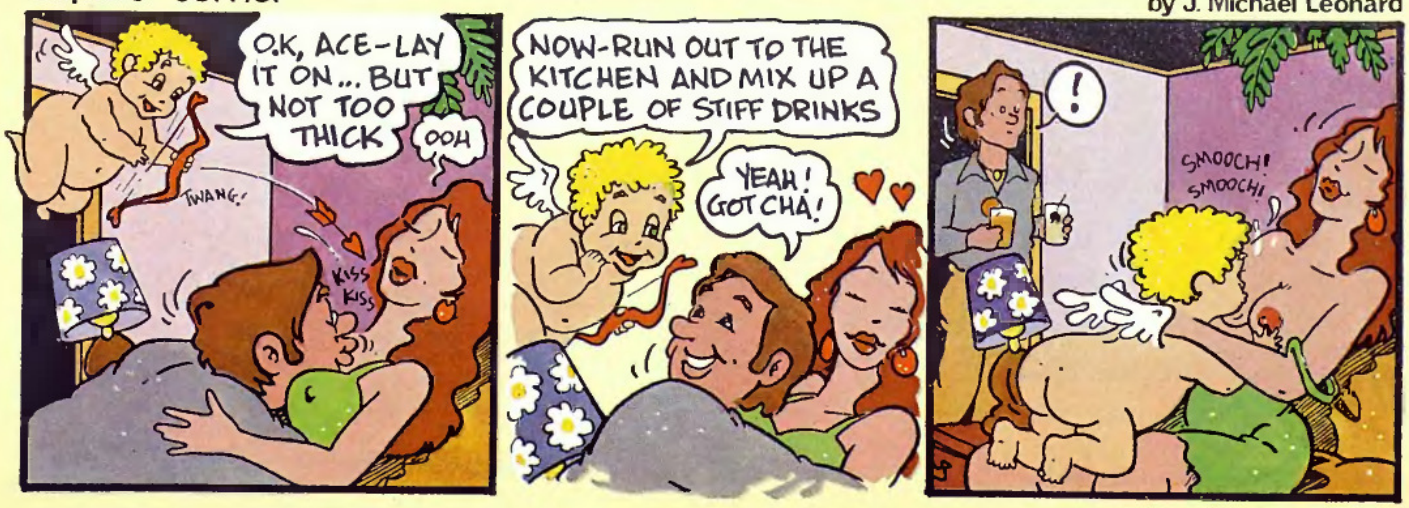
THE LONER

By Frank Baginski & Reynolds Dodson

SUZY Q AND MIDNITE

cupid's corner

by J. Michael Leonard

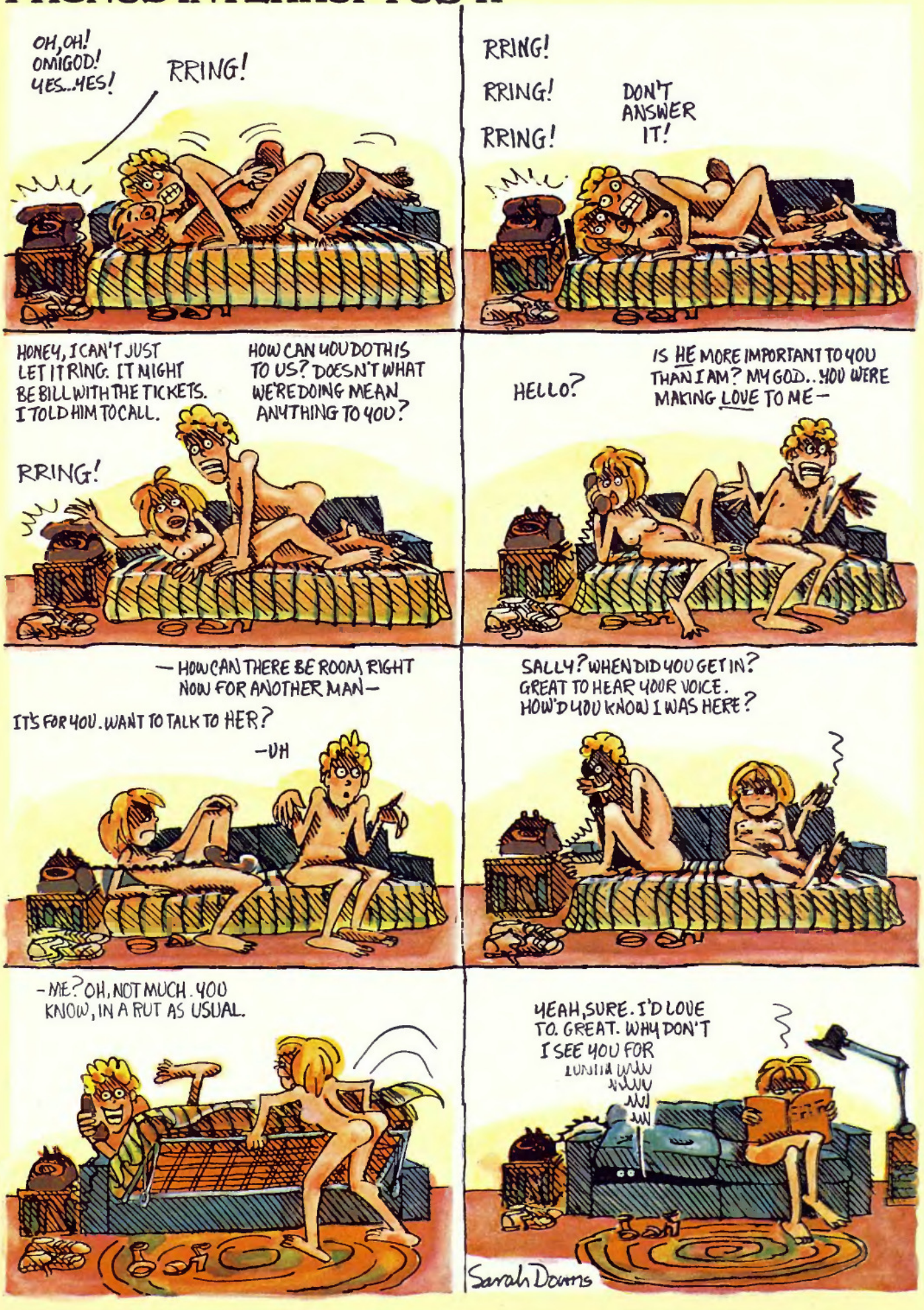


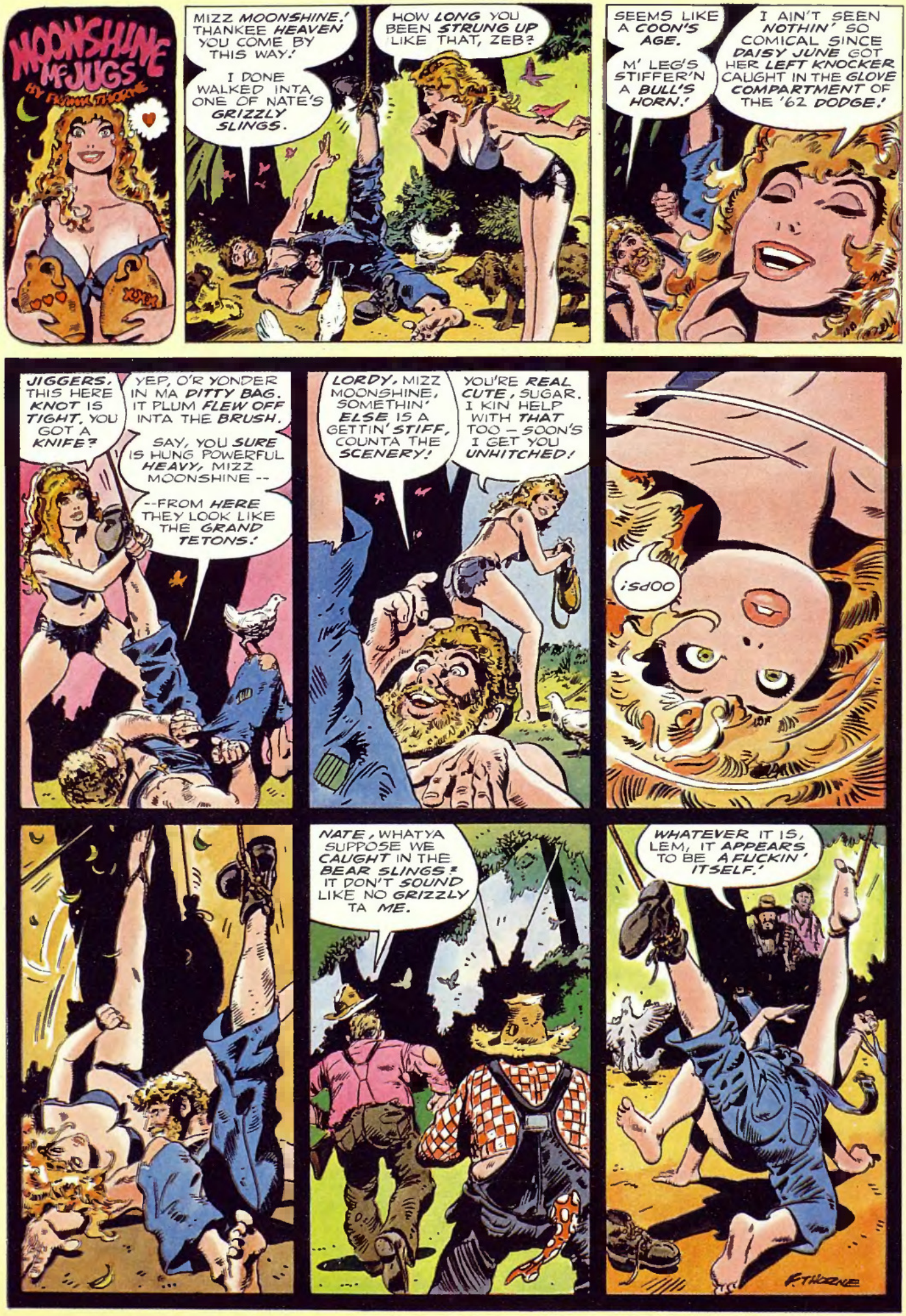
TOM MORROW

N.C.B.'S PRIME RIB SUNDAY

Chris Browne

PHONUS INTERRUPTUS II




MOONSHINE McJUGS
BY FRANK THORNE
MIZZ MOONSHINE.' THANKEE HEAVEN YOU COME BY THIS WAY.'
I DONE WALKED INTA ONE OF NATE'S GRIZZLY SLINGS.
HOW LONG YOU BEEN STRUNG UP LIKE THAT, ZEB?
SEEMS LIKE A COON'S AGE.
M' LEG'S STIFFER'N A BULL'S HORN.'
I AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' SO COMICAL SINCE DAISY JUNE GOT HER LEFT KNOCKER CAUGHT IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT OF THE '62 DODGE.'
JIGGERS, THIS HERE KNOT IS TIGHT. YOU GOT A KNIFE?
YEP, O'R YONDER IN MA DITTY BAG. IT PLUM FLEW OFF INTA THE BRUSH.
SAY, YOU SURE IS HUNG POWERFUL HEAVY, MIZZ MOONSHINE --
--FROM HERE THEY LOOK LIKE THE GRAND TETONS.'
LORDY, MIZZ MOONSHINE, SOMETHIN' ELSE IS A GETTIN' STIFF, COUNTA THE SCENERY!
YOU'RE REAL CUTE, SUGAR. I KIN HELP WITH THAT TOO — SOON'S I GET YOU UNHITCHED!
OOPS!
NATE, WHATYA SUPPOSE WE CAUGHT IN THE BEAR SLINGS? IT DON'T SOUND LIKE NO GRIZZLY TA ME.
WHATEVER IT IS, LEM, IT APPEARS TO BE A FUCKIN' ITSELF.'
F. THORNE

AMERICAN JAMES BOND

(continued from page 132)

"Harvey resigned 'with deepest regret,' wisely circumspect given Hoover's appetite for revenge."

Robert Collier and Lish Whitsun—targeted against America's ostensible ally, the Soviet Union. "We were the first ones to be fighting the Soviet side of it," Collier recalled.

It wasn't long before Harvey found himself sitting in a small room in New York City, listening intently as a plump, dowdy, brown-haired woman named Elizabeth Bentley confessed that she had been a courier for a Soviet spy ring. If she was telling the truth, Bentley represented the bureau's first big break in combating Soviet espionage. Harvey left the interrogation to other FBI agents while he sat quietly and simply tried to get a feel for this woman who would consume the next two years of his life. During 14 days of questioning, Bentley reeled off the names of more than 100 people linked to the Soviet underground in the United States and Canada. "Fifty-one of these persons were deemed of sufficient importance to warrant investigative attention by the bureau," an FBI memo stated. "Of those 51 individuals, 27 were employed in agencies of the U. S. Government." One of those 27 was named Alger Hiss.

In a few years, the name Hiss would be on every tongue, but to Bill Harvey in 1945, Hiss was only one of several senior Government officials suspected of treason. Bentley had mentioned him—calling him *Eugene* Hiss—almost as an afterthought at the end of her 107-page statement. Within 24 hours of her appearance and before he had verified any of her information, J. Edgar Hoover sent a top-secret message to the White House. "As a result of the bureau's investigative operations," he puffed, "information has been recently developed from a highly confidential source indicating that a number of persons employed by the Government of the United States have been furnishing data and information to persons outside the Federal Government, who are in turn transmitting this information to espionage agents of the Soviet government." Hoover named 12 officials as being either witting or unwitting "participants in this operation," no doubt taking private satisfaction in the fact that five of them had served with his archrival, the Office of Strategic Services.

There was one problem, however. Despite intensive surveillance of the suspects identified by Bentley, the FBI could uncover no evidence of an ongoing espionage operation. One year after the surveillance had begun, Hoover was forced to report that his agents had turned up nothing but "repeated inconsequential contacts" among suspected members of the spy ring.

An unbroken string of 18- and 24-hour days spent tracking down Bentley's leads had not produced a single prosecutable case of espionage. The FBI—and Harvey—could proceed no further. Eventually, a very crude and uneven sort of retribution would be exacted. Harry Dexter White, Assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury, would die of a heart attack in 1948, after Bentley publicly named him as a member of her network, and Hiss would be convicted of perjury in 1950. But Harvey could foresee none of that, and in the summer of 1947, his exhaustion and frustration boiled over in an incident that resulted in his being dealt with more harshly than any of Bentley's suspects.

Thundershowers, heavy at times, had fallen throughout the evening of July 11. It was past midnight and another downpour washed over the city as Harvey headed his car across the Potomac River into Washington. A second car splashed along in Harvey's wake, following him home from an FBI stag party in a Virginia suburb. Once across the Potomac, the two cars went their separate ways. Harvey drove toward the west, passing the Jefferson Memorial, the Washington Monument and the World War Two temporary buildings that lay scattered across the Mall like so much litter. At the Lincoln Memorial, he turned northwest and headed into Rock Creek Park, his taillights disappearing into the dark and the rain.

When he had not reached home by nine o'clock the next morning, Libby Harvey could wait no longer. She phoned FBI headquarters to report her husband missing. Bill "had recently been despondent and discouraged about his work at the bureau and had been moody," she said. Pat Coyne, the agent who had followed Harvey back to town, was dispatched to cover the route from the Potomac to Harvey's home in Georgetown. Other agents began a discreet check of accident and amnesia reports with the local police. The search ended in less than an hour, when Harvey called in to report that he was home.

According to a summary of the incident prepared for Hoover, "Mr. Harvey indicated that after he left Mr. Coyne, he . . . was proceeding toward his residence in a heavy downpour of rain. He drove his car through a large puddle of water just as another car going in the opposite direction hit the puddle, and the engine in his car stopped. He coasted to the curb but was unable to get his car started again and accordingly he went to sleep in his car and slept until approximately ten A.M., when he awakened and proceeded to his home." Harvey insisted that his drowsiness was not alcohol induced, and his colleagues backed him up. "Mr. Harvey stated that he had about two cans of beer, and from the recollection of others at the party, there was no indication that Harvey was drinking any more or any less than anyone else," the summary said.

Nevertheless, FBI regulations required an agent to be on two-hour call at all times, either leaving a number where he could be reached or phoning in every two hours. Harvey had violated regulations. The Draconian Hoover directed that a memo be written: "It is recommended that Special Agent Supervisor William K. Harvey of the Security Division be transferred to Indianapolis on general assignment." Hoover scribbled "OK" at the bottom.

Rather than accept the transfer, Harvey submitted his resignation "with the deepest regret," citing "personal and family considerations" and speaking of the "pride and personal satisfaction" of having been an FBI agent—remarkably restrained, considering the circumstances, but wisely circumspect given Hoover's appetite for revenge.

Cast out from the inner sanctum of espionage, Harvey found himself in a world that had not yet heard of Whittaker Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley, that did not yet doubt the loyalty of Alger Hiss, that did not yet realize that while the shooting war against Germany had ended, the secret war against Russia was just beginning. As if blinded by the bright light of this naïve and unsuspecting world, Harvey quickly ducked into the shadows of the Office of Special Operations, a small and highly secret cadre within the newly formed Central Intelligence Agency.

•

The CIA was a tonier set than Harvey had known at the FBI—he was stepping from the world of ex-cops and small-town lawyers into an organization of Ivy League bluebloods and Wall Street attorneys. Many of the men he met were heirs to considerable family fortunes. Harvey was crossing the tracks, joining the establishment. Compared with his better-bred colleagues, this *lumpen* spy from the Big Ten who collected firearms and delighted in the simplest duty, honor and empire themes of Rudyard Kipling, fairly reeked of gaucherie and naïveté. His spreading girth quickly

(continued on page 250)

AFTER YOU COMPARE IT FOR MILES PER GALLON, COMPARE IT FOR COMFORT PER MILE.

Load up Renault Le Car, and take advantage of more luggage space than you'll find in either a Ford Fiesta or Honda Civic.†

Settle into the anatomically-contoured seats, and luxuriate in more passenger room than either a Civic or a Datsun 210.†

Pick out a really rough road, and watch Le Car's four-wheel independent suspension and standard steel-belted Michelin radials soak up jolts and bumps so well, they give you a smooth, level ride *Motor Trend* says "would do credit to far larger, more expensive cars."

Just visit one of the hundreds of Renault dealers from coast to coast, and take Le Car for a test-drive.

When you read the mileage estimates, you'll know how much a car costs to drive. But only after you test it on the road will you know whether or not it's worth driving.

*Remember: Compare these 1980 EPA estimates to estimated mpg for other cars. Your mileage may vary due to speed, trip length or weather. Your highway mileage will probably be lower. California excluded. †Based on 1980 EPA data.

RENAULT LE CAR

WE BUILD MORE INTO ECONOMY CARS THAN JUST ECONOMY.

"Last year I switched to rum. This year I graduated to Myers's Rum."

White rums may be what you learn on. But Myers's dark rum will advance your education. It will teach you just how good tasting rum can be. Because with Myers's Rum you get a smoother, softer taste that comes from master-blending and longer aging.

What makes Myers's precious imported rum cost more, makes Myers's taste better. In cola, soda, fruit juice or any of your favorite mixers.

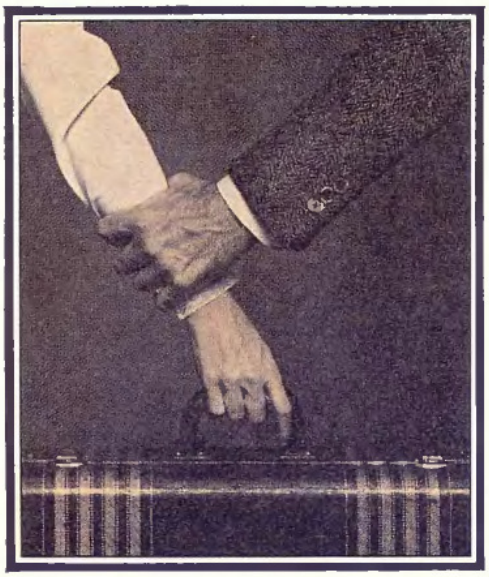
MYERS'S MAKES IT BETTER. Taste how Myers's improves on cola, soda, tonic, fruit juice. Free Recipe Book: Myers's Rum Recipe Book, Dept. PB, P.O. Box 4605, Westbury, New York 11590. Offer expires December 31, 1980.

MAN & WOMAN

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

HER MOVE

The phone rings. "Honey, they've transferred me to Phoenix. How soon can you be packed?" It's an old story with a contemporary twist: Because working women and their employers are taking *her* career ever more seriously, the voice is likely to be female. Assuming you can't talk her out of it and aren't ready to use her departure as the easy way out of a moribund relationship, your only choice is between tagging along and long-distance love.



HELL, NO, YOU WON'T GO!

Thousands of couples sustain successful relationships by commuting between two cities, though most consider that a temporary expediency until one partner finishes school or finds suitable employment in the other town. When commuting is prolonged, couples may be forced into the embarrassing admission that work dominates their lives. A Boston man married to a New York manufacturing executive told *Business Week*: "What's most implicit in our living arrangement is that our particular positions are more important to us than each other at this point. That's a pretty miserable statement."

On the up side, commuter relationships enable both partners to retain their jobs and, without distractions such as sex and fun, keep their minds on their work. When the couples do get together, they have plenty of juicy catching up to do during college-style weekends that crackle like minihoneymoons.

Disadvantages reported by commuting couples include loneliness, lack of shared growth experiences, fears of (and temptations to) infidelity, loss of friends suddenly uninterested in half a couple and expenses. The Boston–New York couple spends $8000 a year in extra rent, air fare and phone bills. Commuter relationships may work if they are short-term and you trust each other, but you can shorten the odds even more if either partner works for the airlines, has access to a WATS line or owns a black box.

MOVE IT OR LOSE IT

In the best of possible worlds, when Sweetie goes, your satisfying career and lifestyle will smoothly transmigrate to her new city. If your line is computers, accounting, some engineering and medical specialties or sales, you come out smelling like a rose wherever she plants you. If your livelihood depends on an association with a company that can't or won't transfer you, or on local clients and contacts, prepare yourself for the worst. You may wake up one morning in Buffalo sans job, sans friends, sans family, sans even your long-lost furniture, with your sole connection to humanity a woman too involved with her challenging new job to pay a hell of a lot of attention to your problems.

Certain types of men can handle the stress better than others. Francine S. Hall, who co-wrote *The Two-Career Couple* with her husband, Douglas, believes you're more likely to survive if you define yourself in terms of relationships and leisure activities rather than of a job or status in a corporate hierarchy. You should be experienced in moving, accustomed to periods of unemployment, and you're better off if you're not abandoning a complex network of social and professional relationships. Large cities are easier to break into than small ones (except for high-unemployment urban playpens such as Denver, San Diego and San Francisco) and it helps if you're a free-spirited dilettantish sort of guy who can see the move as a golden opportunity to try something new.

Expect a difficult time at least for the first year, but don't bend over backward to torture yourself. Prowl around while she's working and learn your new city. Make friends who are all yours, even if it means talking with strange men in bars. Comfort yourself with small pleasures: afternoon movies, premium Scotch, men's magazines. And keep in touch with your old friends; you've merely moved, you're not in exile. "After you've lost your old security and have nothing to take its place, you may feel your self-worth go straight downhill," says Hall, "but hang in there and eventually you'll come back to seeing yourself as the cool person you've always been."

Of course, even if the two of you have your collective mind right, it may not shield you against unauthorized assumptions that a couple moves for her job only when the man makes a shambles of his career or because she wears the Gloria Vanderbilts in the family. Although you may be solid financially and mentally, your frail male ego will be wounded by insinuations of your subordinate role, the so-called Mr. Elizabeth Taylor complex.

"It really helps the guy to have a rationale other people will buy," Hall advises. Sell them the one about how you're enjoying an early retirement, or taking time off for personal projects, or indulging a long-suppressed craving to reside in Boise. Don't be ashamed of passing out a good story; the face you save may be your own.

If her firm thinks she's good enough to transfer, it probably thinks she's good enough to keep happy. Married women—and single cohabitants with industrial-strength *chutzpah*—can demand that it find you a job either within the company or among its connections. Matter of fact, twice as many companies (30 percent) provided job-finding services for transferred executives' spouses last year as did the previous year, according to Merrill Lynch Relocation Management, Inc. The companies would either refer the spouse to an employment agency or counsel the spouse informally themselves. Also, firms can be persuaded to delay transfer until the time is better for the spouse. And if you're buying or selling homes, you can consult RELO, a free intercity full-service relocation counselor. The male-female relations may have changed from "Whither thou goest" to "With her you go," but be creative and resourceful and you won't just be along for the ride. —THEODORE FISCHER

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1980

Golden Lights® ends every-which-way search for taste.

With 75 low tar products to choose from, over 1 million smokers switched to Golden Lights... often after just one pack.

10 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC. | 13 MG. TAR 0.9 MG. NIC. | 11 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC. | 12 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC. | 14 MG. TAR 0.9 MG. NIC. | 10 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC. | 11 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.

8 MG. TAR 0.7 MG. NIC.

Golden Lights.
The taste you'll swear by... not at.

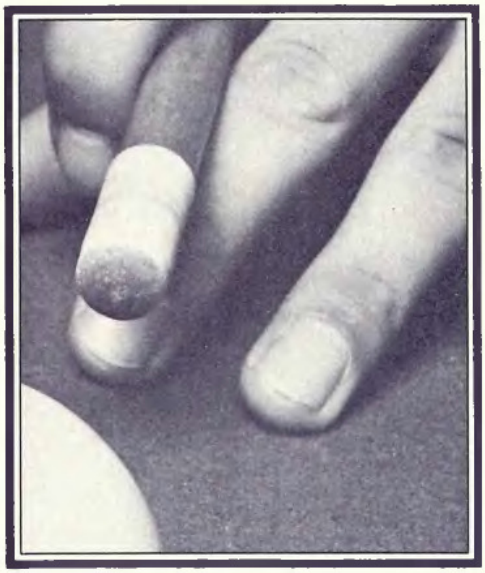
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Source comparative 'tar' and nicotine figures: Either FTC Report May 1978, or FTC Method.
Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar: 0.5 mg. 'tar,' 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette.
Golden Lights: 8 mg. 'tar,' 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

THE SECRETS OF SHOOTING POWER POOL

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

Fifty years ago, when a pool hall burned down, a newspaper could dramatize the tragedy by reporting that 5000 men were homeless. While that would still be an exaggeration today, the game of pool has been enjoying a vigorous revival. A 1979 survey of participant sports taken by the A. C. Nielsen Company revealed the surprising fact that there are more male pool players in America than there are male bowlers, skiers, golfers or tennis players. Eight ball, thanks to the proliferation of the coin-operated bar table, has probably become the most often played game in the land. Tavern leagues are sprouting everywhere and are growing at a rate too fast to follow. St. Petersburg, Florida, for example, boasts 1500 players on eight-ball teams (one third of the players are women) and is the scene of an annual banquet for 1300 players and guests with prizes totaling about $25,000. Generally, the larger the city, the larger the numbers. In 1978, New Orleans had 4500 men and women competing in a business-sponsored eight-ball tournament. Skill at pool is no longer evidence of a misspent youth—it is a social necessity.



Like all great games, pool can be enjoyed at any level. But playing well—infinitely more fun than playing poorly—requires the scrupulous observance of certain fundamentals:

BUILD A FIRM BRIDGE

Provide the cue with rock-steady support by planting your bridge hand on the table as solidly as possible, with the fingers spread and the heel of the hand on the cloth. Resting the cue in the V formed by the thumb and forefinger is OK for shots that don't require English, but if you plan to impart spin to the cue ball, you must learn to keep the cue on line by curling the forefinger around it.

USE THE RIGHT GRIP

Don't whiten your knuckles by grabbing the cue like a baseball bat, and don't use a fastidious teaspoon grip. Hold the butt of the cue lightly but firmly in the crotch of the thumb and forefinger, with two or three fingers resting against the underside. Keep the wrist flexible. When the cue tip is against the cue ball, the forearm should be pointing straight down.

KEEP THE CUE LEVEL

Unless you are trying to make the cue ball jump or curve, keep the cue as level as possible. To impart backspin to the cue ball by hitting it below center, lower the bridge hand, don't raise the back of the cue. Don't build a normal bridge on a rail, because you will have to shoot down at the cue ball; instead, lay the cue on the rail and form the bridge hand around it.

FOLLOW STRAIGHT THROUGH

During the warm-up strokes, which should be smooth, straight and authoritative, and when hitting the cue ball, only the forearm should move, not the head or the body. The forearm should swing back and forth in a vertical plane, like a pendulum suspended from a motionless elbow. Hit through the cue ball in a straight line without letting the tip veer to one side or another and certainly without letting it rise into the air like a partridge . . . unless, of course, you are masquerading as a neophyte.

CROUCH

Plan the shot while standing erect, execute it while bending over low enough to aim the cue like a rifle. If you change your mind about the hit, speed or spin while in the aiming crouch, straighten up and start over.

CHALK UP

You deserve no sympathy if you chalk up *after* miscuing. Chalk the tip whenever you decide to strike the cue ball anywhere but dead center. The tip itself should be exactly the diameter of the end of the cue without the slightest overhang. Don't try to play with a flat tip—shape it with sandpaper to give it the approximate curvature of a quarter.

THINK AHEAD

The secret of clearing the table lies not so much in making tough shots as in avoiding them by controlling the cue ball. Delicacy of touch, experience, even genius are brought to bear in playing top-class "position," but newcomers can accomplish a lot without using tricky English just by varying cue-ball speed. Never take a shot without looking ahead to the next one. The game is as much mental as physical, which is why crafty old men with fading eyesight can often handle young hot-shots.

THE RIGHT ATTITUDE

There's more to shooting pool than just knowing how to stand and where to hit the ball. The player who's cool in the clutch also has a big advantage over his opponent. Learn to play with a quiet confidence and without thinking negatively.

TAKE A LESSON

There is simply no substitute for intelligent coaching, especially early on. It's the only short cut to prowess. Because not all expert players are good teachers, ask for a recommendation from a billiard-room proprietor or a dealer in billiard supplies.

READ A BOOK

As many as a dozen how-to-play-pool titles can be found on the shelves of a well-stocked bookstore. With a low bow to myself, one of the most comprehensive is *Byrne's Standard Book of Pool and Billiards*, which is especially good on advanced technique, tactics and strategy. Still the best book for beginners is *Willie Mosconi on Pocket Billiards*. Worth while are *The 99 Critical Shots in Pool*, by Ray Martin and Rosser Reeves, and *Mastering Pool*, by George Fels. Good shooting! —ROBERT BYRNE

LE COFFEE*

*COINTREAU PRESENTS A NEW AFTER DINNER DRINK. COINTREAU IN COFFEE.

At the end of the day a cup of coffee can be something special. But to make it something more, something romantic, make it Le Coffee. By adding the world's largest selling liqueur, Cointreau from France.

You'll find that an ounce of Cointreau, with its hint of orange, can transform a cup of ordinary black coffee into a totally unique, deliciously different after dinner drink. Le Coffee.

Try Le Coffee at home. Order it in a restaurant. Or enjoy Le Coffee an excitingly different way, as Le Coffee Suprême.

Le Coffee Suprême Recipe: Into a coffee cup, stir one jigger Cointreau with 1 tsp. sugar and 6 ounces coffee. Top with whipped cream and sprinkle with instant coffee, shaved chocolate, or slivers of orange peel.

To receive your own set of 4 Cointreau Le Coffee mugs send $8.95 plus $2.00 for handling to:
Le Coffee—Cointreau, P.O. Box 6900, Glendale, California 91204

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Credit Card #_____

Exp. Date_____

All major credit cards and personal checks accepted. Please allow 4 weeks for delivery. Void where prohibited by law.

COINTREAU.
AN AFTER DINNER DRINK...AND MUCH MORE.

(Pronounced "Kwan-tro.")

COINTREAU LIQUEUR. 80 PROOF
RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y. © COINTREAU CORP., 1980.

GETTING INTO CUSTOM-MADE CLOTHES

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

A visit to a custom tailor is a long way from the sort of supermarket operations that dominate modern retailing. Given plenty of time—and money—a good tailor can make you a suit, a sports jacket or a shirt that will fit better and, consequently, look better than any ready-made garment.

WHY NOT THE BEST?

You'll start with a bit of talk about style. A good tailor should have samples of various designs on hand to help you make a decision. When the design questions have been settled, it's time to select a fabric. Better tailors are likely to have an inventory of several thousand kinds of cloth. They can supplement their stock with swatch books of samples that they order from suppliers. Your tailor should also have some suggestions about color, weight and pattern to help you choose.

Measurements are the next step. A good tailor may make as many as 13 different measurements to fit a suit coat and another ten for the pants. He uses these to make a paper pattern to guide the actual cutting. The pattern will be modified as necessary during the fitting process and then kept on file for future orders. If your dimensions don't change, you can buy subsequent garments with only a single final fitting.

The first fitting on your first suit will have you trying on a sleeveless approximation of the finished coat. The seams will be basted—lightly sewn—so that the tailor can rip them apart easily. He is likely to tear out the shoulder seams in order to get the front of the coat to hang just right. That will have to be done separately for each side, since nobody is symmetrical.

The second time you see the suit, it will look much more finished, but certain irrevocable decisions—such as the placement of buttonholes—will be left to the very end of the process. Incidentally, the mark of a true custom-made suit or sports coat is cuffs that actually button. Insist on them.

A good tailor makes a suit to fit your precise dimensions, but he does more than just work from the numbers. He will also notice how you stand. If you have the carriage of a regimental sergeant major, he will cut the front of your coat a little wider and the back a little narrower. And he'll put the armholes toward the back, where your arms are.

THE COST OF CUSTOM TAILORING

You will, of course, have to pay for a fit that good. A custom-tailored suit coat has 25 to 30 hours of expensive skilled labor sewn into it, and that doesn't count the tailor's judgment in fitting or his work as a designer.

Prices vary somewhat around the country, but you can expect to pay an absolute minimum of $600 for a two-piece suit. A vest will add at least another $100. This price assumes the cheapest fabric a tailor is likely to stock. If you would like something in, say, a good British woolen, you can expect the price to skyrocket.

Sports-coat prices begin around $500 and slacks run about $175 a pair. A cashmere overcoat can run as much as $1500. Shirts start around $50 and may go as high as $125 or more for silk.

WHERE TO FIND A TAILOR

If the prospect of a perfect fit makes you long for a custom-made suit, how do you pick a tailor who can deliver what you want? Word of mouth is the best way, but if you don't know anyone with a good tailor, you'll have to do some shopping around.

Longevity is a good thing to look for. Most tailors get about 90 percent of their sales from repeat customers. If a tailor has been in business for 20 or 30 years, chances are he is satisfying them.

Tailors should have some samples on hand for you to look at. Begin by inspecting a coat made from a patterned fabric, such as a glen plaid. The individual pieces should fit together perfectly, with no breaks apparent in the pattern. Lapels on finished coats should have a symmetry that is usually lacking on ready-mades and they should have a slight roll.

Obviously, if you are looking for a cheap suit, custom tailoring is not for you. However, the prices don't look so high when compared with the most expensive lines of ready-made clothes. Designer originals off the rack often start about $500, too.

SEMICUSTOM TAILORING

You can get a semicustom-tailored garment at substantial savings if you go to what is known in the trade as a cut, make and trim operation. These shops take your measurements and send them to a factory. The factory returns a finished garment.

Factories can save a lot by using automatic machinery and by locating in areas where people are willing to work for lower wages. A cut, make and trim suit manufactured in Hong Kong can be had for as little as $160, with better-quality fabrics ranging up to $400. Shirts start as low as $20.

These are bargain prices, but you are giving up something to save the money. Making certain that a garment really conforms to your body requires a series of fittings.

Brooks Brothers has its own variation on the semicustom-made suit that it calls the special-order suit. If you buy a special-order suit, you can select any imported fabric from Brooks Brothers' stock, but the style cannot depart from the usual Brooks designs. Your measurements are sent to the factory, which returns a partly finished garment for one fitting before the suit is completed. Brooks recommends special-order suits for men who have problems getting fitted off the rack. It charges $55 over the off-the-rack price for a special-order suit and $35 more for a special-order sports coat.

Custom threads may be expensive, but they pay huge returns in looks and self-esteem. And when you walk down the street in great-fitting clothes, somebody's bound to say: "Man, he looks like a million bucks."

—JERRY SULLIVAN

YOU HAVE TO BE LIBERATED *(continued from page 162)*

"One man's humor is another's bad taste, while one woman's funny bone is another woman's soapbox."

in the pillory or the jailhouse for their humor is very long; it includes Rabelais, Voltaire, the Marquis de Sade, and also the relatively dour Defoe, whose attempt at a satirical essay about the mistreatment of dissenters misfired utterly, landing him in the stocks.

Nothing is quite as dangerous to its author as satire, for satire depends upon tone, subtle word use, topical social reference and, especially, the capacity for humor *of* its readers—something the writer can neither predict nor control. Since the funny bone is a vestigial organ in times of social change, and since the gift for irony is always a rather rare human trait, the satirist always runs the risk of being misunderstood by both sides of any issue: If the king doesn't behead him, the revolutionary tribunal surely will.

Thus, I fear that we will restore a sense of humor between the sexes only when we are more secure about our new roles in society. When women truly feel liberated, they will be able to laugh at themselves again, and when men truly accept female equality, they will not worry so much about how to act with liberated women.

•

Neither literature nor life can be reduced to revolutionary slogans without great violence being done to our humanity. There is a tendency in this country to try to reduce both writers and their books to slogans and to attempt to recruit them as soldiers in various ideological battles. "What do you *really mean* by the ending of your novel?" readers are always asking; and books are often reviewed according to the sides they seem to be taking—when, in fact, it should be obvious that if one wished merely to take sides, one would hardly go to the trouble of writing a 300-page novel. The novelist writes novels precisely because the human events he or she wishes to chronicle cannot be reduced to slogans.

Nevertheless, the books that fascinate us at any given historical moment are indicative of certain cultural trends. The popularity of a novel like *Garp*, for example, with its obsessive concentration on various forms of castration—both real and symbolic—bespeaks a rather different historical moment in the relations between the sexes than the popularity of a book like *Fear of Flying* (in which sex is more often absurd and humorous than tragic and destructive).

What conclusions we draw from those differing attitudes toward sex is another matter. Patterns of sexual change take years to emerge and we are not very good at recognizing them in our own culture. Still, it is true, as Henry Miller once said, that "books are created in answer to our inner needs." Thus, it is important to recognize the grim and violent component in a novel like *Garp* and to meditate on why so many readers find in that violent sexuality a mirror of their own lives. I often become discouraged by the amount of violence I see in American novels (and, of course, in movies and on TV) because it seems to me that we turn toward violence as a source of titillation, a way out of emotional numbness, an excitement beyond that of sexuality (but which also has a sexual component). I have always marveled at the curious double standard that sees sex as dirty and mayhem as acceptable for family consumption. Even in the old days of censorship, a disemboweling wouldn't get you banned in Boston, but a blow job surely would.

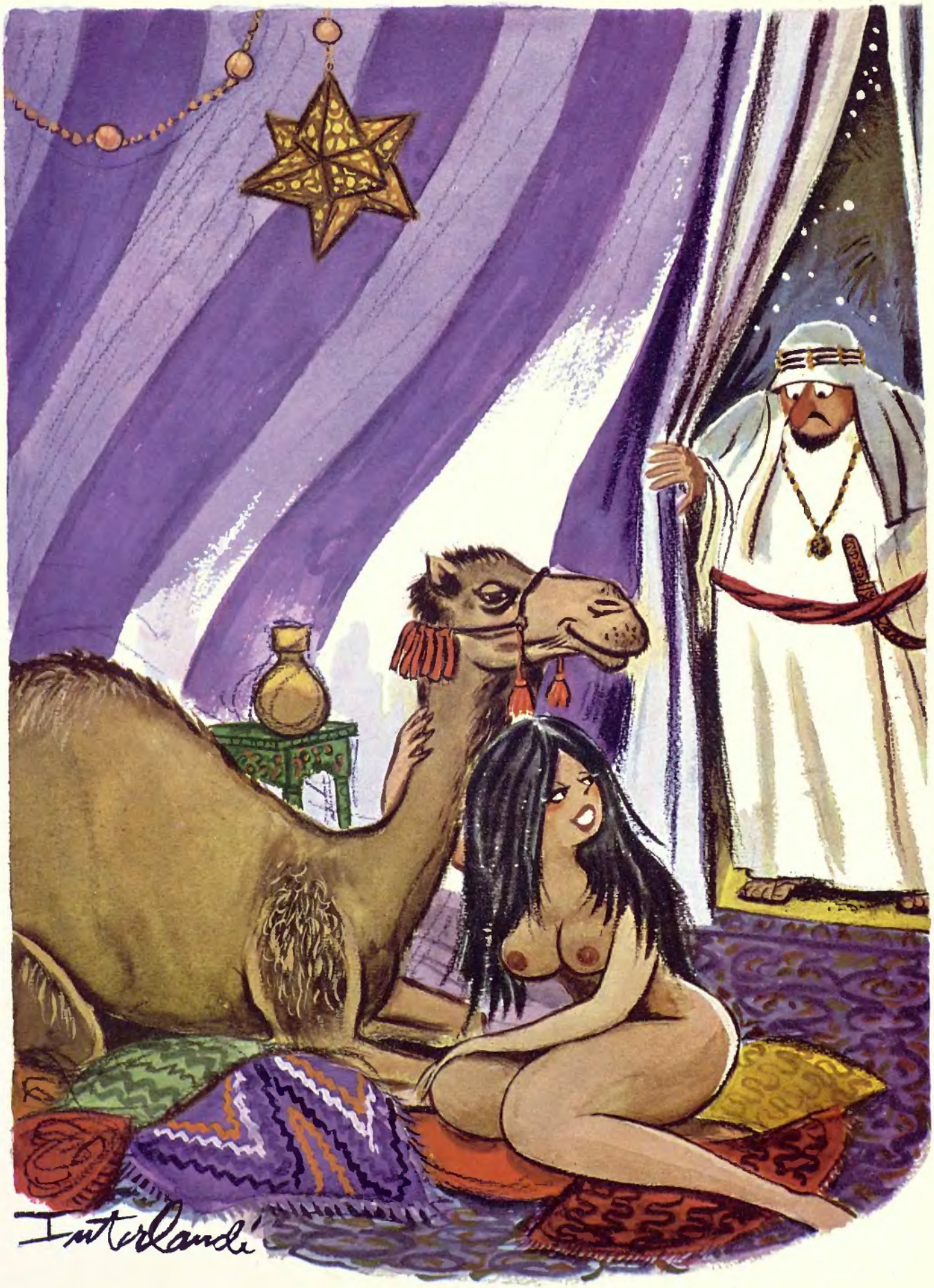
If books are created in response to our inner needs, so, too, is humor. As our sexual roles begin to change, our humor about sex must also change. Jokes that degrade women are not as funny as they once were. Mother-in-law jokes and sexy-secretary jokes seem more and more irrelevant and tasteless as we come to recognize the humanity of women. Some of us are beginning to find we can no longer laugh at women as fragmented organs. But when the old humor of oppression dies, what will come to take its place? The humor of derogation must have a scapegoat as surely as a circus must have a clown, and for centuries, women served that purpose. I think that much of the current nervousness about men and women, as well as the current uncertainty about what is or is not funny, stems from the fact that sexual values are changing at different rates in different parts of the world. What may be funny in Woody Allen's *Manhattan* is tragic in Iran, a matter of total indifference in the gay bars of San Francisco and almost incomprehensible in the truck stops of Montana. While gentle irony runs the risk of being baffling to the unsophisticated, the most outrageous and iconoclastic humor runs the risk of sending its author to the gibbet or the guillotine—especially in times of changing values. And that is one reason why humor between the sexes is so problematical right now: We have literally dozens of sexual cultures coexisting side by side.

While I am not the sort of feminist who feels offended by nude female centerfolds (on the contrary, I think they serve a useful social function—if you consider masturbation useful, that is), I *do* wince at the unrecognized sexism in a film like *Manhattan*—which poses as being sexually hip but really takes a series of not-so-funny swipes at women. Jokes about wives turning lesbian and writing books about their ex-husbands don't tickle my funny bone. Just as my gut feeling says that anti-Semitic jokes are funny only when told by Jews, I tend to feel that jokes about women turning lesbian (or turning writer) are funny only when told by women writers. And even then, people are likely to misunderstand.

When I attempted a spoof of lesbian chic in *How to Save Your Own Life*, lots of people thought I was questioning gay rights, or attacking lesbian sex, when I was only trying to parody the absurd situation that results when people choose their sexual partners out of duty, faddishness or status seeking rather than out of true inclination. But you see how tricky this whole matter is: What is sexually funny depends not only on the joke but on the teller, not only on the teller but on the audience.

Well, where does that leave us? We cannot have only men telling jokes about men and women telling jokes about women and a high commissar of sexual humor arbitrating it all. That would be even worse than the present anarchy. And it remains regrettably true that one man's humor is another man's bad taste, while one woman's funny bone is another woman's soapbox. Just as there are people who consider *any* humor counterrevolutionary, the majority of people consider their own jokes funny and someone else's jokes tasteless. Nor does one's sense of humor fail to change in the course of one's development. Fart jokes are not as sublimely humorous to me as they were when I was ten (though they're still a whole lot better than most of the jokes I hear). Polish jokes are, I guess, funny to me only because I'm not Polish. I adore *The Benny Hill Show*, despite the fact that my English intellectual friends think it's the pits; and I am more offended by a Woody Allen slur upon women than by a Benny Hill one, because I *expect* things from a fellow New Yorker, fellow Jew, fellow writer that I would never expect from a British vaudevillian.

Aha. Perhaps that is the crux of the matter with sexual humor: our expectations. What is funny coming from an unenlightened boob is not so funny coming from a sophisticate. As women's status (presumably) rises and various sexual standards coexist, it becomes more and more difficult to separate humor from bad taste. Moreover, that separation must be made again and again and



"Where have you been? Your camel came home hours ago."

on all levels. Since we judge not only the joke itself but the joke in the context of teller and hearer, we are constantly being called upon to make subtle adjustments in the tuning of our funny bones. We need a veritable xylophone of funny bones to deal with our present cultural chaos.

In the past, the dependably low status of women provided a rather easy, ever-available target for humor. "Never trust a woman, not even a dead one," goes an old Slavic proverb. "Women are only children of a larger growth," said Lord Chesterfield. "Here lies my wife: here let her lie./Now she's at rest. And so am I," said John Dryden in a characteristic couplet. Female gabbiness, wiliness, stupidity, stubbornness, lecherousness, extravagance, fecklessness, fickleness, and so on, provided unfailing sources of sexual jokes. As long as society at large *accepted* those givens about female character—or the lack of it—there was never any dearth of material for jokes about the sexual status quo. No one seemed to notice that the sexual stereotypes about women often contradicted one another totally. In fact, if you study a compendium of dirty jokes about women, you will find that our sex is condemned for being sexless *and* insatiable, stingy *and* extravagant, duplicitous *and* naïve, dominant *and* submissive. Never mind what we really *are*; the only constant is constant condemnation.

In his brilliant (if occasionally daft and dogmatically Freudian) book, *Rationale of the Dirty Joke*, Gershon Legman points out that humor is in reality verbal aggression and that most jokes about women derive from men's fear of female dominance. Sexual humor about women is, in fact, a way of settling scores. Men feel that women have too much power in sex (and perhaps in all of life) and they use hostile humor as the great equalizer. Samuel Johnson summed up this basic male fear and envy of women in his famous line "Nature has given women so much power, that the Law has wisely given them little." Here, I suspect, is the origin of patriarchy and of patriarchal humor as well.

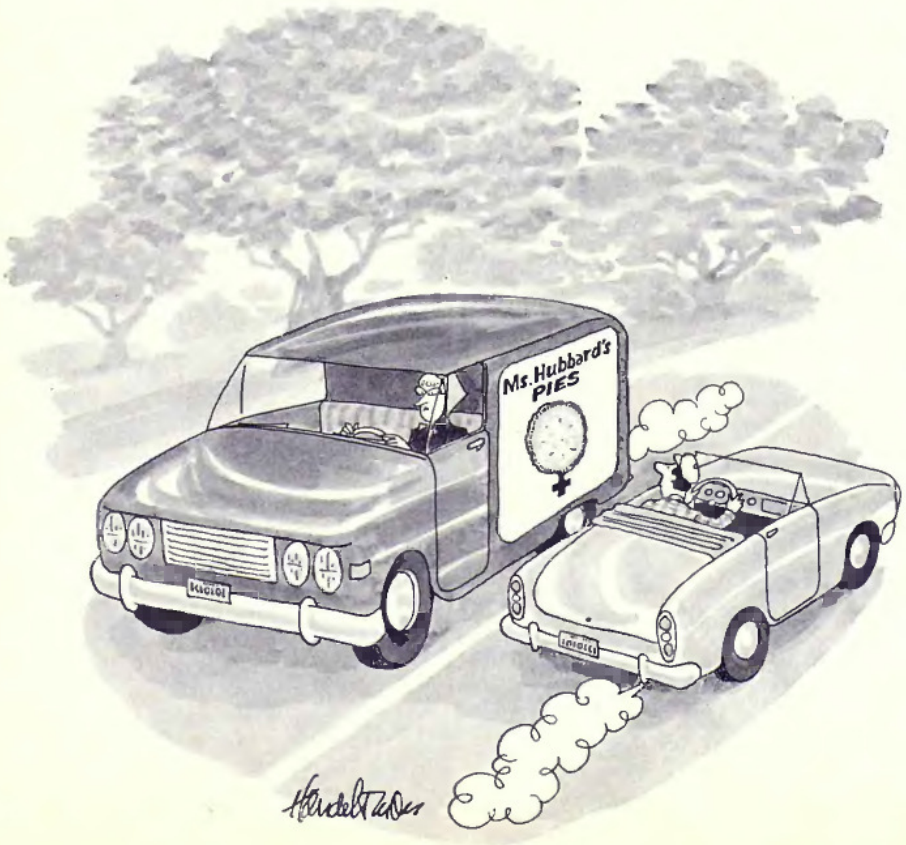
Woman's awesome ability to create life, together with man's uncertainty about paternity, potency and performance, leads to the frantic male need to control women that results in patriarchy. Since we are all inheritors of patriarchal culture, patriarchal assumptions, patriarchal literature, art, religion, sex and sexual jokes, it is hard for us to see how truly pervasive and distorting an influence it is upon our lives—particularly our sexual lives. But we must try. The very fact that our Bible shows man giving birth to woman (rather than birth happening in that ordinary yet miraculous way it happens all over the earth, every millisecond) should alert us to the topsy-turvy way our culture has chosen to misperceive reality. But all of man's attempts to hold women down have availed him nought. He *has* succeeded in making us economic semislaves, social inferiors and handmaidens rather than matriarchs; but the battlefield of the bed still defeats him. Hence, the function of sexual humor: a last-ditch defense against that last ditch that entices him, mocks him, pleasures him, fascinates him, repels him, gives birth to him and, finally, buries him.

Can we honestly expect this to change because of a decade of media hype about "women's liberation" and the nervousness it has wrought? Doubtful. Even if the sexes had complete social equality (which we are far from having—despite working mothers, the cultural changes wrought by the two-pay-check family and the general acceptance of oral-genital sex), male fear of women would still have the same physiological and psychological roots.

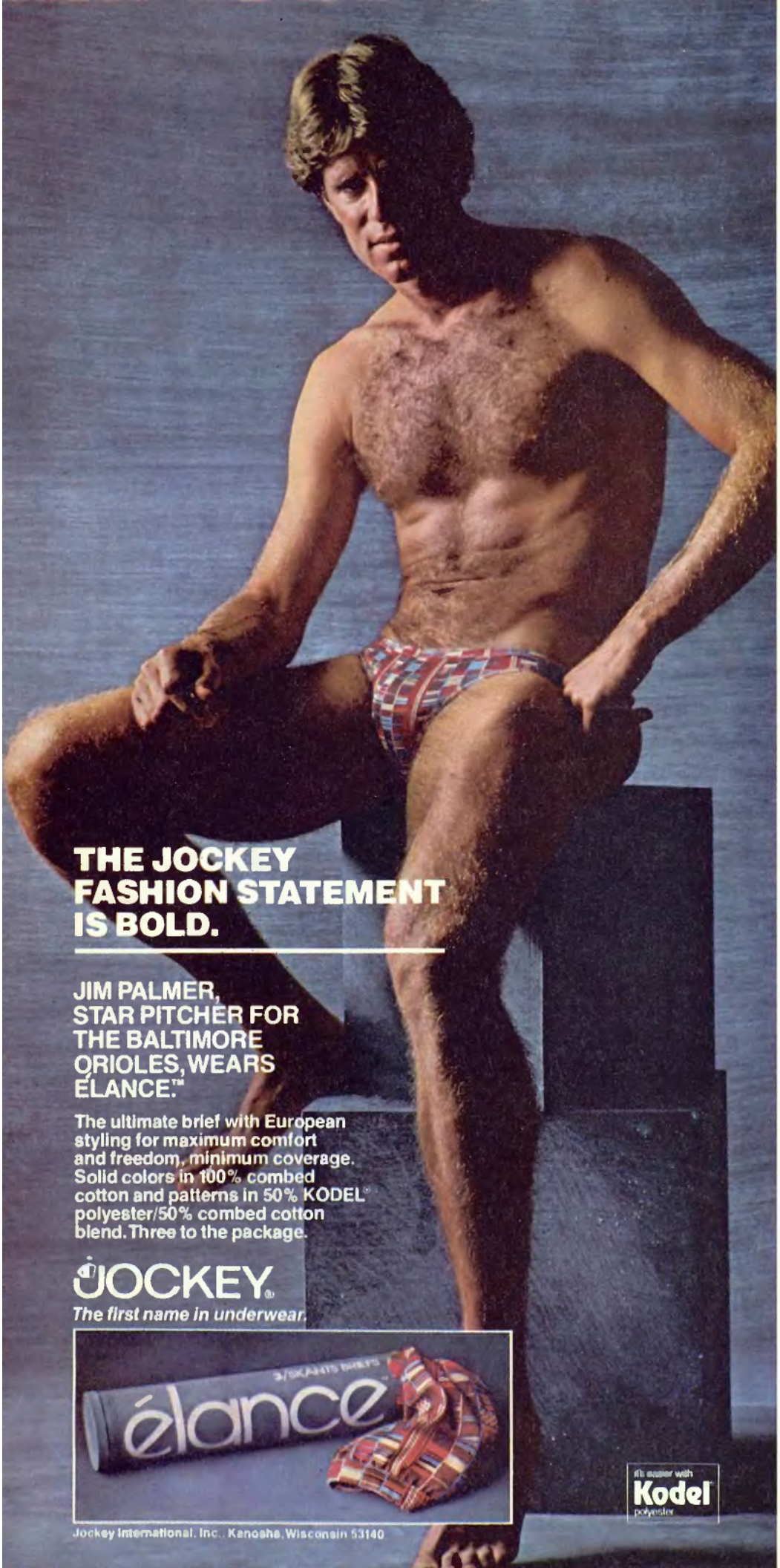
Perhaps male fear is even greater today than in the past because women's social status *is* rising, if only, as yet, in token ways.

Perhaps, too, one of the reasons for the great discomfort we see around us derives from the fact that men still have the same psychological need to attack women (the joke as verbal aggression) but it is no longer chic or sophisticated to do so. Thus, two imperatives come into conflict: The desire to be trendy, with it, sophisticated, cool (so crucial in our status-seeking culture) dictates that the hip man be "sensitive" to women and pay lip service to "women's liberation," but the old, primitive castration anxieties still push him to release his fear of female dominance in jokes that degrade women. Where does this conflict leave him? Silent, usually. Silent and confused. He can't make the old jokes without appearing *déclassé*, and nobody seems to have invented new ones. To return to my earlier point about humor and mental health, I think that, paradoxically, we are in a *worse* psychological situation now than when we could all laugh at some of the classic subjects of sexual jokes—big vaginas, small penises, female secretions and smells, impotent penises and, of course, the masturbating nuns.

Why? Because we have lost the escape valve of the sexual joke and found no replacement for it. Perhaps that's why there is so much sexual gloom and newly repressive movements seem to be burgeoning everywhere. Women's liberation made some cosmetic changes and inflation sent millions of mothers and wives to work, but our basically repressive patriarchal society has never really been restructured, yet we are not supposed to talk about this evident truth. We are supposed to mouth platitudes about "growing liberation for women" and "sensitive" men as if we were blind to the reality of our society's underlying structures. Both men and women suffer



19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.
© 1978 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Satisfaction. Camel Filters style.
Some men taste it all: Rich warm flavor. Smooth even taste. Solid satisfaction.
Only from the Camel Filters blend of Turkish and domestic tobaccos.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
CAMEL
FILTERS
Famous Camel Quality!



as a result of this lying, particularly this lying to self. The old humor of oppression at least reflected certain basic truths about society. Men *were* afraid of women sexually; women *were* socially manipulated by men. Now we have lost that tradition of hostile humor, but we have yet to create a humor of liberation—so either we laugh at the old degrading jokes and feel guilty and smarmy or we shut up and feel repressed. Neither one provides much outlet for our psychological needs.

•

But perhaps the Eighties will be a time of sexual reconciliation through humor. Maybe the concept of a liberated jokebook *isn't* a contradiction in terms. Dottie Archibald, one of the brightest of the new breed of women stand-up comedians and now a regular on *The Merv Griffin Show*, may be pointing us in the right direction.

"Certainly, humor needs a scapegoat," says Archibald. "But the scapegoat can be the *situation*, not a gender-linked trait." Archibald herself, who writes her material with her husband, has two rules for her humor: no self-deprecation and no female retaliation against men (e.g., small-dick jokes—to compensate for all those years of big-vagina jokes). She honors Totie Fields, Phyllis Diller and Joan Rivers for opening the field of comedy to women but notes (as I have often noted myself) that their humor often sadly relies on self-attack.

She wants, rather, to portray "the intelligent woman baffled by the world"—and she succeeds admirably, I think. She has created the persona of a working woman with house and spouse, but though she pokes fun at her husband, she pokes equal fun at herself—albeit not in the way of Diller or Rivers. There is no talk of her inability to snare a husband and no making herself look freakish. She comes on stage looking like a pretty, 30ish woman, dressed in ordinary but attractive clothes. Her mystification by life may then represent that of her women viewers. "She has walked out of the audience and turned around," Griffin says of her.

Dottie Archibald maintains that things are certainly getting better in the field of liberated humor. Few of the younger male comics rely on sexist jokes anymore, she says, and the opportunities for women are greater than ever. We may finally be entering an age, she insists, in which it is possible to make fun of *human* traits rather than of those of either men or women.

I certainly hope the Eighties prove that true. Whatever else the decade brings, it'll be a lot easier for all of us to take if we can have our laughs—and be liberated, too.

 (continued from page 122)

"Why, in a world in which almost everything seems to be carcinogenic, don't we all get cancer?"

seems to have a direct bearing on, an active feedback relationship with, physical health; and, second, because traditional modern medicine has found itself in the embarrassing position of being able to cure more and more specific diseases without being able, in certain respects, fundamentally to improve health.

"The extension of man's life span attributable to medical intervention is very, very minimal," says Ken Pelletier, a professor at the School of Medicine of the University of California, San Francisco and one of the leading developers of and spokesmen for a new approach to health care, one that considers the mind—or spirit, if you will—as at least an equal partner with medicine in the maintenance of health. "Increased distribution of adequate food supplies, economic equality, hygiene and the quality of the environment—despite recent appearances to the contrary—have had a great deal more to do with our increase in longevity and the apparent improvement in our health than has any specific medical intervention."

As befits a general in the growing army of new-age health experts, Pelletier wears a shirt with epaulets: battle fatigues. And, also appropriately, he looks unnaturally healthy. *Unnaturally*. Even in California, the appearance of such splendid health is not common. The whites of his eyes are as white as the glare of sun on a car's windshield. Not a thread of blood or a spot of yellow. His skin glows with such a vital tan it seems as though, if I stayed long enough in his presence, my own skin would brown from his stored-up and reflected radiance. His chin is dimpled—also appropriately—with an inverted peace sign. Sensibility of the Sixties informing medicine for the Eighties.

"By 1950 to 1955," Pelletier says, "medications like the sulfa drugs and polio vaccine had in a major way stemmed the infectious disorders. The classic plagues." What should have happened then was that more and more people would live longer and healthier lives. What did happen was that more and more people lived longer but not particularly healthier lives.

"What we saw," says Pelletier, "was an increase in noninfectious, nonspecific, stress-related disorders like ulcers. And those have been steadily increasing. Today, you could conservatively say that 50 to 80 percent of all disorders in the United States are stress related. I think it's probably closer to 90 percent."

The stress-related diseases were not simply the chorus suddenly stepping to the apron of the stage once the stars were gone, he believes. "If," he says, "after around 1955, once the infectious diseases were largely stemmed in this country, you suddenly saw an enormous mushrooming of these noninfectious, nonspecific, stress-related afflictions of civilization, you could say, 'Well, these were all masked by the infectious diseases that we have gotten under control. All the people who would have gotten these stress-related diseases went from polio or one of the sulfa-related infections like pneumonia instead.' But there wasn't that sudden mushrooming. What happened after around 1955, 1956, was a gradual incremental increase in both the *ratio* of individuals succumbing to these disorders and their absolute numbers. So it wasn't that these stress-related disorders were simply masked by the infectious diseases."

At first glance, it almost seems as though, deprived of our old diseases, we have invented new ones to manifest some essential dysfunction or lack of harmony within, something corrupt at the core of our being—as though all disease were merely an expression of something that, blocked in one direction, would find an outlet in another.

At second glance, the increase in stress-related diseases may seem a function of the change in our understanding of disease. Many disorders that formerly were not considered stress-related—even some infectious diseases—are now being redefined as having some stress-related component.

"If you look at the most recent literature in the field," says Pelletier, "you might even conclude that virtually all states of disease, all states of health are to some degree psychosomatic. The four major categories of disease in the United States today—cardiovascular diseases, cancer, arthritis and respiratory disorders—are increasingly seen as psychosomatic. I think that virtually all viral infections are stress-related, virtually all inflammatory disorders are stress-related. The only disorders that are not are traumatic injuries. Accidents."

After considering for a moment, he admits that even some accidents could be the result of psychological states. A husband separates from his wife and within a few months breaks an arm, which tempts the sympathetic wife to take him back and nurse him. If the husband knows the wife well enough to be reasonably sure that, if he were injured, she would unbolt the door to him, he unconsciously may have promoted the accident.

If virtually all states of disease have a psychosomatic component (psychosomatic meaning not that the mind causes the disease but that the mind and body are so interrelated that they act on each other in an intimate, direct and inseparable way), then the question becomes not just why there has been a rise in stress-related disorders but also why one person contracts a disease and another person doesn't. Why does one two-pack-a-day smoker get lung cancer and another doesn't? Why, in a world in which almost everything—from the air we breathe to the water we drink—seems to be carcinogenic, don't we all get cancer?

Two of the most health-obsessed people I know—friends from Vermont—jog 12 miles a day, are vegetarians, drink only bottled water, and always have sickly pallors, constantly complain about ailments and frequently get colds. And a friend who lives in what is apparently the least healthy way—slurping up fatty gravies, drinking to excess, snorting-smoking-popping powders-weeds-pills, getting exercise only as a by-product of his hell raising—radiates health.

Life-denying versus life-affirming behavior. Stress versus joy. Calvin versus Rabelais.

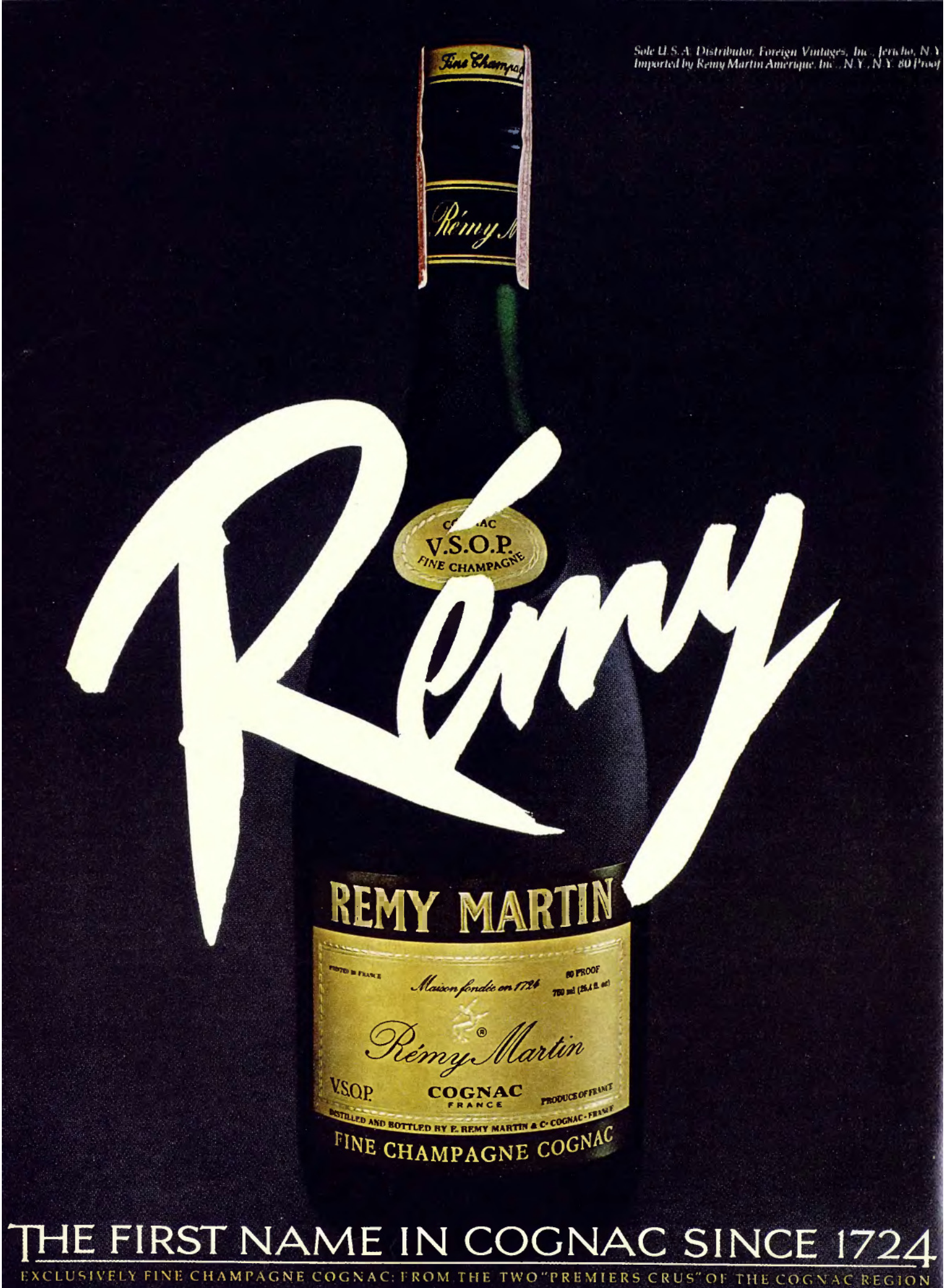
But how does it work?

•

The natural field for dealing with such an issue, psychosomatic medicine, has expanded and changed, as medical doctors have become more psychologically oriented and psychiatrists more biologically oriented. But psychosomatic medicine, bound to its classical Freudian roots, did not easily allow for the kind of interdisciplinary approach that was necessary to tackle the mystery, an approach that involved not just medicine and psychiatry but also epidemiology, sociology, anthropology, preventive medicine, nutrition, learning theory and techniques and studies of patient compliance (a crucial area, since it's been estimated that fewer than half of all prescriptions made out in the United States are filled and, of those that are filled, many are misused, people not taking the medication when or for as long as they should or taking it when they shouldn't).

The field rapidly moved from infancy through adolescence. The kid was growing up; the old coat no longer fit, so he looked around for a new, snazzy reversible style. The sober side, charcoal with chalk pinstripes, was behavioral medicine. The flashy side, multicolored silk, was holistic medicine.

Behavioral medicine, when it first gained currency (in a book called *Biofeedback: Behavioral Medicine*, edited


Sole U.S.A. Distributor, Foreign Vintages, Inc., Jericho, N.Y.
Imported by Remy Martin Amerique, Inc., N.Y., N.Y. 80 Proof
Fine Champagne
Rémy M
Rémy
V.S.O.P.
FINE CHAMPAGNE
REMY MARTIN
PRINTED IN FRANCE
Maison fondée en 1724
80 PROOF
750 ml (25.4 fl. oz)
Rémy Martin
V.S.O.P.
COGNAC
FRANCE
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY E. REMY MARTIN & C° COGNAC - FRANCE
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
THE FIRST NAME IN COGNAC SINCE 1724
EXCLUSIVELY FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC: FROM THE TWO "PREMIERS CRUS" OF THE COGNAC REGION

by Lee Burke and published in 1973), meant a behavioral approach to the treatment of disease. "Not only the cause of disease," says Dr. Gary Schwartz of Yale, one of the researchers responsible for the development of this new field, "but literally modifying people's behavior as a way of treating disease."

In 1977, Schwartz and Stephen Weiss of the National Heart, Lung and Blood Institute put together a conference at Yale to bring some order to a field that was growing rapidly and chaotically. The thin air in the upper stratosphere of science tends to inflate egos; and, while Schwartz—like more than half of the over three dozen people I talked with while researching this article—was amiable, modest and helpful, more than a baker's dozen were remarkable for their arrogance. The lure of a Nobel Prize hangs as brilliant and uncanny as a moon in their skies. Many of these scientists are on the prowl for whatever immortality our doomed planet still offers. Ravenous as werewolves, they will feed off any innocent who crosses their path. All of which is not as irrelevant as it might seem, because research fueled by egoism can run into problems. The spark struck by the collision of two such egos can ignite the fuel and cause the whole business to go up in flames. Which means that the organizing of any new field of science is as much a product of soothing babies in white smocks as it is the result of meetings of coolheaded professors. At any rate, in the past two years, behavioral medicine has metastasized throughout the country and today is being taught in 20 medical schools.

Now we turn the coat inside out and, *voilà!* Holistic medicine.

"Holistic medicine," Schwartz explains, "is a loose term that implies treating the whole person in a system"; that is, seeing the patient within his or her own context: family, community, society. "And holistic medicine has become a catchall phrase that justifies trying any school of thought or technique that might be related to health. Consequently, it often picks up the so-called lunatic fringe of health care."

The difference between behavioral medicine and holistic medicine is that behavioral medicine is grounded within the scientific community—which means that any claim must be backed by repeatable experiments.

To go forward, the advocates of a new approach to medicine—whether it be called psychosomatic, behavioral or holistic—have had to go backward. In the West, certain personality types have been associated with particular diseases since at least the Second Century A.D., when Galen noticed that depressed women were more likely to get cancer than happy women were. In the 17th Century, Descartes—as though separating the egg yolk from the white—divorced the mind and the body; after that, the correlation between personality and disease seemed less and less valid. The body was merely a machine that the mind drove around, a model that today inclines us to search through terminal wards of hospitals for spare parts. If the transmission of your car breaks down, you take it out and put in a new one; if your heart breaks down, you take it out and put in a new one.

But although the correlation between personality and disease tended to be officially ignored, it was not entirely lost. Lay people, free of medical prejudices, observed what seemed to be commonsense connections between the way people behaved and the ailments they suffered from. And while common sense, like a king's fool, can sometimes dwell on the irrelevant, more often, also like a king's fool, it tells us in an unofficial way the truths we otherwise ignore.

Gradually, the medical community began to recognize the mind's ability to affect the body in a few disease states, the classic psychosomatic complaints like ulcers, asthma and hypertension. This wedge opened the field. It's as though we had been chopping up the tree of knowledge for fuel and, splitting the log in logic, found trapped inside, like some mythological sprite, the spirit of the new medicine. One by one, psychological components were connected to disorders. For example, in 1955, G. L. Engel published a study that suggested patients suffering from colitis tended to be obsessive, compulsive, indecisive, fanatically neat, morally rigid, overintellectual, conforming and anxious—fastidious sheep desperate to stay within the herd. In 1965, R. H. Moos and G. F. Solomon published a study that suggested patients suffering from rheumatoid arthritis tended to be martyrs, self-conscious, shy, intolerant of anything less than perfection, inhibited, tense, nervous, moody; convinced their mothers had rejected them and their fathers had been extremely strict; unable to express anger; and—oddly—fond of sports.

Evidence of correlation continued to mount and, in the early Seventies, reached a critical mass. The explosion, a modest enough bomb, a mere nitroglycerin pill set off in the heart of the matter, was the publication in 1974 of Meyer Friedman and Ray H. Rosenman's *Type A Behavior and Your Heart*.

"That book, even more than the study that preceded it"—in the professional publication *Annals of Clinical Research* in 1971—"opened things up a lot," says Pelletier. "It came from an absolutely reputable source and, probably more importantly for its impact on the general public, hit the major killer: cardiovascular disease."

What a shock: The mailed fist that punches up your left arm and grabs your heart, squeezing it like a ripe persimmon and trying to drive it across your chest, up your throat and out your mouth, that armored fist that seems to be the very hand of death itself turns out to be your own. If you are a Type A personality—which means if you are short-tempered, competitive, aggressive, urgent, impatient, constantly feeling under pressure and fighting time, as though time were the enemy, an evil magician, a Proteus, capable of transforming himself into any form, a deadline, a wife, a child, a car that refuses to get out of your way, a slow elevator, a secretary, a boss, anyone or anything that impedes forward motion, progress—if you are this type of frustrated, angry overachiever, then chances are good that you are going to give yourself a heart attack, an ultimate, perhaps final struggle against time: How long can you last without the normal flow of blood to your brain, sucker?

A barrier was broken. Or, rather, a membrane was passed through. The correlations between personality and states of disease and health have become so clear that, according to Pelletier, "by looking at half a dozen or so factors—genetic, biological, nutritional, amount of physical activity, psychological profile, environment, etc.—you can make a pretty accurate prediction of what diseases a person is likely to get."

Last year, Drs. Barbara Betz, a psychiatrist with the Southern California Permanente Medical Group in Los Angeles, and Caroline Thomas of Johns Hopkins parsed the person even further by making a distinction between personality and temperament. "Temperament is a given at birth, an inborn disposition that may come from your immediate clan," Betz says. "Personality is the product of everything that has happened to you, a kind of learned behavior."

Inherited versus acquired characteristics.

Betz holds up the index fingers of both hands, as though she were about to do the hokeypokey. "Temperament has to do not with cognitive skills or intelligence but with traits like rate of movement—vivacity or calmness," she says, "things that are recognized in the dog-breeding world, for instance. Nurses in newborn nurseries know that babies aren't all alike. From the moment they're born, there are the little stinkers, the calm smily ones and the shy ones. The lay person tends to recognize temperament more than the scientist does."

In fact, although before World War Two scientists had conducted a number of studies on what was called constitution (inborn characteristics), since World War Two, scientists have avoided the subject as though it carried a moral plague bacillus—which, in a way, it did. The step from discussing inborn characteristics (emotional, mental, physical—

and perhaps even spiritual—heirlooms passed down from generation to generation) to discussing racial types is very short and leads into an abyss of propaganda.

Added to this natural hesitation to tackle a subject that could be so dangerously misrepresented was the equally natural interest in why many fine young men who went off to war returned home basket cases—apparently demonstrating the effect of environment on personality.

"At the same time, psychoanalysis was getting stronger and stronger, offering a marvelous tool for understanding human beings," says Betz. "The focus of research in this area went into how we get to be the way we are. People began assuming that you'd turn out fine if only you had good enough parenting, adequate food supply, clean air to breathe. This is important. But that emphasis left out something equally important: temperament."

To see if temperament—as distinct from personality—could be correlated with particular states of disease or health, Betz and Thomas exhumed and autopsied a body of work Betz had buried 30 years before, in 1948. At that time, she had studied 45 students and classified them as Alphas (who were steady, self-reliant and cautious), Betas (who were easygoing, spontaneous and cheerful) and Gammas (who were quick to anger, moody and either over- or underdemanding). Each year thereafter, subjects were to write back regarding the status of their health. In 1978, Betz analyzed the data that had accumulated. Only 25 percent of the Alphas and 26.7 percent of the Betas had been stricken with severe illness, while about three times that number, 77.3 percent, of the Gammas had suffered from serious physical or mental disorders. A follow-up study confirmed the findings.

When the results of the studies were published in 1979, the public and the press reacted like—well, Gammas. Frantic, demanding, moody; fascinated, of course—Betz is astounded at how many people contacted her—but the fascination roller-coastered from joyful satisfaction (at getting nature by the balls again and showing that our species, this collection of Alphas, Betas and Gammas, could understand the mysteries) to dread. After all, it was not like learning that you were a Type A personality. Personality was made up of acquired characteristics, so you could learn new ones, learn how to change. But inherited Gamma traits? It sounded like a death sentence from which there was no appeal.

"This theory scares people a little," Betz says, "because it seems as if you have a fate. And I believe you do—to a certain extent."

Disease as fate.

Well, one doctor, respected in the community of new-medicine advocates and influential in Government circles, says:

"One of the things some people in the field talk about when they let their hair down—never for attribution but when they're with friends; one of the odd questions that keeps coming up—speculation only, you understand, just the kind of daydreaming that people do at the end of a hard day; one of the farthest-out possibilities is—and it's not that anyone takes it too seriously, but, you know, it's there—is. . . ."

And here he takes a breath and the plunge.

"Is how much of disease and health is karma."

Karma?

Wages we must pay for how we lived in previous lives.

•

Whether disease is something we do to ourselves, generic inheritance or karmic judgment, everyone apparently has some complicity in the state of his or her health, from the ghost of pain to the ghoul of cancer. And it may be useful to examine these two conditions in some detail to get a sense of how the new medicine understands them.

"Pain," says Dr. David E. Bresler, the director of the UCLA Pain Control Unit,

TEXAS BRAND® BOOTS *separate the true West from all the rest!*

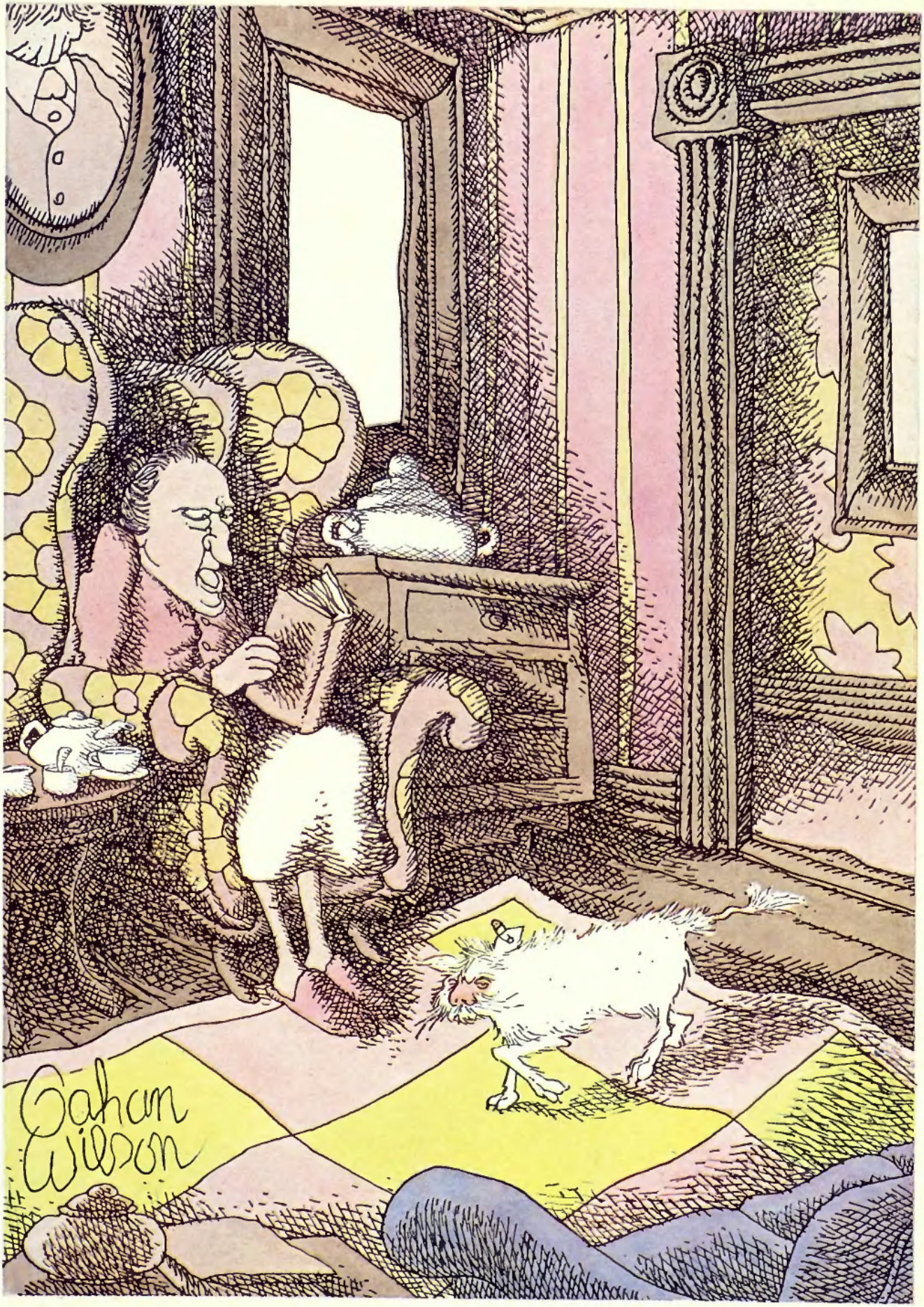
The Old West is alive and thumping in the hearts of modern men everywhere. Western boots by Texas Boot are America's most honored designs with styling, quality materials and patient workmanship to put new zest into your old West. Break out of the mold and wear your Texas Brand® Boots . . . just for the pure pleasure of it!

AMERICA'S GREATEST BOOT VALUE

TEXAS BRAND® BOOTS

. . . an honest re-creation of the authentic West

Texas Boot Company • Lebanon, Tn. • 37087



"You've been to one of those punk-rock places again, haven't you?"

"is the most common, expensive and disabling disorder in the United States today."

And what is pain?

Attitude—to a great degree. "We know the football player who breaks his arm in a game is getting a lot of sensations into his spinal cord and brain," says Bresler. "Why doesn't he call it painful? When you hypnotize a patient, take a scalpel and make an incision, there are some strong signals coming up the neuraxis. Why is that not painful to that patient? What's going on? Obviously, the mind and the body interact to suppress the experience of pain. How? Or take two patients with osteoarthritis, the same degree of physical degeneration involved. One patient is in agony, can't sleep, eat, hold a pencil. He goes around clutching his hand in genuine, agonizing discomfort. The other patient says, 'Yeah, my hand feels a little stiff. It's achy. But I write as best I can with it. I still work, do other things. It doesn't bother me that much.'

"Why? You can count on the endorphins as an intermediary to explain how this happens, but what is that second patient doing to produce the endorphins? I think it has to do unconsciously with that patient's belief system, his expectations, self-image, basically a whole variety of psychological strategies he isn't even aware he is using. The first patient may see himself as a hopeless, helpless victim of an incurable, horrifying, painful disorder. The second patient may see himself as somewhat slowed down by a little arthritis in his hands, but he's sure not going to let that stop him. It's helpful to distinguish two aspects of all this. When you have a physical injury or a disease like osteoarthritis, it's sending electrical messages through your nervous system. Those messages in themselves are not painful; they're strong, urgent signals, but it's how your nervous system interprets them that determines whether they are painful or not. That's the component called *suffering*."

Pain is an energy monster; we give it the power to hurt us. And we can take that power away—depending on how we choose to view ourselves. All pain is real, but you can change your reality.

"Yogis can walk on hot coals," says Bresler. "Hypnosis can be used as an anesthetic in surgery."

Norman Cousins can laugh himself pain-free.

"Almost always," says Bresler, "people who have chronic pain are also depressed. It's not just their lower back that hurts; their life hurts, and they have placed that hurt in their lower back."

To get rid of pain, all you have to do is change your mind. As a way of regaining health, changing your mind (which, of course, includes changing your behavior) works most dramatically with terminal-cancer patients. Strong hints that cancer was associated with particular personality traits were dropped throughout the Fifties and Sixties. Serious studies by various researchers were published in 1952, 1954, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1961 and 1967. Those studies, like the trail of bread crumbs left by Hänsel and Gretel, all led out of the woods into the same clearing. The cancer-prone personality tends to have had an unhappy childhood that included either loss (through death or divorce) or estrangement (because parents were always fighting or any number of other reasons) of a parent or parents; as a result, the cancer-prone personality develops into a lonely, anxious, hopeless and self-hating adult, who, to achieve the love he or she missed as a child, strives too hard to please others. Typically, the cancer-prone personality, upon getting some positive feedback from the world—through success in a job or love from a mate or child, say—tends to make the source of that feedback all-important. So if the circuit is broken (by a job loss, retirement, death of or rejection by the loved one), the cancer-prone personality relapses into the lonely, anxious, hopeless, self-hating child he or she had been. And the despair and bitterness—locked up inside, unexpressed, transformed into cancer—begins to eat away at the patient.

Despite the similarity of results in those Fifties and Sixties studies, no significant program of treatment based on such findings was initiated until 1974, when O. Carl Simonton and Stephanie Matthews-Simonton of the Cancer Counseling and Research Center of Fort Worth, Texas, started using therapy designed to treat not just the disease but the whole person.

"As a new oncologist in training, I observed that I could give two patients with the same diagnosis and similar backgrounds the same treatment and get widely divergent results," says Carl Simonton. "And I was curious. I was more than curious. I was *hungry* to know."

Sitting in his office in an eight-story building that looks as if it were made out of Lego bricks, Simonton leans forward conspiratorially. "Here I was," he says, "in the position of being responsible for telling people how they would respond to treatment, and I knew that I couldn't predict. So I started to ask them why *they* thought they responded as they did. What I heard from them had to do with attitude, goals in life and some relatively intangible things that lumped together made a lot of folksy sense."

Folksy sense? Asking the patients what they thought and taking it seriously? This was unconventional treatment, indeed—except it seemed to be useful.

"I was able to piece together what I learned," Simonton says, "and develop something that could help patients help themselves improve their chances of getting well. Overcoming medically incurable cancer is a very big task. It's doing the impossible."

An obvious statement—though he means it in a less than obvious way. What was impossible was not just reversing the course of a terminal disease, it was reversing the attitudes that may have generated the disease.

"You run up against the patients' belief in their own limitations," says Simonton, "all the ways they put themselves down. All those things have to be dealt with if the patients are going to consciously participate in regaining their health."

More odd talk. The patient helping to cure him- or herself, not merely going to a doctor to buy health the way we've gotten used to dealing with doctors—*they* give *us* health. But for the patient to consciously participate . . . ?

"I don't know if it's possible to systematically teach patients how to consciously participate in regaining their health," Simonton says. "I do know that some people with medically incurable cancer we work with do get better."

Although there's no hard data, some revealing estimates can be made. In general, fewer than five percent of cancer patients get dramatically better. Simonton and his wife have had results about twice as good with the 240 cancer patients they have treated. Not a bad record. "Their cancers went away quickly," he says. "The patients regained health and returned to active lives."

Even those who experienced no such dramatic cures often lived longer than the typical terminal cancer patient. "The median survival time of the patients whom we have worked with should have been—according to the national average—12 months," says Simonton. "Across the board, including all kinds of cancer, the median survival time of our patients has been about twice as long, two years. The median survival time for people with bowel cancer is 11 months, ours is 24 months; for breast cancer, it's 16 months, ours is 36 months."

Again, not a bad record.

"Usually," he says, "our patients are only ill a relatively short time before they die. Someone might have had cancer for 36 months but will be severely ill for only about one month, requiring relatively little hospitalization and pain medication. We also try to improve the quality of death. That is, how comfortably the patient dies, how conscious he or she is at the end, how much he or she communicates to the family and in what sorts of messages and how the family is left. In short, we look at the sorts of feelings that surround the patient's death. All this is pretty intangible and there are almost no studies of other patients for us to use for comparisons."

Simonton's best estimate is that nationally, only about 15 percent of cancer

Heineken Beer
IMPORTED
HEINEKEN BEER FROM HOLLAND HEINEKEN BEER FROM HOLLAND
Heineken
HOLLAND BEER
Something so special
is meant to be shared.
Holland's Heineken, America's number one imported beer.

deaths are what he would call "good quality." But that's as much an informed guess as it is a statistic. He can, however, get fairly accurate figures by comparing the patients he worked with before his method was quite as far along as it is now with those he works with today.

"In the past," he says, "less than 25 percent of the deaths we saw were good quality. Now we have about 50 percent."

The interest in good-quality deaths is not as grim a business as it might appear. After all, if you're going to die—and, one way or another, we all are—it's better to have a good death than a bad one.

How has Simonton achieved such remarkable results? He started with the profile of the cancer-prone personality—which was pretty much the same as that developed in the earlier studies, although in conversation he emphasized as important factors the inability to express emotion (a trait, he quickly added, that is not limited to the cancer-prone: "a number of other diseases are associated with impaired emotional outlets," he said) and the inability to grieve. He also discussed the usefulness of thinking of cancer as physical metaphor, something other studies and Susan Sontag's book on the subject have implied. For example, women who nurse babies tend to be less susceptible to breast cancer than women who don't. Simonton sees this as suggesting that breast cancer may be associated with confusion over the sex role, the cancer taking up residence in an area of the body associated with sexual identity. According to Simonton, "Studies by the World Health Organization have suggested that changes in incidences of breast cancer occur in cultures that are experiencing changing sex roles." There's also evidence in men that confusion over sex roles can be manifest by cancer of the prostate—a connection that has its own metaphorical logic: Confused by the changing definition of gender, men and women—in a variation of the tradition of killing the bearer of bad news—seem to be destroying those parts of their bodies that define them as male and female.

"Lung cancer"—which is also increasing—"seems to be associated with intense emotional repression," says Simonton. Not being able to breathe because of all those suffocating bottled-up emotions. Sometimes this metaphorical expression of the disease is, Simonton says, "uncanny. Very clear."

In a real way, disease is a language our body uses to communicate with us. And this is true not just for cancer. Soon after I started researching this article—which involved more work than I had ever done before for a single piece—I developed excruciating stomach pains. No matter how little I ate, I felt bloated. I was nauseated 24 hours a day. A few days before ending the research, I happened to be describing my physical symptoms to one of the doctors I was interviewing and, apparently coincidentally, mentioned how much trouble I was having digesting all the material I had been gathering.

He smiled.

Oh, yes: digesting the material.

My body was telling me in a very graphic way—virtually using a physical pun—just that.

In cancer therapy, Simonton and his wife try to correct destructive thinking. They don't offer their treatment *instead of* traditional medical therapy, "because moving away from medical treatment can be devastating, even though medical treatment may have little to offer." Their work is an adjunct to a traditional medical approach. They take in only patients who are open to their method and motivated to try it. Just as there is a cancer-prone personality, there apparently is a personality that seems to be able to throw off cancer: someone with high ego strength and high self-esteem, flexibility of thought, the ability to tolerate stress and what Simonton calls social autonomy (that is, a healthy enjoyment of people coupled with a capacity to be comfortably alone).

Critics accuse Simonton of getting good results because he tries to select only those types of patients, but that very accusation admits that there are certain behavioral traits or personality types that seem to be associated with dramatic cancer cures. Simonton admits one potential flaw in his therapy: Unless patients can be taught such behavior, his method is limited to converting the converted, healing those who might have healed themselves.

"I believe these things can be learned," he says, "because I see people who initially have relatively few resources for dealing with the disease improving physically as their psychological profile changes."

The work of others in the field suggests Simonton is right. People can transform themselves or be transformed by disease. The threat of death can shock them into making changes they otherwise might never have risked. Pelletier became interested in seven miracle cancer-cure cases that occurred in the San Francisco area and tried to find out if the people involved shared any lifestyle traits. They did.

"Some emphasized one trait over another," he says, "but, for the most part, all the traits were present in all of them. One, they all changed their diet: a reduction of red meat, more vegetables. Many of them did this without forethought. They simply were responding to what their bodies were demanding. Two, all began to engage in some form of physical activity—not necessarily something strenuous like jogging; even walking a good distance every day sufficed. Three, all began a kind of meditation or deep relaxation: prayer or just sitting quietly for 15 minutes a day. Four, all became religious. Very rarely in an orthodox sense; they had different metaphors. But all believed that there was something higher, bigger or greater than they that helped them. Five, all tended to revise their personal and business lives, so that what they did met more of their personal needs. They began to look at what gave them pleasure. This was a very big change. Six, all became more community oriented, more involved with friends and associates in a kind of selfless outreach."

All those traits, like the traits Simonton describes, share what Wallace Ellerbrock, a psychiatrist at Metropolitan State Hospital in Norwalk, California, calls "positive affect."

"Depression is behind all physical and

"OK, now, all together, 'Eeyi, eeyi, oh!' "

mental disease," he says. Ellerbroek is a former surgeon who quit his practice and started studying psychiatry when he decided it was more important to change how people thought about the world than to cut them up after they got in trouble for thinking about the world in inappropriate ways. "If you get sick," he says, "it's because you've been thinking screwy."

Diseases, Ellerbroek believes, are behaviors; not things that happen to you but things you do. One doesn't have cancer, one is *cancering*. Diseases are misinterpretations of and struggles against the real world.

"When your fantasy of how things ought to be doesn't match your fantasy of how things are," Ellerbroek says, "you get into trouble. If you feel you can do something about it, you get angry; if you feel you can't do anything about it, you get depressed. Both states are responsible for diseases."

What actually happens to us is less important than how we interpret what happens to us, he explains; and it is the interpretation of reality—not reality itself (whatever that is)—that kills or cures us.

"The hardest part for people to believe," he says, "is that when you think a stupid thought that leads you to itch or have abnormal gastric acidity or something like that, the thought is translated into every cell in your body."

What you think is true becomes true. "It's been pretty well shown that asthma in kids is due to the so-called overprotective mother. There's only one thing wrong with that. You can have a mother who's a dope addict, an alcoholic, who hasn't been home for six months; and here's her kid with asthma. The critical thing is subjective perception. The kid sees his mother as overprotective, even though she's a neglectful bitch."

On the other hand, according to Ellerbroek, useful thinking—"thinking aimed in the direction of reality, nonneurotic thinking, whatever you want to call it"—can effect positive changes in the body. He cites the case of one woman who had been hollowed out by cancer—her pelvis, bladder and rectum had been removed—until she seemed to be nothing more than a bag of flesh draped over a skeleton that offered shelter not for internal organs but for spreading tumors. She asked to be allowed to die on the shore of a local lake. In those peaceful surroundings, something happened; she jettisoned her anger and depression, her spirit, like a balloon freed of useless weight, soared—and her tumors started to shrink. She was cured.

"Remember, these are cancer *miracles*," says Ellerbroek. "And you can't make a cancer miracle just because you've got cancer. You've got to be dying, far advanced, untreatable."

And you must want to live more than you want the cancer.

But doesn't everyone want to live? Who would want cancer? Apparently, some people do want their diseases more than health. "I believe we develop our diseases for honorable reasons," says Simonton. "It's our bodies' way of telling us that our needs—not just our bodies' needs but *our* needs—aren't being met. And the needs that are fulfilled through our illnesses are important needs."

To be noticed. To be cared for. To be loved. More common sense that science is just catching up to.

A woman who gets breast cancer may, for the first time in her life, get attention from her husband, affection from her children, even help around the house. She may be given—or, more significantly, give herself—the freedom to express her feelings fully. This does not mean that she is responsible for her illness in a guilty way—and it is crucial for patients to understand that this new approach to medicine is not a court before which they will be condemned. She did not make herself sick. But her sickness is an expression of something more than the activity of a virus, and the problem she faces is to find a less physically compromising way to express her blocked needs or, better yet, to change the situation in which those needs became blocked in the first place.

To do this, Simonton and his wife ask the patient to list five changes that have taken place in his or her life in the past six to 18 months. Some changes are typically more charged with stress than others. According to one scale used by the Simontons—as well as other practitioners of the new medicine—death of a spouse rates the highest: 100. From there, the scale (the Social Readjustment Rating Scale, which was published in 1967 by Dr. Thomas H. Holmes and his coworkers at the University of Washington School of Medicine) descends from the giddy heights of anxiety—divorce, 73; separation, 65; jail term, 63—to the relatively level swamps of apprehensiveness: change in eating habits, 15; vacation, 13; Christmas, 12; minor violation of the law, 11. One or all of those stressful events may have been the trigger—like the A-bomb that sets off an H-bomb—of the cancer.

The Simontons' patients take an extensive battery of—and no doubt battering from—other psychological tests, and then over a period of ten days discuss their lives: early life experiences and decisions; the present family structure, its dynamics and lines of communication; the possible triggers of the cancer; the secondary gains provided by the illness; the secondary gains of any chemotherapy (when your hair falls out from the medication you're taking, it's a wonderful reminder to your family that you are sick and they should pay attention to you); and death. During this time, the patient also is taught how to put him- or herself into a meditative state and to imagine the body's own healing system fighting the cancer. A patient can picture anything from white knights slaying dragons to pleasant music dissipating cacophony.

The bizarre thing is that the immune system seems to respond.

•

"Clinicians have observed for years that at times of stress, there may be changes in the immune response," says one of the country's leading immunologists, Dr. Marvin Stein of Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York. "If you talk to old-time physicians, for example, you hear about kids who under stress develop herpes, fever blisters. Now, herpes viruses are floating around the body all the time. What happens when you develop a fever blister is that the immune system has changed as a result of psychosocial stress. We know this. We've learned in the laboratory that we can modify the immune response by subjecting experimental animals to stress."

Zapping electrical shocks up through the tails of mice is guaranteed to produce very tense mice.

"The old notion that, for example, bacteria or viruses cause illnesses no longer holds water," says Stein. "The host plays just as important a role."

But how? It's not enough to know that certain personalities (Type A's), certain temperaments (Gammas) and people in general under certain conditions (for example, death of a spouse) are more prone to stress, and therefore disease, than others. Nor is it enough to know that diseases get handholds, or footholds, or pseudopodholds, or whatever, in a stressed individual as a result of a suppressed immune system. The big question, the mystery at the root of the other mysteries, is *how*?

This is the mystery science in the past few years has begun to penetrate—but it is like entering a fun house at an amusement park. "It all interacts in such simple and complex ways that it leaves us baffled," says Dr. Kenneth Greenspan of Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons. Like Pelletier, he is remarkable in the field for his depth of knowledge, breadth of vision and common sense. "We don't have a really tight scientific system to explain the things we're beginning to see."

Everything is in flux. And there seem to be a number of ways of approaching the problem. But it seems clear that a principal mechanism linking emotional states to physical responses can be pictured as an organizational flow chart, which reveals the bureaucracy of the

Make every day your Brut Day.

Great Days seem to happen more often when you're wearing Brut® by Fabergé. After shave, after shower, after anything.

body. Psychosocial stress leads to depression, anger and despair. Those feelings affect the activity of the limbic system (which seems to be associated with our experience of emotion). The limbic system affects the activity of the hypothalamus (which regulates the autonomic responses such as body temperature and blood pressure). And the hypothalamus affects the immune system directly—and indirectly, by influencing the pituitary gland, which regulates the endocrine system, which in turn controls the balance of hormones in the body, which in their turn also affect the immune system. In other words, there are at least two routes to the immune system, one a superhighway, the other a scenic bypass.

The mechanism seems efficient enough, but not particularly reasonable. Why did the hand of God or the blind power of evolution so maladapt us to the world? But we are not maladapted to the world into which mankind first emerged, whether it was Eden or some more Paleolithic paradise. The highways and byways leading to the immune system are simply old footpaths of instinct. "Anthropologists say nothing has changed in our gene pool for the past 10,000 to 50,000 years or so," says Dr. Elmer Green, organizer and director of the Voluntary Controls Program at The Menninger Foundation in Topeka, Kansas. "We still have our cave-man bodies. We still respond in our cave-man ways.

"If you're a cave man," he says, "and, while you're sleeping, a bear comes up, you don't want to have to say to yourself, 'Blood-flow increase. Prepare for an emergency.' You want it to happen automatically. You don't want to have to think about controlling how much you are sweating so your palm will be sweaty enough for your club to stick to it but not so sweaty that it will slide away. You want that to happen automatically. Thinking about these changes would be too long a process. By the time you got your blood pressure up consciously, the bear would be on top of you."

This system worked wonderfully for our cave ancestors, but now, as Green says: "We don't sleep in caves, and the only bears we fight are on Wall Street. But, even though they are symbols, imaginary bears, the blood pressure still rises and the adrenaline still flows."

A response that was designed to operate for short periods of time, a matter of minutes, today operates too often 24 hours a day. Politically, we see bears in our enemies' camps. Professionally, we find bears snarling in the kneeholes of our desks. Our newspapers are full of reports of bears. Our streets are jammed with maniac bears driving back from their jobs. When we at last reach home, our spouses tell us dreadful tales of bears and we eat dinner with bears prowling around the dining-room table. Even at night, when we ought to crank up some positive stress by making love, we have to put up with a bear at the foot of the bed, snarling rude remarks about our performance.

Our body can't take such stress. Our system overloads and burns out. Our immune response falters. We get sick. How can we exile—or at least tame—the bears?

•

When ancient alchemists tried to change lead into gold, they really were trying to transform their own souls. The lead-into-gold experiments they fussed with were externalizations of an internal process. They believed that if they could change a base metal into a noble metal, they, at the same time, through sympathetic magic, would be changing their base spirits into more noble ones.

Like ancient alchemists, the advocates of the new medicine manipulate what is accessible in order to transform what is inaccessible; manipulate attitude, behavior and consciousness in order to change internal physical states. They are trying to tame the bears at long distance. Some of the methods used are traditional: prayer, meditation, yoga postures. Others are newer: hypnotism; the Jacobson relaxation method (a progressive relaxation technique that involves untensing muscles one by one); using mental images; biofeedback; autogenic training (which is biofeedback without a machine). . . . There are dozens of methods, many differing only slightly from the others; the focusing techniques of Dr. Eugene Gendlin of the University of Chicago; the Quieting Response of Dr. Charles Stroebel of the Hartford, Connecticut, Institute of Living; the techniques used to induce the Relaxation Response of Dr. Herb Benson of Harvard. All work.

In working, all raise a final question, one more mystery behind the other mysteries. Do these relaxation techniques work by virtue of omission or commission? Do they work because they reduce stress or are they active forces that promote health? The question is tricky, because it seems to be asking, for example, if the inside of a bowl is concave because the outside is convex. It's possible the answer lies only in the potter's hands.

But there are some hints that a joyful, hopeful, positive attitude promotes healing, not just because it relieves stress but because it also activates some dynamic healing processes within the body. Processes, not process. There may be more than one. Benson at Harvard believes that the Relaxation Response is not just the absence of stress but a distinctive healing physiological state. Schwartz at Yale believes that there is yet another distinctive physiological state associated with not relaxation but joy; he calls it

the psychobiology of happiness. Green at The Menninger Foundation believes that by entering profoundly relaxed states, one can have extraordinary control over the body—from preventing infection to even making scars vanish, ultimately to be replaced by smooth skin. Dr. Robert O. Becker at the State University of New York Upstate Medical Center Veterans' Hospital in Syracuse has experimental evidence that electrical currents can cause rats' amputated limbs to partially regenerate—although theoretically they could *completely* grow back. The implications are staggering. If we could learn through biofeedback techniques to produce those electrical currents within ourselves from the electrical impulses along our nervous system, then, for instance, we would not need heart transplants. We could simply grow the needed new tissue in our own hearts.

These are the outer limits of current research, unfamiliar and somewhat uncanny precincts of science; and yet, by using our map—stress–depression–limbic system–hypothalamus, etc.—we can find our way home. But there is one uncharted area that has been staked out by advocates of the new medicine. It appears on no map. Not yet. To reach it, we must make a leap beyond our own skin. There is some evidence that healing can be effected at a distance, that I can heal you and you can heal me. In charismatic religions, it is called the laying on of hands.

Dr. Robert L. Swearingen, director of the Colorado Health Institute, has evidence that when he uses what he calls a loving approach—which involves relaxing and touching—his patients need half the average amount of painkiller and may exhibit an increased rate of healing. And Dr. Dolores Kriger of New York University has evidence that when she uses what she calls Therapeutic Touch—a technique that is similar to Swearingen's and that is today taught in 33 universities in the U. S. and Canada—her patients experience significant rises in hemoglobin levels. "We know that there is electrical conductivity through the nervous system," Krieger says. "And we know that there has to be a field to carry that conductivity."

She suspects that the healing process works through the interaction of the therapist's electrical field. Patients don't even have to know that their practitioner is using Therapeutic Touch—and, if they don't know, its results cannot be due to any placebo effect. Perhaps we all do wander around with auras and by treating our auras, we can treat our disorders.

"I think that health is not an end product but a by-product," says Swearingen. "I think that if somebody consciously evolves—if a person becomes aware of the factors that are important to him as he goes on his journey that is life, however you want to say it, and if he pays attention to those factors—then health is just a by-product."

Now we have truly strayed from the hospital and gotten lost in the forest beyond the grounds. But that is to be expected if you go searching for the answers to mysteries. You can't pioneer using an old map. When the old map no longer reflects reality, you must explore new terrain, taking notes as you go along. None of the advocates of the new medicine—and they range from the cautious like Stein to the metaphysical like Swearingen—wants to overthrow modern Western medicine, but all want to include within the practice of that medicine new theories and techniques. Whether or not they will be successful is moot. The forces of tradition and self-interest are arrayed against them. Even in a fairly obvious area like delivery of health care, the odds against the new medicine are formidable. After all, if stress does contribute to disease, Norman Cousins is right to say that hospitals are the last places in which to be sick, since they are stressful environments. And to take on the hospitals is to take on a multibillion-dollar-a-year industry—even without tackling the insurance companies that often pay benefits *only* if the patient is hospitalized.

Still, there are hopeful signs. The Government seems increasingly interested in the new medicine; in fact, the Surgeon General's 1979 report was virtually a mandate to develop the kind of alternative and preventive techniques that most of the doctors involved in the new medicine advocate. The high cost and often ineffectiveness of traditional medicine have turned more and more patients away from orthodox doctors and therapies. And more and more doctors are letting themselves be seduced by the raw excitement of the new field.

"What's thrilling," says Greenspan, "is that everything seems to be coming together. Medicine seems to be getting closer to modern physics. In disease, there's a breakdown of organization. Disease is entropic. In health, there is a new level of complexity. Health is anti-entropic."

Disease, then, is a process of running down and coming apart; health is a process of energizing and coming together. When your body, mind and spirit are not in harmony, you become sick; when they are in harmony, you are well.

"The bottom line," says Pelletier, "is that you are healthy when you are most yourself. There is no prescription for health other than that: Do anything that gives you a sense of enthusiasm and joy—and be yourself."

Give it your best shot.

Anti-Perspirant Spray with the great smell of Brut ® by Fabergé.

YEAR IN MUSIC

(continued from page 186)

"The goose that had produced gold and platinum nest eggs so steadily had suddenly disappeared."

stores with plastic in the closing weeks of 1978—plastic that soon came dribbling back to them in the odious form of "returns." In the first months of 1979, sales continued to be negligible, with industry people blaming a host of Lilliputian tormentors such as bad weather, the gas shortage and a ten-day truckers' strike. Retailers complained about the fitful flow of records from the major companies and the absence of what the trade calls superstar product.

In the meantime, expenses were rising, as OPEC jacked up the price of oil, forcing hikes in the cost of polyvinyl chloride and polystyrene—the raw materials for LPs and 45s, respectively. A paper shortage made it more expensive to get record covers printed. Small companies found it harder to get bank loans and harder yet to pay them back. The high cost of fuel, and its relative scarcity, made life hellish for groups on the road. Studios and pressing plants jacked up their rates. Most critically, people were not going to concerts or buying records in any significant numbers, and the companies were starting to wonder if the *Grease* and *Saturday Night Fever* albums hadn't been the business equivalents of comets that flash by once in a generation. When the figures for the first quarter of the financial year were tallied, all the biggies were hurting. CBS—which in the opinion of some industry people had needlessly burdened itself by paying several huge advances—showed a 47 percent drop in income, despite an 11 percent gain in revenues. Warners was down six percent. RCA reported substantial losses. MCA, another heavyweight with oversized muscles, lost $1,759,000 in the first six months of the year—a different story from 1978, when its profit over the same period was $5,517,000. The industry, as Pickwick's Chuck Smith said, was afflicted with "a general mood of gloom." Executives debated one another in the pages of *Billboard*, with Arista's Clive Davis bravely maintaining that the slump had been caused by the incompetence of his colleagues—shipping records that hadn't been sold, promoting records that hadn't been cut, paying artists huge sums in expectation of great deliveries—rather than the fickleness of the public or any dearth of creativity. The distemper of the times was chronicled by the mounting lawsuits, not only between artists and record companies but also among record companies, retailers, concert promoters, radio stations and licensing organizations. It seemed as if the goose that had produced gold and platinum nest eggs so steadily over a 15-year period had suddenly disappeared and all the other denizens of the barnyard, with goose feathers protruding from their teeth, were standing around accusing one another of foul play—a wonderful sight for antiestablishment cynics.

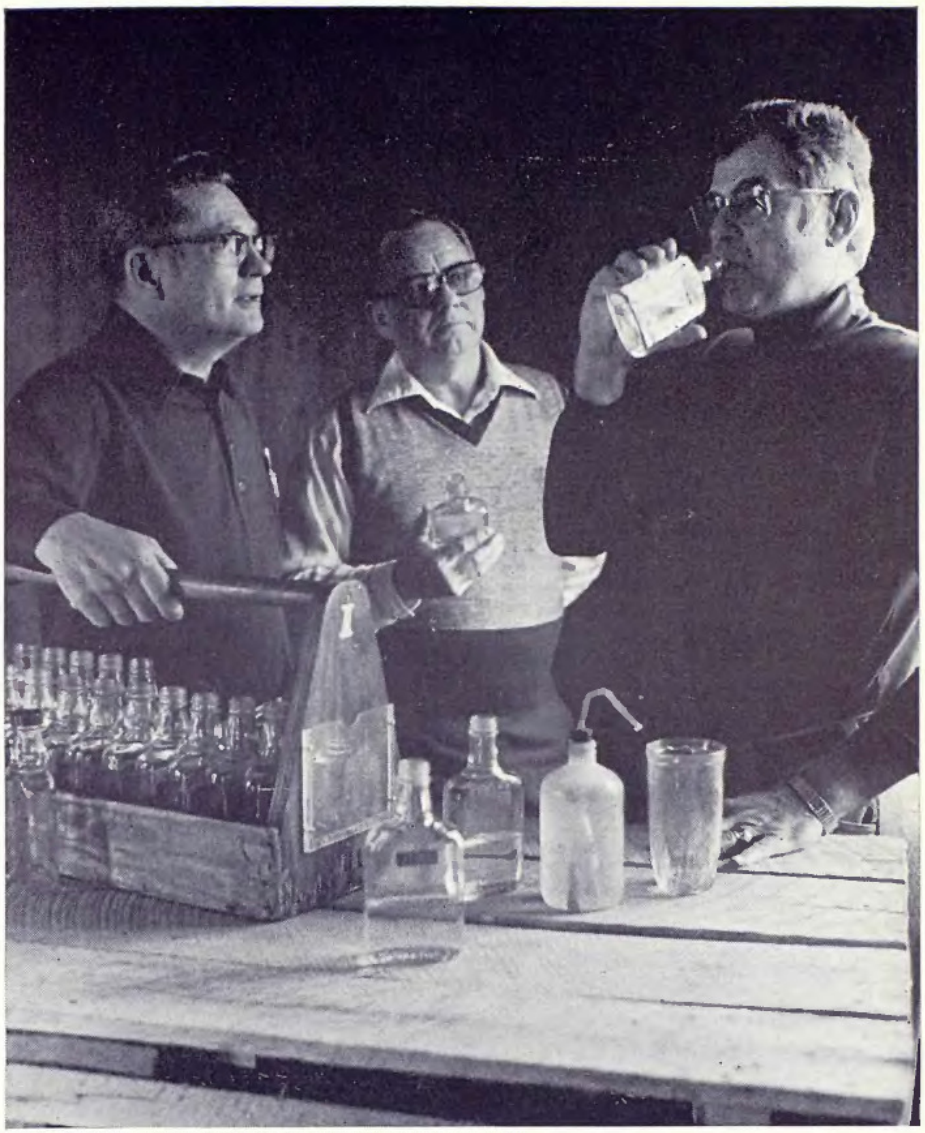
"How can you be so aggressive just on Perrier?"

But the goose hadn't died, any more than the duck in *Peter and the Wolf*; if you listened closely, you could still hear it honking somewhere. For the record companies were struggling to right themselves. Huge mergers took place in the silent sea of corporate invisibility as MCA bought out ABC, RCA took over A&M's distribution, Arista was sold to Germany's Ariola-Eurodisc and United Artists to England's EMI. Phonogram and Polydor combined sales forces. As the companies whittled away at budgets and payrolls, the familiar self-congratulatory ads stopped gracing the pages of the trade papers—or the billboards over Hollywood's Sunset Strip. Promo records, not to mention the traditional champagne, balloons and T-shirts, stopped flowing. Heads rolled at CBS, RCA, MCA, Casablanca, Motown, Elektra/Asylum and ABC; suddenly, there were more than 600 bright young record-company people beating the sidewalks in search of jobs. The howls and screams of the wounded found a forum in *People*, which gleefully detailed the tribulations of the rock group America, forced to relinquish its private jet; of Journey, forced to drink Bud instead of Heineken; of Rod Stewart, whose record company refused to promo a concert tour with the usual $40,000 party; of Maria Muldaur, who was taken off the road by her company.

Poor babies. They were just learning,

the hard way, what they should have known all along—that "artists" are not the guiding lights of the music industry but, rather, its chattel. MCA's Al Bergamo complained in August that "The animals are in charge of the zoo; we've got to get them back in their cages." By the fall of the year, CBS Records Division president Bruce Lundvall could announce to a convention of radio programers that the record business was "on the road to recovery"—and, at the same time, joke that an accountant's eyeshade would make an appropriate new logo for his company (some of his former employees and recording artists might have suggested a scythe). Record sales were up again, as long-delayed new albums by Dylan, Fleetwood Mac, Cheap Trick, Led Zeppelin, Boz Scaggs, Bruce Springsteen, the Eagles and Pink Floyd finally made their appearance. Meanwhile, a score of new acts had climbed aboard the charts, a situation that boded well for the industry, especially since many of the acts were New Wave rocksters whose records had been produced on comparative shoestrings: The Knack, for example, cut its LP at a minuscule $18,000, but it went gold in 13 days. And not only was the New Wave really making a dent in the market place—after several years of talking about it—but special-interest varieties of music, such as classical, jazz, blues, Gospel and the purer strains of country-and-western, had also prospered during the "slump"; many of the same companies that had just cut back on their operations were launching new labels in an attempt to diversify their income by exploiting those hitherto neglected fields. Execs were now referring to the setbacks of early 1979 as "a necessary shaking out" and predicting that the industry would be stronger as a result. The consensus was that they were entering a period of relatively modest but firmly based growth. And why not? The mergers had made the monoliths more monolithic, the slump in mainstream pop/rock had helped them realize there were bucks to be made elsewhere and their new emphasis on controlling their expenditures made them, at least theoretically, more capable than ever of implementing their corporational dreams of maximum profit and constant growth. In the world of show business, where everything is done with mirrors, it had taken a recession that was something of an illusion itself to cure everyone of the old illusion that he didn't have to care about the price of gasoline.

Jet fuel, however, didn't seem to be as much of a problem. Not only was the industry dominated by multinational companies such as CBS, Polygram, WEA, RCA and EMI, and fighting international problems such as piracy, bootlegging, counterfeiting and home



If you'd like to know why Jack Daniel's tastes different, drop us a line.

IF THE SUPREME JUDGES of Jack Daniel's Whiskey don't agree, the minority rules.

These gentlemen taste our whiskey as it comes from room-high vats of tightly packed, hard maple charcoal. And even if only one taster says the charcoal needs changing, the vat is emptied and changed. What's more, the last batch of whiskey through is put through again. That way, we can be sure not even a minority of our friends will ever find fault with Jack Daniel's charcoal mellowed whiskey.

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery,
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

How To Meet The 1980's Woman!

This is the original world famous classic with over 500,000 copies in print. Famous author Dan Greenburg writes: "...if you're a man and you read HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS you will probably be able to have dinner with a beautiful lady you just met, even as I did."

How To Pick Up Girls!

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS features interviews with 25 attractive, modern women. They tell you: • **How to make shyness work for you** • Why a man doesn't have to be good looking • **What makes a man sexy** • 50 great opening lines • **How to get women to approach you** • How to succeed in single's bars • **And much, much more!**

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS costs far less than a tankful of gas—only $10.95 plus $1 postage and handling. Yet, you'll find it a thousand times more helpful when it comes to meeting and attracting new girls.

HOW TO PICK UP WOMEN is our brand new bestseller that takes you **instantly** to the expert level. You will learn: • **How to tell when a woman is lonely** • The Ultimate Compliment every woman wants to hear • **How champagne and music help women feel warm and romantic toward you** • How to turn a platonic friendship into a sizzling love relationship • **How to attract older, richer, even married women** • How to turn rejection into romance • **How to get intimate with a woman right away** • *And so much more!* You could waste twenty bucks in a single's bar and still not meet anyone you like. Why not spend just $11.95 (plus $1.00 postage and handling) for HOW TO PICK UP WOMEN . . . a book that's **guaranteed** to help you attract the kind of sensuous, sophisticated women you've always dreamed about!

How To Pick Up Women!

Indicate which book(s) you're ordering and send check or money order to: **SYMPHONY PRESS, DEPT. PBD, 7 W. CLINTON AVE., TENAFLY, NJ 07670**

Order both books for only $20.90 (plus $1.00 postage and handling)...a substantial savings!

Visa and MasterCharge Cardholders may order by phone. Call toll-free **800-831-2560.** Operators are on duty 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. In N.J. call **201-569-8555.** All Symphony Press books are hardcover, discreetly wrapped, and guaranteed for 60 days.

Stimula Vibra-Ribbed. With ribs more than twice as high as other leading ribbed condoms.

Stimula® has ribs that are more than *double* the height of other leading ribbed condoms.

Not only does Stimula® Vibra-™ Ribbed have higher ribs, but it has more of them.

Now women can enjoy greater levels of satisfaction and sensitivity.

We're certain you'll agree that Stimula® offers much more than ordinary condoms.

And it's lubricated with natural action SK-70,® a modern lubricant.

Stimula® Vibra™-Ribbed. Now available at drug counters everywhere.

©1979 Akwell Industries, Inc., America's Largest Manufacturer of Condoms.

taping—have you noticed the price of blank tape going up yet?—but the artists themselves kept crisscrossing the globe, as Sweden's Abba toured America and B. B. King, followed by Elton John, toured Russia. The Boston Symphony Orchestra toured Communist China—busy expanding its own recording facilities—and then, upon its return to Boston, cut an album with two Chinese soloists. Frank Zappa went to Vienna, not for psychoanalysis but to have several orchestral works premiered by the Vienna Symphony. Pink Lady, with *Kiss in the Dark*, became the first Japanese act to hit the U. S. charts since 1963 (remember Kyu Sakamoto and *Sukiyaki*?), while Rita Coolidge went to Tokyo to cop first prize in Japan's international singing contest. Billy Joel, Kris and Rita, Weather Report and other CBS superstars spent three days in Cuba for the company's *Havana Jam*, otherwise known as the "Bay of Gigs"; the Cuban group Irakere, now a CBS act, traveled north to wow critics in the States.

America was also laid waste by a new generation of British rock acts, including Joe Jackson and The Clash and The Police. A sign of the times—and proof that the international teenage conspiracy still packed enough revolutionary punch to turn an occasional duck-tailed country squire into a millionaire—was the success of *Virgin*, a fan magazine whose owners started selling records by mail order. They now own a chain of retail stores, their own 600-seat theater in London and their own Virgin island, on which they were last seen building a studio.

In circling the globe, of course, one always takes the chance of running into cranky religious leaders such as Iran's Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, who banned music altogether, claiming it "stupefies people listening to it and makes their brains inactive and frivolous." Pope John Paul II didn't seem to share the Ayatollah's viewpoint; in fact, he became a recording star, as Infinity Records pressed 1,000,000 copies of *Pope John Paul II Sings at the Festival of Sacrosong*, an album recorded the previous June in Kraków. Meanwhile, religious music was in what they call a growth mode all over America, with record sales, air play and concerts up—this, while the secular labels were losing money. *Billboard* speculated on the psychology of people turning to religion when times get bad but admitted that Gospel music was also getting the benefit of sophisticated marketing and production, not to mention friends in high places. Pat Boone, for instance, owns Lamb and Lion Records, which released Dan Peek's *All Things Are Possible*, the first "Christian" song on a "Christian" label ever to hit *Billboard*'s pop chart. MCA launched a religious label, with

California's Lieutenant Governor Mike Curb at its helm, proving that under the right circumstances, music, politics, religion and business can all lie down together. Warners also moved into the Gospel field, signing the highly regarded Andrae Crouch. L.A. got its first Gospel-entertainment supper club, The Fisherman. Little Richard was spotted back on the Gospel trail, preaching against rock music, drugs and homosexuality. There were rumors that Bob Dylan was going to become a Christian, that he had *become* a Christian—that he had, in fact, become one in Pat Boone's swimming pool. In Nashville, construction began on Gospel Land, U.S.A., a park and museum that would eventually display sculptures of 100 "distinguished Gospel individuals." Tupelo, Mississippi, got the Elvis Presley Memorial Chapel, unveiled on the second anniversary of the singer's death (the doctrine of transubstantiation also got a boost as the spirit of Elvis became the spirits of Always Elvis Frontenac Blanc d' Oro, a four-dollar wine marketed by Colonel Tom Parker, his manager, for whom death has been no impediment to profit).

The growing involvement of rock with world affairs—a function of aging?—was dramatized when the Bee Gees topped an all-star cast including Donna Summer, Rita Coolidge, Olivia Newton-John, John Denver, Abba and Andy Gibb in a benefit concert for UNICEF. The United Nations later asked the Beatles to do another benefit; at presstime, they were still trying to talk Lennon into it. Jackson Browne, Joan Baez, Gil Scott-Heron and others drew 18,000 to the Hollywood Bowl for Survival Sunday II, a concert aimed at stopping the opening of a 1.4-billion-dollar nuclear power plant at California's Diablo Canyon. Opposition to nuclear power also motivated the 300,000 people who flocked to Madison Square Garden in September to see Browne, Bruce Springsteen, James Taylor, Carly Simon, Peter Tosh and others perform in the biggest benefit since George Harrison's concert for Bangladesh in 1971. Party politics and rock intersected when California governor Jerry Brown took Linda Ronstadt on a ten-day tour of Africa and when Eagles guitarist Joe Walsh ran for President on a platform of free gas for everyone.

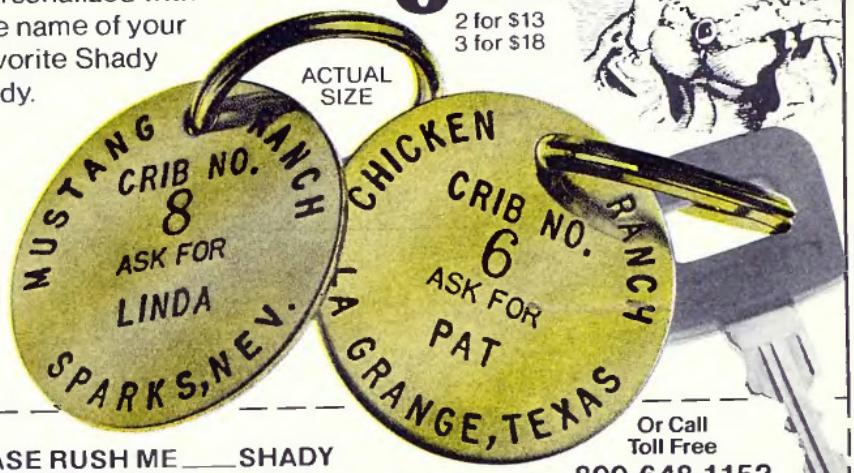
The delusions of grandeur and the problems of overexpansion that plagued the music biz as a whole were concentrated in the hermetic world of disco. Early in the year, radio stations scrambled to adopt disco formats; later on, as disco stood accused of "spotty performance" in the Arbitron ratings—radio's equivalent of the Nielsens—the stations were just as eager to drop it. Meanwhile, disco representation on the lists of best-selling albums had plummeted (16 percent in three months, according to *Cash*

SOLID BRASS - PERSONALIZED
Shady Lady Key Rings

From the two most famous "Bawdy Houses" of the Western frontier, we have created these unique gifts—personalized with the name of your favorite Shady Lady.

$6.95 Ea.
2 for $13
3 for $18

ACTUAL SIZE

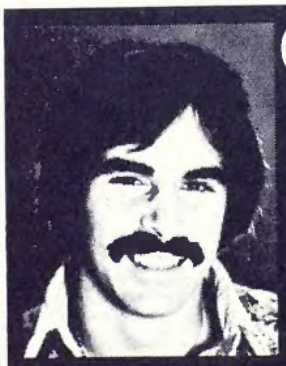


PLEASE RUSH ME ___ SHADY LADY KEY RINGS.
☐ Mustang Ranch ☐ Chicken Ranch
My Shady Lady Names
1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
(Ten characters max. ea. Please print clearly.)
Enclosed my check for $ _____
(Add $1.00 postage & handling. CA residents add 6% tax)
M.C. or VISA # _____
Expiration date _____

Or Call Toll Free
800-648-1152

Please ship key rings to:
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

THE BRASSWORKS
220 Montgomery St., Suite 1010
San Francisco, CA 94104
Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery



Cosmetic surgery's newest solution: skin grafts for hair

An amazingly simple surgical hair replacement procedure that is 100% tissue compatible, and is guaranteed.

CLOSED SYSTEM No foreign material, sutures, plastic wires, retainers or synthetic hair are embedded and left in the scalp, with risk of infection.

PLASTIC SURGEONS Two internationally known surgeons helped to develop this advanced technique of anchoring hair to the scalp by using skin grafts that will last a lifetime.

YOUR OWN SCALP Part the hair and see your own scalp.

UNDETECTABLE Hair that looks so natural it appears to be growing from your scalp. It's not, but you'll be the only one that knows.

More and more professional people, politicians, doctors, etc., are discovering this unique foolproof method that overcomes the disadvantages of all previous hair replacement methods, both medical and non-medical.

For complete information plus exciting booklet with 36 actual colour photographs, write to the location of your choice.

Name _____
Address _____
_____
Phone _____
Age _____

Look International Enterprises Inc., Ste. 202, 425 East 61st Street, New York, N.Y. 10021 Tel. (212) 832-6801

Look International Enterprises Inc., Ste. 400, 300 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, U.S.A. 94104 Tel. (415) 788-7171

Look International Enterprises Inc., Ste. 247, 500 Union Street, Seattle Washington, U.S.A. 98101 Tel. (206) 682-8922

Look International Enterprises Inc., Ste. 1510, 625 Howe Street, Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6C 2T6 Tel. (604) 682-5831

Look INTERNATIONAL ENTERPRISES INC

PB-480

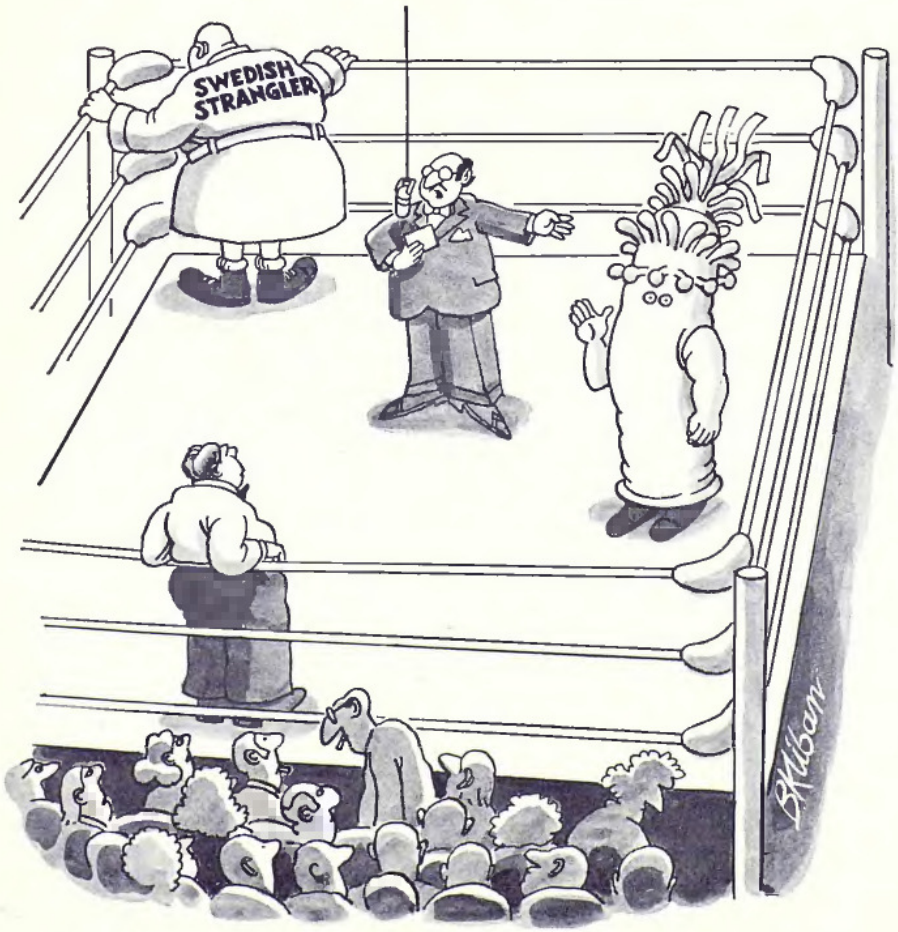
Box). All the enemies of the genre came out of the closet, as record-company execs started complaining—in *The Wall Street Journal*, among other places—about the expenditures needed to produce disco hits by artists who couldn't last. Promoters complained that disco, a producer's medium, simply *had* no stars once you got past Donna Summer, Chic and the Village People. The Black Music Association charged that disco, while based on the traditional dance beat of rhythm-and-blues, had failed to create wider opportunities for black artists, who were being forced into disco styles by the record companies (some of which were reportedly considering segregation of their disco branches into "black" and "white" disco) and were increasingly underrepresented on the charts, despite the disco-inflected comebacks of a few artists such as Gene Chandler, Edwin Starr and Peaches & Herb. It was claimed that disco was driving other forms of black music off the radio and that the discos had taken the place of clubs that used to present live jazz, blues or soul music. Latin-record producers blamed their shrinking sales on the encroachment of disco. Furthermore, *Billboard* reported that doctors were treating ever-increasing numbers of disco patrons for hearing loss caused by the high-decibel sounds; that plastic surgeons were doing an increasing amount of bridgework on the damaged noses of people who'd been snorting coke in the discos; and that an increasing number of podiatrists were expressing concern about the long-range damage done to the feet of women who insisted on boogieing on stiletto heels.

In June, sociologist Dr. John Parikhal told a conference of disco station managers that rock is aimed at young men who are fearful of sex and that its violent rhythms reflect their frustration; disco, with its smoother rhythms—to which women could relate much better, Dr. Parikhal asserted—could expect a rough backlash from the fans of rock. It came a month later in Chicago, the *macho* capital of the Midwest, as local rock deejay Steve Dahl drew 70,000 would-be members of his "disco destruction army" to watch him blow up disco records in Comiskey Park; the 50,000 who gained admittance chanted, "Disco sucks," set bonfires and otherwise effed around until White Sox owner Bill Veeck was forced to cancel the second game of a double-header. Meanwhile, a Chicago rock bar was selling T-shirts with the legend DEATH TO THE BEE GEES. They'd already gotten the message in far-off Rhodesia, which banned disco on its radio stations. Said Harvey Ward, former director general of Rhodesian Broadcasting, "It's what the Watusi do to whip up a war. What I've seen in the discos is just what I've seen in the bush. It turns a group into a malleable mob."

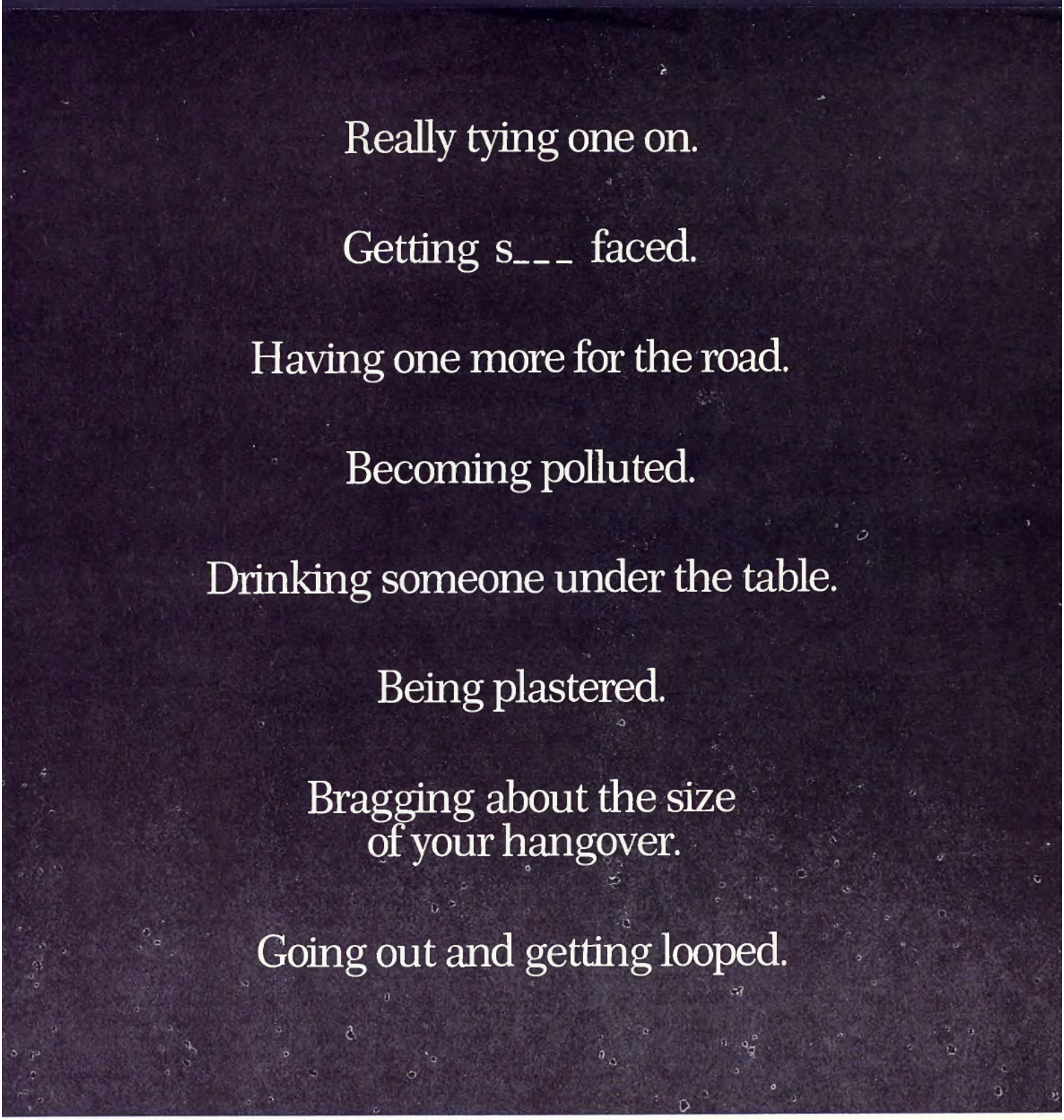
And there were those who thought disco could self-destruct without help from its enemies, as its rhythmic impetus petered out in such disparate (and possibly desperate) oddities as Bobby Vinton's disco version of *Pennsylvania Polka* and a record released in Canada by CBS, *You'll Like the Whip*, that featured the sounds of cracking leather followed by those of orgasm.

On the other hand, maybe Vinton's record signaled that disco had achieved such a level of squareness that its longevity was assured; after all, Ethel Merman, Helen Reddy, Andy Williams, Barbra Streisand and Count Basie also cut disco records in 1979. So did Rod Stewart—and *Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?* quickly went platinum. Disco deejays were recruited for jobs by record companies and radio stations. New York's Cotton Club and Stork Club both went disco. So did the grand ballroom at Knott's Berry Farm in California. Several disco musicals hit Broadway or were Broadway bound, including the horrific *Phantom of the Disco*. Disco roller rinks proliferated all over the States, reviving a tradition of skating to music that went back to the 1870s. Houston came up with the first disco in a record store. There were new developments in gadgetry, including liquid dance floors, $100-a-pair shoes with lights that flashed in time to a dancer's movements and, in San Juan, the first freestanding, completely prefabricated disco—a fiberglass dome that took three years to make. In Europe, Belgian Railways introduced the first discos on rails, for the winter-sports tourists.

It would be a mistake, of course, to assume that all forms of black or black-inspired music other than disco were suffering. Blues made something of a comeback, thanks to the comic antics of John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd, the promotional zeal of Chicago's Alligator Records and the reawakened interest of black disc jockeys. A growing young audience for jazz—composed largely of music students and would-be performers—purchased the offerings of an increasing number of independent record labels and supported a growing number of festivals, including the two-day Playboy Jazz Festival that packed the Hollywood Bowl in June (highlights included Joni Mitchell's tribute to the late Charles Mingus and a reunion of former Mingus sidemen). Such major companies as Motown and MCA started new jazz labels and *Jazz Alive!* continued to be the most popular show on National



"And in this corner. . . ."



IF YOUR IDEA OF A GOOD TIME IS LISTED ON THIS PAGE, YOU OUGHT TO HAVE YOUR HEAD EXAMINED.

With the possible exception of sex, no single subject generates as many foolish tales of prowess as the consumption of alcoholic beverages.

But there is a basic difference between the two subjects. Excelling at the former can be highly productive. Excelling at the latter, very destructive.

We, the people who make and sell distilled spirits, urge you to use our products with common sense. If you choose to drink, drink responsibly.

Then the next time someone tells you how lousy he feels because he had "one too many," you can tell him how great you feel because you had "one too few."

That's having a good time.

IT'S PEOPLE WHO GIVE DRINKING A BAD NAME.

Distilled Spirits Council of the U.S. (DISCUS)
1300 Pennsylvania Building, Washington, D.C. 20004

Public Radio, which also introduced a new program featuring pianist Marian McPartland in a series of duets and interviews with fellow pianists.

There were rumblings of discontent in the world of commercial black music, however, as the Black Music Association and Atlanta's Reverend Hosea Williams, afraid that black concert promoters were being driven into extinction, put pressure on major black acts that were doing business exclusively with white promoters. Certainly, there was *mucho* business to be done—Mighty Three Music, the publishing arm of Kenny Gamble, Leon Huff and Thom Bell, was running 30 percent ahead of 1978, when it was tops in the soul field and number eight overall—and the record companies were taking notice, as RSO, MCA, Elektra/Asylum and EMI got funkified.

Business was consistently bullish in Nashville—even when CBS' over-all records operation was struggling, its Nashville division was running 181 percent ahead of projections for the year. The number of stations playing country music, nationally and internationally, increased 25 percent. The Grand Ole Opry broadcast live on public television and the success of country crossover artists, rather than having a repressive effect, seemed to pave the way for a resurgence of traditional country music, represented on the charts by Hank Thompson, Hank Snow, Eddy Arnold and Ernest Tubb, among others. Hank Williams, Jr., switched record labels, started singing about his daddy and became something of a legend himself. In 1979, country even went Hollywood, where a spate of big-budget films were either released or in the works—films such as *Coal Miner's Daughter, Urban Cowboy, Middle-Aged Crazy, The Cowgirl and the Dandy, Red-Headed Stranger, Take This Job and Shove It* that starred country singers, were about country singers or were based on country-and-western songs. The trend went along with the movies' ongoing glorification of rock via such paeans to adolescence as *Americathon, The Warriors* and *Rock 'n' Roll High School.*

Speaking of *The Warriors*, the year had its share of violence and bad karma. Disco singer Grace Jones was robbed in her Manhattan penthouse by a gunman who claimed to be a fan. Record producer Jack Nitzsche, who had worked with Neil Young and The Rolling Stones, was busted for allegedly raping actress Carrie Snodgress with a gun barrel. Punk rocker Elvis Costello distinguished himself while touring the U. S. by giving his St. Louis sponsor an on-stage insult and by getting his glasses knocked off by Bonnie Bramlett in Columbus, Ohio. Lou Reed scuffled with David Bowie, his soon-to-be producer, in a London restaurant. John Denver's neighbors, charging hypocrisy, demonstrated against his reported installation of a 4000-gallon gas tank at his home outside Aspen and his declared intention to sink three 2000-gallon tanks into the ground at his nearby ranch. The city of Burbank banned a series of rock concerts that it feared would draw crowds of "homosexuals, antinuclear demonstrators and dopers." Dark clouds continued to follow The Rolling Stones, as a 17-year-old boy who had been living in the South Salem, New York, home of Keith Richards and Anita Pallenberg shot himself to death in their bedroom, a reported victim of Russian roulette. And how about The Who? A mob of its fans rushed to claim seats at a concert in Cincinnati in early December, and 11 were trampled to death.

Death took no holiday—does it ever?—as Minnie Riperton died of cancer at the age of 31 and Van McCoy of a heart attack at 38. Donny Hathaway was 33 when he fell from a New York hotel-room window. Lowell George died of an accidental drug overdose at 34, shortly after leaving Little Feat and starting a solo career. Former Wings guitarist Jimmy McCulloch was found dead in his London apartment at 26. The casualties in jazz were a bit older, and distressingly numerous. Trumpeter Blue Mitchell died of cancer at 49; guitarist Grant Green and bandleader Don Ellis had fatal heart attacks at 43 and 44, respectively. Trombonist Frank Rosolino was 52 when he shot himself to death and vocalist Eddie Jefferson was 61 when shot to death, in Detroit, by parties unknown. A pair of giants were lost when Stan Kenton, 67, fell victim to a stroke and Charles Mingus, at 56, died of a heart attack in Mexico, where he had gone to seek treatment for amyotrophic lateral sclerosis. Classical music lost a popularizer in Arthur Fiedler, who died at 84 after selling 50,000,000 records in his long career as conductor of the Boston Pops, and a propagator in pianist/teacher Nadia Boulanger, who died in Paris at 92; country music (bluegrass, too) lost a pioneer when guitarist Lester Flatt died in Nashville at 64.

The survivors continued to live within easy reach of their barristers. Dylan was sued for defamation of character by Patty Valentine, a witness in the Hurricane Carter case. Penny McCall, who had been Peter Frampton's girlfriend until they busted up in the summer of 1978, sued him for half his assets. Ike Turner sued Fantasy Records for holding up the release of two albums, including the last one he'd made with Tina, and Porter Wagoner sued Dolly Parton, his former partner, alleging breach of contract and asking for $3,000,000. Midsong International Records sued John Travolta for $1,000,000, claiming he bailed out of some contract options. Mike Maitland sought $14,000,000 in damages from MCA after he had been ousted as its president. Todd Rundgren sued the British musicians' union over what he called "restrictive strangle holds" on the rights of visiting musicians to play and broadcast. Rod Stewart had a writ issued in London to prevent the British branch of Warner Bros. from raising the price of an album. Bruce Springsteen and CBS sought $2,000,000 from an alleged California bootlegger. Helen Reddy sued to get away from Capitol, claiming breach of contract—for which she asked $1,793,000. Donald Byrd and the Blackbyrds sued each other, with the trumpeter asking $250,000 in damages and the group looking for $3,000,000. Rock singer Tom Petty filed bankruptcy papers; so did CTI Records. Phonogram sued Arista to stop release of material by the Ohio Players. Ted Nugent and Pink Floyd sought $1,000,000 in punitive damages from a trio of Chicago concert promoters who, they said, skimmed off the ticket receipts. Woolfsongs Ltd. wanted $100,000 in exemplary damages from 20th Century-Fox over royalties it claimed were due Alan Parsons. Nick Mathe, fired as Rickie Lee Jones's manager, sued her for 15 percent of her earnings over a two-year period. Arif Mardin wanted $1,000,000 in damages from RSO after it used the studio version of *Jive Talkin'*, which he produced, in *Saturday Night Fever*. The Government filed criminal charges against four radio stations in Maine for playing copyrighted music without a license; ASCAP and BMI both sued people for allegedly operating jukeboxes without a license. CBS, seeking a "better deal" from the licensing companies, sued ASCAP and BMI, claiming their policies of blanket licensing amounted to price fixing (the Supreme Court felt otherwise), and a group of Christian stations also sued to get around blanket licensing, claiming it forced them to support authors of immoral songs.

A great deal of litigation centered on the Beatles. Apple Corps sued to stop further performances of *Beatlemania*, the successful Broadway show, and to stop a proposed Beatles movie and TV series; Apple asked for $60,000,000 in total damages. It also sued Capitol and EMI for $16,050,000 in damages, claiming the Beatles had been shortchanged by those companies. Former Beatles manager Allen Klein paid half a million for the rights to *He's So Fine* in hope of collecting damages that might result from a suit against George Harrison, who had been found guilty of plagiarizing the song in his 1970 hit *My Sweet Lord*. Meanwhile, Klein was appealing a $5000 fine and two months in prison for filing false income-tax returns in 1970. Later in the year, the comebacking Sly

TV BUILT WITH THE STATE OF THE ART TOUCH... COMPU-MATIC™ II TOUCH TUNING AND MORE.

When we set out to design our best console TV, we started with a solid state chassis. Then we added our Dynacolor™ system to lock in colors automatically. Next came a Dynabrite™ Tube for sharp, natural color. Audio Spectrum Sound™ with multiple speakers instead of one, for dramatic presence and realism.

Then we added the same master touches to our Mediterranean, Early American, and Country Contemporary cabinetry.

But the touch that truly distinguishes this set is Compu-Matic™ II Remote Control Touch Tuning. A built in mini-computer instantly gives you the channel you've selected. Instantly locks in the precise frequency, fine tuning each new channel automatically and electronically. Not mechanically.

TV with the state of the art touch. Another great idea from Quasar.*

Quasar®

ONE GREAT IDEA AFTER ANOTHER...

AFTER ANOTHER... AFTER ANOTHER... AFTER ANOTHER... AFTER ANOTHER... AFTER ANOTHER...

A TV so big it fills your home with excitement. 5' diagonal Projection Color TV.*

A take-it-anywhere 5-inch diagonal TV with AM/FM radio. Runs on AC-DC or ordinary D-cell batteries.*

A microwave with a patented humidity sensor that knows when your food is cooked. Insta-Matic™ Microwave Oven.

A VCR that tapes six hours while you're gone for a week. Programmable Video Cassette Recorder.

A pocket professor. Information Processor with interchangeable Memory Capsules.

*Simulated TV Picture

Quasar Company, Franklin Park, Illinois, 60131

Stone was also accused of income-tax evasion. And just to keep rock from getting too respectable, Chuck Berry was busted for tax evasion just after he performed for President Carter at the White House. Proving that while a new decade may have been upon us, it was the same old story for prophets who insisted on living at home.

And now, here's how the year looked to *you*. The results of your voting:

RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP: ***Briefcase Full of Blues* / Blues Brothers (Atlantic).** Double-platinum proof that maybe blues boys John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd *can* sing the whites. Don't forget what Jake advised on the album: "Buy all the blues records you can!"

BEST POP/ROCK LP: ***Breakfast in America* / Supertramp (A & M).** This successfully different blend of art rock and slick pop, often bound together by a wiggly sax that sounds like a water snake at play, has taken Supertramp from the wings to stadium center stage.

BEST JAZZ LP: ***Rickie Lee Jones* (Warner Bros.).** Chuck E.'s in love, and so were you with this new back-street-jazz voice, which sounds like Tom Waits with a melody and vocal cords.

BEST COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN LP: ***The Gambler* / Kenny Rogers (United Artists).** From folkie to first edition to this one, Kenny Rogers has shown he knows when to hold 'em and knows when to fold 'em.

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP

1. ***Briefcase Full of Blues* / Blues Brothers (Atlantic)**
2. *Bad Girls* / Donna Summer (Casablanca)
3. *I Am* / Earth, Wind & Fire (Columbia)
4. *Midnight Magic* / Commodores (Motown)
5. *Livin' Inside Your Love* / George Benson (Warner Bros.)
6. *Live and More* / Donna Summer (Casablanca)
7. *We Are Family* / Sister Sledge (Cotillion)
8. *Journey Through the Secret Life of Plants* / Stevie Wonder (Tamla)
9. *Earth, Wind & Fire* (Warner Bros.)
10. *Rickie Lee Jones* (Warner Bros.)
11. *Off the Wall* / Michael Jackson (Epic)
12. *2 Hot (!!)* / Peaches & Herb (Polydor)
13. *The Boss* / Diana Ross (Motown)
14. *On the Radio (Greatest Hits)* / Donna Summer (Casablanca)
15. *Babylon by Bus* / Bob Marley & the Wailers (Island)
16. *Songs in the Key of Life* / Stevie Wonder (Tamla)
17. *Take It Home* / B. B. King (MCA)
18. *C'est Chic* / Chic (Atlantic)
18. *Teddy* / Teddy Pendergrass (Philadelphia International)
20. *Disco Nights* / GQ (Arista)
20. *Minute by Minute* / The Doobie Brothers (Warner Bros.)

BEST POP/ROCK LP

1. ***Breakfast in America* / Supertramp (A & M)**
2. *In Through the Out Door* / Led Zeppelin (Swan Song)
3. *Minute by Minute* / The Doobie Brothers (Warner Bros.)
4. *The Long Run* / Eagles (Asylum)
5. *Rust Never Sleeps* / Neil Young & Crazy Horse (Reprise)
6. *Tusk* / Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros.)
7. *Candy-O* / The Cars (Elektra)
8. *Get the Knack* / The Knack (Capitol)
9. *52nd Street* / Billy Joel (Columbia)
10. *Slow Train Coming* / Bob Dylan (Columbia)
11. *Bad Girls* / Donna Summer (Casablanca)
12. *Parallel Lines* / Blondie (Chrysalis)
13. *Communiqué* / Dire Straits (Warner Bros.)
14. *Back to the Egg* / Wings (Columbia)
15. *Darkness on the Edge of Town* / Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)
15. *Discovery* / Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
17. *Volcano* / Jimmy Buffett (MCA)
18. *Evolution* / Journey (Columbia)
18. *Some Girls* / Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
20. *Wet* / Barbra Streisand (Columbia)

BEST JAZZ LP

1. ***Rickie Lee Jones* (Warner Bros.)**
2. *An Evening of Magic (Live at the Hollywood Bowl)* / Chuck Mangione (A & M)
3. *Rise* / Herb Alpert (A & M)
4. *Morning Dance* / Spyro Gyra (Infinity)
5. *Children of Sanchez* / Chuck Mangione (A & M)
6. *Feels So Good* / Chuck Mangione (A & M)
7. *Mingus* / Joni Mitchell (Asylum)
8. *Street Life* / Crusaders (MCA)
9. *Touchdown* / Bob James (Columbia/Tappan Zee)
10. *Livin' Inside Your Love* / George Benson (Warner Bros.)
11. *Spyro Gyra* (Infinity)
12. *8:30* / Weather Report (Columbia)
13. *I Wanna Play for You* / Stanley Clarke (Nemperor)
14. *Mr. Gone* / Weather Report (Columbia)
15. *Weekend in L.A.* / George Benson (Warner Bros.)
16. *Pat Metheny Group* (ECM)
17. *New Chautauqua* / Pat Metheny (ECM)
18. *A Taste for Passion* / Jean-Luc Ponty (Atlantic)
19. *Breezin'* / George Benson (Warner Bros.)
19. *Carmel* / Joe Sample (ABC)

BEST COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN LP

1. ***The Gambler* / Kenny Rogers (United Artists)**

"Let this be a lesson to you. Crime simply does not pay for women, yet."

2. *Million Mile Reflection* / The Charlie Daniels Band (Epic)
3. *One for the Road* / Willie Nelson and Leon Russell (Columbia)
4. *TNT* / Tanya Tucker (MCA)
5. *Kenny* / Kenny Rogers (United Artists)
6. *Greatest Hits* / Waylon Jennings (RCA)
7. *Stardust* / Willie Nelson (Columbia)
8. *Blue Kentucky Girl* / Emmylou Harris (Warner Bros.)
9. *Willie and Family Live* / Willie Nelson (Columbia)
10. *Living in the U.S.A.* / Linda Ronstadt (Asylum)
11. *Waylon & Willie* / Waylon Jennings & Willie Nelson (RCA)
12. *Miss the Mississippi* / Crystal Gayle (Columbia)
13. *Totally Hot* / Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
14. *Great Balls of Fire* / Dolly Parton (RCA)
15. *When I Dream* / Crystal Gayle (United Artists)
16. *Pink Cadillac* / John Prine (Asylum)
17. *Moods* / Barbara Mandrell (MCA)
18. *Bop Till You Drop* / Ry Cooder (Warner Bros.)
19. *Heartbreaker* / Dolly Parton (RCA)
20. *Larry Gatlin's Greatest Hits* (Monument)

MUSIC HALL OF FAME

We haven't seen the future of rock 'n' roll, but we have seen the Hall of Fame results, and the winner's name is Bruce Springsteen. From nowhere in 1978 to number four last year, the Boss now joins the giants. Placing close behind him in second slot is Mr. Rust himself, Neil Young—up from seventh last year. Repeating in third place is Miss *Wet*, Barbra Streisand. Among new entries to the top 20, the saddest are Lowell George at number ten and Charles Mingus at number 14—and the most attractive addition, Joni Mitchell, at number 18.

Your Hall of Fame picks:

1. **Bruce Springsteen**
2. Neil Young
3. Barbra Streisand
4. Peter Townshend
5. Jimmy Page
6. Neil Diamond
7. Ronnie Van Zant
8. Willie Nelson
9. Billy Joel
10. Lowell George
11. Frank Zappa
12. Barry Manilow
13. Kenny Rogers
14. Charles Mingus
15. Buddy Holly
16. Chuck Berry

(continued overleaf)

(Advertisement)

"Your Chivas or mine?"

Chivas Regal • 12 Years Old Worldwide • Blended Scotch Whisky • 86 Proof. General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.

17. Jim Croce
18. Joni Mitchell
19. Robert Plant
19. Chuck Mangione

READERS' POLL

With a few exceptions, it was business as usual across the board, with most of last year's winners right back on top.

In pop/rock, several newcomers turned up in the female-vocalist category—Deborah Harry at number three, Rickie Lee Jones at number five, Nicolette Larson at number eight and Karla Bonoff at number 14. Paul McCartney took over top-composer slot from Billy Joel and Led Zeppelin deposed Steely Dan as the favorite group—both up from number eight last year. Also in the group voting, Supertramp soared to number two from nowhere last year; ditto the Doobie Brothers to number three and Bruce Springsteen to number seven. Other notable new entries were The Cars, Blondie and Dire Straits. Intrusion of New Wave came from Elvis Costello in the male-vocalist and composer categories and Joe Jackson on keyboards.

Veteran R&B vocalist Teddy Pendergrass didn't make the top 20 last time, but this year he's number four. The only other notable changes in R&B came in the group voting. The Blues Brothers made it to number two, truly out of the blue(s). The other new entries were all disco tinged—Sister Sledge, Chic, Peaches & Herb, Boney M, Raydio and GQ.

The big news in jazz was the welcome appearance of Rickie Lee Jones right at the top of the female vocalists. And Joni Mitchell at number three is another new face in this particular slot. Pat Metheny turned up at number five for the first time among the jazz guitarists, as did Jaco Pastorius at number four on bass, Ralph MacDonald, at number three on percussion and Spyro Gyra as the number-three group.

And gambling really paid Kenny Rogers this year. On the strength of his best-selling album *The Gambler*, Rogers—who didn't make the finals last year—knocked off Gordon Lightfoot as favorite country-and-western composer. Otherwise, it was pretty much the same group portrait you painted last time.

"Doesn't bother me—I've got erection insurance."

1980 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL RESULTS

POP/ROCK

MALE VOCALIST

1. **Billy Joel**
2. Paul McCartney
3. Bruce Springsteen
4. Barry Manilow
5. Robert Plant
6. Neil Diamond
7. Neil Young
8. Jackson Browne
9. Jimmy Buffett
10. Rod Stewart
11. James Taylor
12. Kenny Loggins
13. Mick Jagger
14. Bob Dylan
15. Roger Daltrey
16. Gerry Rafferty
17. Elton John
18. Robert Palmer
19. Elvis Costello
20. Eddie Money

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. **Linda Ronstadt**
2. Donna Summer
3. Deborah Harry
4. Barbra Streisand
5. Rickie Lee Jones
6. Olivia Newton-John
7. Ann Wilson
8. Nicolette Larson
9. Carly Simon
10. Joni Mitchell
11. Bonnie Raitt
12. Stevie Nicks
13. Christine McVie
14. Karla Bonoff
15. Melissa Manchester
16. Patti Smith
17. Bette Midler
18. Grace Slick
19. Joan Baez
20. Judy Collins
20. Phoebe Snow

GUITAR

1. **Eric Clapton**
2. Carlos Santana
3. Jimmy Page
4. Joe Walsh
5. Bruce Springsteen
6. Ted Nugent
7. Chuck Berry
8. Frank Zappa
9. Mark Knopfler
10. Peter Frampton
11. Jeff Beck
12. Peter Townshend
13. Boz Scaggs
14. Keith Richards
15. Stephen Stills
16. Rick Nielsen
17. Jerry Garcia
18. Dickey Betts
19. Waddy Wachtel
20. Robin Trower

KEYBOARDS

1. **Billy Joel**
2. Keith Emerson
3. Elton John
4. Barry Manilow
5. Rick Wakeman
6. Jackson Browne
7. Billy Preston
8. Leon Russell
9. Neil Young
10. Todd Rundgren
11. Gregg Allman
12. Joe Jackson
13. Roy Bittan
14. Booker T.
15. Nicky Hopkins
16. Brian Auger
17. Gary Wright
18. Chuck Leavell
19. Bill Payne
20. Robert Lamm

DRUMS

1. **Mick Fleetwood**
2. John Bonham
3. Carl Palmer
4. Ringo Starr
5. Charlie Watts
6. Russ Kunkel
7. Stevie Wonder
8. Ginger Baker
9. Peter Criss
10. Nigel Olsson

11. Danny Seraphine
12. Max Weinberg
13. Karen Carpenter
14. Aynsley Dunbar
15. Bill Bruford
16. Johanny "Jaimae" Johanson
17. Carmine Appice
18. Levon Helm
19. Neil Peart
20. Jim Capaldi
20. Bill Kreutzmann

BASS

1. **Paul McCartney**
2. John Entwistle
3. John Paul Jones
4. John McVie
5. Gene Simmons
6. Greg Lake
7. Chris Squire
8. Peter Cetera
9. Bill Wyman
10. Rick Danko
11. Jack Bruce
12. Lee Sklar
13. Donald "Duck" Dunn
13. Klaus Voormann
15. Phil Lesh
15. Garry Tallent
17. Freebo
18. Wilton Felder
19. Jack Casady
20. Larry Graham
20. Chuck Rainey

COMPOSER

1. **Paul McCartney**
2. Billy Joel
3. Bruce Springsteen
4. Becker/Fagen
5. Bob Dylan
5. Neil Young
7. Stevie Wonder
8. Frank Zappa
9. Neil Diamond
10. Jackson Browne
11. Bob Seger
12. Barry Gibb
13. Ian Anderson
14. Jimmy Buffett
14. Michael McDonald
16. Peter Townshend
17. James Taylor
18. Elvis Costello
18. Kenny Loggins
20. Karla Bonoff

GROUP

1. **Led Zeppelin**
2. Supertramp
3. Doobie Brothers
4. Eagles
4. Rolling Stones
6. Bee Gees
7. Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band
8. Steely Dan
9. Fleetwood Mac
10. Wings
11. Cars
12. Electric Light Orchestra
13. Blondie
14. Abba
15. Chicago
16. Dire Straits
17. Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band
18. Santana
19. Pink Floyd
20. Heart

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

MALE VOCALIST

1. **George Benson**
2. Stevie Wonder
3. Ray Charles
4. Teddy Pendergrass
5. B. B. King
6. Bob Marley
7. Smokey Robinson
8. Barry White
9. Marvin Gaye
10. Isaac Hayes
11. Al Green
12. James Brown
13. Bo Diddley
13. Sly Stone
15. Rick James
16. Bill Withers
17. Bobby Bland
18. Sylvester
19. Peabo Bryson
19. Curtis Mayfield

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. **Donna Summer**
2. Diana Ross
3. Natalie Cole
4. Joan Armatrading
5. Dionne Warwick
6. Roberta Flack
7. Tina Turner
8. Aretha Franklin
9. Bonnie Pointer
10. Chaka Khan
10. Gladys Knight
12. Gloria Gaynor
13. Maxine Nightingale
14. Deniece Williams
15. Thelma Houston
16. Melba Moore
17. Esther Phillips
18. Stephanie Mills
19. Patti Labelle
20. Millie Jackson

COMPOSER

1. **Stevie Wonder**
2. Nicholas Ashford–Valerie Simpson
3. Bob Marley
4. Smokey Robinson
5. Isaac Hayes
6. Barry White
7. Al Green
8. Allen Toussaint
9. Bill Withers
10. James Brown
11. Curtis Mayfield
12. Kenny Gamble–Leon Huff
13. Bobby Womack
14. Thom Bell
14. George Clinton
16. Eugene McDaniels
16. Maurice White
18. Norman Whitfield
19. Johnny Bristol
20. Willie Hutch

GROUP

1. **Earth, Wind & Fire**
2. Blues Brothers
3. Commodores
4. Bob Marley & the Wailers
5. Sister Sledge
6. Pointer Sisters
7. Chic
8. Peaches & Herb
9. Temptations
10. Gladys Knight & the Pips
11. Isley Brothers
12. Parliament/Funkadelic
13. Boney M
14. Raydio
15. O'Jays
16. GQ
17. Love Unlimited Orchestra
18. Emotions
18. Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes
20. Ohio Players

JAZZ

MALE VOCALIST

1. **George Benson**
2. Lou Rawls
3. Al Jarreau
4. Ray Charles
5. Frank Sinatra
6. Johnny Mathis
7. Sammy Davis Jr.
8. Gil Scott-Heron
9. Tony Bennett
10. Mel Tormé
11. Mose Allison
12. Billy Eckstine
13. Joe Williams
14. Brook Benton
15. Jimmy Witherspoon
16. Jon Hendricks
17. Milton Nascimento
18. Johnny Hartman
19. Michael Franks
19. Leon Thomas

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. **Rickie Lee Jones**
2. Barbra Streisand
3. Joni Mitchell
4. Ella Fitzgerald
5. Phoebe Snow
6. Roberta Flack
7. Nancy Wilson
8. Sarah Vaughan
9. Flora Purim
10. Angela Bofill
11. Cleo Laine
12. Esther Satterfield
13. Lena Horne
14. Liza Minnelli
15. Della Reese
16. Peggy Lee
17. Melba Moore
18. Dee Dee Bridgewater
19. Esther Phillips
20. Carmen McRae

BRASS

1. **Chuck Mangione**
2. Herb Alpert
3. Doc Severinsen
4. Maynard Ferguson
5. Miles Davis
6. Dizzy Gillespie
7. Randy Brecker
8. Freddie Hubbard
9. James Pankow
10. Donald Byrd
10. Junior Walker
12. Woody Shaw
13. J. J. Johnson
14. Bill Watrous
15. Nat Adderley
16. Chet Baker
16. Wayne Henderson
18. Thad Jones
18. Clark Terry
20. Jon Faddis

WOODWINDS

1. **Benny Goodman**
2. Edgar Winter
3. Tom Scott
4. Herbie Mann
5. Grover Washington, Jr.
6. Stan Getz
7. Ronnie Laws
8. Hubert Laws
9. Sonny Rollins
10. Woody Herman
11. Wayne Shorter
12. Stanley Turrentine
12. Junior Walker
14. Zoot Sims
15. Gerry Mulligan
16. Joe Farrell
17. Yusef Lateef
18. Bobbi Humphrey
18. Phil Woods
20. Dexter Gordon

KEYBOARDS

1. **Chick Corea**
2. Herbie Hancock
3. Eubie Blake
4. Keith Jarrett
5. Dave Brubeck
6. Bob James
7. Sergio Mendes
8. Ramsey Lewis
9. Jan Hammer
10. Oscar Peterson
11. George Duke
12. Joe Zawinul
13. Eumir Deodato
14. Earl "Fatha" Hines
15. Mary Lou Williams
16. Bill Evans
16. Thelonious Monk
18. Ahmad Jamal
19. Les McCann
19. McCoy Tyner

VIBES

1. **Lionel Hampton**
2. Roy Ayers
3. Gary Burton
4. Keith Underwood
5. Terry Gibbs
6. Milt Jackson
7. Victor Feldman
8. Cal Tjader
9. Tommy Vig
10. Buddy Montgomery
11. Bobby Hutcherson
12. Mike Mainieri
13. Red Norvo
14. Emil Richards

GUITAR

1. **George Benson**
2. Jeff Beck
3. Al DiMeola
4. John McLaughlin
5. Pat Metheny
6. Earl Klugh
7. Charlie Byrd
8. Larry Coryell
9. Joe Pass
10. Eric Gale
11. Herb Ellis
12. John Abercrombie
12. Tony Mottola
14. Phil Upchurch
15. Jim Hall
16. Gabor Szabo
17. Kenny Burrell
18. Larry Carlton
19. Grant Geissman
20. Lee Ritenour
20. Melvin Sparks

BASS

1. **Stanley Clarke**
2. Ron Carter
3. Ray Brown
4. Jaco Pastorius
5. Joe Byrd
6. Rufus Reid
7. Carl Radle
8. Bob Cranshaw
9. Monk Montgomery
10. Walter Booker
11. Mike Bruce
11. Carol Kaye
13. Eddie Gomez
14. Art Davis
14. Bob Haggart
16. Cleveland Eaton
17. Keter Betts
18. Percy Heath
19. Miroslav Vitous
20. Jim Fielder

PERCUSSION

1. **Buddy Rich**
2. Billy Cobham
3. Ralph MacDonald
4. Stix Hooper
5. Lenny White
6. Tony Williams
7. Mongo Santamaria
8. Elvin Jones
9. Airto Moreira
10. Jo Jones
11. Jimmy Cobb
11. Joe Morello
13. Willie Bobo
14. Max Roach
15. Mel Lewis
16. Harvey Mason
17. Art Blakey
18. John Guerin
19. Jack DeJohnette
20. Steve Gadd
20. Alphonse Mouzon

COMPOSER

1. **Chuck Mangione**
2. Quincy Jones
3. Chick Corea
4. Dave Brubeck
5. Bob James
6. Stanley Clarke
7. Herbie Hancock
8. Keith Jarrett
9. Miles Davis
10. Gil Scott-Heron/Brian Jackson
11. Joe Zawinul
12. Michel Legrand
13. Antonio Carlos Jobim
14. Toshiko Akiyoshi
15. Eumir Deodato
16. Thelonious Monk
17. Wayne Shorter
18. Carla Bley
18. Thad Jones
20. Horace Silver

GROUP

1. **Chuck Mangione**
2. Weather Report
3. Spyro Gyra
4. Crusaders
5. Doc Severinsen
6. Tom Scott & the L.A. Express
7. Count Basie
8. Return to Forever
9. Maynard Ferguson
10. Sergio Mendes & Brasil '88
11. Ray Charles
12. Dave Brubeck
13. Buddy Rich
14. Jan Hammer
15. John McLaughlin
16. Herbie Hancock
17. Ramsey Lewis
18. Miles Davis
19. Akiyoshi/Tabackin Big Band
20. Larry Coryell & the Eleventh House

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

MALE VOCALIST

1. **Kenny Rogers**
2. Willie Nelson
3. Gordon Lightfoot
4. Waylon Jennings
5. John Denver
6. David Bromberg
7. Eddie Rabbitt
8. Kris Kristofferson
9. Larry Gatlin
10. Roy Clark
11. Glen Campbell
12. Ronnie Milsap
13. Jerry Jeff Walker
14. Johnny Cash
15. Jerry Reed
16. Jerry Lee Lewis
17. Michael Murphey
17. Johnny Paycheck
19. Charley Pride
20. Hank Williams, Jr.

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. **Linda Ronstadt**
2. Crystal Gayle
3. Emmylou Harris
4. Dolly Parton
5. Olivia Newton-John
6. Anne Murray
7. Barbara Mandrell
8. Tanya Tucker
9. Rita Coolidge
10. Barbi Benton
11. Judy Collins
12. Jessi Colter
13. Tammy Wynette
14. Loretta Lynn
15. Dottie West
16. Brenda Lee
17. Donna Fargo
17. Tracy Nelson
17. Stella Parton
20. Linda Hargrove
20. Connie Smith

PICKER

1. **Roy Clark**
2. Chet Atkins
3. Leo Kottke
4. Jerry Reed
5. Earl Scruggs
6. Ry Cooder
7. David Bromberg
8. Doc Watson
9. John Hartford
10. David Grisman
11. Charlie McCoy
12. Sonny James
13. John Fahey
14. Charlie Daniels
15. Johnny Gimble
16. Pete Drake
17. Reggie Young
18. Amos Garrett
19. Lloyd Green
20. Tut Taylor

COMPOSER

1. **Kenny Rogers**
2. Gordon Lightfoot
3. Willie Nelson
4. John Denver
5. Waylon Jennings
6. Kris Kristofferson
7. Hoyt Axton
8. Dolly Parton
9. John Prine
10. Tom T. Hall
11. Michael Murphey
12. Shel Silverstein
13. Steve Goodman
14. Merle Haggard
15. Roger Miller
16. Hank Williams, Jr.
17. John Hartford
18. Charlie Daniels
18. Townes Van Zandt
20. Marty Robbins

PLAYMATE REUNION *(continued from page 125)*

"The one thing all had in common was their interest in one special Playmate—Janet Pilgrim."

had been a major feat of logistics that had taken more than a year. Phone calls were made to husbands and ex-husbands, boyfriends and ex-boyfriends, parents, photographers and agents. Although most of the Playmates had kept in touch with PLAYBOY over the years, it took as many as 15 calls each to track down some of the most peripatetic. Two hundred were located, a few fairly surprised at having been found. The most consistent reaction, said Miki Garcia, Miss January 1973 and now Director of Playmate Promotions, was a "desire to see Hef again, to find out what he's like now and to renew the Playmate experience."

That there would ever be such a thing as "the Playmate experience" was not readily apparent when the magazine was started. PLAYBOY's first issue, back in December 1953, featured the famous nude photo of Marilyn Monroe, but she was called "Sweetheart of the Month." By the second issue, the word Playmate was used to describe Margie Harrison. The first triple-page foldout appeared in March 1956. Now the PLAYBOY Playmate is generally considered the most successful continuing feature in the history of the magazine industry.

How successful?

Consider the following statistics, compiled for the magazine's 25th anniversary: Over the years, PLAYBOY has used 68,250,000 pounds of paper to produce the centerfold. Only God can make a tree; only Hef can make a Playmate. Placed end to end, the centerfolds would measure 3.013 billion linear feet, enough to circle the earth almost 23 times and fill every locker room, dormitory and military barracks in the world. The ink used to print the centerfolds would total 2,278,842 gallons—enough to fill four and a half Olympic-sized Jacuzzis—and some 715,000,000 staples have been used in and/or around the world's most celebrated navels during the past quarter century.

As long as we are on the topic of vital statistics: Last January, PLAYBOY staffer Gloria Reeves tabulated the combined measurements of 25 years of Playmates. If such a delectable creature as the Total Playmate actually existed, she would stretch the tape to an astonishing 10,508″ x 7305″ x 10,302″. She would stand 1670′ in her bare feet and weigh a mere 34,008 pounds. Most likely, she'd have dark hair (158 out of 310 Playmates are brunettes). Her name would be Nancy (nine Playmates), her sign Aries (32 Playmates). She would knock your socks off.

The Playmate is the classic all-American girl, but some parts of America seem to produce more than their fair share. Forty Playmates came from California, 16 from Texas and 11 from New York. Nine were imported from Germany, several from other countries. But during the entire past decade, not one gatefold girl was born in the states of Alaska, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Georgia, Idaho, Iowa, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Vermont, West Virginia or Hawaii. Maybe it's something in the water supply.

You didn't read all of the above in your local gazette, but media coverage of the reunion itself would have gratified a Presidential candidate. There were teams of American reporters and photographers, so many that the whir of the motor drives on the cameras at times sounded like the chirps of maddened insects. Reporters from England jostled representatives of West German radio and of the Voice of America. A film crew from NBC-TV's *Real People* vied for the best angles with news cameramen from a half-dozen local stations and network affiliates. The best TV news angle of all was gotten by KCRA-TV of Sacramento, which sent Kristine Hanson down to cover the event for *Weeknight*, the TV-magazine show on which she appears. But Kristine had an inside track: She was a Playmate in 1974. In addition, filming was being done by a group from Playboy Productions, working on a 90-minute special for Showtime, the cable-TV network. (It is the first of many shows in the works to be produced by Playboy for cable TV.)

Stories on the reunion appeared in more than 100 newspapers and magazines, ranging from such journalistic exemplars as *Time* and *The Washington Post* to folksier publications on the order of the Logansport, Indiana, *Pharos-Tribune*, the Bucyrus, Ohio, *Telegraph Forum* and the Quincy, Illinois, *Herald-Whig*. One paper called the event a "Foldout Fantasy," another a "well-put-together get-together." The *Hollywood Reporter* said, "It was like dying and going to heaven."

The one thing all the papers, magazines and film crews had in common was their interest in one special Playmate—Janet Pilgrim. She was the 19th Playmate, not the first, but she was the only one to appear on the centerfold three times (July 1955, December 1955 and October 1956). The reason for the encores was that Janet was the first of the girl-next-door types who have helped win PLAYBOY its enormous audience.

As far as PLAYBOY was concerned, Janet Pilgrim literally *was* the girl next door—she was a staffer on the magazine. In effect, she was the Subscription Department. Recalling those days at the reunion, she said, "Hef was having trouble getting the *kind* of pinup pictures he wanted, and all of a sudden, someone in the office said, just as kind of a lark, 'Maybe we could send Janet to the photographer.' "

Now married, the mother of two teenage daughters and a striking-looking woman of 45, Janet had not seen Hefner in 15 years—and had never seen Playboy Mansion West. "It amazes me," she said, looking around at the lush acreage, "when I think back on how we started with tiny little offices in a tiny little building, and only 13 people on the staff. I just can't believe it."

Many of the 135 other Playmates who came to the reunion were equally astonished at the success they had helped bring about. Most arrived on Friday and were picked up at Los Angeles International Airport in limousines and taken to their hotels. After checking in and freshening up, most went to the Mansion to partake of the Friday-night buffet, which traditionally precedes the showing of a movie. But the film was of secondary interest to the guests who were seeing one another, and Hef, for the first time in many years.

The next day, Saturday, the official festivities began at 11, as a procession of limousines took the Playmates to the Mansion for registration—and presentation to each of a specially designed jeweled Rabbit Head pendant.

One by one or in small groups, the girls drifted into the enormous gauze tent that had been put up on the Mansion grounds. It was filled with ferns and, just as importantly, decorated with huge color blowups of selected Playmate poses from the magazine's history. One could almost see the little explosions of emotion as Playmates found themselves standing under huge reproductions of the centerfolds that had propelled them to the center of men's consciousness and, in many cases, had propelled them from their lives as the girl next door into careers in show business.

In many respects, the atmosphere seemed that of a college reunion, complete with hugs, kisses, squeals, giggles and much posing for Instamatic snapshots, as women who had not seen one another in years gleefully compared notes. Fame had come to many, in varying degrees: Everyone pretty much knew about Cyndi Wood's burgeoning career

"May I take a message, Mrs. Burke? Your husband is off the floor at the moment."

as an actress and about the career of Claudia Jennings (who was, tragically, to die in an auto crash weeks later). But it was the less-well-known stories that often gave the most satisfaction, such as learning that Sue Bernard, Miss December 1966, is the author of *Joyous Motherhood*; or that Bonnie Large, Miss March 1973, is, of all things, a performing hypnotist; or that Patti Reynolds, Miss September 1965, is one of the Cook County, Illinois, Forest Preserves district's few female naturalists.

"It's like a sisterhood. We all share a common bond, and there are emotional feelings that aren't verbalized," said Miki Garcia. "If you meet another woman who's been a Playmate, you can start the conversation on another level. It's like guys' saying, 'Gee, I've been in the Air Force, too.' What other modeling job could a person do, then go *on* with her life, come back years later, and still have a place in the family?"

The titular head of that family, Hefner himself, was by his own admission captivated by the sentiment of the occasion, by seeing what Miki called "his lifelong work in flesh and blood."

Speaking to the guests, Hefner said, "I wasn't prepared for so much emotion. This is without question an event that will stay with me for as long as I live. When you think of how much the Playmates have meant in the collective dreams and fantasies of American males, to have them all here in one place at one time is sharing an experience that will not come again."

After Hef spoke, TV-game-show host Richard Dawson took the stage to emcee an informal program in which a group of Playmates modeled the new Playmate promotion costumes. Then Hefner drew names out of a bowl to award gifts. Stereos, cameras, TV sets, tape and home video recorders were given away. Then came the drawing of the two first prizes—Volvo Bertone coupes, each valued at over $17,000—won by Barbara Hillary, Miss April 1970, and Julia Lyndon, Miss August 1977.

The guests partook of a sumptuous buffet luncheon and, once it was over, drifted out of the tent into the warm California sunshine. The photographers, naturally enough, gathered at the two areas where most of the Playmates clustered—the tennis court, transformed for the occasion into a roller-disco rink, and, on the other side of the estate, around the pool.

For some of the Playmates, the afternoon was a time for reflection, a chance to explore the things they had felt when they had posed, and to examine the changes the Playmate phenomenon has gone through in its 25 years.

To Eleanor Bradley, Miss February 1959 and a self-described "golden oldie," the difference between the Fifties and now is the amazing change in public attitudes about sexuality. "My pose," she said, "was strictly seminude. It was a head shot from the waist up, no nipples allowed. In terms of nudity, it was nothing—like walking around in a bikini. But, at the time, the people closest to me found it hard to handle. Today I think things have changed for the better. People have grown in their own heads.

"For example, back then, we had to fight the stigma of men thinking that we were all made out of cotton candy. If we told someone we were Playmates, it seemed as though we had to prove that we weren't idiots. One of the things I'm proudest of is that, in the promotion work I did for the magazine, I helped with the PLAYBOY standards that showed that Playmates were girls of real quality."

As stereotypes have broken down, recent Playmates—such as Dorothy Stratten, Miss August 1979—have been able to look at the experience of being a Playmate as "something just a little out of the ordinary, a good way to get started in a career." Vicki McCarty agrees. A Phi Beta Kappa graduate of the University of California at Berkeley, the holder of a law degree from Cambridge University, England, and a student at Hastings College of the Law who will be graduated this spring and sit for the California bar exam, she is also Miss September 1979.

McCarty, 26, had grown up with PLAYBOY and recollects having "seen the naked ladies in the magazines on the coffee table, and having wondered all along what that life was like. I'd been a serious student and a diligent young professional, and I wanted a whole new facet to my life, a crazy experience. I'm thrilled by the way it has turned out.

"Being a Playmate is almost a mythical thing. The magazine is a tradition; it created the image of what a successful, sexually liberated man is like, and has helped define what a successful, sexually liberated woman is like, too." Heading to the pool, she added, "Being a Playmate isn't scandalous anymore. It's just a little risqué, and that's what I like about it."

As the afternoon light turned golden, the Playmates went back to their hotels to change for the evening's dinner and disco dancing. One of the guests, after dinner and after some dancing, sat by the lighted pool and said that the day had been like a "fantasyland; the rest of the world simply did not exist."

Many of the Playmates found that that fantasyland feeling was a long time wearing off. For Janet Pilgrim, whose biggest prereunion qualm was "Whoever is going to remember me? Surely I'll be considered long gone and by the wayside," the experience of the reunion was "positively overwhelming."

Very, very late in the evening, as many of the guests were departing, Hef sat in a quiet corner and answered the inevitable how-does-it-feel? question. "On one level," he said, "it's clearly a wild nostalgia trip for me and for many of the girls. But it is also a very special family reunion.

"One of the more remarkable elements of this day is that we were gathered here not only to look backward at the past but also to look at the present and the future. We had girls from the Fifties and Sixties and Seventies, but also girls who will be appearing in the magazine in the Eighties. And that's very special for me, to see the PLAYBOY dream as it has been and as it will be."

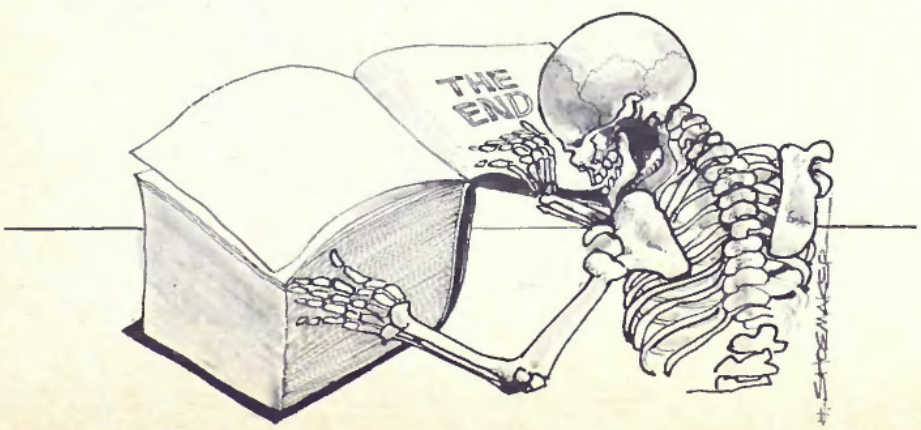
And what about your place in this, Hef? "Me? I'm the proud poppa."

•

Several weeks later, we caught up with Janet Pilgrim to see if the magic had worn off. It hadn't. "I couldn't believe what was happening to me from the minute I walked in. It surpassed my wildest dreams.

"I felt as if I'd been asleep for 20 years. The last thing I remembered was Hef running around in baggy pants and loafers with that Pepsi in his hand. And now I'd been awakened into a storybook empire. I've been on cloud nine ever since. The reunion was wonderful, the most unforgettable experience I've ever had. I'm sure nothing like this will ever happen to me again."

At least not for another 25 years.



The apple never falls far from the tree.

Ballantine's in the famous square bottle inherits its great taste, and its blend of 44 great whiskies, from our 30-year-old Ballantine's—the oldest, most expensive scotch in the world.

Ballantine's. Makers of the oldest and most expensive scotch in the world.

©"21" Blended Scotch Whisky, bottled in Scotland. 86 proof. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.

CHUCK BARRIS

(continued from page 138)

"On a Barris show, the whole point is to watch people balance precariously on the edge of bad taste."

can strut and play their moment with little inhibition. The tone is deliberately lowbrow—naughty, silly, voyeuristic—and the players are encouraged to let loose with their wildest fantasies.

Barris believes that everybody has an act, everybody can write a song, everybody can tell a story. You don't have to be classy to be entertaining—you can be sexy instead. You can be spontaneous and outrageous. You can be weird. You can talk about your intimate secrets. You can be creepy. On a Barris show, the prizes are small and the game is never taken seriously—the whole point is to watch the people balance precariously on the edge of bad taste.

You can get on a Chuck Barris show in any number of ways. You can act like a swinging single—sell sexual fantasy and try to be cute (*The Dating Game*). You can argue with your newlywed spouse—bicker over the intimate sexual details of your married life (*The Newlywed Game*). You can think up any act at all, of any description, that can be good, bad, creepy, weird, crazy—anything but boring (*The Gong Show*). If you are a woman, you can parade around onstage in a bathing suit, do some sort of simple talent number, jiggle your tits and ass and allow an m.c. to make fun of you (*The $1.98 Beauty Show*). You can play the jealous, competitive secretary *vs.* the housewife (*Three's a Crowd*).

Some say television has sunk to new depths with Chuck Barris Productions. *The Gong Show* and *The $1.98 Beauty Show* feature people who don't understand that they are being humiliated, and *The Dating Game* and *The Newlywed Game* are devoted almost entirely to questions about sex. *The $1.98 Beauty Show* is by far the most lurid American show on television—its late producer Gene Banks called it a peep show—and it certainly shows enough tits and ass to excite many a man. The show gets away with peddling raunchy sex by making fun of it; that way, the audience can have its cake and pretend it's never eaten.

Barris responds to criticism of *Gong* and *$1.98* by saying that both shows are "an outrageous piece of rubbish," not to be taken seriously. But they aren't so easily shrugged off. For one thing, there is big money to be made from selling them. Not long ago, *Forbes* published a glowing account of Barris' financial success, reporting that the stock of Chuck Barris Productions has skyrocketed. In addition to his five current shows, there are four in development, plus a movie. All of the shows are financed and produced by Barris' company and most are shown in the seven-to-eight-P.M. prime-time local-access slot. The shows are syndicated, which means Barris sells them directly to local television stations instead of to a network. That way, he owns the reruns and is not at the mercy of cancellations. According to *Forbes*, Barris increased the earnings of his corporation by 2500 percent in only four years; his own stock is now worth $22,000,000.

•

But there's more to Barris' shows than money and nonsense, though that extra ingredient is hard to define. A case can be made for the notion that he's reviving an ancient art form. Low comedy has existed for as long as there have been unsophisticated people trying to be funny, and Barris has simply drawn it out of circuses, fraternities and barrooms, out of skit nights and campfires, and has plopped it right smack onto the stage of the Seventies—national television.

Although the origins of low comedy are complex and intriguing—they go back to Shakespeare, Chaucer, Aristophanes—Barris isn't interested in them. Oddly (considering his complex attitude toward his success), it doesn't make him happy to consider that he might be marketing a peculiarly Americanized form of comedy that was slicked up for vaudeville and is now returned to its grass-roots origins. What he does consider is the nagging feeling that he's up to his ears in rubbish. He's having fun building his pop-culture empire, but why doesn't he use his talents to do something better? He is an energetic, cute 50-year-old man who has an ex-wife, a 17-year-old daughter who lives with him, a girlfriend named Red and more money than he can possibly spend. Why doesn't he drop all this silly television programing and start to play out his wildest dream? Why doesn't he rent a cottage somewhere on the beach, far from Hollywood, and write something that is really good? Why doesn't he write the great American novel?

The problem seems to be that Barris has always followed his instincts rather than his intellect and, consequently, he has gone in the direction of commercial hits. He wrote *Palisades Park*, a hit bubble-gum rock-'n'-roll song, in the Sixties; he wrote *You and Me, Babe*, a best-selling sentimental novel; he started out in television with a successful game show (*The Dating Game*). Like many of the people who go on his shows, he is seduced by popular notions, quick entertainment and the belief that he should live life as if it were constantly fun.

His office on Sunset Boulevard is, in fact, like a playpen. Everyone wears jeans and funny buttons on his shirt and works in a room that is plastered with photos and drawings with comic captions, circus posters and other bits of pop-culture detritus.

Mike Metzger, who is in charge of *The Dating Game* and *The Newlywed Game* now that Barris has moved on to other shows, says that Barris always insisted that if work isn't fun, you shouldn't do it. In the old days, when the network was paying for dream vacations for newlyweds, employees were always taking off to chaperone winners in Africa, Acapulco and Aspen. "We would work 12 weeks at a time," Metzger says, "and then take off six to travel and write our novels or do whatever we wanted. It *was* fun." Now he looks at his calendar, which is scheduled, with few breaks, for the next two years. "It's OK now, too," he says. "There's the challenge." He means the challenge of getting rich.

It was over a year ago when I talked with Barris; now he is refusing interviews with the press (his PR man shouted at me, "This company is *hot*! Chuck Barris Productions is a *glamor stock*! If Barris says he doesn't want to do interviews, we don't ask him why!"). Nevertheless, in many ways, Barris is as wide open and "out there" as the people he puts on his shows. And maybe, like them, he is just a little deluded.

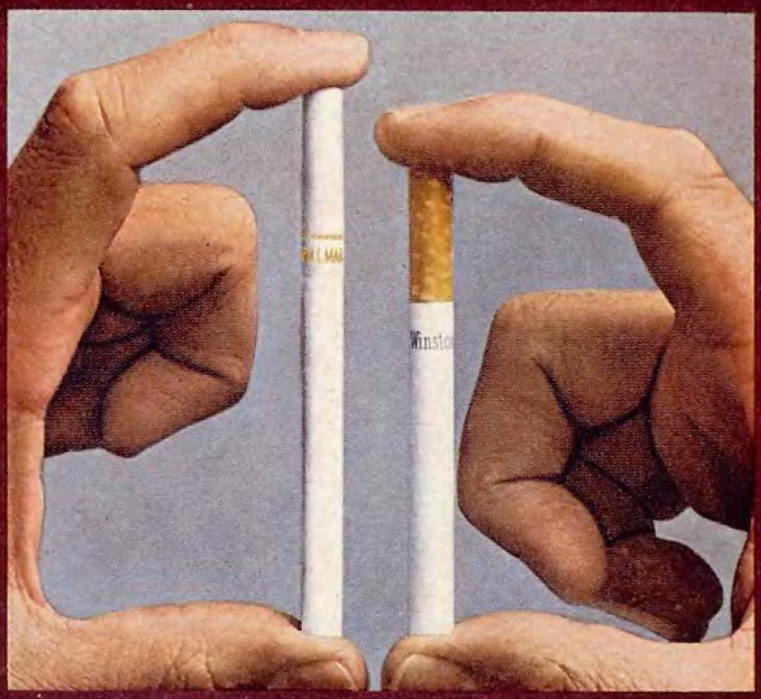
It was important to him for me to understand that he started out in daytime television and the game-show business solely because he had ambitions to become president of ABC. He sees himself as an impulsive, slightly uncouth hustler who ran full tilt into the muck of television only because he knew there was a fortune to be made with a single idea. Barris isn't apologetic about his shows. Kids love them and he's proud of that. Also, the people who get on them usually have a terrific time. What he wonders is why he seems to be stuck—stuck in a pop-art form that he understands but does not admire. Stuck in a form that cannot go anywhere or transcend itself—a form he can push, shove and pummel but that can only explode or end up in parody.

"You don't know," he told me, "but writers are my heroes. I'd like to think I'm capable of writing something really good. My house in Malibu has bookshelves filled with Faulkner, Stendhal, Proust; I read the *New York Times Book*

PALL MALL LIGHT 100's

Longer, yet lighter

Pall Mall Light 100's	12 mg. tar 1.0 mg. nicotine
Winston 85	20 mg. tar 1.3 mg. nicotine
Lowest brand	0.5 mg. tar 0.05 mg. nicotine



A third less tar

than the leading filter 85

Longer, yet lighter

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

12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Review every Sunday from cover to cover.

"What," he said, looking me straight in the eye, "did you think of my book?"

He was talking about *You and Me, Babe*, a slimly disguised account of his marriage and divorce, a book that Barris promoted with $90,000 of his company's money and that did, indeed, become a best seller. It is a simple-minded tale with a moral. In it, Barris tells the story of a character called Tommy, an energetic, cute and cocky kid from Philadelphia—a smart person who could never stay put long enough to graduate from college. Tommy woos and wins his wife—called Sammy—solely because he wants her money. (In real life, Barris' ex-wife, Lynn Levy, is the daughter of Leon Levy, one of the founders and major stockholders of CBS, and Blanche Paley, sister of CBS' current board chairman.) Three days before the wedding, however, Sammy's father disinherits her for marrying Tommy, whom he calls an opportunist, and Tommy runs away to get his bearings. Finally, he decides that he has been fooling himself—he is in love, after all—and races home just in time for the wedding.

After that, the two of them live out a newlywed dream. Tommy gets a job selling TelePrompTers all over the U. S. He and his bride drive to a TV station, drop off the equipment, tell the station manager to play with it and go back the next day to pick it up. They go to a park, to the seashore, to a swimming pool, to the countryside and lie around doing nothing but talking, reading and making love. When Tommy is finally fired from the job after a year, he and Sammy are unwilling to give up their romantic journey. They take their savings and go to Europe, a trip marred only by Tommy's inability to write the great novel that he thought he had in him.

"I was having fun," Barris told me, openly blending his own history with that of Tommy. "It was a great time, living out of a station wagon, bumming around Europe, even though we were always broke. I was happy even when we came back and I was just about to go to Caracas with USIA. Then the payola scandal hit and a job came through at ABC, working as a watchdog for Dick Clark's *American Bandstand*. I'd read *The New York Times* on the train down to Philadelphia, talk to all the pretty girls on the show—it wasn't a great job, but I was enjoying it."

Barris is still trying to find out what went wrong. He told me that he got ambitious—that he started "ingratiating" himself with television people, and then had to prove that he could do something on his own. He schemed, he hustled and, finally, he borrowed $20,000 from his stepfather to produce a pilot of *The Dating Game*.

In the book, Tommy's relationship with his wife goes downhill when his career starts to rise. He becomes King of the Game Shows, and along with the money come the problems. The problems, however, are vague. As always, Barris is most convincing about fantasy.

"Who would have dreamed," he wrote in the voice of Tommy, "that we would never have to stand in line at a bank, or a supermarket, or a box office? We would never have to keep a bank balance, or know when the rent was due, or how much our insurance premiums were. Someone would do it for us. Someone would make our appointments, wash our cars, cut our lawns, buy our anniversary presents and send out our Christmas cards, get-well telegrams and sympathy notes. . . . We would never have to take a bus or a taxi, if we didn't want to, because someone would always be there to pick us up and deliver us. We would never have to refill our refrigerators, our liquor cabinets or our ice-cube trays."

At the end of the book, Tommy and his wife finally separate for good. Barris defends Tommy as a guy who is guilty only of callousness and ambition and is hurt deeply when his wife finally betrays him. But he lets her have the last words:

"You used to be sweet, Tommy. Sweet, and sensitive, and gentle. You used to love life, and you used to love to live. You had your values all in the right places. You had ideals, scruples, honor, and respect for yourself and for others. But no more. Now you're a tense, taut machine that has to perform. . . . You're selfish, self-indulgent, self-centered, self-serving, self, self, self."

I wanted to answer Barris' question about his book honestly, but first I wanted to know if it were all true. "Some things I changed," he said shyly, "but I was basically writing about myself."

"The story of your marriage is true?"

"Yes," he said. "That character is me."

"Well," I said, "I wasn't impressed with the writing, but I did think the book was a good read, on a simple level, and some of the scenes were wonderfully timed. Just putting an entire novel together is a feat in itself—I'm impressed with people who get a beginning, middle and end."

"That's what I think of the book," Barris replied eagerly. "I wanted to make it a good read, I wanted it to be a best seller, I wrote it in imitation of *Love Story*—especially the first half."

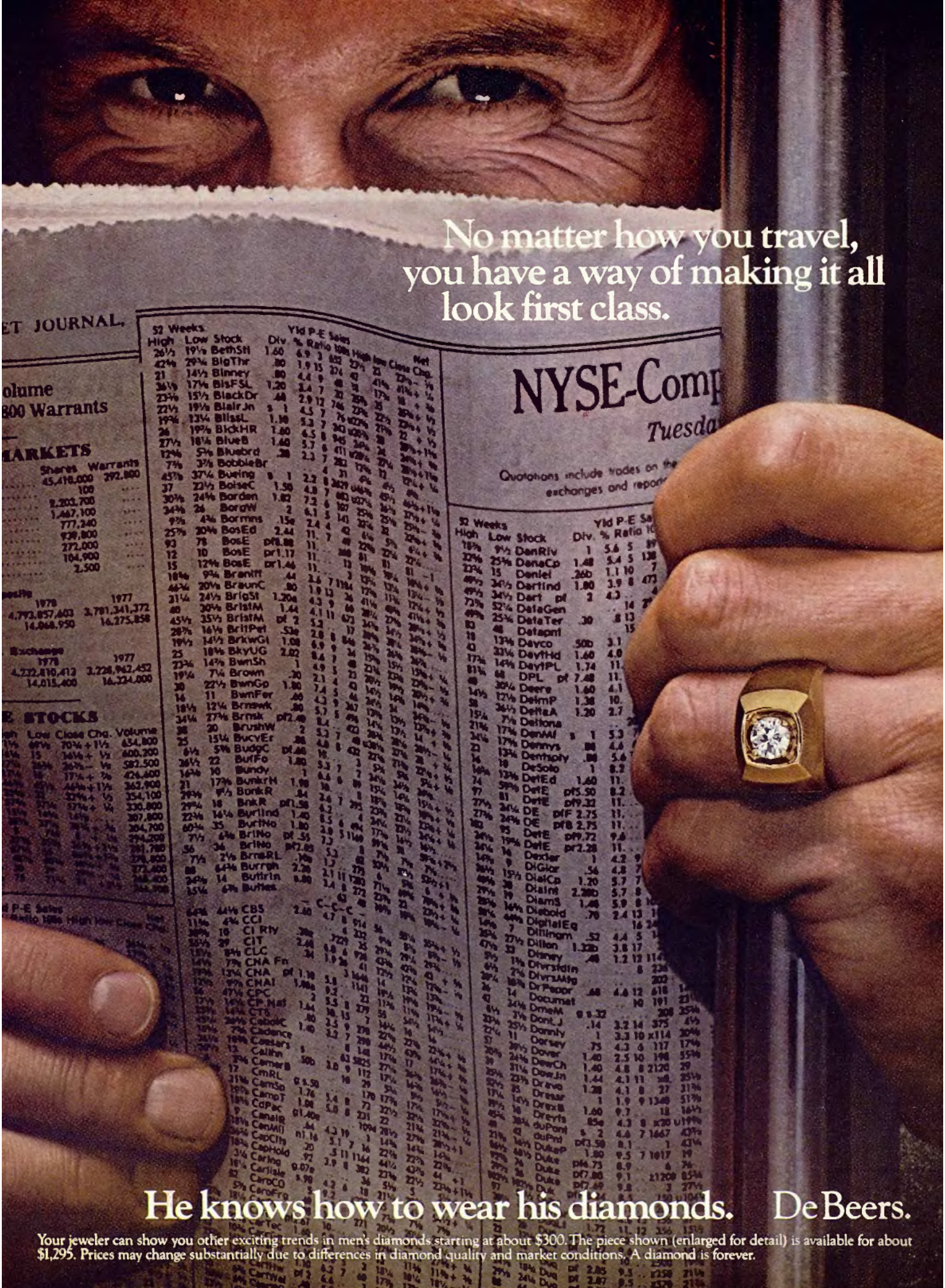
"Why did you set out to imitate something?"

"I don't know. I wish I knew. And why did I try to imitate a book that I don't think is really very good?" He looked distraught. "I hope I'm capable of moving on," he said, turning away from me. "I think I am, but it's hard to pull yourself out of thinking commercial. It's a lifestyle. And, like you say, I'm like the people who go on my shows. I'm from Philadelphia and that's the most retarded area in the whole country, the most repressed. I laugh at what Philadelphians laugh at. I like farting jokes. I like funny hats. I'm commercial and I know it. I even went on a game show when I was in college."

"You did?"

"I wanted to impress a girl, and so I got three other guys and we sang *Your*

"Get married! Pay your debt to society!"


No matter how you travel,
you have a way of making it all
look first class.
He knows how to wear his diamonds.
De Beers.
Your jeweler can show you other exciting trends in men's diamonds starting at about $300. The piece shown (enlarged for detail) is available for about $1,295. Prices may change substantially due to differences in diamond quality and market conditions. A diamond is forever.

Cheatin' Heart. Two weeks later, I asked her to marry me."

"Well," I said, considering his problem, "can you have serious writing ambitions and still be absorbed in pop culture—TV, rock 'n' roll, sentimental novels?"

"I'm working now because I'm enjoying it," Barris replied. "I enjoy making money, although that has got to stop, and it's exciting when suddenly you've got a show that is hot. I was mobbed when I went to New York recently. I was mobbed by kids in Central Park. The police had to come and rescue me—I couldn't move. That stuff is heady, but, of course, it has to stop. You pay your dues and then you gotta move on."

Barris has, of course, moved on since we had that long conversation more than a year ago, but not in the direction of writing anything that will one day go up on his bookshelf along with Tolstoy and Faulkner. The full-page ad in *Variety* last year read: CHUCK BARRIS PRODUCTIONS. SUPPLYING ONE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT HALF-HOURS FOR TELEVISION, PLUS A MOTION PICTURE IN 1979-80. The ad listed five shows on the air and four in development: *How's Your Mother-in-Law?*, *Chuck Barris Hour Talkshow*, *Dollar a Second* and *The Divorce Game*. The fifth project was a motion picture called *The Gong Show Movie*, directed by Robert Downey and written by Downey and Barris. Downey is an avant-garde film maker of the Andy Warhol school who has given us *Putney Swope*. Barris' PR man also told me that Barris is using a hiatus in the production of *Gong* and *$1.98* to work on a novel. Is it ambitious? He doesn't know and Barris won't say.

"To be frank," Barris said during that luncheon conversation a year ago, "before *The Gong Show* hit, I had decided to try to write a good book. I rented a studio in the Writers and Artists Building in Beverly Hills and went there each day, but I was having a hard time of it. I spent most of my time in cafés or walking on the beach. When *The Gong Show* took off, I sent back my advance, which was $100,000."

"And you don't know what the problem was?" I asked.

"No. I took a writing course at UCLA but gave it up—they can't teach you how to write. The book just wasn't going well."

"What was the problem?"

"I don't know."

"I think there are characters parading through your life who are certainly worthy of a novel," I said.

"I know," he said. "I know. Sometimes I ask them why they come down to the studio, put on their bathing suit or their tutu and do whatever they do, and their answers just amaze me. I am simply amazed."

"Have you ever talked for more than a few minutes with any of them?"

Barris looked at his watch. "My God," he said, "I'm late, I've got to go!"

•

And so I found myself on the eighth floor of Barris' new office building, trying to understand the success of game/people shows firsthand. I sat with Mike Metzger and Steve Friedman behind a long table in a small room, where they audition couples for *The Newlywed Game*. Metzger and Friedman are both enthusiastic guys who spring out of their seats from time to time to do comic impersonations.

What Barris taught them before he handed over the reins has to do with the selection of contestants, they said. He taught them to give up the safe, "white-bread" types and go for those who were likable but at least a little different. What they are looking for in the couples who parade before them is a real emotion, couples who are so uninhibited and out there that a good question can spark a real-life minidrama.

"It's a borderline show," said Metzger. "Everyone asks us where we find people who are willing to be so honest and revealing; but the fact is that we work very hard at it. We're looking for a spontaneous eruption of feeling, and the amazing thing is that we get it. The only other show to get real emotions to happen spontaneously on the air was *Candid Camera*, and it had to keep the cameras hidden."

And, unlike *Candid Camera*, people *try* to get on Barris' shows. Take, for example, Mike and Sheila. Mike was very fat, dressed in a three-piece green suit, and Sheila was short, pregnant and had her hair in a Farrah Fawcett cut. They live in Fresno and had driven 200 miles to Hollywood because they were "the outgoing type" and their friends had dared them to get on *The Newlywed Game*. I'd been watching them as they filled out their questionnaires before the audition and they certainly were cute—they laughed affectionately at each other's jokes and were continuously fondling each other's hands. They had been married for four months, were 19 and 20 years old and knew exactly what they were getting into. They'd watched *The Newlywed Game* since they were nine and they'd seen it get more and more bawdy. They knew they would have to argue about things such as whether or not her boobs were big enough for him or whether they made love at night or in the morning; in fact, they'd practiced the questions and answers at home. Whenever the question was about sex, Mike said, they planned to say that they loved it and wanted more. He laughed a little too loudly. Sheila looked at me and said, "*Really*, though, he wants it *more* than I do." Then she giggled and grabbed Mike by the neck and kissed him on the cheek.

Before Mike and Sheila went for their audition, they were treated to a briefing. To get the couples used to making noise, laughing and talking about whatever comes into their heads—especially sex—all of them are briefed by a very hip, fast-rapping comic. He's best at ad libs

Taste is all it takes to switch to Jim Beam.

Discover the pleasure first enjoyed in 1795.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. 80 PROOF. DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KY.

and imitations, so his routine isn't as good in print as it is in person; but he's also very informative about what Barris Productions thinks they should do to be entertaining:

"OK, folks, two things are going to get you on the show tonight—one thing is money and the other is Tylenol with codeine. No, seriously, the only thing that will get you on is talk. And when I say talk, I don't mean complete your sentences, I'm talking chapters of novels, get into it. Even more important than that are those reactions. *The Newlywed Game* is the number-one game show on TV because of [*he makes funny noises, weird gestures, guttural gasps*] those *interactions*. This is not the time to be embarrassed or shy—'*Six* times in the bathtub, Mary? I thought it was only *five*!' Go as crazy in there as you want, but watch your language. Bitch, horny and Jesus are out [*imitating a jive-talking black guy*]—'Eh, man, I got me a horny bitch. Jesus, that bitch, she's——' [*Here he sniffs an imaginary line of cocaine*] This is *Hollywood*! We're tired of those words. They're boring. Cock is OK. [*Shouts and screams of laughter*]

"OK, couple of impressions here before you go in. Adam to Eve [*he stands with his legs apart and looks down at his cock*]: '*Stand back, honey, I don't know how big this thing's gonna get!*' [*More laughter and some hoots and whistles*]

"Do you know how clams make love? [*Holds his hands, palms flat, together in front of the audience. Then he opens his fingers just a little and says in a low, guttural voice*] '*Wanna fuck?*' "

"*Couple number two*," said the kid playing m.c. for the run-through auditions. He had Bob Eubanks' voice down exactly.

"Sheila, would you say that your husband is numb, grouchy or aggressive when he wakes up in the morning?"

"Well," said Sheila, taking a deep breath, "I'd say"—she paused and looked beguilingly at the m.c., who, unfortunately, wasn't judging her performance at all—"that he's definitely numb." She was thinking of a story to tell, but the m.c. moved on:

"Mike? What did you say to that?"

Mike was silently making expressions of disgust, since his answer was "aggressive." He leaned forward in his chair as if he were about to do something rash, but he was still shy in front of an audience. "Numb?" he finally said. "*Numb?* Then how come you're always telling me that I'm such a *sex maniac*?"

"At *night*, Mike, at *night*." Sheila responded immediately this time. "Don't you remember all those mornings you wouldn't even speak to me? I had to get up and bring you a cup of coffee before you'd let go of the pillow you put over your head?" She paused and Mike didn't say anything. "Or was that because you're so ugly?"

Finally, Mike got into it. "But what about *after* my cup of coffee? What about then? Then I feel like getting . . . some . . . and you run into the bathroom to fix your hair so your *boss* will like you at work."

"*Mike*," Sheila said, "I have to go in the bathroom to throw up." [*She patted her stomach to indicate she was pregnant and everyone laughed*]

Metzger and Friedman were making notations on the six couples, including Sheila and Mike, who were auditioning in this run-through. When the game was over and the couples were leaving, they both handed all their notes over to an assistant.

"Not one of them?" I asked.

"Nope."

"What about Mike and Sheila?"

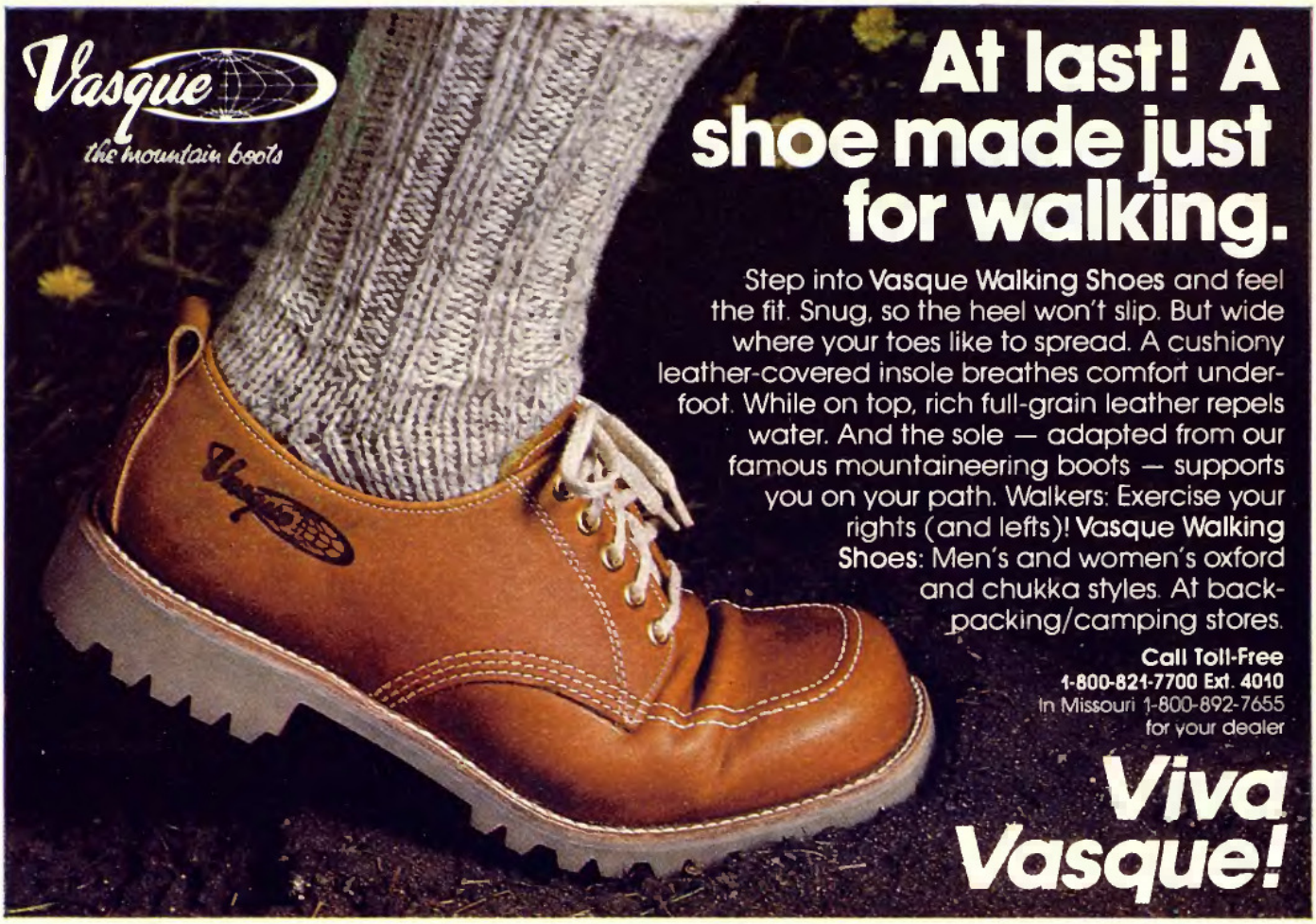
"Eh," Metzger said and shrugged.

"Dull," Friedman said. "She was trying hard, but nothing special."

"They didn't fight right?" I asked.

"The bottom line," Metzger said, "is that we just didn't like them."

After the auditions, Metzger and Friedman, David the "briefer" and the kid who was playing m.c. tossed one-liners at one another as if they never tired of turning their jobs into playtime. But I couldn't write down the jokes, so I asked them about what they'd learned from



sitting in judgment of so many types of Americans over the past decade.

"Our biggest problem," said Metzger, "is the guys. We've found out that guys from 18 to maybe 23 are of no value whatsoever. We have a hard time getting them for *The Dating Game*. They don't know who they are, where they're going, where they've been, why they are on this planet."

Metzger got out of his chair and impersonated a bachelor on *The Dating Game*, swinging his arms like an ape and stalking over to the benches where the tryouts sit.

"Hey, girls, heh heh. Here I am, let's have it."

"Then," he said, "they're asked a question."

"Huh? Well, er . . ." His body crumpled, his face puckered and he made *macho* body movements. But nothing came out of his mouth.

"The guys turn into turnips."

"Luckily," Friedman said, "about the age of 25, things begin to change. About that age, men finally begin to say, 'Hey, this is who I am and it's OK.' "

"What about taste?" I asked. "Can a couple ever get too raunchy for you?"

Friedman held his stomach and groaned. Metzger held his nose and made gagging sounds.

"Agh."

"Yuk."

"Do you remember the dead mice?"

"Tell me, tell me."

"Well, we couldn't believe it. One couple was here answering a question—something like 'Who's neater, you or your wife?' The guy says something to his wife about the dead mice. Well, it turned out that the dead mice were dirty tampons that the girl threw on the floor beside their bed. No kidding. There were about 20 of them lying around, the guy said, all over the place, and they gathered dust and turned gray. Dead mice was what the couple called them."

•

But I didn't realize just how far Barris had strayed from the usual game-show fare until I went to a *Gong Show* audition and got to know some of the contestants. The auditions are held in a cavernous rehearsal hall that Barris rents in Hollywood, and the very first person I met when I went there was Ann Thompson—a 76-year-old lady dressed in white gloves and a powder-blue suit. She sat primly in the hall outside the audition room, waiting her turn before Barris, smiling serenely as nervous magicians, torch singers and Phyllis Diller housewives fluttered anxiously around her. We chatted about how difficult it was to be old and alone in America and she told me about the Lafayette Ballroom in Long Beach, where she went every Friday night to dance and meet men. "I'm not so popular anymore," she said. "The men who are my age are all taken up by the women with money."

When she was called for her audition, I followed her into the studio and heard her tell Barris that she wanted to accompany herself on the piano. But he was strumming his electric guitar quietly and grooving with his own thoughts and didn't seem to listen. Finally, he looked up and smiled and said, "Princess Ann? Hey—you look wonderful. You've got a song you're gonna sing, right? OK, let's take it all by yourself, solo."

The pianist gave her a ten-second intro and she walked to the center of the lines that marked off the make-believe stage and sang "B-l-o-o-o m-o-o-on" in a quavery old lady's voice, very off key. When she was finished, Barris said, "Terrific. You want to be called Princess Ann, right?"

"Well," Ann said shyly, "I thought it was kind of cute."

"It's perfect," Barris replied. "Just perfect."

Then he closed his eyes, bent his knees and seemed to get lost in a casual but very loud rock-'n'-roll riff that he improvised on his guitar. Finally, he strummed a major chord, opened his eyes, looked at Ann and said with a

sweeping gesture of one arm: "You, my dear lady, are a Golden Gong Show Act."

Ann beamed with happiness. "Oh, Mr. Barris," she said, "thank you, thank you."

When Ann and I were out in the hall outside the studio once again, she dabbed at her eyes, which were misty, and confided, "I figure maybe I should have been a singer. But I never really had the chance. Isn't that a shame?"

I called her the next day to ask if I could go to Long Beach and interview her. Even though her audition had been successful, she was very upset about *The Gong Show*. "I watched the show on TV," she said, "and I don't see why they choose some of those acts. They could have got better ones, I know they could."

"Well, some of them are supposed to be bad," I said. "You're supposed to laugh at them."

"I don't understand it," she said. Rather than analyze the show right then, I suggested that since it was her night to go to the Lafayette Ballroom, perhaps we could go together.

"What's the matter?" she snapped. "Are you interested in dancing with old men?"

At eight P.M., I arrived in Long Beach. Very quickly, I began to think that maybe Ann was more than I had bargained for. The address she had given me was that of a stately old brick Catholic church and it was dark and securely locked. When I found a phone book and dialed her number, it rang and rang.

The next morning, however, she answered my call.

"Oh, I'm sorry I gave you that address," she said quickly. "But I always give people that number. You see, I don't like brown cars."

"Brown cars?"

"They always say, 'Yes, ma'am, yes, ma'am, we'll help you, ma'am,' and they never do. It's the CIA, I guess." She sighed. "They come and get you."

•

I heard from many people about the high that happens just before all the acts and contestants on a Barris show perform in front of a live audience—about the energy that builds in the room where the newlyweds, the swinging singles, the crazy ladies, the showbiz hopefuls, the models and the prostitutes wait for their moment on national television. I decided to see this chemical reaction for myself—at a Saturday rehearsal and taping of *The Gong Show*.

It begins at nine in the morning and ends at 11 that night. Five shows are taped and except for actual rehearsals with Barris, all of the acts are forbidden to leave the waiting room. They sit at long tables, drinking Cokes, sipping coffee, eating sandwiches and doughnuts and talking.

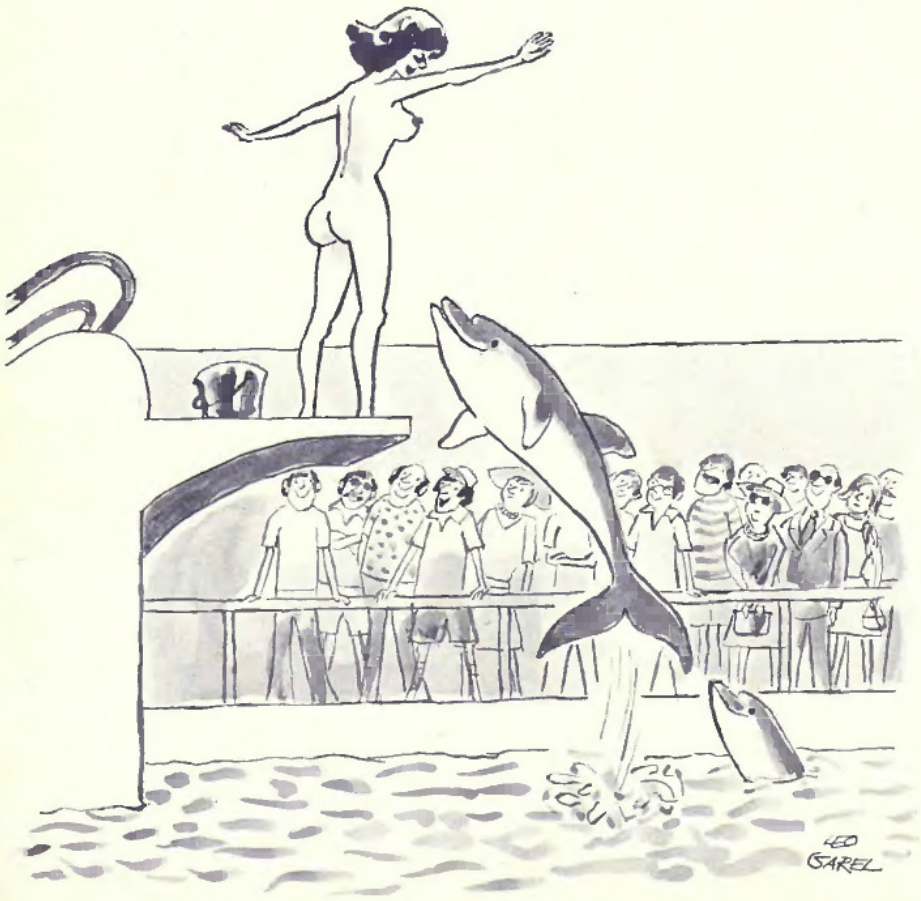
About four in the afternoon, a professional comic waved me over to his table and whispered, "It's about to begin." I asked him how he knew and he nodded toward a musician who had started to warm up his soprano sax. "It always starts this way," he said, and he gestured at all the tables full of expectant people, ready to burst like a champagne cork into national stardom. "The real musicians begin to jam and then it gets very wild."

Sure enough, the sax man started improvising quietly and a young country singer went over with his guitar. The two of them started working together, some more guitars and a clarinet pulled up chairs and everyone stopped talking. The musicians were really hot. Finally, a bubbly middle-aged woman with a large star pasted on her forehead and an autoharp in her arms shouted, "Let's get this thing going!" and she started strumming until the musicians picked up her tune. Within minutes, everyone in the room was singing and clapping to a rousing, happy, slightly hysterical rendition of *Goody, Goody*. A few girlish housewife types began to dance and they were joined by some black kids who were in a singing group at UCLA and knew their disco. Showbiz! It was the kind of moment they had all lived out a hundred times before, in their wildest dreams.

Then I recognized Ron DeVoe doing a high-energy jig off in a corner of the room. DeVoe had been pointed out to me as "the resident loony," but I was told that he had calmed down considerably since he first came onto the show; he was no longer going up to people and making faces at them. When I talked with Ron earlier, he told me that *The Gong Show* had changed his life. He was still living in a halfway house, but he had a job now—he was a member of AFTRA—and Barris Productions paid him more than $200 a week. He calls up every Friday to see if they want him and if they do, he goes down for a taping. Once, he had to get made up like a girl and wear a tutu and he was so freaked out by the experience that he can't remember whether or not he was gonged; but, generally, he likes to do whatever they dream up.

"I'm not acting like an asshole anymore," he told me. "People are recognizing me on the streets. I'm Ron DeVoe, star of *The Gong Show*."

Ron's dance got wilder and wilder and while everyone was clapping faster and faster, he moved toward the center of the room and was joined by a couple of black kids and a senior citizen dressed up as a bee. The guy with



"They really put on a show at feeding time, don't they?"

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
©1980 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
The Vantage Point
Where great taste and low tar meet
VANTAGE
100's
20 Low Tar Cigarettes
VANTAGE
20 Low Tar Cigarettes
VANTAGE
Menthol
20 Low Tar Cigarettes
FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine. FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

the sax was really wailing, and when they broke into *When the Saints Go Marching In*, the crowd started to cook like a party organizer's dream.

Not only does Chuck Barris have a novel, I said to myself, he has a movie.

•

" 'Rolling out the freaks'?" Barris said over breakfast at the Polo Lounge—the scene of all his early-morning appointments. "I know what you're talking about, of course I do. We're counting on a lot of people who misunderstand their own talent. Look, there are four types of acts that get gonged.

"First, there is a group of people who don't believe they're being laughed at. They're too dumb or too blocked.

"Second, there are some people who just want to belittle themselves in a masochistic way. Punish themselves. They think they're worthless. I'm not sure about this category, but I think there's something like that going on.

"Three, there's another group that is simply not sure of what they're doing. They're insulated in their homes and get a misconception of what their value is. Their families tell them to do it, or their friends do. They think they are talented and creative and they get befuddled out there on the stage.

"Four, there are people who know what *The Gong Show* is and expect to be laughed at. They understand what we're doing."

"You don't have any doubts," I said, "about the ethics of humiliating people who misunderstand their talent?"

"Anyone who takes *The Gong Show* seriously really has a problem and ought to go examine himself," he said. "*The Gong Show* is a light, entertaining, outrageous approach to talent. The name says it all. We don't take ourselves seriously. We know we're not a class show; we're not a class contribution to variety. If they think they're at Carnegie Hall, or at the Met, then that's their problem."

"You couldn't at least warn the crazies that they will probably be gonged?"

"How do we know who we should warn? Also, if we didn't have the crazies, we wouldn't have a show. No one would watch an ordinary amateur hour, the talent isn't that good. The show-business stories of people breaking through are just a bonus; the heart of our show is the crazies. Who am I to say that someone shouldn't go on the show if he wants to? I've seen people gonged and somehow the whole experience has given them all sorts of confidence."

"But we all have to protect crazy people from themselves, to some extent."

"How do you know I'm not crazy? Sometimes I wonder if I am, jumping up and down like an idiot on *The Gong Show*, when I could be writing a good screenplay."

"Come on. I mean the people in categories one, two and three."

"I received a letter yesterday from a woman who begged me not to put her sister on the show. She accused me of exploiting her, of all sorts of horrible things. But I saw her sister and I know she is having the time of her life preparing for the show. It's probably the most exciting thing that's ever happened to her. Why should I keep her off the show just because she embarrasses her family?"

Barris gets impatient talking about other people. "What I want to know," he said, "is why *I'm* not walking away from the show."

"Why aren't you?"

"I don't know."

He put his head in his hands and stared down into the depths of his melon. He ran his fingers through his tousled curly hair and looked up to find two men standing over him. They were ad salesmen who said they also had an appointment with him for breakfast. He apologized and said that his secretary didn't usually make those mistakes—book two appointments for one meal—but I said I had just one more question to ask him, so the admen smiled and retired to the lobby.

"I just want to be sure," I said to Barris, "of your attitude toward the people who are humiliated by the gong. If you like those crazies, why don't you warn them?"

"Who am I," he said, "to tell those people what to do? In their context, they may not be humiliated. They may be delighted, overjoyed, excited, happy. How can I make a character analysis that's clever enough to know if someone will be humiliated or not by being gonged? I know some of them take *The Gong Show* seriously. I've seen them. But that's *their* problem. If they can't make a judgment about *The Gong Show*, they probably can't make a judgment about very many other things in life."

•

If Barris is any bellwether, television will continue to heat up emotionally. Which mother-in-law is the least obnoxious? Which divorced couple can argue the best? On *Three's a Crowd*, a perfect Barris moment happened when a secretary said that everyone in the office knew that the wife made terrible spaghetti. The wife grabbed the scarf wrapped around the secretary's neck and tried to strangle her.

These shows, though they are so personal as to be slightly creepy, are not exploitive. After all, we've just passed through the Seventies. The people who get on television want to flaunt their sexuality, make naughty public statements, be funny, outrageous, spunky. Barris is simply in tune with the times.

But the question that still sticks in my throat after exploring Barris' minikingdom is the one that I keep asking but never get an answer to. What about the crazies?

Perhaps I should give the last word on this subject to a woman who was gonged and hurt. She is a beautiful Korean immigrant who doesn't speak English very well, but she learned very quickly about using and being used.

Myung Soon looked gorgeous onstage, in a long, filmy dress and black hair that hung down below her waist. She looked like a pro but sang completely off key and out of sync with the orchestra. After she was gonged, a Barris employee went up to her and asked if she were OK. She smiled politely and said yes, but I could see her face and knew differently.

In her apartment in Bellflower, California, three days later, she told me that she thought she had been used. A regular in the bar where she works as a cocktail waitress had encouraged her to go onto *The Gong Show*. He gave her a telephone number to call and said to use his name.

"He tell me he was doing me big favor," Myung said, "but I know now it was nothing. That number was in the newspaper. But still I think I am going to win. The one thing I have a deep relationship with is music and I know I can sing." She made me some tea, lit a joint and put on a record of *Misty Blue*. She stood in her living room, closed her eyes and belted out the torch song in a full, throaty voice that was mostly in the right key.

When the song ended, she said to me, "I couldn't do it with orchestra. I guess I couldn't hear it without a voice. But Chuck Barris, he didn't care. I told him something was wrong at rehearsal, but he said, 'You're perfect. You're just perfect.' Now I think he use me. He use my beauty, maybe. Maybe he want to get laugh. I feel very bad."

"You were using him to become a singer," I said. "He was using you to entertain his audience. I am using you for my story."

"When you grow up in Korea," Myung replied, "you learn that everything about America is so big and so good. I want to come here all my life, but now I think maybe people are not nice. Now I am talking to you and what will you say? If you don't like something about me, will you write it down? All I can say is that if there is something about me that you don't like, I'm sorry. I know I'm a good person. I hope you don't use me for laugh in your story."

DRAMBUIE OVER ICE WITH ELLA FITZGERALD.

AMERICAN JAMES BOND

(continued from page 198)

"Compared with his better-bred colleagues, this lumpen spy fairly reeked of gaucherie and naïveté."

earned him the decidedly inelegant nickname The Pear. Svelter men of greater sophistication and charm than he—men like Allen Dulles, Richard Helms and James Angleton—would dominate the CIA for the next quarter century; but it took Harvey, the FBI reject, to spot the Soviet spy in their midst.

Harvey had a fund of knowledge about Soviet espionage that was unmatched anywhere in the United States Government, and he was soon placed in charge of a tiny counterintelligence unit known as Staff C. "We'd all just gotten into the business," a member of Staff C said. "Harvey had experience in the bureau and had seen more than we had."

He "exuded missionary zeal," said a CIA officer named Peter Sichel. The impression was heightened by a lifelong thyroid condition that made his eyes bulge—"stand out on stems, practically," one member of Staff C said—as if he were a man possessed. Harvey's briefings, punctuated by the ritualistic clicking of his cigarette lighter, would last for hours as he disgorged almost verbatim the files of cases he had worked on. "He had an incredible memory for things in which he was involved," a senior officer in the agency said.

"He had everybody sitting on the edge of their chairs," a female staff member recalled, not because he was a spellbinding speaker but because "he spoke in a froglike voice that was at times so low that it was very difficult to hear."

As the CIA's leading expert on Soviet espionage, Harvey should have been in close contact with the bureau, but FBI agents dealt with him at their own peril. "We liked Bill and he was one of us," said a member of the bureau's Security Division, "but as far as Hoover was concerned, he was the enemy."

Such bureaucratic jealousies seemed particularly petty at a time when the United States had come upon new and startling evidence of Soviet espionage. Through a combination of good luck, hard work and Russian carelessness, the Armed Forces Security Agency had succeeded in breaking the theoretically unbreakable Soviet cipher. Among other things, the break disclosed the existence of a Soviet spy so well placed he could obtain the word-for-word text of a private telegram from Winston Churchill to Harry Truman.

Midway through World War Two, a gifted team of American cryptanalysts had mounted an attack against the Russian cipher system, using as their basic weapon the charred remnants of a Soviet code book that had been salvaged from a battlefield in Finland. The book contained a list of 999 five-digit code groups, each one representing a different letter, word or phrase. A large portion of the list had been destroyed by fire and what remained seemed of little value, since the Soviets employed a system of superencipherment in which random numerical values were added to the original five-digit code groups. Since each code group used a different additive, the effect was an infinity of codes.

To the American cryptanalysts, who had already mastered the intricacies of Japan's top diplomatic code, mere superencipherment did not pose an insurmountable obstacle. Through collateral intelligence, they could sometimes hazard an educated guess about the subject matter. But without a key to the constantly changing additive, the over-all system was still unbreakable—and would have remained so had not the Russians committed a colossal blunder.

Amid the confusion of war, Moscow had sent out duplicate sets of additives to various Soviet installations around the world. When the cryptanalysts discovered that the same series of additives had been used more than once, they had all the leverage they needed to break the Soviet cipher system. Having used guesswork to deduce the additives for a Soviet message intercepted in one part of the world, they could test those same additives against the massive backlog of messages intercepted in other parts of the world. Sooner or later, the same ones would appear and another message could be deciphered. It was an excruciatingly tedious task with less than perfect results.

One of the first Soviet spies to be undone by the code break was the German-born physicist Klaus Fuchs. On February 1, 1950, Hoover informed the White House that "we have just gotten word from England that we have gotten a full confession from one of the top scientists, who worked over here, that he gave the complete know-how of the atom bomb to the Russians."

In his confession, Fuchs said his American contact had been a chemist named "Raymond." Asked to pick out Raymond from a series of mug shots, Fuchs pointed to a picture of Harry Gold, a naturalized American citizen of Russian parentage. Gold gave a complete confession that led ultimately to the arrest, conviction and execution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.

The trial of the Rosenbergs would become one of the most disputed court cases of the century, in part because the Government, hoping to protect its most secret source, never introduced one of the most damaging pieces of evidence against them: the decoded traffic from the New York–to–Moscow channel. The Rosenbergs were identified in the traffic only by cryptonyms, but the picture that emerged of a husband-and-wife team of agents matched them precisely, even down to the fact that the woman's brother was a part of the plot. At the trial, Ethel's brother, David Greenglass, who had worked on the bomb at Los Alamos, was the chief prosecution witness, having admitted his role in return for leniency.

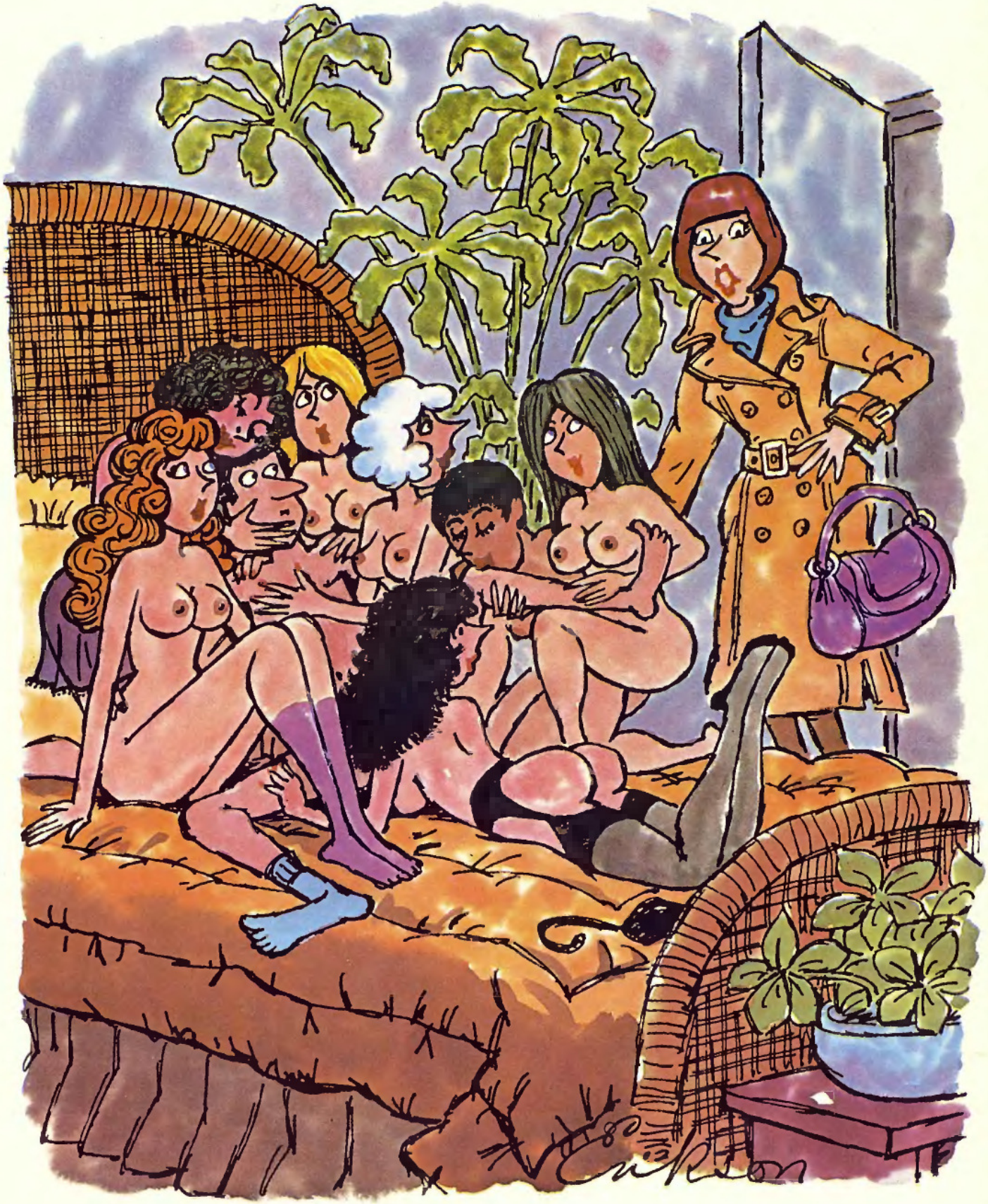
If made public, the evidence contained in the intercepts would have stilled much of the controversy surrounding not only the Rosenberg trial but several other espionage cases as well. Sometimes the evidence fell short of convincing; other times, however, it was convincing beyond doubt, as when Moscow changed its agents' cryptonyms by transmitting a message listing both their true identities and their new cryptonyms.

The breaking of the Soviet cipher could have tipped the scales of the secret war in favor of the West as surely as had the cracking of the German Enigma code in World War Two. In 1948, however, the Soviets suddenly modified their cipher system in a way that made it once again unbreakable. Two years later, investigators discovered that the Soviets had been alerted to the code break by William Weisband, a disloyal employee of the Armed Forces Security Agency. The man who betrayed America's ultrasecret was never prosecuted for his crime, since a public trial would have required revelation of the code break. Instead, Weisband was sentenced to one year in jail for failing to answer a summons to appear before a grand jury.

Astoundingly, the British officer assigned to work with the FBI in tracking down the Soviet spies whose cryptonyms appeared in the traffic was Kim Philby, a top agent of MI6, the British counterpart to the CIA. He was also a Soviet spy.

His assignment was a logical one, since he had once been in charge of British counterintelligence operations against the Soviet Union. In retrospect, it seemed possible that Philby's Soviet handlers had instructed him to engineer his assignment to Washington after they learned about the code break from Weisband. Whether by accident or by design, Russian intelligence was able to monitor the FBI's efforts to unravel the Soviet spy nets.

The FBI's search for the Soviet agent who had stolen the Churchill-to-Truman



"My husband! . . . My best friend! . . . My college roommate! . . . My tennis instructor! . . . My decorator! . . . My real-estate agent! . . . My hairdresser! . . . My tarot-card reader!"

telegram had dragged on for the better part of two years with no break in sight. "We had received some dozen reports referring to the source, who appeared in the documents under the code name Homer, but little progress had been made toward identifying him," Philby later wrote in his memoirs. Philby knew who Homer was and could gauge exactly how close the investigators were coming. All the while, cryptanalysts continued to pore over the intercepts, searching for some clue that might give Homer's identity away. Philby received drop copies of the messages as they were decoded by the Armed Forces Security Agency, and it must have been chilling for him to see his own Soviet cryptonym appear in the decoded material. How long would it be until some reference in the traffic gave his own identity away? As it turned out, a dinner party Philby gave in the spring of 1951 would do as much harm to his cause as the intercepts.

Libby Harvey, as was increasingly her habit, had had too much to drink. "This is god-awful," she proclaimed in a loud voice, jabbing at the roast beef on her plate. Her dinner partner, Robert Lamphere of the FBI, tried without success to shush her. She was right about the roast beef, though. It was cold. Philby had let the cocktail hour go too long, and that had done neither the roast beef nor Libby any good.

Libby was poised at the top of a long slide into alcoholism. Her sister back in Kentucky blamed it on the "highfalutin society in Washington."

One of Harvey's CIA colleagues said the same thing from a different perspective. "Libby was an awfully nice girl who came from humble origins. He started to move up in the world. He moved too fast for Libby. She couldn't keep up." That statement had an unintended *double-entendre*, for Harvey had acquired a considerable reputation as a skirt chaser.

One of Libby's friends in Kentucky claimed that Harvey plied his wife with liquor in order to keep her submissive while he went about his extramarital activities. "He fed it to her," Libby's friend said with undisguised venom. Another friend said that Libby drank only to keep pace with her husband, who had his own drinking problem. According to Philby, "The first time [Harvey] dined at my house . . . he fell asleep over the coffee and sat snoring gently until midnight, when his wife took him away, saying, 'Come, now, Daddy, it's time you were in bed.' " The second time the Harveys dined at Philby's, it would have been a merciful blessing had Libby fallen asleep over her roast beef.

Dinner over, Philby and his guests adjourned to the living room for more drinking. Sensing that the evening was getting out of hand, Lamphere said his goodbyes as soon as decency permitted, departing before the arrival of Philby's old friend and house guest, the outrageous Guy Burgess. In 1950, Burgess had been assigned to the British embassy in Washington as a second secretary, and Philby had taken him into his house. Now, after barely a year in Washington, Burgess was on the verge of being recalled to London for abusing his diplomatic privileges.

Outrageous though he was, Burgess was too irrepressible and too witty to be ignored. He had a reputation as a caricaturist and was fond of telling how he had drawn a sketch of a wartime meeting of the British admiralty that had to be classified top secret. The besotted Libby fulfilled Lamphere's premonition of disaster by begging Burgess to sketch her. He obliged with an obscene cartoon of Libby, legs spread, dress hiked above her waist and crotch bared. Harvey swung at Burgess and missed. The party was about to degenerate into a drunken brawl. A friend quickly steered Harvey to the door and walked him around the block to cool off while Libby regained her composure. Burgess continued as though nothing had happened. The evening ended without further violence and the guests staggered off into the night. The entire incident might have been blessedly forgotten, had it not crossed paths with the search for source Homer.

The cryptanalysts had at last succeeded in breaking out a solid lead from the intercepts: Homer had met with his Soviet contact twice a week in New York. The pattern of activity corresponded precisely with that of Donald Maclean, the former second secretary in the British embassy. During his stay in Washington, Maclean had traveled to New York twice a week to visit his pregnant wife, Melinda, who was staying with her American mother.

When he first fell under suspicion in the spring of 1951, Maclean was head of the Foreign Office's American Department in London. He was placed under surveillance and denied further access to sensitive documents. Meanwhile, Burgess had arrived in London to face a disciplinary board for his indiscretions in the United States. The two were seen lunching together on several occasions.

On Friday morning, May 25, 1951, the Foreign Office authorized MI5, the British equivalent of the FBI, to interrogate Maclean the following Monday. At almost precisely the same moment, Burgess was telling a young companion he had picked up during his transatlantic crossing that they might have to scrap their plans for a weekend in France. "A young friend of mine in the Foreign Office is in serious trouble," he said. "I am the only one who can help him." That afternoon, Burgess rented an Austin and drove to Maclean's home in the outlying suburb of Tatsfield. MI5 sleuths tailed Maclean as he left his offices in Whitehall and walked to the Charing Cross station to catch the 5:19 train, but they dropped their surveillance there. At 11:45 that night, Burgess and Maclean pulled up to the slip at Southampton and boarded the cross-Channel night boat for Saint-Malo. A sailor shouted after them, asking what they planned to do about the Austin left on the pier. "Back on Monday," they called. Later, a taxicab driver testified that he had driven two men resembling Burgess and Maclean from Saint-Malo to Rennes, where he thought they had caught a train for Paris. They were not seen again until 1956, when they appeared at a press conference in Moscow.

Philby later wrote in his memoirs that it was from Geoffrey Paterson, the MI5 representative in Washington, that he first learned that Burgess and Maclean were missing. "The bird has flown," he quoted Paterson as saying.

"What bird?" Philby asked, knowing full well. "Not Maclean?" he said with appropriate consternation.

"Yes," Paterson replied, "but there's worse than that . . . Guy Burgess has gone with him."

"At that," Philby subsequently recounted, "my consternation was no pretense." His last words to Burgess when seeing him off for London had been, "Don't you go, too." But Burgess had gone anyway and, in doing so, had linked Philby to the case as one of the handful of people who both knew Burgess and were aware of the suspicions against Maclean.

The CIA's dilemma was only slightly less perplexing than Philby's. The agency could not comfortably share its secrets with someone so indiscreet as to open his house to the egregious Burgess. Yet the mere fact that Philby had befriended Burgess hardly seemed sufficient ground upon which to repudiate the official representative of MI6, embittering relations with the British and, in the bargain, damaging a man's career—a brilliant one, at that. But Bedell Smith, the new director of the CIA, confronted the problem head on. He began by directing every agent who had known Burgess to write down everything he knew about the missing diplomat.

Harvey would later tell friends that it had come to him as he sat stalled in traffic one morning on his way to work. That moment in which the anomalies in Philby's career resolved into a pattern of betrayal where others could see only untoward coincidence had been hard earned. It had come from years of working with the files, so that an isolated incident could lodge somewhere in the back of his mind to be recalled when new developments suddenly gave it meaning. It had come from the Bentley

WOW. WHAT WAS THAT?

Something very special is taking to the roads of America. A totally unique variety of two-wheel transportation: The Vespa scooter.

There have been more than 6 million Vespa scooters and 2 million Vespa mopeds sold around the world, with good reason.

The Vespa scooter's superior convenience and comfort has made it a valuable supplement to the automobile. You ride inside—clean and quiet—with your feet securely on the floor.

The low center of gravity increases control and maneuverability.

The engine, fuel tank and direct drive system are all below and behind you, in a welded, unitized body.

The top models offer freeway speed power plus electronic ignition, automatic oil injection, hydraulic front and rear suspension and a hidden spare tire.

Rather than being all engine and tires, the Vespa scooter is all beauty. Its exquisite Italian design is a remarkable pairing of panache and practicality. Over 30 years of engineering excellence and experience guarantees it. It's all in a machine that wiggles in and out of traffic while delivering between 70 and 140 mpg. Plus a 12-month, unlimited mileage warranty.

For a test ride, see your Vespa dealer now. Look in the Yellow Pages or write us for nearest location. And next time your friends wonder what went by—it'll be you.

Mileage is based on CUNA Standards. Yours may vary. Check with your Vespa dealer.
Vespa Limited Warranty
Wear helmet and eye protection. Check local laws.
Vespa of America, Consumer Relations,
355 Valley Orive, Brisbane, CA 94005.

PIAGGIO GROUP

vespa®

THE UNCOMMON CARRIER

©1980 VESPA OF AMERICA

and Hiss cases, which had convinced him that good breeding was not a bar to treason—and, in fact, was a positive incentive. It had come from the social snubs, real or imagined, that fed his distrust of the establishment. And, finally, it had come from the obscene insult to his wife, which had fixed the relationship of Philby and Burgess with outraged clarity in his mind.

Smith forwarded Harvey's memo to MI6 in London with a cover letter stating that Philby was no longer welcome as the British liaison officer in Washington. Working from Harvey's premise, MI5 compiled a dossier against Philby, listing his left-wing youth, his sudden conversion to fascism, the flight of Burgess and Maclean and much more. "I have toted up the ledger and the debits outnumber the assets," the head of MI5 informed the CIA.

In July of 1954, President Dwight Eisenhower directed Lieutenant General James Doolittle to undertake "a comprehensive study of the covert activities of the Central Intelligence Agency" and to "make any recommendations calculated to improve the conduct of these operations." Two months later, Doolittle handed Eisenhower a 69-page top-secret report that confirmed what everybody then realized: The CIA was losing the secret war against the K.G.B.

Doolittle recommended a number of specific remedies; more fundamentally, he urged the CIA to become "more ruthless" than the K.G.B. "If the United States is to survive, long-standing American concepts of 'fair play' must be reconsidered," he said. The Doolittle report foreshadowed much of what the CIA, and Harvey in particular, would undertake in the ensuing years. Harvey had already been named chief of the CIA's base in Berlin and was hard at work on a "technical avenue of approach to the intelligence problem."

Harvey's first overseas assignment marked a merciful end to his increasingly unhappy life with Libby. Their marriage was breaking under the strain of his infidelity and her drinking, and on more than one occasion had degenerated into physical violence. He would fly into a rage, "throw glasses, card table, anything he could pick up," Libby testified during the divorce proceedings. She went home to Kentucky and Harvey escaped with their five-year-old adopted son to Berlin.

Soon after the divorce became final, Harvey married a WAC major named Clara Grace Follich, whom he had met at the CIA station in Frankfurt. The newlyweds adopted a daughter, an infant who had been left on the doorstep of another CIA officer's home by an East German woman who wanted her child to grow up free. Harvey's friends kidded him that his daughter was the ultimate Soviet penetration agent. "Is this kid wired?" they cracked.

"Knock it off," he grumbled.

If Harvey's reputation preceded him to Berlin, he did not disappoint. His drinking would become legend during his years there, and his capacity, like his growing bulk, was enormous. On a trip to Copenhagen, he checked in at the Hotel D'Angleterre in midafternoon and waited at the bar to meet the local station chief for dinner. The station chief arrived to find the bartender staring in wonder as Harvey downed his seventh double martini. They adjourned to the dining room, where Harvey ordered another round and wine with dinner. At home, he served his guests martinis in water goblets.

The action in Berlin was wide open and rough. The walls of Harvey's office were lined with racks of firearms, and a thermite bomb perched atop each safe, ready for the emergency destruction of files in the event of a Russian invasion. When Harvey arrived in that wild West of espionage, he ordered all CIA officers to carry sidearms when conducting operations. He himself "kept three or four in his desk and never fewer than two on him." At a square-dancing party one warm summer evening in Berlin, Harvey was perspiring profusely under a heavy tweed sports jacket but rejected all suggestions that he take it off. "Can't," he growled, flipping open the jacket to reveal a pearl-handled revolver strapped under each sweaty armpit. Why not check the guns at the door? one of the gaping onlookers asked. "Can't," Harvey growled again. "When you need 'em, you need 'em in a hurry."

To most of his colleagues, Harvey's guns seemed like so much braggadocio or window dressing, a melodramatic exaggeration of the dangers he faced. Others saw them as a hangover from his FBI days that did not belong in the subtler and more sophisticated world of espionage. Shortly after he arrived in Berlin, Harvey was visited by Frank Wisner, head of the CIA's clandestine services, who asked to be taken to meet the mayor. Wisner squeezed into the back seat of Harvey's car with Mike Burke and Tracy Barnes of the Frankfurt station. Harvey got behind the wheel with a gun jammed in his belt, turned to an aide sitting next to him and barked, "Finger the turns"—FBI lingo meaning point the way. "It was like a grade-C movie," Burke related.

Later, when Wisner was preparing to return to Washington aboard an ocean liner, he received a *bon voyage* telegram from Barnes saying, "Don't forget to finger the terns"—meaning gulls.

The same men who enjoyed their bons mots at Harvey's expense had put him where he was, and Berlin during the Fifties was the front line of the secret war between the CIA and the K.G.B.—and the site of the most daring foray in the secret war. Carl Nelson of the CIA's Office of Communications had recently made a discovery that promised to yield the biggest intelligence bonanza since the wartime code break that had uncovered source Homer. Nelson had invented a way to tap into Soviet telephone and telegraph lines and monitor the traffic, not in its encoded form but in plain text. Very simply, he had discovered that as the Soviet cipher machine electrically encrypted a message from the clear text to a meaningless jumble of letters, it gave off faint echoes—Nelson called them transients or artifacts—of the clear text, which traveled along the wire with the enciphered message.

The CIA moved rapidly to exploit Nelson's discovery in Berlin that, second only to Moscow, was the hub of the Soviet communications system. The only way to reach the Soviet land lines in East Berlin was via a tunnel that would have to originate in the western sector and burrow hundreds of yards across a heavily patrolled border into the eastern half of the city. No one had ever attempted anything like it. British intelligence had some experience in the highly specialized art of vertical tunneling and had developed a method for digging upward through soft soil without having the roof collapse. For this operation, the Americans and the British would have to pool their resources. The project was code-named GOLD and Harvey was placed in over-all command.

The cables made their closest approach to Western territory at the city's extreme southern edge, a sparsely settled expanse of farm land and refugee shacks known as Altglienecke. Still 1000 feet from the border, they lay just 18 inches beneath a drainage ditch on the far side of Schönefelder Chaussee, a heavily traveled highway linking the main Soviet air base in Germany with East Berlin.

Harvey flew back to Washington to brief Dulles, Wisner, Helms and other senior agency officials on the plan. "There were those who manifested reservations," a CIA document noted dryly, but those reservations paled in the face of Harvey's fervor. "Without Harvey there would have been no tunnel," one officer said. "The easy thing was to say no and be on the safe side and not take a chance, but Harvey would keep badgering the chiefs, stripping away their objections."

Early in 1954, two teams of Army engineers began work on the tunnel at sites 6000 miles apart. In Berlin, a Corps of Engineers unit started construction of a warehouse directly over the spot chosen for the mouth of the tunnel. In New Mexico, at the White Sands Missile Proving Ground, 16 hand-picked Army sergeants sank a test tunnel in the desert.

The commander of the engineers in

© 1980 Dexter Shoe Company, 31 St. James Avenue, Boston, MA 02116

Dexter Lite

Dexter's new Lite shoes are causing some minor disagreements.

For those who want to keep light on their feet all day, the noticeable lack of weight of Dexter Lites is a very good reason to like them.

But then there are those who are more concerned about pure comfort. Dexter Lites are so soft and flexible, they feel like slippers on your feet.

Fortunately, everyone seems to agree on one thing. With Dexter styling, craftsmanship, comfort and light weight, Dexter Lites are everything you always wanted in shoes.

Dexter
Shoemakers to America

Remember, the safety of any tire depends on wear, load, proper inflation and driving conditions.

FIRST CLAS/S

You care about tires. Your brand of driving demands a special tire...a Super Stone like the Firestone S/S Radial. We engineered the S/S Radial with two tough fiberglass stabilizer belts and a surefooted tread to deliver quick response where and when you need it. And the S/S Radial shows a lot of class to match the action with block outline, high rise, raised white letters that give your wheels that show-car look.

STONES

Firestone

S/S RADIALS. THE FIRST CLASS STONES.

Berlin could not understand why a warehouse had to have a basement with a 12-foot ceiling. In the strictest of confidence, Washington explained that he was not really building a warehouse but a radar-intercept station designed to look like one. Washington did not explain that no sooner would the basement be finished than another crew of engineers would start to fill it in with the 3100 tons of dirt that would be produced by a tunnel 1476 feet long and six and a half feet in diameter.

In New Mexico, the crew of 16 sergeants successfully completed a 450-foot test tunnel through soil of approximately the same composition as in Berlin. Abandoning the New Mexico tunnel, they flew to Richmond, Virginia, where the material needed for Operation GOLD was being assembled in a real Army warehouse. The 125 tons of steel liner plates that would be bolted together to form the tunnel walls were sprayed with a rubberized coating to prevent them from clanging during construction. All the equipment was packed in crates labeled SPARE PARTS and OFFICE SUPPLIES, shipped by sea to the German port of Bremerhaven, placed aboard the regularly scheduled supply train for Berlin and, finally, trucked to the new warehouse in Altglienecke.

By August of 1954, the warehouse was ready. The ground floor was stocked to capacity with crates of "spare parts" and "office supplies." Below, the cavernous basement stood empty, waiting to be filled with dirt.

Starting from a point in the easternmost corner of the warehouse basement, the soldiers sank a vertical shaft 18 feet in diameter to a depth of 20 feet, then drove pilings halfway into the floor of the shaft. Next, a steel ring six and a half feet in diameter and fitted with hydraulic jacks around its circumference was lowered into place. Braced against the exposed section of the pilings, the ring, or "shield," was fitted flush against the tunnel's face. Everything was then ready for the long subterranean journey eastward toward Schönefelder Chaussee.

Three men attacked the tunnel face with pick and shovel. After excavating to a depth of two inches, they shoved the shield forward by jacking it against the pilings. Over and over again, the process was repeated: Excavate, jack forward, excavate, jack forward. After advancing a foot, the diggers were able to bolt the first ring of steel liner plate into place. After another foot of progress, a second ring of liner plate. Plugs in the face of each plate were uncapped and mortar was pumped under pressure to fill any voids between the tunnel walls and the surrounding earth, leaving no room for "slump."

The sergeants worked in eight-hour

"Well . . . uh . . . no, your Eminence . . . it's not exactly a flying machine."

shifts round the clock—three men at the face with pick and shovel, two loading the spoil into a box that was picked up by a forklift and hauled back to the mouth of the tunnel, where a winch raised it to the basement. Some was packed in sandbags and stacked along the sides of the tunnel. Ventilation ducts were placed on top of the sandbags, bringing a stream of chilled air to the sweating men at the tunnel face.

The tunnel was completed on February 25, 1955, a long, thin catheter ready to draw off the secrets of the Soviet military command in Berlin. Harvey walked along its length until he stood directly beneath the Schönefelder Chaussee. The final 50 feet were separated from the rest of the tunnel by a heavy door of steel and concrete designated against the inevitable day the operation would be blown and the *Vopos* would come storming through. At Harvey's instruction, the door bore a neatly lettered inscription that warned in both German and Russian: ENTRY IS FORBIDDEN BY ORDER OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL.

Now it was up to the British to install the taps. A second shield was brought in to dig the vertical shaft up to the cables. The technique was the same as before, except that the face of the shield was fitted with slats to keep the ceiling of the shaft from crashing down on the workmen. Finally, three black rubber-sheathed cables, each one as thick as a man's arm, emerged from the ceiling. With the help of a hydraulic jack, they were pulled downward into the tap chamber, so that the technicians could have some headroom in which to work. The British technicians painstakingly clipped wires to the rainbow of color-coded circuits at their finger tips. The wires carried the signal down to banks of amplifiers in the tunnel and back up to rejoin the circuit.

Processing the take was a task of staggering proportions. The three cables contained a total of 172 circuits carrying a minimum of 18 channels each. Recordings of the telegraph circuits were flown to Washington, where Nelson's invention could sort out the plain-text artifacts from the encoded signals. Tapes of phone conversations went to London, where a team of White Russian *émigrés* waited to translate them. In Washington, the tapes were delivered to building T-32, one of the World War Two "tempos" that disfigured the Mall. The floors of T-32, known as "the Hosiery Mill" because of the many strands of communications intelligence that came together there, sagged under the weight of the machinery assembled to process the tapes.

The heart of the system was "the bumblebee," so called because, like the real bumblebee, all the laws of physics decreed that it would never get off the ground. The bumblebee played the tapes at 60 inches per second, four times the speed at which the captured signals had originally been transmitted, breaking down the 18 channels of each circuit into separate recordings—"demuxing," in the communicators' jargon. The 18 separate recordings were then placed on slow-speed recorders linked to teletype machines that printed out the message in clear text at 100 words per minute. The printed messages, still in their original Russian or German, were ripped from the teletypes and hand-carried to translators and analysts on the floors above.

The "American James Bond" was no one's leading man—except in the CIA's war with the K.G.B. At left, William K. Harvey's FBI photo; at right, he and first wife, Libby, with a young niece.

In 1951, British intelligence officer Kim Philby was identified by Harvey as a Soviet spy. Philby later defected to Russia.

After 11 months, Harvey's Berlin tunnel was finally capped with this sign: YOU ARE NOW ENTERING THE AMERICAN SECTOR.

Harvey enlisted *mafioso* Johnny Roselli to kill Castro. Here, Roselli leaves after testifying at the 1975 Senate hearings.

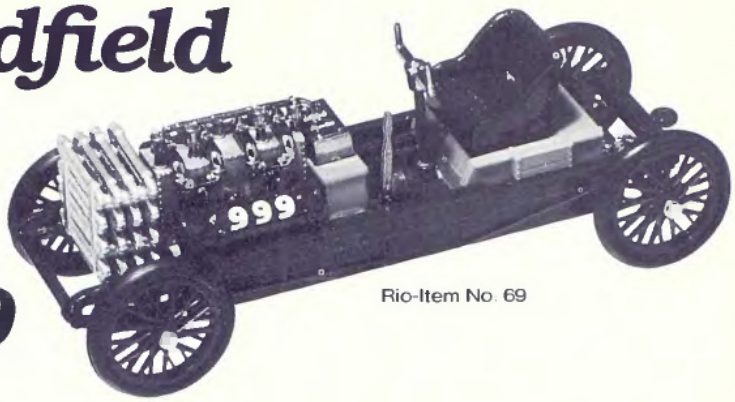
On April 21, 1956, the microphone in the tap chamber picked up an alarming sound—voices exclaiming at what had been found. A CIA document attributed the discovery to "unfortunate circumstances beyond our control—a combination of the fact that one of the cables was in very poor physical condition . . . and a long period of unusually heavy rainfall. It appeared that water entered the cable in sufficient quantity to make it inoperative, thus necessitating digging up sections of the cable and causing discovery of the tap."

But for 11 months and 11 days, the tunnel had kept on the Soviet pulse. The Russian army could not have made a military move anywhere in Europe without tipping its hand via the tunnel. When the CIA was set up in 1947, Secretary of State George Marshall was reported to have said, "I don't care what the CIA does. All I want from them is 24 hours' notice of a Soviet attack." Harvey's Hole, as the tunnel became known, had put the CIA in a position to do just that, and had done it at a time when the agency had virtually no other assets behind the Iron Curtain.

At a secret ceremony, Dulles singled out Harvey for special praise and awarded him the Distinguished Intelligence Medal. It was a moment to savor as Dulles heartily slapped him on the back for a job well done. In the years since Harvey had been cashiered from the FBI, he had earned a reputation as America's top spy, the man who had both uncovered Kim Philby, the K.G.B.'s most valued penetration of the West, and overseen Operation GOLD, the CIA's most valued penetration of the Iron Curtain. But for William Harvey, life would never again be so sweet.

Over Christmas of 1960, a Polish intelligence officer named Michael Goleniewski crossed into West Berlin and into the waiting arms of the CIA. Goleniewski had planned his defection well. In the months before his flight from Warsaw, he had stashed hundreds of pages of photographed documents in a hollow tree trunk. By defecting at the start of the long Christmas holiday, he had given himself and the CIA a few extra days before his absence would be

999 Barney Oldfield Ford 999's free to the first 999 collectors.



Rio-Item No. 69

So don't expect to see this ad again.

From Rio—The finest name in automotive miniatures.

The Barney Oldfield Ford 999 is just one of 69 models in the Rio collection of vintage automotive metal miniatures.

Names that live on as legends—Duesenberg, Lincoln, Bugatti, Hispano Suiza, Rolls Royce—are reproduced with exquisite care in 1:43 scale. The average Rio car consists of over 70 components. Each one has a fine enamel finish, is oven-baked and is assembled by hand in Italy.

They have doubled in value in five years.

For Rio Vintage Automotive miniatures are not toys. They are collectible and very rare tributes to the original cars that inspired them. A miniature built with such care takes considerable production skill and time. In fact, less than 100,000 cars a year are good enough to leave the Rio factory. About 12,000 a year come to the U.S. through their exclusive importer, Model Expo. That means only a few hundred examples of each model are available to the whole country each year.

Why are we giving away something worth $15.

You'd think an item as rare as this would be the last thing we'd want to give away. But we think we know our product. We're sure that from the first moment you receive your free Barney Oldfield Ford 999, you'll recognize the potential value of owning the entire Rio collection.

We want to send you a free Barney Oldfield Ford 999 when you decide to make your first purchase, so you can see for yourself the intricacy of the workmanship, the way the parts fit together, and the fine detail work. We would like you to experience the pride that comes from owning a true collector's piece.

Obviously, this is not a privilege we can extend to everyone. That's why you're only going to see this offer once. Only the first 999 people who decide to become collectors will be able to receive the Barney Oldfield Ford 999. After that we'll regretfully have to return your request. So act now to get your free gift, by sending us your enrollment form and first order.

How to start collecting Rio miniatures

Prices of Rio cars vary from $15 to $30 depending on the model. The majority are $20 each. Those selected for shipment in 1980 will be at $20 each.

To become a Rio collector complete the application form, send us your credit card authorization or check for $20 to buy the first model, and we'll send you your free Barney Oldfield Ford 999. Please assist us with $1 for postage and handling.

Within 30 days of receiving your application and payment, your first Rio selection will be on its way to complement your free Barney Oldfield 999. The first selection you receive will be one of the models pictured below and will be sent on the basis of availability. Model Expo Inc. makes the selection. Every 30 days thereafter you can look forward to receiving a different Rio selection.

Please apply now, because we are *definitely* limited to 999 collectors.

Our guarantee

The application form you submit does not constitute a contract, but it does commit you to payment and purchase of one Rio model. You may cancel your enrollment at any time.

If within 30 days you are not totally satisfied with any Rio car you receive, we'll be happy to return your money in full.

Model Expo. Inc., 23 Just Road
Fairfield, New Jersey 07006

Yes. I want to be a Rio collector!

Enclosed is $1 to cover postage and handling for the Rio #69 Barney Oldfield Ford 999 which you will send to me as a free gift when I send payment for my first Rio selection. I understand that I can only receive a free Barney Oldfield Ford 999 once I have ordered and paid for a subsequent selection.

☐ I authorize you by my signature to bill my first as well as subsequent selections to my credit card at $20 each during 1980.

Credit Card ☐ American Express ☐ Mastercharge ☐ Visa

Card No. _____

Exp. date _____

Signature _____

☐ I prefer to pay by check or money order. I enclose $1 for postage and handling, plus $20 for my next Rio car, for a total of $21. I understand that I will be billed prior to shipment of each subsequent monthly selection.

I understand that I can cancel my enrollment at any time by requesting in writing that no more selections be sent to me. 30 days is required to stop delivery and will be measured from the date of the postmark.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

I also understand that my application form as well as any check or credit card authorization will be returned if 999 applications prior to my own are received by Model Expo Inc. The 999 will be selected on the basis of the *first* 999 received.

P8 W 480

"Penalties against possession of a drug should not be more damaging to an individual than the use of the drug itself.

. . . Nowhere is this more clear than in the laws against possession of marijuana in private for personal use. . . . The National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse concluded 5 years ago that marijuana use should be decriminalized, and I believe it is time to implement those basic recommendations.

"Therefore, I support legislation amending Federal law to eliminate all Federal criminal penalties for the possession of up to 1 ounce of marijuana."

—President Jimmy Carter
Message to Congress, 8/2/77

Today repressive pot laws are still disrupting the lives and careers of responsible, productive people — and wasting millions of tax dollars on fruitless police and court action. NORML has helped win the fight for humane laws in ten states. We need your help to finish the job once and for all.

PB480

Give justice a hand...

☐ **YES.** Here's my $15 annual membership fee (students $10). Send me *THE LEAFLET,* Special Reports, Action Alerts, unique product offerings, a NORML button and...more!

☐ **RUSH ME** the following NORML items. Sales proceeds help, too.

NORML®
___BUMPER STICKERS @ 2 for $1.00
___MATCHES (50 books) @ $3.50
___GOLD LEAF PINS @ $1.25
___T-SHIRTS @ $5.00 S___ M___ L___ XL___

___BUMPER STICKERS @ 2 for $1.00
___LAPEL PINS @ $1.25
___T-SHIRTS @ $5.00 S___ M___ L___ XL___

☐ I'm not a joiner, but here's a contribution $_____.
☐ Send along additional information.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP_____

Please print. Enclose 50¢ for postage.

NORML NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR THE REFORM OF MARIJUANA LAWS
2317 M STREET, NW, WASHINGTON, DC 20037

This ad has been prepared as a public service and the space was donated by the publication.

noted and the alarm sounded—time enough to signal the lone CIA man in Warsaw to empty the hollow tree.

Spirited away to a CIA safe house in a suburb of Washington, Goleniewski told his interrogators about a Soviet spy inside the MI6 (British Intelligence) in Berlin, a lead that aroused suspicion against one George Blake.

Over Easter of 1961, Blake was recalled to London for questioning. "Blake broke at a time when there was hardly another question left to ask him," one CIA officer said. "If Blake had held out, they would not have had a case." After a brief trial, conducted almost entirely in secret, Blake was sentenced to 42 years in prison, one of the longest sentences ever handed down by a British court. The information that Blake had passed on to the Russians "has rendered much of this country's efforts completely useless," the judge said.

William Harvey didn't need a British judge to tell him that. In December 1953, he had sat at a conference table in London and discussed plans for the Berlin tunnel with his British counterparts while Blake kept the official minutes of the meeting. "He knew every detail of what we were doing," said Carl Nelson, mastermind of the tunnel.

•

By 1961, Harvey had been reassigned to CIA headquarters as head of Staff D, a small agency component responsible for communications intercepts. There, at the direction of Richard Bissell, then head of the CIA's clandestine services, Harvey had begun work on the "application of ZR/RIFLE program to Cuba."

Bissell called it "executive action." Harvey called it "the magic button" and the "last resort beyond last resort and confession of weakness." He made a note to himself never to call it by its true name. "Never mention word assassination," he scribbled.

The CIA had tried to kill Fidel Castro at the time of the Bay of Pigs invasion, but the attempt had disintegrated into what one of the plotters called "a Keystone comedy act." Much more stringent requirements were laid down for Harvey's operation. "Maximum security" and "nonattributability" were the primary guidelines specified in the executive-action file. "KUBARK only," the file commanded, employing the cryptonym used internally to identify the CIA.

The first step would be the "search"—to find and recruit the assassin. KUTUBE/D, the agency's cryptonym for Staff D, was already conducting a search for agents who could be recruited to steal the code books of other nations. That would be used as the cover for the search for a killer. The KUTUBE/D search had been given the code name RIFLE, which, now that it served the ends of executive action, was an appropriate description of what was involved.

To conduct the search, Harvey already had the perfect asset. According to one of his CIA handlers, the man code-named QJ/WIN was capable of anything. A CIA memo said that he was recruited in Frankfurt November 1, 1960, to undertake a one-shot mission to the Belgian Congo, a mission that "potentially involved great risk." The memo was characteristically vague about what exactly the mission had been, though the author must have chuckled over his reference to "one-shot," since other documents left no doubt that WIN had been dispatched to arrange "the assassination of Patrice Lumumba." Lumumba had died exactly as the CIA planned, but the agency for all its scheming was not responsible. It had not had such good luck with Castro, and Bissell hoped Harvey could change that.

ZR/RIFLE was only a small portion of what the Kennedy Administration proposed to throw against Castro. A major new covert-action program would build a revolution inside Cuba. Agents assigned to Task Force W would be infiltrated to make contact with what few pockets of political resistance remained after the Bay of Pigs and to build an insurgent movement gradually that would gather support from a population increasingly disgruntled with Castro's mismanagement of the economy, a mismanagement aided and abetted by economic warfare waged overtly with a trade embargo and covertly with sabotage. The program would require a Government-wide effort, for which the President's brother, according to a White House memo, "would be the most effective commander."

Instead, Kennedy chose as his Cuba commander Brigadier General Edward Lansdale, a CIA operative who had fought against Communist insurgents in the Philippines and Vietnam. Lansdale was a romantic figure of considerable proportions—the stuff of which two novels, Graham Greene's *The Quiet American* and William Lederer's *The Ugly American*, were made.

To oversee Lansdale, a special panel was formed, chaired by the President's military representative, General Maxwell Taylor, and including national-security advisor McGeorge Bundy and CIA director John McCone, among others. The panel was augmented by one other member, the President's brother. Bobby Kennedy would give the panel both its official title—Special Group (Augmented)—and its sense of urgency.

Code-named MONGOOSE, the operation—with Harvey once again the CIA's point man—was doomed to fail from the start. The CIA's Board of National Estimates had already concluded that "it is highly improbable that an extensive popular uprising could be fomented" against Castro. Even Castro's death "would almost certainly not prove fatal to the regime." But the Administration's obsession with overthrowing Castro was beyond the reach of reason. "We were hysterical about Castro," Defense Secretary Robert McNamara acknowledged. The CIA's pessimism was viewed as one more indication that the agency had not regained its nerve since the Bay of Pigs.

Harvey moved Task Force W into the basement of the CIA's new headquarters in Langley, Virginia, and set up the command bunker for operations against

"Well, I don't believe this is Eat Your Secretary Week!"

Cuba. Lansdale had already drawn up a basic action plan for MONGOOSE designed to culminate in the "open revolt and overthrow of the Communist regime"—"the touchdown play," as he liked to call it—by the end of October of 1962. The timetable was preposterous, and members of Task Force W decided that Lansdale's October deadline had more to do with the November elections than with the realities of insurgency. Even the Special Group (Augmented) found Lansdale's basic action plan excessive and issued guidelines stating that simple intelligence collection would be the "immediate priority objective of U. S. efforts in the coming months." Covert actions should be kept on a scale "short of those reasonably calculated to inspire a revolt."

A total of 400 CIA officers was assigned to Task Force W. "We were running a ferry service back and forth to the island with agents," a member of the task force recalled. Teams of Cuban exiles were dispatched in the dark of the moon for the 90-mile run from Florida to Cuba. Once ashore, they headed inland toward their native provinces, where they could seek out relatives who might give them food and shelter while they went about the tedious task of building an underground network. The exiles sent out radio reports on the condition of the transportation and food-distribution systems, the status of power and water supplies, the schedules of police patrols and all the other measures of Castro's grip on the island. They urged their compatriots to commit minor sabotage such as leaving the lights on and the water running. They carried condoms filled with graphite to dump into an engine's oil system.

But minor sabotage "didn't appeal to the Cubans," Maxwell Taylor said. "They wanted to go in there and throw a bomb at somebody." The official records of Operation MONGOOSE contained only the slightest hint of the ferocity with which that secret war was waged. Sabotage missions were launched against bridges, power transformers, microwave towers, tank farms and railroad lines within reach of the beach. The commandos set their mortars in the sand, lobbed a few shells inland and retreated to the sea. "Sometimes mortar rounds go long and they land in a village," the chief of Task Force W's paramilitary operations said philosophically.

"People died," Harvey's executive assistant said, "no question of that."

The rationale behind the sabotage was that it would result in economic dislocations that would sow discontent among the people and provide fertile ground for nurturing a resistance network. But the Special Group (Augmented) repeatedly balked at approving the

"Actually, once you've had one of them, you've had them all."

kind of assault that would work any real economic hardship.

Exasperated, Harvey complained to McCone. "To permit requisite flexibility and professionalism for a maximum operation effort against Cuba, the tight controls exercised by the Special Group (Augmented) and the present time-consuming coordination and briefing procedures should, if at all possible, be made less restrictive and less stultifying," he wrote in his long-winded fashion.

"You could see trouble coming," Helms's assistant said.

Bobby Kennedy browbeat Harvey and his aides so relentlessly that after one session, Taylor turned to him and said, "You could sack a town and enjoy it." The Attorney General would call a junior officer in the Task Force W bunker at Langley, bark out an order and hang up, leaving the CIA man wondering whether he had just talked with the President's brother or a prankster. He gave one officer the name of "a man who was in contact with a small group of Cubans who had a plan for creating an insurrection." When the officer reported back that the Cubans did not seem to have a concrete plan, Kennedy ordered him to fly to Guantánamo and "start working developing this particular group." The officer protested, saying that the CIA had promised the Defense Department not to work out of Guantánamo. "We will see about that," Kennedy snapped. Sometimes the Attorney General would take things into his own hands and the CIA would not find out about it until after the fact. He sent Lansdale down to Miami in a futile effort to form a cohesive government in exile and kept the trip a secret from the CIA. It was vintage Bobby Kennedy, turning the bureaucracy upside down and shaking it by the heels. Such tactics served him well in most endeavors, but not when it came to the business of spying, with all its reverence for "tradecraft."

To Harvey, it was all so much amateurish meddling. Soon he started referring to Kennedy in private as "that fucker" and began suggesting that some of the Attorney General's actions bordered on the traitorous. It usually happened after he had been drinking, and it made his friends wince. "He said some things about Bobby Kennedy that were unwise, which he couldn't support but which were part of his dislike for the man," a friend said. "Bobby was wielding so much power and Bill distorted this into intent to do harm." In short, the friend said, "he hated Bobby Kennedy's guts with a purple passion."

For his part, Kennedy thought that Harvey was "not very good." The Berlin tunnel "was a hell of a project," Kennedy conceded, "but he did that better than he did this. . . . [Harvey had] this great achievement and then he ended in disaster by working out this program." Stories began to circulate. One had it that Harvey had flatly refused a direct order from Kennedy, then slapped his gun down on the conference table and spun it around so the barrel pointed at the Attorney General. The story was almost certainly apocryphal, but its very existence signaled that something was drastically wrong.

Relations with Lansdale were no better. To Harvey, Lansdale was a security risk. "Harvey seldom really talked to me," Lansdale said. "He would never initiate conversations. It was very hard to get information from him." Harvey displayed his contempt in other ways as well. At meetings, he would "lift his ass and fart and pare his nails with a sheath knife," Helms's aide said. One day at the Pentagon, Harvey took his gun from his pocket, emptied all the ammunition on the table and began playing with the bullets in an elaborate show of boredom. The incident caused such a ruckus that the CIA issued new regulations regarding the carrying of firearms by employees.

The final break with Lansdale came on August 13, 1962, after he sent a memo to State, Defense, the CIA and the USIA, laying out plans for the next phase of operations against Cuba. There, in black and white, Lansdale wrote, "Mr. Harvey: Intelligence, Political (including liquidation of leaders), Economic (sabotage, limited deception) and Paramilitary."

Harvey scratched out the offending words from the memo and called Lansdale, raging against "the inadmissibility and stupidity of putting this type of comment in such a document." Lansdale didn't know it, but he had stuck his big foot right in the middle of ZR/RIFLE.

Lansdale was the least of that operation's problems. Harvey had abandoned the intricate stratagem of using QJ/WIN in the KUTUBE/D search for a suitable assassin as the original executive-action file had specified. Instead, he had reverted to a more tightly controlled version of the Keystone comedy act that had been concocted for the Bay of Pigs. On April 21, 1962, Harvey met with a dapper Mobster named Johnny Roselli in the cocktail lounge at the Miami airport. The bulbous Harvey gulped his double martini while the sleek Roselli, wearing a custom-tailored suit, alligator shoes and a $2000 watch, sipped vodka on the rocks. Harvey handed him four poison capsules and assured him that they would "work anywhere and at any time with anything." Although Roselli soon reported to Harvey that the pills had arrived in Cuba, nothing happened.

Still Castro flourished. It had been a full eight months since Bissell had first mentioned to Harvey the "application of ZR/RIFLE program to Cuba" and since the President had recorded his decision to "use our available assets . . . to help Cuba overthrow the Communist regime." During that time, the only result that could be discerned was that the Russians had begun shipping vast quantities of military supplies to Cuba.

Early on the morning of October 14, a U-2 reconnaissance aircraft picked out a total of 14 73-foot MRBMs lying in various stages of readiness in a heavily wooded area near San Cristóbal. The presence of nuclear missiles in Cuba signaled the final futility of MONGOOSE.

In the heat of the moment, Harvey ordered ten more teams to Cuba, not for sabotage but to be in place with beacons and flares that could light the way if the President ordered a military invasion. The Attorney General learned of the order by accident when "one of the fellows who was going to go got in touch with me and said . . . we don't mind going, but we want to make sure we're going because you think it's worth while."

Kennedy ordered the mission scrubbed, but Harvey said that three of the teams were beyond recall. "I was furious," Kennedy later related. "I said, 'You were dealing with people's lives . . . and then you're going to go off with a half-assed operation such as this.' " On whose authority had Harvey dispatched no fewer than 60 of those brave men into Cuba at a time when the slightest provocation might unleash a nuclear holocaust? Kennedy demanded to know. "[Harvey] said we planned it because the military wanted it done, and I asked the military and they never heard of it." Kennedy demanded a better explanation and said, "I've got two minutes to hear your answer." Two minutes later, Harvey was still talking. Kennedy got up and walked out of the room.

That evening, when McCone returned to CIA headquarters in Langley, he told Ray Cline, his deputy director of Intelligence, "Harvey has destroyed himself today. His usefulness has ended."

McCone removed Harvey as head of Task Force W. Harvey would never again be allowed near an operation in which the White House was likely to take an active interest. Rome was the first available slot for an officer of his rank, and the irony cannot have escaped Harvey that it was he, the loyal Government servant, and not Roselli, the *mafioso*, who was being deported to Italy.

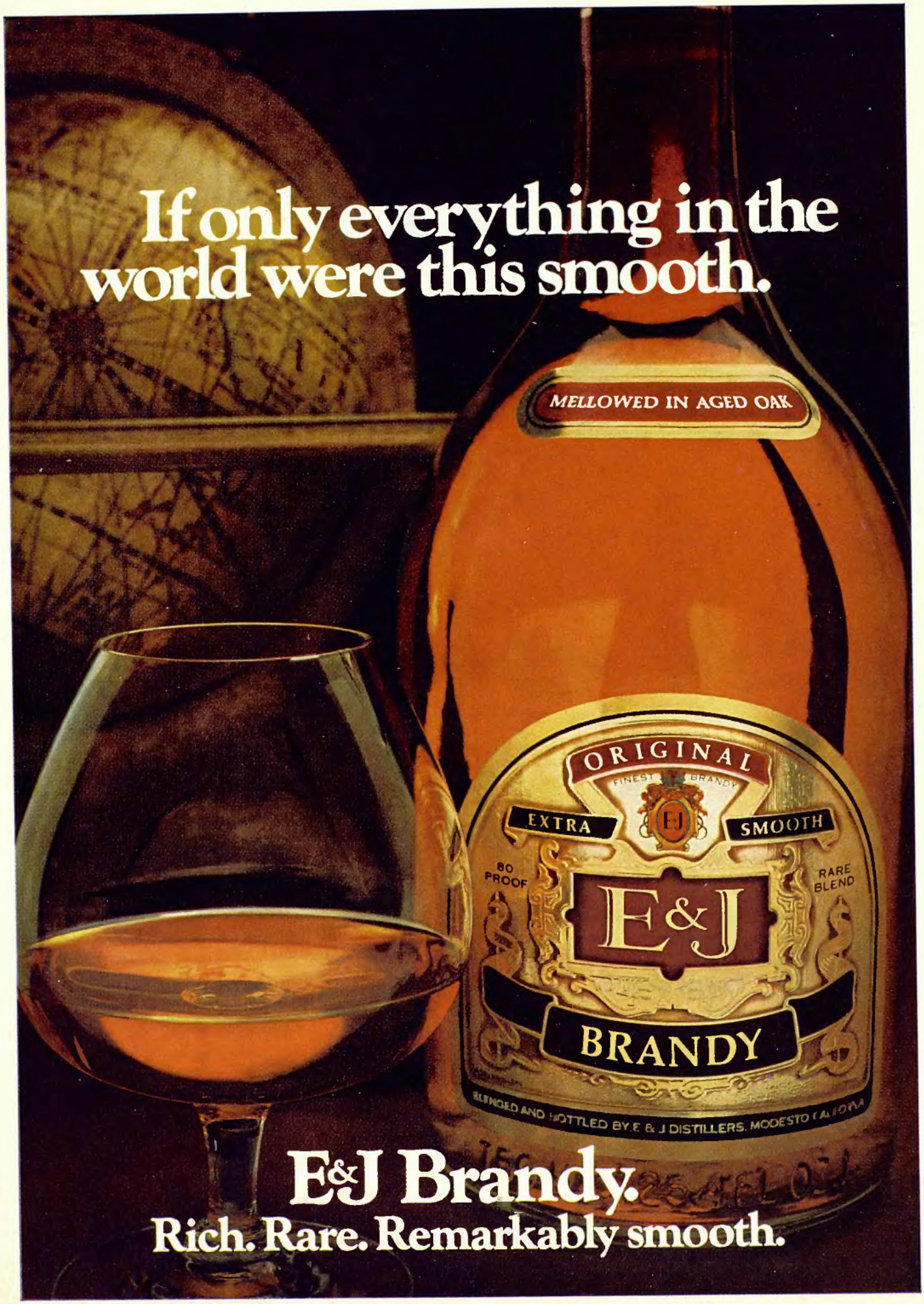
•

"He was an utter disaster in Rome," the head of the CIA's Western Europe Division said.

"Italians are highly sophisticated, smooth and slowgoing," a member of the Rome station said, describing attributes guaranteed to clash with the blunt, hard-charging new station chief.

"This was just not the kind of milieu Bill Harvey prospered in," a sympathetic friend said. "He preferred the dark alleys of Berlin."

Still, said an aide to McCone, "he would have been able to carry out his


If only everything in the world were this smooth.
MELLOWED IN AGED OAK
ORIGINAL
EXTRA
SMOOTH
80 PROOF
RARE BLEND
E&J
BRANDY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY E. & J DISTILLERS, MODESTO CALIFORNIA
E&J Brandy.
Rich. Rare. Remarkably smooth.

GUARANTEE: "RAIN DANCE" is guaranteed to keep on beading and shining longer than the leading liquid or paste waxes. If not completely satisfied, return unused portion to B-4233, DuPont Company, Wilmington, DE 19898, for full refund of actual purchase price and postage.

assignment had he not impaired his effectiveness with drink."

"When he first came to Rome, he tried to be very careful about his drinking," a member of the station staff said. "At cocktail parties, he would drink iced tea."

But soon "he was hitting the bottle very hard early in the morning," another colleague reported. "By noon, Bill was no longer Bill." When a colonel in the local *carabinieri* took him on a tour of check points along the Yugoslav border, Harvey slumbered drunkenly through the entire trip. When the American ambassador, Frederick Reinhardt, called an emergency meeting one Saturday, Harvey arrived "blotto" and fell asleep slumped over the arm of his chair. His gun fell out of its holster and onto the floor. "For Christ's sake," Reinhardt snapped, "who sent him to this town?"

Helms and Angleton had sent Harvey to Rome for a number of reasons. After his run-in with Bobby Kennedy, Harvey had to be got out of the country fast. But he was not to be demoted. The failure of MONGOOSE had not been his fault and there was a feeling that he had been "unfairly treated" by the White House. Rome was "the assignment Helms could find at the time that was high-level enough to accommodate him," one participant in the decision said.

The station relied on the Italian services for its intelligence on Soviet agents, but "there was no help from the liaison services, who were afraid of antagonizing the Soviets," an Italian hand said. The situation cried out for a hard-nosed operative like Harvey, who would install some "plumbing" of his own—surveillance teams, wire taps, bugs and all the other paraphernalia of espionage. Whatever else had happened to him, Harvey certainly had not gone soft. When a longtime friend in the Rome station wrote him a warm letter of congratulations on his appointment, Harvey reported the man to the Office of Security for discussing classified material in the open mails.

This new man was a queer bird, indeed. "Harvey tried to turn the station around from a largely overt mission to an increased clandestine effort against the Soviets," one officer said. No longer relying on the timid efforts of the Italian services, Harvey formed his own surveillance teams to track the Russian operatives. Officers who had made their living over dinner with Italian politicians found themselves pounding the pavement at all hours of the night. "People had to work a hell of a lot harder," one officer said, but "I don't think we succeeded in recruiting any Russians."

Relations with the Italian services grew steadily worse under Harvey's heavy hand. "He pushed too hard," a veteran officer said. "If only he'd had a little more tact. . . . Harvey forgot that

"Don't mind the parrot; he handles the pillow talk."

we were dealing with the owners of the country."

Soon the "horror stories" began to filter back to Washington, stories of Harvey's walking into a glass door or running over a roadside kiosk. "You heard about the time the gun went off in his office, didn't you?" said an officer. "The girls in the outer office were afraid to open the door. They were afraid he'd blown his damn brains out. When they finally opened the door, there was Harvey, sitting there as if nothing had happened."

At first the reports were discounted as the petty spite of a small clique of officers who had grown too accustomed to the good life. "The gentlemen who were trying to pull him down in Italy were gnats buzzing about a bull," Harvey's immediate superior in Washington said. The K.G.B. added its menacing buzz to the swarm. Harvey would find the air let out of his tires or be awakened in the middle of the night by anonymous phone calls. One morning, two sewer rats were found hanging from his front door with their heads chopped off.

Harvey suffered a heart attack. After the crisis had passed, the chief of the Western Europe Division said, "Things looked up for a while."

But the drinking resumed. Then came a cable saying Harvey wanted a number of officers recalled. Headquarters temporized by asking for more information. Harvey's wrath focused on one officer in particular, Mark Wyatt, who was in charge of liaison with the Italian services. Urbane, sophisticated, bilingual, independently wealthy, Wyatt was everything Harvey was not. Harvey submitted a special fitness report which tore Wyatt limb from limb.

Desmond FitzGerald, the new head of the clandestine services, arrived in Rome for a firsthand look. He supported Harvey against Wyatt, but at the same time, he concluded, in the words of a senior officer who accompanied him, that "Harvey was not in a condition to continue as chief of the station. . . . He was sick and coming apart at the seams." FitzGerald cabled a lengthy report to Helms, and Helms ordered Harvey relieved of command. "I got the job of going back to Rome and relieving Bill Harvey," FitzGerald's companion said. "It was a night I shall not soon forget." For seven hours, he sat across from Harvey, explaining that he was through. "Harvey was drinking brandy with a loaded gun in his lap . . . paring his nails with a sheath knife." Harvey never threatened him, but the barrel of the gun was always pointing directly at him.

At CIA headquarters in Washington, Harvey was placed in charge of something called the Special Services Unit, where his job was to study countermeasures against electronic surveillance. FitzGerald told Harvey he hoped that would be only a brief interlude until he could regain his health and return to the front lines. Lawrence "Red" White, the agency's executive director, was assigned to watch over him.

"I'm sorry if I've embarrassed the agency in any way," Harvey said to White. "If I ever embarrass you or the agency again, I will resign."

Before long, "we began finding gin bottles in his desk drawer," one of the CIA's most senior officers said. White called in Harvey, who reminded him of what he had said about resigning the next time he embarrassed the agency.

"That would probably be the best thing to do," White said.

"At your pleasure," Harvey replied.

He was finished.

•

After a brief try at practicing law in Washington, Harvey went home to Indiana as the Midwest representative of a small investigative outfit known as Bishop's Service.

People who had not seen him for many years were shocked at how obese he had become. In 1973, he returned to Maysville, Kentucky, for the first time in nearly 20 years, for the funeral of his first wife, Libby. "I was really horrified when he came here," Libby's sister said. "The change in him was unbelievable. He was a very thin young man when he married Libby." Like Harvey, Libby had never been able to free herself from alcohol. She had died by her own hand.

Such private tragedies attracted no public interest, and Harvey remained a man of indeterminate past and no future. When he applied to Bobbs-Merrill for a $9000-a-year job as a law editor, "Bill said nothing at all about his CIA employment," said Dave Cox, head of the firm's law division. "He used phrases like 'having worked for the Government,' as if I was supposed to know something independently."

Cox did not know any more until the spring of 1975, when Harvey was publicly identified as the man who had directed Johnny Roselli in a plot to poison Castro. Harvey was called to testify before the newly created Senate Select Committee on intelligence activities. He surprised the committee with his willingness to talk. After all the stories they had heard, the Senators could not resist asking Harvey whether or not he still carried a gun. No, he said, he was not carrying a gun, but he did have a tiny device that would erase the tape recording that was to be the official transcript of his testimony. He withdrew a small object from his pocket and slapped it down onto the table in front of him. The stunned silence in the room was broken by Harvey's chuckle as he removed his hand to reveal a cigarette case.

Nowhere did Harvey cause a greater sensation than at the Bobbs-Merrill offices in Indianapolis where he worked. Executives at International Telephone and Telegraph, the parent company of Bobbs-Merrill, were aghast at the prospect of being linked to yet another CIA scandal. I.T.T. collaboration with the CIA in attempting to block the 1970 election of Chilean Marxist Salvador Allende was already the subject of one Congressional investigation.

Harvey was about to be fired. "The fact that Bobbs-Merrill is a subsidiary of I.T.T. had some bearing on it," Cox acknowledged, but the main reason was that "his drinking started to get out of control."

Cox called Harvey in for a talk. "I've drunk heavily all my life," Harvey told him. "I just can't handle it anymore. It's out of control. I just have to realize I'm an alcoholic."

Harvey began seeing a doctor regularly and, according to Cox, "got squared away on the booze problem." Cox said that "after Harvey got back . . . he came over to thank me for giving him a second chance. He said he couldn't guarantee the treatment would work. If it didn't, he said, he could forget about leading a meaningful life."

Harvey awoke with chest pains at 5:45, Tuesday morning, June 8, 1976. By seven o'clock, he was in the intensive-care unit at Methodist Hospital. On Wednesday, he underwent open-heart surgery. For four hours, surgeons worked to implant an artificial valve that might somehow overcome the toll taken by obesity, cigarettes and alcohol. He died, holding his wife's hand, at ten minutes past two in the afternoon of June ninth.

"Bill was 60, too young to go," his wife wrote in a letter to his colleagues at Bobbs-Merrill. "He had many plans ahead. He had lived a very full and satisfying life by his own estimation. He said few men were blessed with the opportunity he had to serve his country." At the funeral home, she proudly announced that he would be buried wearing his favorite boots and silver belt buckle. Then the bitterness broke through. Standing over the casket, she launched into a tearful tirade against "that awful Frank Church," chairman of the Senate Select Committee on intelligence activities. She was entitled to her venom. It was unfair to leave Harvey stranded in the public record as the CIA's hit man. He had been that, but so much more—the nemesis of Philby; the foreman of the Berlin tunnel. He had been the CIA's point man in the secret war and, although he had never heard a shot fired in anger, he was a combat casualty, a burnt-out case who, as one officer put it, "was asked to do things that nobody should have been asked to do."

COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION

Now it's easy to order back copies of PLAYBOY.

Just fill out the coupon below and you can complete your year-long collection of everyone's favorite entertainment magazine for men: PLAYBOY.

Now available: June 1978 through present.*

Including PLAYBOY's fabulous Silver Anniversary issue: January 1979. And, our top selling December 1978 issue, featuring Farrah Fawcett-Majors and the NFL Pro Cheerleaders!

Supplies on certain issues are limited. Order now so you won't be disappointed.

*Sorry, October 1978 no longer available.

Playboy Products, P.O. Box 3386, Chicago, Illinois 60654

Please send me: Total

_____ BACK ISSUES at $3.50 each* _____

_____ Month _____ Year _____ Month _____ Year

_____ Month _____ Year _____ Month _____ Year

_____ December 1978 PLAYBOY at $4.00 each* _____

_____ January 1979 PLAYBOY at $4.50 each* _____

*Postage and handling included TOTAL _____

☐ Payment enclosed
(Make check payable to Playboy Products)
No C.O.D. orders please. U.S. orders only.

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____ Apt # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

THAT SPORTING LIFE

The next time you head for the hills or shoot a rapid, pack your camera in an inflatable, waterproof, floatable and shock-resistant Sports Pouch that's made of heavy-gauge vinyl with a Velcro closure. Sports Pouches come in two sizes (14″ x 12″ for $17.95 and 17″ x 17″ for $24.95) and two colors (bright yellow and olive drab). Most sports and camera stores stock them. And if you don't own a camera, load the pouch with something equally fragile—such as a couple of bottles of bourbon.

LET A SMILE BE YOUR TWINBRELLA

Mary Poppins would love this: a sturdy dual umbrella called, appropriately, a Twinbrella, that H & S Distributing Company, Suite 1019, 79 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois 60603, is selling for $42.50, postpaid, in a choice of three colors—black, navy and tan. Best of all, Twinbrella closes to the size of a normal umbrella and features an opener that operates at the push of two buttons. Now you *do* have a reason to go singing in the rain.

PINNEY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

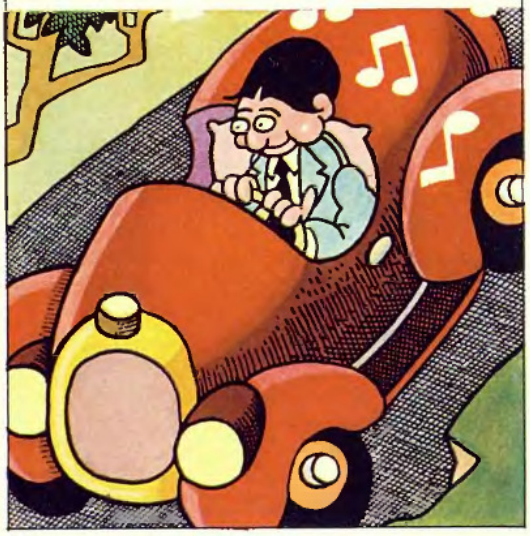
Richard D. Pinney builds egos: solid-wood personal sculptures that are one-of-a-kind symbolic statements depicting the stuff of which a person's life is composed. The price for the privilege of seeing your interests in a 36″ x 40″ bas-relief begins at $1500 and travels upward, depending on size or how complicated you are. (For more info, contact Pinney at 519 Indian Road SE, Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52403.) Of course, if you don't have any interests, the price of the finished product will be cheaper.

UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU

Who knows what evil lurks in the Internal Revenue Service? A publisher named Books for Business does and it has packed its knowledge into a 67-page easy-to-read soft-cover publication titled *How the Internal Revenue Service Selects Individual Income Tax Returns for Audit*, available from B.F.B. at 1100 17th Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036, for $5.50, postpaid. No, it doesn't give you the phone number of a good lawyer.

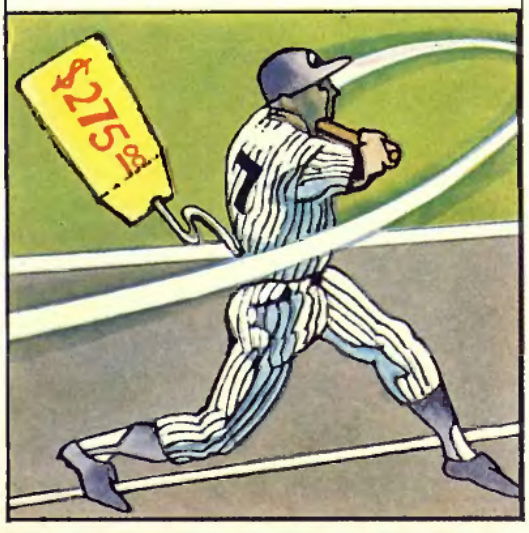
TAILBONE CONNECTED TO THE HI-FI

The theory is that there are two kinds of sound: waves transmitted through the air and vibrations conducted through the body. The latter is named bone conduction and it's what you'll feel when you come in contact with a Pioneer Electronics' Bodysonic cushion that—along with an amplifier—is selling in stereo stores for about $110. For a kick in the ass, hook a Bodysonic cushion up to your car's stereo. The road won't be so lonesome.



MANTLES OF GREATNESS

Ever wonder what happened to Mickey Mantle's old uniform? It ended up at M. Friedman Specialty Co. (P.O. Box 5777[P], Baltimore, Maryland 21208), a business that sells gamy big-league-baseball togs to zealous fans. Mantle's uniform goes for $275; Reggie Jackson's is $125 and Rico Petrocelli's is a bargain-basement $99. M. Friedman publishes a catalog for 50 cents and, if you don't dig used clothes, it also sells team jackets. Sorry, no secondhand Pete Rose.



HOT LITTLE SEAT

Ooohhh, nnnoooo! Mr. Hands has just strapped our Play-Doh model of Mr. Bill in a miniature battery-powered electric chair that actually gives you a sluggo of a shock when you pick it up. (You *can* handle the chair without getting a shock, but we won't tell you how.) Who is selling this evil adult toy? A company called The Game Room, P.O. Box 4290, Washington, D.C. 20012, for only $8.40, postpaid. And when you're not frying your own Mr. Bill to a crisp, you can give your girlfriend the chair as punishment for being late, lipping off or dating someone else—as if we'd blame her.

NEW STOMPING GROUND

You'd think that the gentle folks in Hancock, Vermont, would be into quilt making and canning preserves, wouldn't you? No, a group of them have set up a business called the Top Drawer Rubber Stamp Company (the zip code's 05748) and they're reproducing the work of such underground cartoonists as R. Crumb, Jay Lynch and Bill (*Zippy the Pinhead*) Griffith, among others, priced from $2 to $6.25 per stamp. To view their wares, send $1.50 to them for three catalogs depicting weird images, comix characters and zodiac signs. Bizarre.

KINGDOM OF CLUBS

London is the mother city of men's clubs. Civilized leather-and-brass men's clubs with smoking rooms and billiard rooms and quiet corners by the fire where one can sip a glass of port. Writer Anthony Lejeune and photographer Malcolm Lewis have combined their talents to produce what surely is book-land's ultimate tribute to English clubland—*The Gentlemen's Clubs of London*, published by Mayflower; a $35 tour of that city's male bastions of retreat from The American Club and Boodle's to White's. You may not be able to join these veddy British sanctums, but they're wonderful places to visit.

SCREWBALLS

(continued from page 192)

"Doyle Legg did not have the type of personality to withstand much sincere abuse from the stands."

clubhouse, and throughout the park, for when the riot happened.

As we walked to the dressing room, one little kid asked for an autograph from one of my men and was slapped by his mother.

We took batting practice without incident, because quarter beer didn't go on sale until a half hour before the game.

The strategy was relatively simple.

Our computer tells us that the Boston pitchers throw 83 percent of their pitches on the outside part of the plate to our right-handers because of that horseshit wall. Boston wins a lot in its park because everybody tries to pull outside pitches, which is ignorant.

"Anybody trying to pull an outside one is fined a hundred dollars," I said.

"Why don't you just shut up?" Sammie Land said.

The men scared me a little with their quiet determination.

"It's nothing personal," Sammie Land said. "We know what we have to do."

"What we have to do is murder the sons of bitches," Doyle Legg said.

I heard some loose change in his pocket, probably for the quarter beer.

Doyle Legg was the meanest-looking person I have ever seen. Our bat boy placed Legg's shoes slightly to the left of his locker.

"Don't ever screw up like that again," my big first-sacker said to the kid.

"No, sir," the kid said.

A man named Pine was throwing for Boston. He has a big curve and a not-bad slider, but uses his fast ball only to set up the other stuff.

"Please don't swing at the man's fast one," I said. "It's hardly ever a strike."

Our computer also indicates that when this Pine of theirs smoothed his handle-bar mustache, nine times out of ten, he came with the slider next.

"His *what*?" Doyle Legg asked.

"Slider," pitching coach Ozwald said.

"The bastard has a mustache? A *handle-bar* mustache?"

"Yeah," pitching coach Ozwald said. "So?"

"So this!"

Doyle Legg kicked a bench over. "Simps with mustaches are a menace to society."

"Easy, Legg," I said.

"Yeah, right."

Rudd said he felt like a million—strong and sharp and full of virtue.

I told Rudd that during this series I wasn't going very long with any starter. If a person couldn't keep the ball down, he was the hell out of there. Jack Roebuck, my starter-reliever, was the long-inning man in the bull pen.

"I proclaim this Easter Island!"

We had some fans in the park. They were easily recognized. They were trying to blend into the woodwork for when the fighting started. Our wives and loved ones sat behind the first-base dugout.

Mrs. McBroom put up a sign BEAT BOSTON that somebody took a knife to before the game even started.

There was a cop stationed behind our dugout.

When we wandered onto the field, this cop yelled, "The hell with you bums."

I got his badge number.

•

The umpire behind the plate was a gentleman named Overholster, and as the managers and their seconds (the captains) met at home plate before the game, Overholster said that he was aware of the importance of this series.

"No bullshit," Overholster said. "Not any."

"Keep the crowd off my people," I said.

"No rough stuff," Overholster said.

"We're going to beat your ass," Fish, the Boston manager, said to me.

I told him to sit on it.

"Have a good game," Overholster said after receiving the line-up cards.

Previously, Overholster and his crew had explained the ground rules particular to this fleabag of a park.

"Any questions?"

"Yeah," I said. "What is it when a ball goes over that outhouse in left?"

"You'll never know," Fish said.

"A home run," Overholster said.

I said I would be damned.

•

Although there's not that much strategy that really goes on during a baseball game, there is some that happens on the perimeter, so that's why we brought up Ferrazano from the triple-A club. Ferrazano is an average player, but I started him at first in a last-second change, in place of Doyle Legg.

Legg went crazy until I explained the strategy, then he settled down.

It was obvious to me that Doyle Legg did not have the type of personality to withstand much sincere abuse from the stands, so I started Ferrazano as the sacrificial goat.

The crowd tries to intimidate you, and I didn't want to have to worry about any of that crap. The bigmouths who yell personal things like, "Hey, first base, your old lady stinks," don't really want to fight. These people are cowards. It's like yelling at car number 54 in the Indianapolis. "Hey, buddy, you're a bum." A ballplayer doesn't have the option to stop the game and defend himself against personal and vile attacks from bigmouthed drunks in the crowd.

Usually.

We went out one, two, three in the first, which really inspired the drunks

When you put your feet into really comfortable shoes, who knows where they might take you.

Anything goes with Hush Puppies.®
SHOES

Shawnee.
In brushwood/camel.
Fancy footwork at unfancy prices.

Hush Puppies® Shoes
in cooperation with adidas®, official supplier
of the 1980 Moscow Olympics.
© 1980 Wolverine World Wide, Inc., Rockford, Michigan 49351

behind our dugout.

The game started on a rotten note.

Jimmy Netherlands took a strike in the butt.

Umpire Overholster didn't award Jimmy first because he said my man's rear was turned into the strike zone. I argued and the crowd really got on me.

Their pitcher Pine threw all garbage and we pounded it into the ground.

What's one inning?

When Ferrazano went to play first in the bottom half, a drunk really got on him, saying, "Hey, pizza-face wop, how come your wife isn't wearing no panties to the game here tonight?"

Ferrazano calmly placed his glove on the base and charged the stands. He leaped the railing and lunged for the drunk, who was about four rows up. This maneuver caught everybody off guard, including the cop, who was busy calling Rudd names while he was warming up.

The coward drunk about had a heart attack.

What was *supposed* to happen was Ferrazano would mind his own business and everybody behind the dugout would think the drunk was a real tough guy.

The drunk tried to hide behind several women and children, but Ferrazano got him by the leg and dragged him back down the aisle.

Ferrazano slapped the hell out of the bigmouth and then kicked his ass.

The cops arrived.

I told Ferrazano he would have to give his body up for the cause. The club, of course, would go the bail and provide a lawyer if the drunk pressed charges, which he didn't, since he was a coward.

All that happened was Ferrazano and the bigmouth were separated and umpire Overholster threw Ferrazano the hell out of the game.

Ferrazano might not ever be able to bounce his grandson on his knee and tell him how he hit one over the lights in the top of the ninth to win the world series, but the contribution he made to the cause was, nevertheless, very meaningful.

It was like a morgue behind first where the drunk was.

You could have heard a beer drop.

The drunk was so humiliated at having his number called and having his face slapped like the punk he was, he slinked out of the stadium.

So, naturally, I put Doyle Legg in as a replacement.

When this was announced to the crowd, everybody but the drunks by first screamed and booed.

After leaving the dugout, Doyle Legg stared at those behind our dugout like a lawyer getting ready to speak to the jury.

When nobody said anything personal, Legg trotted to first.

Somebody had conked Ferrazano on the head.

Doc Cooper said it was only a flesh wound.

"Good job, son," I said.

•

Sammie Land's display of contempt for the left-field wall about brought the house down.

This also happened in the bottom of the first.

Nobody had any idea what Sammie had planned. When he left the dugout, there was a gleam in his eye. He wasn't carrying anything.

After Ferrazano slapped out the bigmouth and Rudd completed his warm-up, Sammie Land called time out by waving his arms to the second-base umpire.

As everybody watched, Sammie Land removed a blindfold from his back pocket. He held it up for the people to see. You should have heard them. Some beer cups came from the stands behind Sammie Land. The public-address announcer asked that this practice be stopped.

Sammie Land motioned for Bone to come out from short.

My men spoke for a moment.

Sammie Land then removed his cap and Bone put down his glove. He tied the blindfold around Sammie Land's eyes. Land had been quoted in the Boston paper as saying that wall was so ludicrous and had so reduced the skill required to play left field, an idiot could play the position. To show how the wall had defamed the game of baseball, Sammie Land was going to play left field blindfolded!

After the initial reaction of comedy and catcalls and hysteria, the crowd became very quiet.

It was no trick.

My man *was* going to play left field blindfolded.

When Boston's first hitter stepped into the box, Sammie Land was positioned so that he was facing center field, not home plate.

Our men in the dugout were going crazy, laughing.

The Boston lead-off batter was so upset with being treated so contemptuously, he struck out on three pitches from Rudd. The Boston guy had been trying so desperately to hit one Sammie's way, he fanned on a pitch in the dirt, as did the second hitter.

"Watch this," pitching coach Ozwald said.

He called time with umpire Overholster and trotted to left.

Ozwald tapped Sammie Land on the shoulder. Sammie Land jumped.

Ozwald then turned Sammie Land so he was facing home plate.

The crowd then about ripped the place apart, and they booed so long the game had to be stopped ten minutes.

Umpire Overholster came to our dugout and asked what the hell was going on. "This is a circus."

I told him there was nothing in the rulebook preventing a man from playing left field blindfolded and the game resumed. Boston's third hitter tried to get a fly to left so hard he about threw his left shoulder out of its socket. He fouled one toward Sammie that curved foul. Sammie didn't move. The Boston guy also struck out.

At the completion of the inning, Bone went out to left to bring Sammie Land in.

Our guys mobbed him.

Sammie Land removed his blindfold and went up to bat to lead off the second. The Boston pitcher, Pine, was so mad he hit Sammie in the leg. Sammie Land was wild-pitched to second and was singled in by Edgar, bless his old, bruised heart, so it was 1–0, us.

Cliff Masterson hit one into the Bay of Fundy, which is up by Nova Scotia, in the third.

It went out in dead center.

The circus ended in the fourth, when a guy from Boston popped one to left. The crowd rose. Sammie Land sprinted in and put the out away, easy as you please. He removed the blindfold and held it up so the people in the left-field bleachers could see tiny eyeholes. The game was postponed 15 minutes to clear off beer cups.

Sammie Land's diversion let us get ahead 2–0 after four.

We had two normal innings, the fifth and sixth, then the beans hit the fan in the seventh.

•

Between innings, Mrs. McBroom and a couple of the wives climbed onto our dugout and led cheers for our fans.

Between halves in the sixth, I heard somebody behind our dugout make a less than complimentary comment about me.

"They're a bunch of hoodlums. Moss couldn't manage his way into a whorehouse."

"You shut your filthy mouth," somebody said.

It was Ina.

•

The spark from Sammie Land's fool's play carried us into the seventh, leading 2–zip.

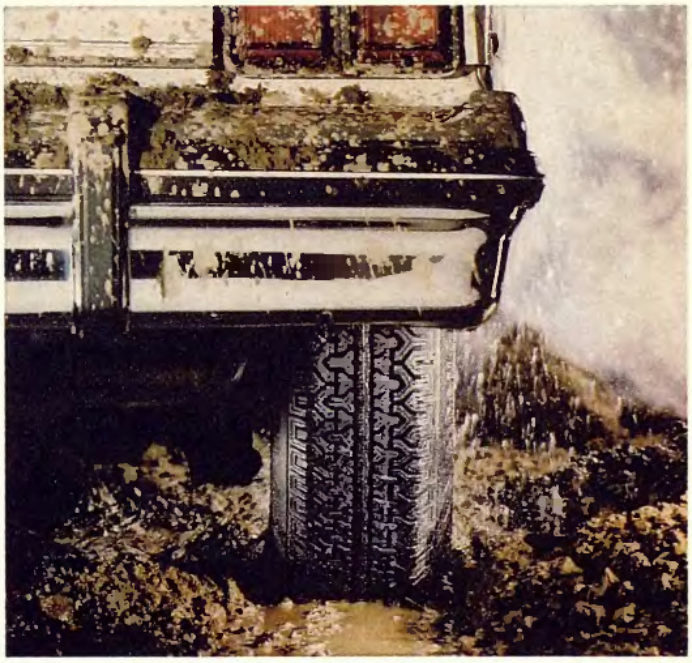
Rudd had been cooking along like a champion, throwing everything at their ankles. Three of them had managed lousy singles was all. In and out, up and down, Rudd had looked like he had a string on the ball and could jerk it away from their bats whenever he wanted.

It was the top of the seventh when Doyle Legg went berserk.

The fact that a man would wear a handle-bar mustache in public had been gnawing away at Legg's better judgment all evening.

Several times he asked men on our bench, "You know why a person covers his face with hair, goddamn it? I'll tell

QUADRA. Gets around.



Year 'round. All around.

Our smooth-riding Quadra radial is the quiet tire that keeps you rolling in any weather, anywhere. The tire for ordinary and extraordinary driving conditions.

Dayton radial technology takes the Quadra a few extra miles in gas savings, too.* And even greater fuel economy is possible because Quadra is manufactured to p-metric specifications. P-metric sizing is a new engineering concept which allows Quadra to be inflated to 35 pounds of air pressure. This means the tire rolls easier. Less power is drained from the engine. And the less power consumed, the greater your gas mileage.

The affordable, all-weather Quadra radial with the 30,000 mile limited warranty. Because economy and quality never go out of style.

Check the yellow pages for the Dayton dealer nearest you.

*When compared to our best bias-belted tire. See Texas Test 962-TT. Details on request. Inflation pressure, vehicle weight and driving conditions affect the mileage and safety of any tire.

The Dayton Tire & Rubber Co.
Dayton, Ohio 45401

Bald Eagles once soared above America by the tens of thousands. Today, fewer than 1100 breeding pairs survive south of Canada. For a free booklet on how to help save this extraordinary bird, write Eagle Rare, Box 123, New York, N.Y. 10022.

you why. It's because the man is ashamed of the way he looks. It pisses me off so bad, I can't stand it."

He believed that people who wore beards and mustaches were an inferior breed, and he thought they should be punished for it.

"It's against God to change your looks," Legg said once. "Plus, it pisses me off."

He wanted to rip Pine's handle bar off so much it hurt.

He called him every name in the book, and when that didn't work, he did it again.

"God had a beard," our Christian Rudd said.

"Yeah, well. That's because they didn't have electric razors then. They shaved with glass. It's different now."

Doyle Legg explained how most short men had beards, and how most bald men had beards, and how *all* short, bald men had beards.

"Now, what does that tell you?" he asked Mulebach, who shrugged.

"It tells you they are not man enough to live with the way they look, that's what."

When Doyle Legg led off our half of the seventh, he was in a foul mood. He pointed his finger at Boston pitcher Pine, who pointed back. Usually, you see a man charge the mound after he has been offered a high, inside hard one, a brush-back pitch. You hardly *ever* see a man throw down his bat and rush the mound after being thrown a strike, but that's what Doyle Legg did.

It caught the entire city of Boston off guard.

Pitcher Pine saw batter Legg charging. Pine didn't know quite what to do, so he stood there. Doyle Legg went right for the handle bar and managed to grab some of it. Pine put his fists up in a classic boxing pose to defend himself, but Doyle Legg didn't throw a punch; rather, he went right through Pine's fists and grabbed at the mustache.

Both men fell backward off the mound.

The Boston infielders ran to the mound and piled onto the two warriors.

Our bench emptied and piled onto the Boston infielders.

The Boston bench emptied and piled onto our bench.

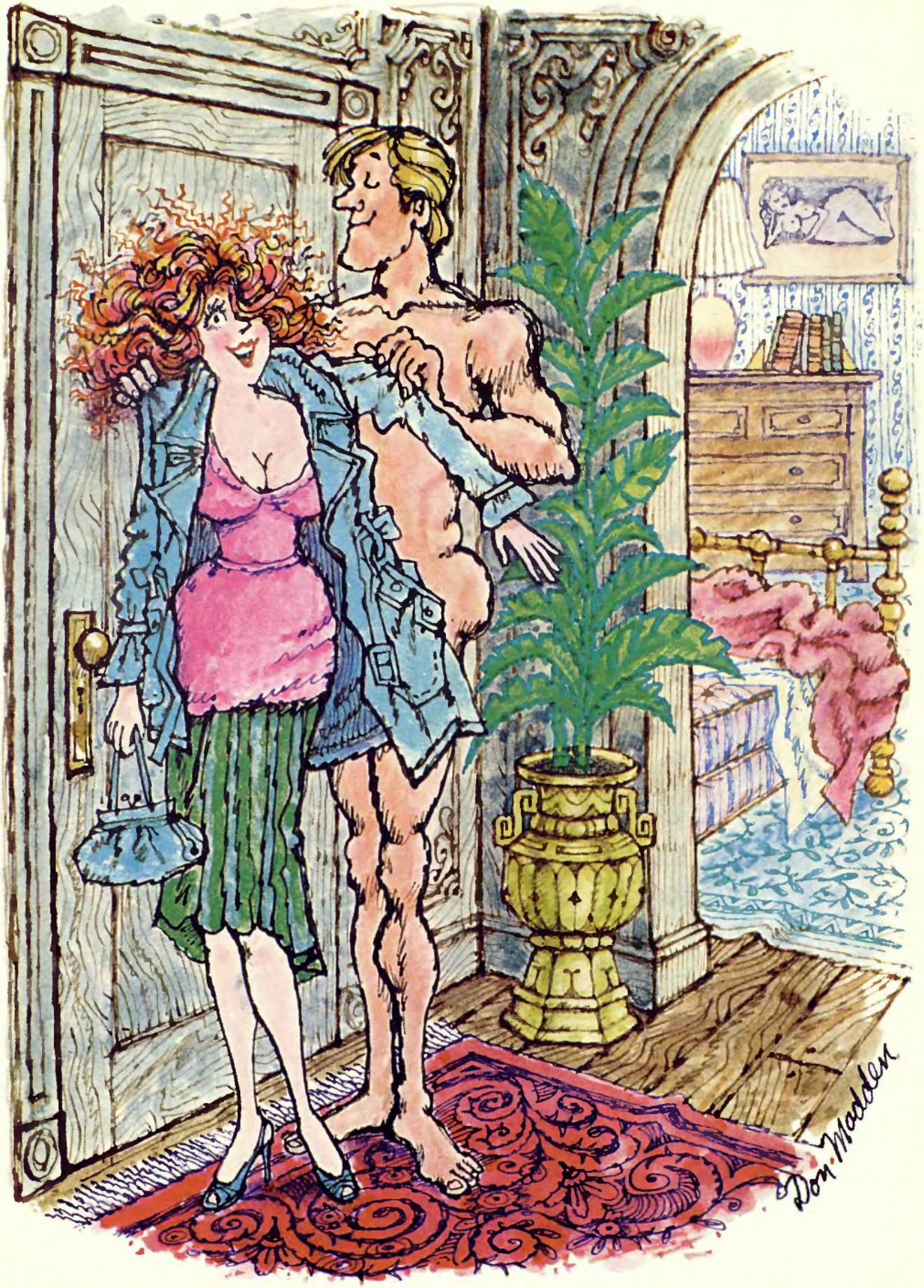
Hats and gloves and shoes flew in all directions from this mass, which rolled along the ground toward first base, like The Blob.

The police did a hell of a job keeping the fans in the stands.

The umpires diligently ran up to the ball of bodies but decided it would be ignorant to try to separate 32 fighters, so they backed off.

There wasn't much I could do, so I stayed by our dugout and said hello to Ina and McBroom.

McBroom's head was in his hands and



"Thanks for having me!"

he was weeping slightly.

After about three minutes, which is a long time for 32 men to fight, the city police got organized and they charged the pile and began prying bodies off.

The tangle of bodies had moved from the pitcher's mound to right on top of first base.

The public-address announcer was saying, "For the love of God, break it up out there," it was that bad.

One fan leaped out of the left-field stands and tried to steal Sammie Land's cap and got punched in the nose.

The commissioner of baseball came onto the field from his box by the third-base dugout and was promptly arrested by one of the cops.

Nobody was killed.

A picture of the altercation half of the front page ran in the Boston paper the next morning beneath the headline "THE NATIONAL PASTIME."

After the bodies were pried off and separated by the police, Doyle Legg and pitcher Pine still had a grip on each other. Legg's shirt had been ripped off and he was bleeding from the skull. His left shoe was missing. Pitcher Pine's upper lip had been stretched about down to his belt, but the mustache remained intact. The handle bar drooped pitifully, however.

Head umpire Overholster threw Doyle Legg out of the game.

The mayor of Boston threw Doyle Legg out of the city.

The governor of Massachusetts threw Doyle Legg out of the state.

The commissioner of baseball fined Doyle Legg $5000 and suspended him for two additional games.

A call had allegedly been placed to the President of the United States, and there was some question as to how long Doyle Legg would be permitted to remain in this country.

Two cops led Doyle Legg to the showers.

Order was restored after only 48 minutes. Boston went to its dressing room and sent a message back that it refused to play with heathens. The commissioner of baseball talked Boston into finishing the game for the good of America.

I searched the bench, found a bright and eager face and said, "All right, son, go out there and get them."

The bright face blinked and said, "Horseshit to that."

"Please, Matsudo," I said. "We're out of first basemen."

I had called Matsudo up for assistance because I figured somebody might harelip Doyle Legg. At the time, Matsudo was batting .666 for our farm team down South.

"I hate this," Matsudo said, taking the field.

He thought first base was jinxed.

Needless to say, we didn't get a smell after the riot in the top of the seventh.

The altercation gave Boston new life and pitcher Pine fluffed up his handle bar and threw some nice curves at us.

The crowd did not want a mere victory; they wanted a rout.

Even Rudd's faith and inner strength were severely tested.

The crowd was so loud he got the hiccups.

As the game went into the bottom of the eighth, it was time for a storybook ending.

The lead-off man for Boston banged one off the wall that almost took Sammie Land's hat off. That was a double. I called time and went to the mound. It was so loud I had to yell instructions to Rudd.

"Pray for rain."

I had Mulebach, Jack Roebuck and Golden Rule warming up in the bull pen.

The next man hits two foul home runs and then lines out to Masterson at third. It was a wicked shot that turned Masterson's glove hand purple.

Runner at second, one out.

We are clearly on the ropes.

The next man walks.

I went out to talk to Edgar.

"How is he?"

"All right. He just missed an inch with two pitches. The last one was a strike."

"Bear down," I told umpire Overholster.

"Sit down," he said.

First and second, one out, 2–0, us.

The next man pops one up behind first that Matsudo chased like a real trooper. It fell foul one inch.

"That was a good sign," I told pitching coach Ozwald.

"What I am wondering is how are we going to get out of this park alive?" he asked.

The guy who hit the foul then ripped one to right, a clean single, scoring a run. But our religious combo was hitting on all cylinders and Jesus El Dorado threw the man on first out as he tried to take third. Gregory Peck Masterson was spiked on the arm, but he held on to the ball and tagged the bum out for the second out.

Two outs, man on first, 2–1, us.

Before I could say "What the hell?" a man had a single and the next man had a walk to load the damnable bases.

The crowd was beside itself.

"What do you think?" I asked Ozwald of a possible pitching change.

Ozwald leaned out of the dugout and said, "Mulebach just threw one that bounced."

Ozwald said he would just as soon go with God as anybody.

Edgar called time and came to the dugout.

"He stays in," I said.

If I went to the mound, Rudd would have to come out.

"Fine," Edgar said.

Edgar went out to talk with Rudd, patted him on the shoulder and returned to his position behind the plate.

Bottom of the eighth, 2–1, us, bases loaded, two out.

Rudd stepped off the mound, straightened his cap, looked to the heavens and fogged a nice little slider for:

Foul behind the plate into the seats, strike.

Ball.

Another foul, this time into the seats behind third.

Ball.

Two balls, two strikes.

The Boston hitter was named Sands. He was a right-handed batter with minimal power, but a scrapper. He was hitting about .280. Very competent. The way he fouled those two good sliders off, it didn't look like Rudd could sneak one past him. He was choked way up on the bat.

Curve his ass, I thought.

Edgar gave the signal.

Rudd shook him off.

Edgar gave another signal.

Rudd shook it off.

Batter Sands stepped out.

Edgar gave two more signals.

Rudd shook them both off.

Batter Sands stepped out of the box and yelled something at Rudd.

Edgar called time out and went to the mound.

He removed his mask and listened intently as Rudd explained something, then Edgar threw his glove to the ground and stomped off the mound toward our dugout.

The crowd really let us have it.

"What in the hell is going on out there?" I asked, meeting Edgar at the steps.

Edgar was flustered and red in the neck. "You won't believe this."

I swore I would.

"He wants to throw a screwball to this guy."

"A *what*?"

"Screwball."

"He doesn't know *how* to throw a screwball," pitching coach Ozwald said.

"He said God just told him to throw it," Edgar said.

"You're kidding," I said.

"No."

A screwball to a right-handed hitter in this situation would be very good strategy, as it would break *away* from the hitter, if, of course, the pitcher knew how to throw it.

Each team scouts the other's habits with the computers.

Batter Sands knew Rudd was coming with his best, the slider, when it was all on the table.

"He has never thrown one," I said to Edgar.

"It doesn't seem to matter to him,"

© 1980 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Edgar said, gesturing to the mound, where Rudd stood with his hands on his hips.

"What's going on here?" umpire Overholster asked. "I've had enough of this crap."

I explained that our little chucker out there was just told by God to throw a screwball, which he had never thrown before.

"So be ready," I told Overholster, the ump.

"You know," he said, "I believe you."

"We're going with it?" Edgar asked.

"Why in the hell not?" I said.

"I'll ask when I get down there," Edgar said, trotting back to the mound and then back behind the plate.

All our men stood at the edge of the dugout.

A screwball is a very unnatural pitch. The guy who threw it best, Carl Hubbell, had an arm that looked like an elephant's trunk, all curled up and distorted. With a curve, your wrist and arm rotate outward, which is natural; but with the screwball, your wrist and arm rotate inward, so if you throw it a lot, your arm falls off about the age of 37. It puts terrible pressure on the elbow.

The screwball is the weirdest, ugliest pitch in baseball.

Somehow, this screwball piece fit right into this puzzling team.

Batter Sands about lost his pants.

He was expecting the slider and got screwed.

He took a half-assed swing when the ball was about a foot from Edgar's glove. Sands looked like he was fighting off a very big mosquito.

He was the hell out of there.

The men mobbed Rudd.

"It broke *this* far," Edgar said, holding his bruised old hands a foot and a half apart. "I barely could *catch* the damn thing."

Now, if that isn't enough to frost you, there was even more frosting, the bottom of the ninth.

We went out one, two, three in the top of the ninth, so the "game" went into the last half inning, 2–1, us.

The lead-off hitter for Boston banged one off the whore in left for a double. Poor Sammie Land was on the verge of shell shock. Playing a ball off that wall was like a game of handball. Sammie managed to step on the ball and hold the Boston guy to two bases.

Then it rained.

Usually, rain *starts*.

This rain began in the middle and it came down hard in waves, causing "thuds" on the infield. The wind kicked up and blew Edgar's mask off. After a minute, you couldn't see the left-field wall. Our men ran for cover. The Boston manager, Fish, protested to umpire Overholster because we left the field of play during a "sprinkle."

Play was suspended.

The men eyed Rudd with a combination of admiration and fear.

"I swear I didn't pray for rain," he said.

Home plate disappeared in a pool of water. The puddle at first had whitecaps.

"We'll give it five more minutes," umpire Overholster announced.

"Then send for boats," pitching coach Ozwald requested.

The game was officially called after lightning hit very near first base.

"See," Matsudo said of the jinx.

All of left field was under water.

So we won, 2–1.

The Boston guy who had doubled refused to leave second base until the last minute.

"Hey, fool," Arnette Blackwelder yelled. "You don't get credit for that hit. The official books stop, last inning."

The poor guy waded to his dressing room.

If this didn't take the spunk out of Boston, they were stronger people than I gave them credit for.

Our men stood in the downpour in front of our dugout and then wandered happily to the dressing room.

The stands had emptied. We had no trouble staying safe.

"It was like none of it happened," Edgar said, looking at the empty seats.

I had to admit things felt funny, but that feeling lasted only until we hit the clubhouse.

"We got them by the ass," Doyle Legg was yelling. He watched the last couple of innings from the right-field bleachers with a hat pulled down over his eyes.

The front-page headline in our paper was: "SCREWBALL BEATS BOSTON."

I heard the newsstand edition of this paper sold the most copies since World War Two; everybody wanted to see which screwball it was who had done all the good.

"It's amazing how often two people, working independently, come up with the same idea at the same time."

Lost in a blizzard!

For a daily Olympic update compliments of C.C., dial 800-223-1850. In N.Y. dial 212-888-0766.

We came to bury a case of C.C.® near the site of the Winter Olympics...and almost got buried ourselves.

We headed to Lake Placid to cross-country ski and to hide a case of C.C. near the Winter Olympics. But skiing deep into the forest, we forgot to watch the sky.

A serious mistake among the unforgiving Adirondack Mountains.

By noon the wind was howling and, faster than we could believe, the ski tracks we hoped to follow were under new snow. We were lost in an Adirondack blizzard! But intent on hiding our case of Canadian Club, we blindly followed our sixth sense. Finally, cresting a steep hill, we found ourselves in an open field. Driving winds were more intense here, but we followed a fence row until we could make out the silhouette of towering Whiteface Mountain. With our bearings restored, we hid our treasure in a place where those who seek gold will miss by a quarter of a mile.

Toasting our luck with C.C. before a roaring fire.

Soon we were regaling friends with our chilling adventure as we enjoyed drinks of Canadian Club before a warming fire. We knew the case wouldn't be easy to find. Those who seek it may have to brave the same bitter conditions that challenge the Olympians. But if you prefer to confine your search for "The Best In The House" to the warm fireside, simply tell your host, "C.C., please."

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC. DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1980

Canadian Club

"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

ROCK QUIZ

(continued from page 185)

"Which rocker said, 'I don't want to see any faces at this party I haven't sat on'?"

(10) And now match these stars with their prestardom occupations:

___Screamin' Jay Hawkins
___Chuck Berry
___Elvis Presley
___Paul Anka
___Bonnie Bramlett
___Elvis Costello
___Melissa Manchester
___Rita Coolidge
___Deborah Harry
___Grace Slick

(a) computer programmer
(b) Playboy Bunny
(c) Ikette
(d) hairdresser
(e) prize fighter
(f) Harlette
(g) model
(h) drove a truck
(i) theater usher
(j) Mad Dog

(11) What eminently forgettable ballad was on the flip side of *Gee*, by The Crows?

(a) *Gosh*
(b) *If I Loved You*
(c) *I'm Just Your Fool*
(d) *Flip, Flop and Fly*
(e) *I Love You So*
(f) *Golly*

(12) What's in a name? Countless now-famous rockers labored in obscurity for years under names that just didn't make it into our consciousness. Match these stellar names with their humble antecedents:

___The Doobie Brothers
___Creedence Clearwater Revival
___The Coasters
___The Byrds
___Beach Boys
___Beatles
___Amazing Rhythm Aces
___Levon Helm

(a) Nuclear Clyde
(b) The Robins
(c) The Jungle Bush Beaters
(d) Kenny and The Cadets
(e) The Golliwogs
(f) The Quarreymen
(g) Beefeaters
(h) Pud

(13) The Beatles had more than good looks, sex appeal and tremendous talent. They also knew how to borrow from the right places. Who had the original hits of these Beatles cover versions?

___*Boys*
___*Dizzy Miss Lizzy*
___*Honey Don't*
___*Long Tall Sally*
___*Roll Over, Beethoven*
___*Twist and Shout*
___*Words of Love*
___*You Really Got a Hold on Me*
___*Please Mr. Postman*
___*Money*
___*Chains*
___*Slow Down*

(a) Larry Williams
(b) The Isley Brothers
(c) Buddy Holly
(d) The Marvelettes
(e) Chuck Berry
(f) Carl Perkins
(g) Smokey Robinson & The Miracles
(h) The Cookies
(i) Barrett Strong
(j) Little Richard
(k) The Shirelles
(l) Larry Williams

(14) Old folkies never die—they turn to rock. Match the former folkie with his/her dark secret:

___Stephen Stills
___Jerry Garcia
___Jim McGuinn
___Neil Young
___John Phillips
___Kenny Rogers
___John Stewart
___Maria Muldaur
___Don Williams

(a) The Journeymen
(b) Jim Kweskin Jug Band
(c) New Christy Minstrels
(d) Pozo Seco Singers
(e) The Kingston Trio
(f) Au Go Go Singers
(g) Chad Mitchell Trio
(h) Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions
(i) The Squires

(15) Match the real name with the description:

___Apollo C. Vermouth
___Famed concert promoter
___Rock-a-billy star, now in C&W
___You know what he likes
___Top hat and cape
___Dominique
___"Don't go breaking my heart"
___Not Tennille's Captain

(a) Gene Chandler
(b) Janine Deckers
(c) Don Van Vliet
(d) Harold Jenkins
(e) Wolfgang Grajonca
(f) Paul McCartney
(g) J. P. Richardson
(h) Pauline Matthews

(16) Words of love, so warm and tender: In a moldy oldie, who uttered this speech after fatally shooting his sweetie: "And then, realizin' what you've done, you say, 'Baby, forgive me. I'm sorry.' And with her last dyin' breff, she look up and say . . . 'Doo doo doo wo woooo. . . .'"

(a) John Denver
(b) Mitch Ryder
(c) Chuck Willis
(d) Amos Milburn
(e) Bobby Marchan
(f) Percy Sledge
(g) Gary Gilmore

(17) Woofers & Tweeters: Who said what? Choose from this list: (a) Frank Zappa, (b) Elvis Presley, (c) Bette Midler, (d) Bonnie Raitt, (e) Gene Simmons, (f) Tuli Kupferberg, (g) Art Garfunkel, (h) Patti Smith.

___"I think Shakespeare is shit. Absolute shit! He may have been a genius for his time, but I can't relate to that stuff. 'Thee' and 'thou'—the guy sounds like a faggot."
___"If your children ever found out how lame you are, they'd kill you in your sleep."
___"I don't know anything about music—in my line you don't have to."
___"I, too, slept with Jack Kennedy."
___"Those who will not dance will have to be shot."
___"I don't want to see any faces at this party I haven't sat on."

(18) Jerry Lee Lewis took a child bride in his third marriage. But how old was he at the time of his *first* marriage?

(a) 16
(b) 14
(c) 17
(d) 21
(e) 28

(19) Match the *original* jukebox classic with its *original* flip side:

___*See You Later, Alligator*
___*(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction*
___*Please Mr. Postman*
___*Space Oddity*
___*You Can't Sit Down*
___*Soul Man*
___*Expressway to Your Heart*
___*Born to Be Wild*
___*Hound Dog*

(a) *Night Mare*
(b) *So Long Baby*
(c) *Everybody's Next One*
(d) *The Under Assistant West Coast Promotion Man*
(e) *"Hey Gyp"*
(f) *Wild Eyed Boy from Freecloud*
(g) *Stompin' Everywhere*
(h) *May I Baby*
(i) *The Paper Boy*

(20) Which of these groups recorded *Jailbait* in the mid-Fifties?

(a) Paul Evans & the Curls
(b) Hank Ballard & The Midnighters
(c) Andre Williams
(d) Johnny & the Hurricanes
(e) Nino and the Ebb Tides
(f) Dickey Doo & The Don'ts
(g) Somethin' Smith and the Redheads

Thazzit, fans. Answers on page 282.

Street Cars are built for comfort and style. Slip into foam innersoles wrapped in soft cushion leather, surrounded by durable leather uppers, set atop a great looking flexible sole.

STREET CARS®

Whether it's denim or dress slacks, nothin' looks or feels better at the bottom than Street Cars. The shoes your feet get off on. Pick up a pair of Street Cars at leading shoe and department stores.

THE SHOES YOUR FEET GET OFF ON.®

For the name of the nearest store, write Street Cars, Laconia, New Hampshire 03246.

SMOOTH 'N' SIMPLE.

To subscribe to PLAYBOY by phone, just call:

TOLL-FREE 800-621-1116*

A 12-issue subscription is only $16. You save $15.00 off the $31 newsstand price. Call 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

*(In Illinois, call 800-972-6727.) (Toll-free service not available in Hawaii or Alaska.)

Rates apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., APO-FPO addresses only. Canadian rate: 12 issues $18.

elegant, sensuous, delightful

Satin Sheets

Order Direct from Manufacturer
Machine Washable: 12 colors: Black, Royal Blue, Brown, Burgundy, Bone, Gold, Lt. Blue, Navy, Red, Sunflower, White, Mint Green. Set includes: 1 flat sheet, 1 fitted sheet, 2 matching pillowcases.

Twin Set ....$24.00 Queen Set $38.00
Full Set ....$33.00 King Set $42.00

3 letter monogram on 2 cases - $3.50

Add $2.00 for postage & handling

Immediate shipping on Money Orders and Credit Cards: American Express, Visa and Mastercharge accepted. Include Signature, Account Number & Expiration Date. Checks accepted.

HOT LINE NUMBER!
Call 201-222-2211
24 Hours a Day, 7 Days a Week
N. J. & N.Y. Residents add Sales Tax.

Royal Creations, Ltd.
Dpt. P4 350 Fifth Ave. (3308) New York, NY 10001

LESS FRICTION

MORE MPG.

Tephguard® TF-7™ coats your vital engine parts with Du Pont Teflon* to reduce friction and engine wear, increase mileage and engine life. It's a complete friction treatment. Change oil regularly – Tephguard's effectiveness lasts a full year. Ask for Tephguard TF-7 wherever auto supplies are sold.

Tephguard Corporation
Dallas, Texas

* Teflon® is Du Pont's registered trademark for a fluorocarbon resin.

ROCK-'N'-ROLL QUIZ ANSWERS (from page 280)

(1) (b) *and* (c)—apparently, a continuity man blew it.

(2) Fee Waybill (b); Grace Jones (a); Nona Hendryx (e); Bette Midler (d); Wendy Williams (c)

(3) Brian Jones (f); Jimi Hendrix (a); Cass Elliot (g); Otis Redding (c); Sam Cooke (b); Keith Moon (d); Jim Morrison (e)

(4) (d)

(5) (d)

(6) (b)

(7) (c)

(8) (d)

(9) Eddie Cochran (b); Jerry Lee Lewis (d); Roy Orbison (a); Muddy Waters (e); Hank Williams (f); Lou Christie (c)

(10) Screamin' Jay Hawkins (e); Chuck Berry (d); Elvis Presley (h); Paul Anka (i); Bonnie Bramlett (c); Elvis Costello (a); Melissa Manchester (f); Rita Coolidge (j); Deborah Harry (b); Grace Slick (g)

(11) (e)

(12) Doobie Brothers (h); Creedence Clearwater Revival (e); Coasters (b); Byrds (g); Beach Boys (d); Beatles (f); Amazing Rhythm Aces (a); Levon Helm (c)

(13) *Boys* (k); *Dizzy Miss Lizzy* (a) or (l); *Honey Don't* (f); *Long Tall Sally* (j); *Roll Over, Beethoven* (e); *Twist and Shout* (b); *Words of Love* (c); *You Really Got a Hold on Me* (g); *Please Mr. Postman* (d); *Money* (i); *Chains* (h); *Slow Down* (l) or (a)

(14) Stephen Stills (f); Jerry Garcia (h); Jim McGuinn (g); Neil Young (i); John Phillips (a); Kenny Rogers (c); John Stewart (e); Maria Muldaur (b); Don Williams (d)

(15) Apollo C. Vermouth (f); Famed concert promoter (e); Rock-a-billy star (d); You know what he likes (g); Top hat and cape (a); Dominique (b); "Don't go breaking my heart" (h); Not Tennille's Captain (c)

(16) (c)

(17) Correct sequence is: (e), (a), (b), (c), (f), (d)

(18) (b)

(19) Correct sequence is: (i), (d), (b), (f), (g), (h), (e), (c), (a)

(20) (c)

"It looks like you're going to get lots of offers to have tanning lotion rubbed on you."

For the looks that get the looks™

Good looking hair. That gets noticed. That's a Command Performance haircut. A haircut that will hold its shape more than just a few days.

A haircut that won't try to force your hair into a style that's not right for it. We'll start with a careful study of your hair's natural inclinations. Our precision haircutters notice everything that's right (as well as everything that's wrong) with the way your hair has always grown. Then they'll give you our precision cut. One that adapts the style you want to the hair you have. So, our precision haircut not only looks great the first day. It'll help to hold your hair in shape, even as your hair continues to grow. And you'll continue to get all the looks you're looking for.

You'll find Command Performance stores coast to coast. Plus Hawaii, Puerto Rico and Canada. No appointments necessary, ever.

Command Performance®

Over 350 Haircutting Stores Coast to Coast

© 1979 First International Services Corporation

PLAYBOY PUZZLE

HRYFRHLLYWD!

Where can you find 25 disemvoweled movie titles? On the marquee de Sade, naturally. To cruelly tease you, we've taken some titles of Hollywood's finest, cut out the vowels and punctuation and spliced the rest together. Pretty much what they'd look like if they'd been edited for TV. Guess, if you can, these tantalizingly stripped-down titles.

—BY DOUG AND JAN HELLER AND THE STAFF OF "GAMES" MAGAZINE

1. BLZNGSDDLS	2. FRMHRTTRNTY	3. THWZRDFZ	4. CSNRYL	5. PCLYPSNW
6. SMLKTHT	7. SYRDR	8. DLVRNC	9. LVSTRY	10. BNHR
11. CMNGHM	12. WHTSPDC	13. TRGRT	14. THSTWRDSSS	15. BGST
16. THNKDCTY	17. MYRBRCKNRDG	18. STRWRS	19. DRN	20. CSTTNZBR
21. THKNGND	22. LFFBRN	23. STRSBRN	24. BNNS	25. WHTDYSYTNKDLDY

Answer on page 286.

Listen to television on your stereo.

IDEAL FOR TAPING TV SHOWS AND USING STEREO HEADPHONES.

Get electronic **simulated stereo sound** from your TV. Don't miss another show without listening through your stereo and speakers! The teledapter easily connects to any TV & stereo system. TV and stereo can be any distance apart. Quality electronic circuitry assures correct impedence matching for best frequency response and chassie isolation for protection of your TV and stereo. The teledapter comes complete with instructions, cables and two year warranty. 15 day trial or money back if dissatisfied.

The TE-200 Teledapter only $29.95 ppd

To order: enclose check or ☐ Mastercharge ☐ Visa

RHOADES NATIONAL CORPORATION

Card # _____ Dept. P4 P.O. Box 817 Hendersonville, TN 37075

Expiration date _____ (615) 824-1735

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Answer to puzzle on page 285.

1. Blazing Saddles
2. From Here to Eternity
3. The Wizard of Oz
4. Casino Royale
5. Apocalypse Now
6. Some Like It Hot
7. Easy Rider
8. Deliverance
9. Love Story
10. Ben Hur
11. Coming Home
12. What's Up, Doc?
13. True Grit
14. The Stewardesses
15. Beau Geste
16. The Naked City
17. Myra Breckinridge
18. Star Wars
19. Dr. No
20. Ice Station Zebra
21. The King and I
22. Life of Brian
23. A Star Is Born
24. Bananas
25. What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?

TURNED TABLES

(continued from page 136)

"Superdiscs offer an enhanced dynamic range that can trigger acoustic feedback from turntables."

be –60 dB weighted or a number more negative than that; say, –65 dB. Sometimes, rumble is expressed as a turntable's signal-to-noise ratio, in which case it becomes a positive number; this time, the higher the number, the better (e.g., 75 dB is quieter than 70 dB). Note that all specs must be derived from the same measurement system to offer meaningful comparisons.

One very important feature of a turntable that is not given by the numbers, but that can make a major difference in a turntable's suitability in certain systems, is the method by which its internal parts are suspended under the chassis top. That particular factor has become virtually critical with the continuing burgeoning of the so-called superdiscs (the direct-cut types, the digital-tape processed albums, the dbx-encoded releases and the records that are produced by several labels with more than the usual lavishing of tender loving care). Those records offer an enhanced dynamic range that can trigger acoustic feedback from turntables that never before suffered from that noise. Sometimes, placing special feet under the turntable can help, but the real cure lies in the machine's internal suspension. It must not be too stiff. That doesn't really say a hell of a lot, but it's something to ask about when you're contemplating spending a few hundred bucks on a new turntable on which you hope to play any new record that comes along.

A closely related feature is the tonearm and the cartridge fitted in it. The key concept here is low mass and its concomitant benefit in reducing the resonance between the arm and the cartridge. In general, the arm supplied as an integral part of a given turntable can be counted on to represent an optimum mating with that turntable, at least from the standpoint of the product's designer. But note that what looks good to, say, Pioneer or Technics—both of which favor the bent, or "S-shaped," arm—does not get the nod from Thorens, which uses a straight arm with a slightly offset head. How's a body to know? I don't believe you can tell merely from the arm's shape. If you get to that kind of critical crossroads in your decision about which unit to buy, you would do best to listen to both fitted with the same cartridge playing the same record.

Two recent trends in tonearms are worth mentioning. One is the integrated arm and cartridge, those two elements being designed for each other in a mutually exclusive relationship. The Danish firm of Bang & Olufsen has long espoused that approach; more recently, it has surfaced in the Dual ULM (for ultralow mass) series in which a new tonearm is mated with an Ortofon-made pickup designed especially for it.

The other news in arms is the sudden increase in the number of true radial arms. Instead of pivoting from one end, these arms move the cartridge across the record in a straight line, the same radius with which a record is cut. Known also as tangential tracking, this system is credited with eliminating the small angular error that must perforce occur with a conventional pivoted arm. Whether or not you can hear the difference may be a moot point. Less debatable, however, is the fact that a radial arm does away with the need for antiskating compensation, since the skating problem arises in the first place as a direct consequence of an arm's being pivoted. A well-designed radial arm probably also will permit you to use a given cartridge at its lowest possible vertical tracking force, which could prove (over some years, anyway) to help extend the longevity of your records. Among the companies recently offering radial arms are Phase Linear, Technics, Aiwa and Revox.

Having bestowed most of its recent technology on the single-play turntable, a portion of the industry is embellishing that product with a new kind of automation. Optonica, for example, has announced a turntable with a built-in microprocessor that can be programmed to play not only individual bands of a record but also portions of bands. A digital readout system also tells you what has been programmed and what part of the action is going on. Digital readout of speed also is featured on several brands, as well as very smooth cuing controls for setting the stylus onto the record and lifting it off at the press of a button.

Fillips like those do nothing to help the sound of your records, but they can make playing them perhaps a little more intriguing than in the past. With or without them, it seems fairly certain that on today's turntables, your records never had it so good. In fact, they may sound so great that you may find yourself asking: Who needs digital sound, anyway?

"Choose carefully, Jack—we've had a rash of age-discrimination suits around here lately!"

Looks as good as it tastes!

The Club is the largest-selling cocktail in the world. And now everyone can see why!

We've just put that big, bright, beautiful taste on the outside to show just how mouth-watering it's always been on the inside.

Pick from fifteen different bar-strength cocktails and see if they don't look as good as they taste.

THE CLUB® COCKTAILS • 25 Proof • Prepared by The Club Distilling Co., Hartford, CT.

GEAR

NET GAINS

Oversized tennis rackets have been on the market several years and, judging from the number of court appearances they've made at clubs we frequent, it's certain that the concept is rapidly making net gains on traditional styles. The advantages are obvious: Aside from an increased hitting surface, a bigger racket gives a player extra power, better control and a larger-sized sweet spot for that killer shot. The ball's in your court, Bjorn. Game! Set! Match!

Left to right: The Big Bow racket of French white ash and fiberglass combines an oversize bow with open-throat construction, by Spalding, $88 unstrung. Black Ace, a killer racket of graphite fibers, features a foam core that minimizes vibrations, by Kennex, $160 unstrung. Third in line is the Classic, which has an extra-strong extruded aluminum frame for less vibration and individual string holes, thus reducing the chance of a string's breaking, by Prince, $70 strung. The Pro 110, with its stiffer tubular aluminum frame, has an extra-long handle for two-handed shots, by Prince, $95 strung. Last is the Tony Trabert Big Bubba racket with an all-graphite construction, urethane high-gloss finish and a long handle for two-handed shots, by ProGroup, $160 unstrung.

THERE'S FUN AFOOT

With the continuing popularity of the boat shoe and the fact that the price of leather footwear has skyrocketed, more and more designers are creating shoes that go equally well with suits and jeans. Fabric shoes in natural shades, perhaps, have the most versatility. But there are other treatments previously thought of as strictly for casualwear (especially looks in nontraditional colors) that, in today's less rigid fashion mood, work just as well in a multipurpose role. Some have crepe soles and heels, others are perforated models and there's even a pair of modified Western boots. And about those perennial boat shoes: Watch for yet another lease on life as they begin appearing in even hotter colors. —DAVID PLATT

Following the numbers: 1. Natural-color linen city Western boot with leather piping, by French Shriner, $100. 2. Natural linen moccasin-toe slip-on with contrast leather trimming, leather lining, leather sole and rubber heel, by Johnston & Murphy, $85. 3. Cotton mesh/calfskin saddle shoe with leather heel and sole, from Valentino Cardinali by Fantasia, $65. 4. Canvas lace-up shoe with six eyelets, mudguard detail and canvas wrap heel, from Jean Pier Clemente by Italia Bootwear, $65. 5. Sailcloth lace-up oxford with rubber sole, by G. H. Bass, $55. 6. Canvas lace-up oxford with crepe sole and heel, by Bostonian, about $38. 7. Natural buff-leather lace-up oxford with rubber heel and sole, by Florsheim, about $48. 8. Linen/nubuck suede saddle shoe with leather sole and heel, from Yves Saint Laurent by Harwyn International, about $65. Who says casual can't be classy?

1. Calfskin oxford with leather sole and heel, from Yves Saint Laurent by Harwyn International, about $100. **2.** Cowhide tasseled slip-on with hand-sewn trim, cushioned inner sole, leather sole and heel, from Handsewns by Frye, $67. **3.** Casual calfskin lace-up with leather sole and heel, by Smerling Imports for Pierre Cardin, about $65. **4.** Latigo leather lace-up with leather heel and sole, by Jeffrey Banks for Lighthouse Footwear, about $70. **5.** Gabardine oxford with leather sole and heel, by Peeples, about $80. **6.** Perforated nubuck suede shoe with leather sole and heel, by Knight-Errant for Rayley, $36. **7.** Linen oxford with crepe sole and heel, by Cole Haan, $120.

RICHARD IZUI

DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

If your plans for the season include the purchase of only one or two new suits, it's advisable to think about styles that can work as sports coat/trouser separates for added wardrobe flexibility and mileage. Textured, tweed and linen styles work best as opposed to stripes and plaids.

•

The uniform air-traveler outfit of double-knit leisure suit appears to have been replaced by the solid-color blazer combined with a pair of plaid slacks. While the blazer is a tried-and-true staple of any wardrobe, it goes best with slacks that have less contrast, such as flannels, tweeds or even jeans.

•

While not one to advocate make-up for men, common sense does suggest that a number of skin treatments are worth a try. If your face is often exposed to the elements, you should consider a moisturizer. Cracked, leathery skin may be a manly image, but it ain't good for you.

•

The Decade of the Designer Score Card: Latest entry from the world of women's wear is Parisian Emanuel Ungaro, who has signed with an American manufacturer to do a line for men this fall. It will be expensive and feature handsome Italian fabrications.

•

If you choose to cool your feet by not wearing socks—some shoe manufacturers have you in mind and are lining their shoes with terrycloth.

•

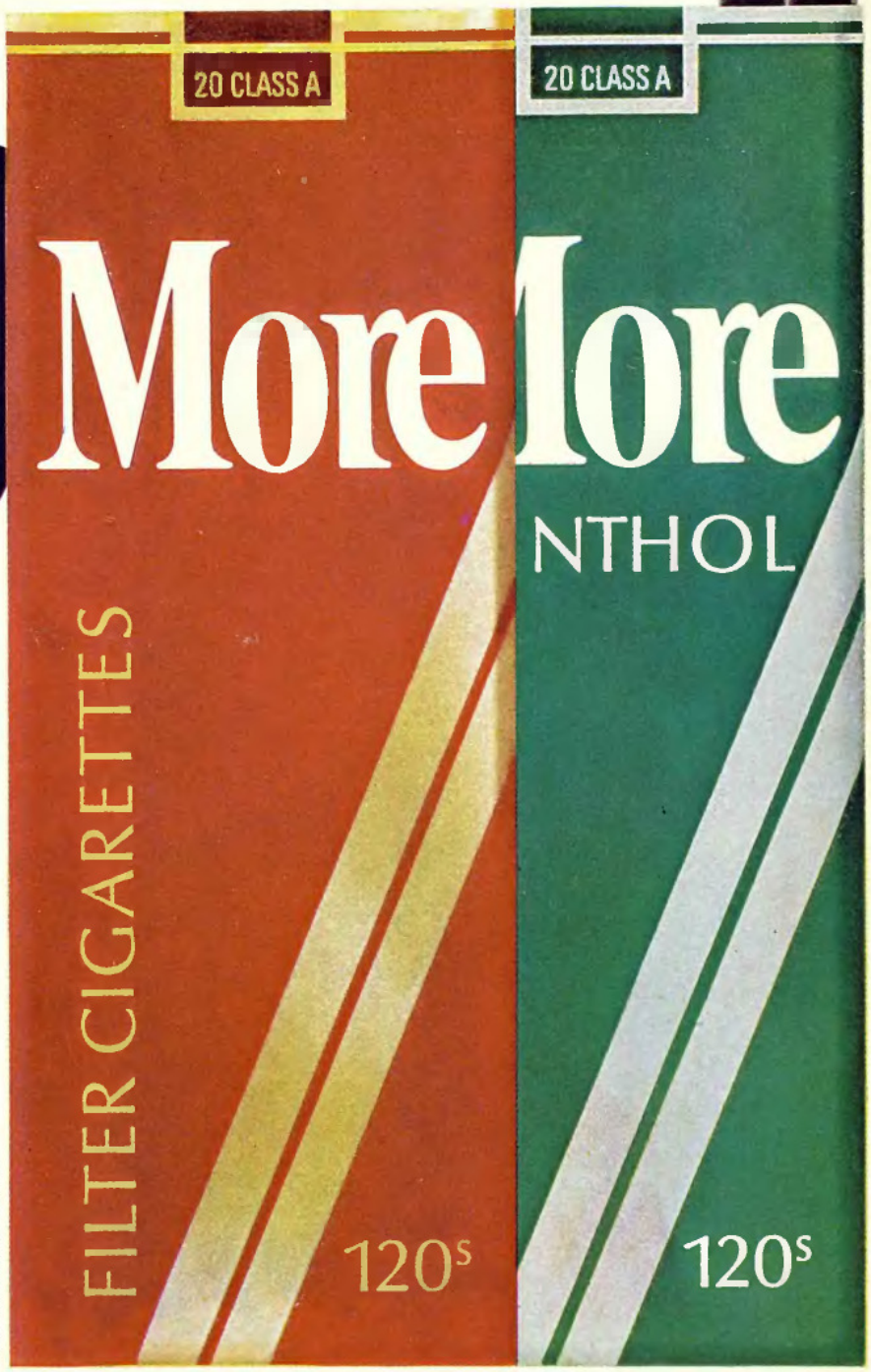
It seemed like a good idea at first, but its passing goes unlamented: trousers without back pockets, so that the close fit had no bulges. (The male handbag still makes sense, but the first time you leave it in a restaurant with your wallet inside, you'll be wishing you had pants with a back pocket.)

"I'm More satisfied."

"I really enjoy More's great, satisfying taste. And since More is 120mm long, the great taste lasts longer. That's why I get *extra* satisfaction.

"More also has the style that could only come from a long, slim, brown cigarette. Am I more satisfied with More? You bet."

More. For that extra measure of satisfaction.



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

21 mg. "tar", 1.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

PHOTO FINISHERS

Bare walls do not lend an air of homeyness to living quarters. And what with the price of Rembrandts and Rauschenbergs going through the roof, more affordable, if not more modest, wall decorations must be found. Photographs—yours or others—may be the answer. In the hands of a professional photo-lab technician, an original image can be cropped or photographically enhanced to create a special effect and, from it, a custom print can be made to your specifications. Because they stock photographic paper in 40-inch and 52-inch widths, many color labs can produce murals or superwide shots and the seams can be matched when installed, just like wallpaper. Experts recommend that the original image be taken from at least 35mm film; two-and-a-quarter-inch format or large sheet film is better yet. You can shop around for a local color lab, but good old Eastman Kodak is already one jump ahead of you, as it has assembled a brochure listing, in Zip Code sequence, 182 professional color labs that specialize in processing outsized photos. To obtain it, write to Eastman Kodak, Department 412L-533, 343 State Street, Rochester, New York 14650. Once you pick a lab, the fun really begins. Your walls will thank you for the memories.

These interiors, designed for Kodak by Ron Doud, Lisa Elfenbein and Brian Thompson, show some of the possibilities of photo art. At left: A simple subject—a loaf of bread—becomes a design element complementing the monochromatic scheme of the kitchen with blasts of color. Below: A photograph of the large window in the main room—including the moldings, blinds and outside view—was printed the same size and placed opposite the real McCoy to create a startling *trompe l'oeil*.

NED PHILLIPS

At left: Photo planks of the moon walk coincide with a changing moon series. Photo planks—with wood backing, faced with parallel strips of U-shaped molding brackets—can be adapted easily and inexpensively. An extravagantly enlarged photo of a floral bouquet is suspended from the ceiling.

© 1979 ROBERT MATHEU

What Sort of Men Read PLAYBOY?

The first family of American punk started out singing about sniffing glue. Now, after the success of *Rock 'n' Roll High School*, a cinematic ode to student self-determination, THE RAMONES are movie stars. Although we happened to catch them checking out the Playmate centerfold, we know the boys regularly buy PLAYBOY for the articles.

© 1979 LYNN GOLDSMITH, INC.

Svelte Belt

Singer TEDDY PENDERGRASS oozes sexuality onstage, say his female fans. So, for his own protection, he's considering beefing up his security force before his next tour. Here are a couple of attractive prospects who look as if they'd get a kick out of the job.

10½

Bo Derek isn't the only 10 around Hollywood these days. This month's celebrity breast award goes to gorgeous model/actress BARBARA CARRERA. Back in 1977, we photographed her with a bunch of men who turned into animals. Do you have to ask us why?

WILLIAM KAREL/SYGMA

© 1979 CRAIG HARMON

Curtain Call

You last saw LESLEY ANN WARREN in a TV movie, *Portrait of a Stripper.* Soon you'll be seeing her again in a six-hour miniseries, *Beulah Land* (from the best-selling novel set in the Civil War South). Sorry, fellas, no garter belts in this one.

MICHAEL CHILDERS/SYGMA

Eat to the Beat

We've *heard* that singer TOM JONES's most ardent fans have been known to throw underwear at him during his concerts. Now we have proof. After careful examination, we've concluded these undies are not the edible kind.

© 1979 RICHARD E. AARON / THUNDER THUMBS

The Glitterati

Here are the ladies of the Eighties, GILDA and BETTE. Midler certainly deserves an Oscar for *The Rose.* Radner is a good Emmy bet for this, probably her final season on *Saturday Night Live.* And either or both of them could pick up a Tony and/or a Grammy. That pretty well wraps up the start of this decade.

WE NEVER MET A BREAST WE DIDN'T LIKE

A number of recent studies seem to show that women in authority command less esteem from both men and women than do their male counterparts. Psychologist Edward B. Klein claims that it all goes back to infancy, when we were clutching at Mother's breasts for sustenance. Citing the work of Melanie Klein, a psychoanalyst in the Thirties, the contemporary Klein reports that early unpleasant feeding experiences coaxed us to divide the bosom into good breast and bad breast. We learned to associate our baser, less agreeable feelings with the bad breast and our pleasant, well-fed satisfaction with the good one. According to Klein, the bad breast rears its ugly areola whenever we meet a woman in power.

MACHO MAN

Anthropologists studying populations in southern Spain asked members of the working class to define the word *macho*. Here are some of the replies: A *macho* is a man who would make love to a shovel if you put a dress on it; a man like the bull or the goat; a highly sexed animal—he conquers and ravishes the female; he lets no nubile woman pass on the street without eating her up with his eyes; he cannot be Platonically friendly with a woman unless she is very, very ugly and he is very, very stupid. Oddly, another part of the report said the Spanish woman is even more *macho* than the man. In folk songs, she is perceived as powerful and sexually insatiable—an animal that must be tamed.

RICHARD KLEIN

We all know that cleanliness is next to godliness and/or nothingness. Private Lives, an Evanston, Illinois, bath shop, sells some sexy products (above) to get nearer, my God, to thee.

You may have seen these ceramic panties on TV. Don't let your girl wear them—they're uncomfortable and inhibit normal sexual relations. But they make a fine plant hanger.

TONGUE DEPRESSOR

Dentists claim that the popularity of oral sex has created an increase in oral gonorrhea. Right now, says one researcher, two percent of all gonorrhea cases reported are of the oral variety. Often, the telltale lesions go undiagnosed because the victims never suspect that they've got anything more than a cold sore. The mucus of the mouth rivals the genital area for fecundity, so many genital infections (such as herpes II) will spread to the mouth when given the chance. Tsk-tsk. Maybe you should brush after *every* meal.

SEX ED NEEDED—BADLY

Maybe you've seen the statistics: Nearly 40 percent of all 16-year-olds have had sex. About 35 percent have either given or gotten oral sex by the age of 16. Good for them; but don't assume they know what they're doing. While studying male sexuality, a group of Florida researchers discovered a wellspring of misinformation when they interviewed fellows between the ages of 17 and 19. Nearly half of the Tallahassee youths thought that an I.U.D. should be inserted each time sex takes place. Thirty-six percent believed that postcoital douching is a reliable contraceptive. Almost a quarter of the lads figured that female orgasm is necessary for pregnancy. Life is cruel, guys, but it's not *that* cruel. And of the 20 percent who think the rhythm method really works, we ask an old question: Do you know what to call people who use the rhythm method? *Parents.*

RAPE: NEW VICTIM

Efforts by women's groups have rightfully generated more attention to the plight of the rape victim. Now professionals recognize a previously overlooked victim—the husband or boyfriend of the female who has been raped. Men react with a variety of emotions to the rape of a loved one. Some express guilt that they weren't there to prevent the crime—or they want to "kill the s.o.b." Others respond with jealousy, as though their masculinity had been threatened. Some men even ask the size of the rapist's penis. The complaints seem to boil down to a loss of self-esteem. Maryland psychologist Dr. Robert A. Phillips, Jr., urges that such men should organize groups to express their feelings and reclaim their lost pride. He believes that would draw out feelings that would otherwise be repressed. Also, men might be better prepared to deal with the rape-related problems of their spouses or girlfriends.

T-SHIRT OF THE MONTH

CARRICK MADISON

April fool.

The new FISHER

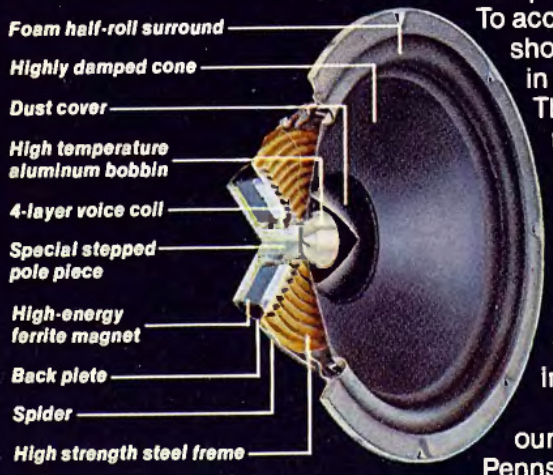
Efficiency Experts

Before you go out and buy a pair of power-hungry, watt-guzzling speakers (and a monster amplifier to drive them) consider the intelligent solution: efficient speakers. The kind of speakers you can now get from the new Fisher.

The Fisher ST460 speaker system will accurately reproduce live concert hall sound levels of 110 dB with only 30 watts of amplifier power. (Some acoustic suspension speakers need 400 watts for the same sound level!)

Suddenly, it becomes obvious that instead of a completely new audio system, all you may really need are new speakers — from the new Fisher.

Efficient speakers let even modest amplifiers coast along within their operating limits. That means undistorted amplifier power delivering true-to-life music — which is what you're really after, right?



Building high efficiency into speaker systems isn't easy, which is why it isn't done so often. It takes a lot of engineering savvy. For example, take a look inside the ST460. We make the 15" woofer especially sensitive to low-power amplifier signals. To accomplish this we built a short-throw voice coil immersed in an intense magnetic field. This required a huge 40 ounce magnet with specially designed T-shaped pole-piece to focus the magnetic lines of force. Then we mated the woofer to a computer-designed vented enclosure that reinforces the bass output for an impressive low end response.

We make the woofer ourselves in our modern Milroy, Pennsylvania plant. And we follow the same design approach to enhance the efficiency of the ST460's midrange drivers and tweeter. To further increase efficiency without compromising performance we put special low-loss ferrite-core inductors and non-polarized capacitors in the crossover network. The result is a circuit that minimizes phase shift distortion.

Then we added midrange and treble controls on the ST460 to let you fine-tune the music to your liking. And because the ST460 can handle a lot of power (130 watts) as well as a little, we incorporated a circuit breaker to prevent damage to the drivers under overload conditions.

More and more audiophiles are coming to appreciate the distinct advantages of high efficiency speaker systems. Their demand for our products has made Fisher one of the world's largest speaker manufacturers. And while we build many speakers to keep up with this unprecedented demand, each and every one is made with the same care and craftsmanship that has made Fisher the premier name in high fidelity for over 40 years.

The best way for you to appreciate our high-efficiency speakers is to hear them. That can be arranged at your nearest Fisher dealer, where the ST460 and other fine Fisher speakers and high fidelity products await your audition.

© Fisher Corp. 1979.

FISHER

The first name in high fidelity.®

Some men have it.

Classic English Leather®. The fresh, clean, masculine scent a woman loves her man to wear... or nothing at all. Wind Drift®. A clear, crisp call to adventure... refreshing as the wind from the sea. Timberline®. Brisk and woodsy, exhilarating as the great outdoors. In After Shave, Cologne, Gift Sets, and men's grooming gear. At fine toiletry counters.

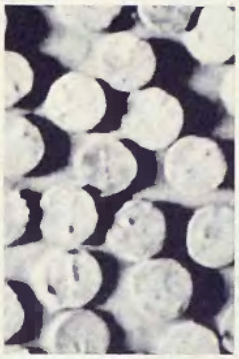
English Leather®

Northvale, New Jersey 07647 © 1978
Available in Canada

NEXT MONTH:

HIGH FLIERS

MOVIE YEAR


TOUGHEST SPORT

PAPAGENO'S HIDEOUT

"THE ISLAM CONNECTION"—AS HEAD OF AMERICA'S LARGEST MOSLEM GROUP, **WALLACE MUHAMMAD** IS THE MAIN LINK BETWEEN THE MIDDLE EASTERN FOLLOWERS OF ISLAM AND U.S. BLACKS. WHAT HE DOES MAY AFFECT *YOU*. A PROFILE BY **BRUCE MICHAEL GANS** AND **WALTER L. LOWE**

"ETIQUETTE FOR THE EIGHTIES"—SHOULD A GENTLEMAN SERVE CAVIAR WITH QUAALUDES? IS THERE A PROPER WAY TO INVITE YOUR FRIENDS TO A V.D. CLINIC? ANSWERS TO THOSE AND OTHER PRESSING QUESTIONS—BY **BRUCE FEIRSTEIN**

GAY TALESE TELLS WHAT IT WAS *REALLY* LIKE TO SPEND SEVEN YEARS STUDYING THE SEXUAL MORES OF THE U. S. IN PREPARATION FOR HIS BLOCKBUSTER BOOK *THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE* IN A HARD-HITTING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"THE YEAR IN MOVIES"—THESE ARE THE AWARDS YOU WON'T SEE PRESENTED ON OSCAR NIGHT. A NEW FEATURE IN WHICH WE CELEBRATE THE THINGS WE LOVED (AND HATED) AT THE FLICKS: THE GORIEST MURDER, THE DUMBEST DEATH, THE STEAMIEST SEX, THE MOST NAUSEATING TOY, ETC.

"PAPAGENO"—TENSION MOUNTS AS AN IVY LEAGUE HIT MAN HAS TO HIDE OUT IN THE DESERT AWAITING HIS NEXT ASSIGNMENT. A COMPELLING TALE—BY **ASA BABER**

"STEWARDESSES"—WILL OUR UNVEILING OF FLIGHT ATTENDANTS FULFILL YOUR FONDEST FANTASIES? TUNE IN NEXT MONTH AND FIND OUT. YOU MAY BE SURPRISED.

"THE TOUGHEST JOB IN SPORTS"—IS IT HARDER TO BE A BASEBALL CATCHER OR A HOCKEY GOALIE? WILL YOU GET ULCERS FASTER FROM DRIVING THE GRAND PRIX OR FACING ALI? **JAY STULLER** KNOWS—AND TELLS

"THE (SUR)REAL MISS WORLD"—WHEN LATIN LOVELY **SILVANA SUAREZ** LAID DOWN HER BEAUTY-QUEEN CROWN, SHE STEPPED INTO A MAGRITTE SUITE. A TANTALIZING PICTORIAL

"SEX IN AMERICA: BOSTON"—ANOTHER IN OUR SERIES OF ARTICLES TESTING THE SEXUAL TEMPERATURE OF OUR CITIES. BOSTON IS A GOOD PLACE TO GET SCROD, SAYS **KEN BODE**

"MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RANCH"—EVEN THE MOST CITIFIED OF DUDES CAN HAVE A BALL RIDING, ROPING AND WRANGLING AT A WESTERN GUEST RANCH. OUR TRAVEL EDITOR, **STEPHEN BIRNBAUM,** HELPS YOU CHOOSE

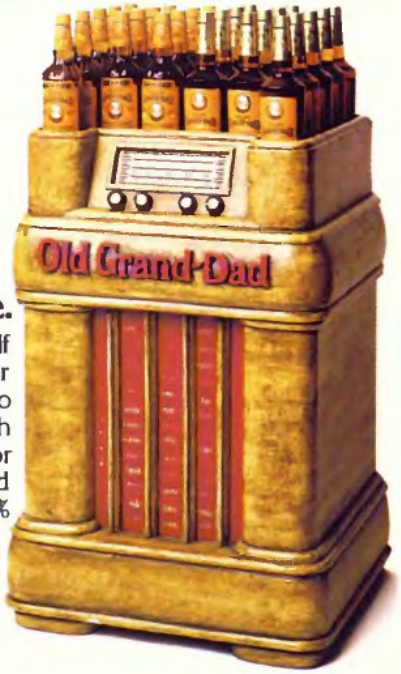
Announcing the Grand-Dad of radio album offers.

Get these 12 radio classics at prices worth broadcasting.

Now you can go back to the "Golden Age of Radio" at a price that won't set you back. These LP and 8-track recordings or cassettes normally sell for $6.00 and $7.00. Old Grand-Dad offers them to you for only $2.99 and $3.99.

Look for our display at your store.

That's where you'll find the order forms. If you can't find our display, send a check or money order to "Old Grand-Dad Radio Offer," Nostalgia Lane, Inc. 200 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10019. $2.99 for records and $3.99 for 8-tracks and cassettes. New York residents add 8% sales tax. Offer void where prohibited.



Old Grand-Dad. For generations, Head of the Bourbon Family.®

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof. Bottled in Bond. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky. 40601.

Benson & Hedges Lights

Only 11 mg tar

"B & H, I like your style."

BENSON & HEDGES 100's

LIGHTS

BENSON & HEDGES Menthol 100's

LIGHTS

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

11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.