PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1980 • $2.50

Summer Sex Issue

PLAYBOY'S FEARLESS GUIDE TO SUN, SAND AND SURF
DUDLEY MOORE SEARCHES FOR ANOTHER "10" • BRUCE JENNER INTERVIEW • MAUI WOWEE! HAWAII'S MOST VOLUPTUOUS VIEWS
CLASSY DUDS FOR SAUCY SUMMER NIGHTS • PLUS: HOW TO STAY AHEAD OF A STAGGERING ECONOMY

Earth, Wind & Fire says:
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Platinum Power. It's what the superstar rock group Earth, Wind & Fire puts into its platinum albums.

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The Panasonic Platinum Series. The sound. The look. The features. The power. They're all pure platinum. Just ask Earth, Wind & Fire. Batteries not included.

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories

Panasonic Platinum Series™ Stereo Radio Cassettes.

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If your interest is only in buying an instant camera for as little as possible, you've stopped at the wrong ad. Polaroid's SX-70 Sonar Land camera isn't cheap. On the other hand, if the idea of owning the finest instant camera in the world appeals to you, we'll tell you more.

In brief, the Polaroid SX-70 Sonar is perhaps the most ingenious, yet easy-to-use picture-taking system ever designed. It incorporates a computer, electronic eye, motor, film developing capacity and a revolutionary sonar focusing system: a photographic breakthrough that lets you take pictures at any point from infinity to 10.4 inches without changing, adjusting or calculating anything.

You push a button. An ultrasonic impulse speeds from the camera to the subject and back. In milliseconds the sound bounce-back is computed and the camera automatically focuses itself. Simultaneously the electric eye sets the exposure. And in about one second, the camera hands you a precisely focused, properly exposed, developing photograph.

And with the capacity to do all of that, it still folds down to a portable 1 by 4 by 9 inches. Handsomely covered in leather and brushed chrome.

And if by now all of this is beginning to sound like a wonderful bargain, it's obvious you're the kind of person who can discern the difference between the value of something, and its price.

When you stop thinking about the price, you're beginning to appreciate the value.

Polaroid

SX-70 Sonar

The Honda Accord LX. Economize in luxury.

If you plan to give up your luxury car because it uses too much gasoline, you might consider replacing it with our 1980 Honda Accord LX.

1980 HONDA ACCORD LX 5-SPEED

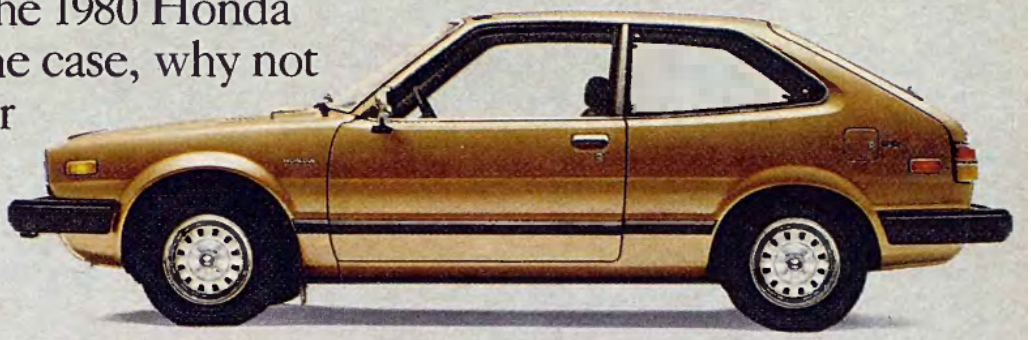
25 EPA EST. MPG, 35 HWY. MPG. USE 25 MPG FOR COMPARISON. YOUR MILEAGE MAY DIFFER DEPENDING ON WEATHER, SPEED, AND TRIP LENGTH. ACTUAL HWY. MILEAGE WILL PROBABLY BE LESS. FIGURES LOWER FOR CALIF. AND HIGH ALTITUDE CARS.

Why? Because the Accord LX provides the kind of gas mileage usually associated with cars less lavishly equipped: 25 EPA estimated mpg, 35 highway mpg.

A glance at the instrument panel reveals the elegant nature of the Accord LX. Everything you see is standard, including air conditioning, variable assist power steering, quartz digital clock, automatic maintenance reminder, electronic warning system, even a padded coin box.

Further standard features are remote control outside mirror, tonneau cover, front-wheel drive, four-wheel independent suspension, Michelin steel-belted radial tires, and velvety tricot upholstery. Optional this year on all Accords is our new fully automatic 3-speed transmission.

As you can see, fuel economy and automotive elegance are not mutually exclusive, at least not in the 1980 Honda Accord LX. That being the case, why not give up your luxury car for a luxury car?



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PLAYBILL

WE'VE ALWAYS LIKED the fact that there's an herb called summer savory, because the seasons of the year flavor our life—each with its particular enjoyments—and of all the seasons, we savor summer the most. If you do, too, you'll probably want to save this issue, if only to retain *Solar Power*, the ultimate guide to living and loving on the beach. And for those chilly nights when a swimsuit isn't enough, read *In the Cool of the Evening*, by Fashion Director **David Platt** (photographed by **Denis Piel**), our selection of this year's best casual summer eveningwear.

Now that people dress up for the beach and go to discos in their bikinis, can the death of disco be far behind? Can **Jacques Morali** stay in front? Morali, who foisted the Village People on an unsuspecting America, is doing a fast boogie into the movie business with Allan Carr's *Can't Stop the Music*, reviewed on page 39 and starring (who else?) the Village People. **David Rensin**, in *Can't Stop the Muse*, profiles Morali and discovers that in the dance of life, you gotta have more than one step to stay in there.

Speaking of staying in there, the question of the propriety of President Carter's decision to boycott the Olympic games in Moscow kicks off this month's *Playboy Interview* with 1976 Olympic decathlon champion **Bruce Jenner**. **Jay Stuller**, who interviewed Jenner in his $1,000,000 Malibu home, caught him at a crossroads in his life. His marriage was on the rocks, his television career seemed stymied and he had, for the first time in his life, been getting some negative publicity. Stuller had to draw Jenner out slowly but eventually got the gold-medal winner to talk about his problems.

When it comes to bringing home the gold—yours, that is—financial expert **Charles A. Cerami**, a Washington-based specialist on international monetary affairs, has some hot tips on how to stay ahead of the money game through the economically perilous years ahead in *A Financial Strategy for the Eighties*, illustrated by **Kathy Calderwood**. Money and sex being mankind's two primary preoccupations, this issue wouldn't be balanced without an article on the latter. Thus, **Lynda Schor** (author of *Appetites* and *True Love and Real Romance*) gives her unique feminine view of Big Norton (or do you call yours Little Willy?) in *Some Perspectives on the Penis*, throbbingly illustrated by **Don Glassford**.

If you're planning on traveling to your favorite ocean resort this summer, be sure you don't fly the wrong airplane. Consulting Editor **Laurence Gonzales** returns with the conclusion of his special PLAYBOY report on *Airline Safety*, which began in last month's issue. Feeling a bit leery of flying? Then take an ocean liner. Of course, that's expensive, but you can go the nonpaying route if you're prepared to take the risks. **Peter Dallas** tried it and recounts his adventures in *I Was a First-Class Stowaway*, illustrated by **Steve Hunter**. Peter's first novel, *Blackbird*, will be published in December by Bernard Geis Associates. Now that you've made your travel plans, the only question left is where to go. How about Hawaii? It's not as overrun with tourists as you might think, particularly if you explore more remote parts of the islands, as did our Travel Editor, **Stephen Birnbaum**, in *Hawaii's Hidden Treasures*. If Hawaii isn't far enough away for you, you can always travel to the planet Belsin, compliments of **Walter Tevis'** short story *The Apotheosis of Myra*. To round out the issue on, shall we say, an earthier note, there's **Dudley Moore's** *Ten Ways to Find the Perfect 10*, photographed by **Mario Casilli** (hoisting Moore aloft at right) in collaboration with West Coast Photography Editor **Marilyn Grabowski**; and last (but not least), Playmate **Teri Peterson**, photographed by Contributing Photographer **Phillip Dixon**. See you at the clambake.

STULLER

RENSIN

PIEL

CALDERWOOD

CERAMI

SCHOR

GONZALES

GLASSFORD

DALLAS

HUNTER

BIRNBAUM

GRABOWSKI, CASILLI, MOORE

TEVIS

DIXON

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HAWAII'S HIDDEN TREASURES—travel .....STEPHEN BIRNBAUM 110
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CREDITS: COVER: ACTRESS SANDRA DUMAS, PHOTOGRAPHED BY PHILLIP DIXON. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY BY: BRENT DEAR, P. 5, 11; DAVID CHAN, P. 12;

COVER STORY
The young lady with the glistening legs isn't just your ordinary model. She's actress Sandra Dumas, who co-stars with Bibi Andersson and Anthony Perkins in the just-released French film *Twice a Woman* (we review it on page 40). Phillip Dixon photographed Dumas in collaboration with West Coast Photography Editor Marilyn Grabowski. Where's the Rabbit? Start at the bottom of Sandra's left leg and work up. See? We call that a hippity hoppity.

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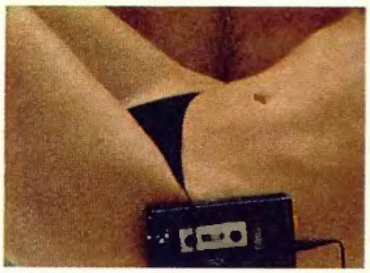
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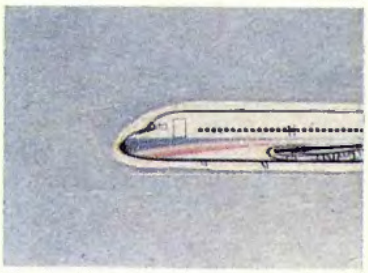
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PHILLIP DIXON, P. 102, 103 (2), 104 (2), 105 (2); JONAS DOVYDENAS, P. 5; GRANT EDWARDS, P. 11; RICHARD FEGLEY, P. 104; JAMES HAMILTON, P. 44; RICHARD KLEIN, P. 5, 11; JIM LARSON, P. 5; LARRY L. LOGAN, P. 11, 12; GARRICK MADISON, P. 173, 175, 228, 229; KEN MARCUS, P. 18; JOHN NEUBAUER, P. 5; DENNIS SILVERSTEIN, P. 11; J. FREDERICK SMITH, P. 12; VERNON L. SMITH, P. 5 (4); TOM STAEBLER, P. 101; KEVIN STAPELTON, P. 5; SERI SEVENSON, P. 5; ALEXAS URBA, P. 104; KENT VAN METER, P. 5; STEVE VAUGHAN, P. 48 (2); EVA WEISS, P. 5; WIDE WORLD, P. 48 (2); JOHN ZIMMERMAN, P. 102. P. 12, COURTESY OF "COSMOPOLITAN" MAGAZINE. ILLUSTRATIONS: DAN CLYNE, P. 105; JOANN DALEY, P. 102, 103; LEO MONOHAN, P. 102, 104; DAVID SCANLAN, P.102, 104. INSERTS: PLAYBOY BOOK CLUB CARD BETWEEN P. 46-47, 224-225; PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL CARD BETWEEN P. 250-251.

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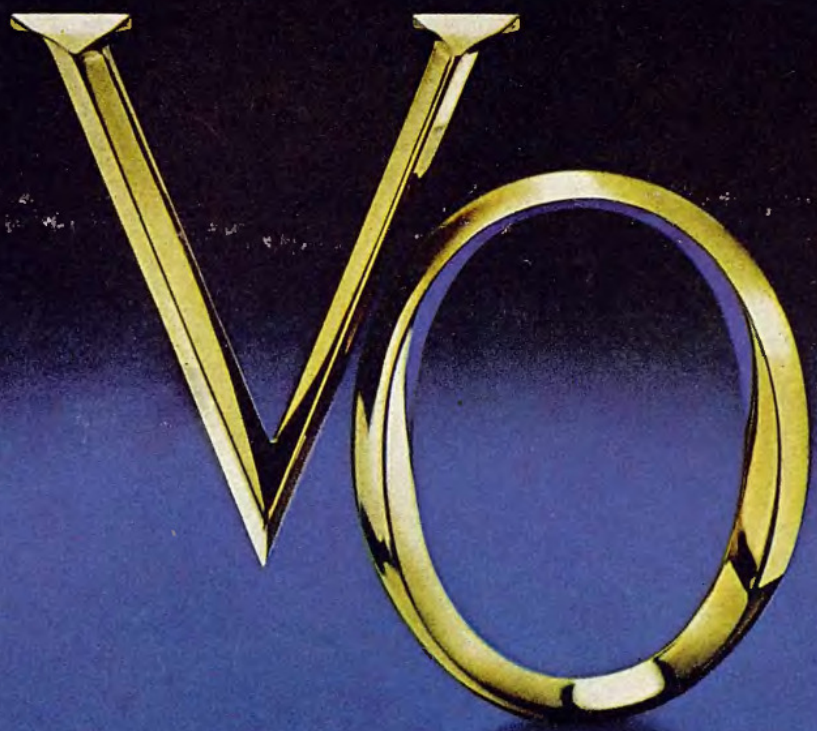

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR 2780?

Dorothy Stratten, 1980 Playmate of the Year, goes to outer space in *Galaxina*, a 28th Century sci-fi film. Dorothy (below) is this robot, see, and screwball Avery Schreiber runs this spaceship and they bump into some biker types and. . . .

CANDYGRAM FOR MR. LOWNES

How sweet it is for Victor Lownes (center) at the Chicago Club's party marking the 20th anniversary of the Playboy Clubs. A messenger sings a telegram to Lownes, who is President of Playboy Clubs International, Christie Hefner (left), 20th Anniversary Bunny Danita Jo Fox and Bunny Mother Patti Jo Masten.

SERGEANT BAMBI'S BACK ON MANEUVERS

After Marine brass canned Bambi Lin Finney for posing for PLAYBOY's *Women of the Armed Forces*, Bambi took her story to *The Tonight Show*, where Ed McMahon and Johnny Carson provided sympathy and about 16,000,000 viewers.

IT'S NOT FOOTBALL, BUT IT'S NOT BAD

Two reasons PLAYBOY's March issue was a sellout? Easy. Bo Derek (on the cover, left) and Terry Bradshaw (right), our burly, born-again interviewee, shown at a recent Chicago Playboy Mansion party given in his honor.

HEY! THIS NEVER HAPPENED TO GENE KELLY!

Chicago is Hugh Hefner's kind of razzmatazz as he, song duo Pink Lady and comedian Jeff Altman warble a tribute to the Windy City on TV's *Pink Lady*. Hef's hits just keep on coming since his colossal *Saturday Night Live* rendition of *Thank Heaven for Little Girls*.

DEBRA JO IN *COSMO*

Here's an unforgettable outtake from *Cosmopolitan*'s spring lingerie feature. Look familiar? It's 1978 Playmate of the Year Debra Jo Fondren, who modeled all of the sexy underthings.

PLAYBOY POPS FOR FIRST FREEDOMS EXHIBIT

L.A. mayor Tom Bradley (left), L.A. *Times* publisher Otis Chandler, Hef and Thomas Orlando of the Chicago Public Library at the Los Angeles opening of the Playboy Foundation's touring Freedom of the Press exhibit, featuring documents from the library's collection—including papers donated by Hef on the John Peter Zenger trial. The scroll proclaims Freedom of Information Day.

THE ART OF LOVING: CANDY ARRESTS LOBO FANS

Our 25th Anniversary Playmate, Candy Loving, rides shotgun with Deputy Perkins (Mills Watson) in an episode of NBC-TV's *The Misadventures of Sheriff Lobo*. Candy played, naturally, the "Sexiest Girl in the World."

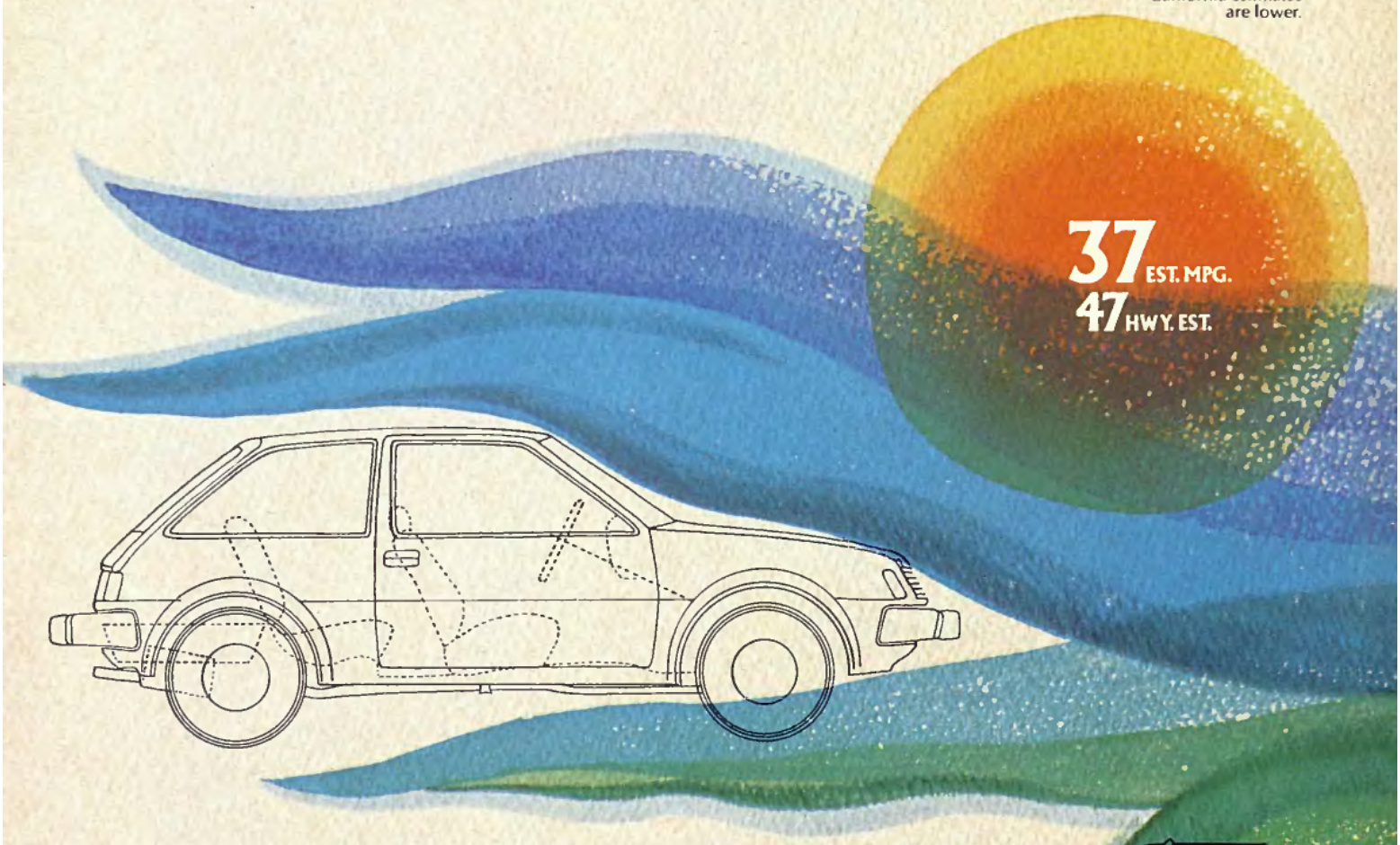
PLAYMATE UPDATE: KEEP ON TRUCKIN'

Owner Operator, a truckers' magazine, featured March 1974 Playmate Pamela Zinszer as its "Editor's Choice" not long ago (above). To help you recall her hidden charms, we've reprised a photo from Pam's 1974 shooting (left).

MITSUBISHI

INNOVATION FROM THE INSIDE OUT.

EPA estimates for Dodge Colt Hatchback and Plymouth Champ with 1400 cc engine and 4-speed manual transmission. Use this number for comparisons. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be lower than the highway estimate. California estimates are lower.



New figures are out! Again, a car rated #1 in gasoline fuel economy was built by Mitsubishi. To earn that rating, we relied upon our tradition of engineering innovation.

The innovation began inside with the MCA-JET system. This exclusive engine design features a third, or "jet," valve that injects an extra swirl of air into the combustion chamber for more efficient fuel combustion *and* excellent performance. Nothing like it exists in any other car!

Outside, we designed the smooth-skin bodyshell that is not only aesthetically pleasing, but extremely aerodynamic as well.

No automaker is more aware of the challenges the nineteen-eighties have in store.

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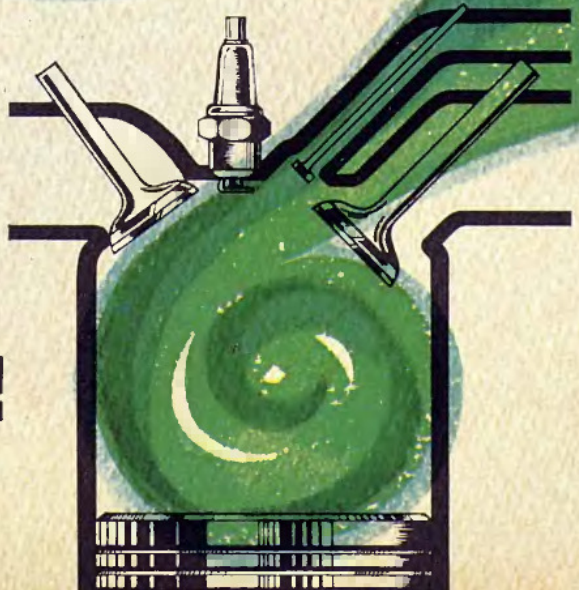

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DISARMING FORCES

Another spectacular issue! The *Women of the Armed Forces* pictorial (PLAYBOY, April) is enough to encourage enlistment. I have yet to see anything appealing about crusty recruiters, but the chance to share a foxhole with Marine Sergeant Bambi Lin Finney would have me packed and ready. With all due respect, Sergeant Finney, you wouldn't have to repeatedly call me to attention; as long as I'm breathing, *you've* got *my* attention, ma'am!

Paul Smith
Bellaire, Texas

Your pictorial on women in uniform is great. However, Sergeant Bambi Lin Finney was discharged for appearing in your magazine. I think the Marines have made a big mistake. Instead, they should have put her picture on a recruitment poster. She sure was the best-looking Marine I ever saw.

(Name withheld by request)
Howe, Indiana

We are disgusted with the rash disciplinary action taken against Marine Sergeant Bambi Lin Finney. If Sergeant Finney or PLAYBOY requires any assistance in this matter, there is a Security Police Squadron standing by with support. The Marines may be looking for a few good men, but they definitely *had* one good woman, Sergeant Finney.

Sky Cops
Beale AFB, California

The pictorial could only *help* recruiting and retention figures throughout the Services, which have been worsening. Last year was the first time that all four branches of the Armed Forces fell below their recruiting quotas. Not even the Village People could bail out the Navy. Throughout my four years on active duty, I've never before encountered such a large-scale display of pride among sailors—spurred on by your pictorial. From my position, I can say that the Navy, at least, has been overdue for a morale boost.

ET/2 Christopher Spiros, U.S.N.
Coronado, California

As a woman who proudly wears the uniform with honor, I am outraged at the degrading display. This is the worst type of publicity for female members of the various branches of the Armed Forces. This is especially true at a time when issue is being made about sexual harassment. Your magazine could have written about some of the great things being accomplished by women in the Service, but you chose that which will give cause for greater sexual harassment.

Sgt. G. A. Bradley
Kelly AFB, Texas

Sexual harassment in the military did not begin with our April issue. Naturally, if that needs to be said, we are against it. We fail to see how our celebration of the beauty of women, in or out of uniform, can be construed as contributing to such harassment. Sorry, Sarge, the buck doesn't stop here.

Despite the controversy over your pictorial on *Women of the Armed Forces*, I'd like to express my thanks as a career Coast Guardsman. First, for giving our small Service some long-overdue recognition and, second, for giving our representative, Kim Hempfield, such tasteful treatment.

Com. D. A. Naples, U.S.C.G.
Washington, D.C.

PATIENT, HEAL THYSELF

As a practicing M.D., I would like to thank David Black for his April article, *Medicine and the Mind*. I found it interesting, informative and thought-provoking. Only the most blind clinician fails

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to see the correlation between personality/temperament and physical disorders. In this country, despite all the great strides forward in recognizing and treating mental disorders, we still find it easier to deal with physical than with mental problems. Mental problems are complex, usually deeply rooted and difficult to treat. They also still carry a certain stigma of shame and weakness for patient and family. For the patient, it is much easier to convert all those complex mental processes into one focal point and tell the world that this or that place hurts physically. Small wonder, with all the mental activity associated with stress, depression, etc., that the most common complaint that most clinicians hear is headache.

T. H. Ewing, M.D.
Denham Springs, Louisiana

The author has offered an excellent overview of the new trend of medicine, that of finding the interrelationships between the mind and behavior on one hand and bodily health and disease on the other. As a medical student, I found his article better than any in the medical literature on this popular topic and have suggested it to my friends and colleagues.

Jan Honza Stafl
Chicago, Illinois

Medicine and the Mind is informative, enlightening and thought-provoking. I am curious, however, if a steady diet of PLAYBOY and large doses of ascorbic acid might also enhance the healing process.

J. Robert Gregory
Osburn, Idaho

Possibly, but what's the vitamin C for?

307 MEMORIES

After viewing the April pictorial *Playboy's Playmate Reunion*, I can truly say that, like fine wine, your girls next door get better and better. Thank you and keep up the good (looking) work.

Frank Cunetto
St. Louis, Missouri

The group picture on page 131 is a stunning collection of some of the most beautiful women in the world in and of itself, but the gorgeous creature in the pink dress standing to the left and in front of Candy Loving diverted all of our attention away from all of those other beauties. Unfortunately, we cannot see the face that graces that outstanding body. If you could please tell us her name, you would make ten faithful readers of PLAYBOY very happy.

Tom and Jerry's Alley Katz
Allentown, Pennsylvania

No problem. That's Playmate Gwen Wong, whose face and body grace our April 1967 centerfold.

Congratulations on an excellent April issue. My favorite part is the *Playmate Reunion*. It's great seeing sexy Candace Collins and my all-time favorite Playmate, Vicki McCarty, once again.

S. L. Surrsett
Elizabethton, Tennessee

With the advent of mid-terms, coupled with a stubborn Midwestern winter, few things stir the hormones like a bikini filled with the tantalizing torso of Victoria Cooke. Surely, such exquisite endowments merit considerably more exposure (hint, hint). Please do justice to this fabulous creature and to us as well.

Jeff, John, Kevin, Mauro
Carbondale, Illinois

If you can keep those hormones in check a little while longer, we will have a surprise for you next month.

YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE

While on vacation, I took the enclosed photograph of Denver from Lookout

Mountain. Thought you might be interested in the result.

Dr. Sam Oliphant
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Thanks, doc. The effect, as you're probably aware, is known as the aurora bunnealis, visible only on the first night after PLAYBOY *hits the stands.*

LAUGHTER LIB

Erica Jong's April article, *You Have to Be Liberated to Laugh*, made me pretty sad. Unfortunately, with minor changes, it could have been about the grim state of the humor of anything: religion, race, politics, Italians, Jews, the Army or even feminists. There are countless groups across this country that have chosen to quash jokes on one or more of innumerable subjects. I guess the most depressing thing about this mania to stifle even the most innocuous references to any group or individual is that it is only a symptom. A symptom of the mindless selfishness that is changing every aspect of American society for the worse, I fear.

Edward Byde
Aberdeen, Maryland

I have always admired and envied cartoonists, especially political cartoonists like Herblock and Mauldin, who with

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a few strokes of the brush or pen and with even fewer words can portray and express truths—truths that are often profound in their meanings and implications—and do it in such a way that we both laugh and learn. So it is, I believe, with the cartoons drawn by Dedini, Brown, Sokol, Dempsey, Erikson, Interlandi, Vargas and the others featured regularly in the pages of PLAYBOY. With subtle and sometimes not so subtle nudges, they cause me to look again at my feelings, foibles and fetishes and to question whether I have been truly liberated or basically limited by my attitudes toward sex and sexuality. Somehow, a good chuckle seems to do a lot to activate the imagination and encourage receptivity to new approaches through which things can be kept—or put—in their proper perspective and other ideas examined more realistically.

Robert E. Simpson
St. Louis, Missouri

MALIBU MINSTREL

In her April interview, Linda Ronstadt comes through as somebody more than just the reigning country-rock-music queen who sings so superbly and who looks so great onstage in her fanny-hugging cutoff jeans. Linda is, indeed, levelheaded, concerned and, most of all, intelligent.

William R. Jenkins III
Greenwich, Connecticut

Linda said she first met Emmylou Harris in Houston when Emmy was playing with Graham Parker. I am pretty sure that the gentleman was Gram Parsons and not Parker. Nitpicking, you might say, but Gram Parsons is dead now and not many people realize his tremendous influence and the great music he put out. All country rockers owe him a debt of gratitude. I'm sure Linda would agree.

Chip DeNure
Dubuque, Iowa

You're right, of course, Chip. It wasn't Parker but Parsons, ex-Byrd and Flying Burrito Brother. We hope Parsons' fans were not offended and Parker's fans not too startled by the unfortunate error.

POLE POWER

We, the delegates of Wisconsin, would like to nominate Liz Glazowski as Presidential Playmate of the Year. We feel a four-year term with her would be a lot more fun than with any of the other candidates. All the way in '80!

University of Wisconsin Jaycees
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

I hereby promise neither to tell nor to listen to another Polish joke!

Roger B. Stanley
Wilsonville, Oregon

I fell in love with Liz Glazowski when I saw her in the Great Playmate Hunt of the 25th Anniversary Issue. What took you so long? She has got to be the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

John Badger
Nahant, Massachusetts

Boy, you guys don't play fair. On the day I received my subscription-renewal notice, I also received the April issue. For one more photo of Liz Glazowski, I'll renew—forever.

John Andrews
Lakeland, Texas

Frankly, we didn't plan it that way, John; but as long as you're making the

offer, we can't think of a better excuse to run another shot of Liz. Not that any excuse is needed.

A LIFE OF GRACE

Your review in the April PLAYBOY of *Grace Slick: The Biography* refers to the work as my biography of the rock singer. In point of fact, the book is a collaboration *with* Grace Slick, who worked on the manuscript and had approval of all facts. *Grace Slick* is an authorized biography and reflects what qualities Grace was willing to set forth about herself.

Barbara Rowes
New York, New York

BANKABLE BARRIS

Kudos to Tracy J. Johnston for her article *All the Freaking Way to the Bank*. Her comments about Chuck Barris and his production of *The Gong Show* and *The $1.98 Beauty Show* intrigued me. Could it be that there actually does exist a television producer who unhesitatingly admits that what he puts on the tube are "outrageous pieces of rubbish"? Since I had never seen any of his rubbish, I tuned in to *The $1.98 Beauty Show* and—you know what?—Barris is so right; obviously, you don't have to be classy to be entertaining, and that is putting it mildly. And so to Barris I would say, "You've defanged me by being so honest." Who knows, I might even sneak a peek at *The Gong Show*—but don't tell my wife.

O. R. Joos
Santa Barbara, California

LIFE AFTER ROCK?

Being one of Bruce Springsteen's biggest fans, I was pleased to see his induction into your Hall of Fame (*Playboy Music '80*, April). From his critically acclaimed performances to his eminent ability as a songwriter, he has proved himself worthy of such a distinction. *Born to Run* is testimony on vinyl of the talent that few have reached in the realm of the rock industry. In 1974, Jon Landau, one of America's most influential rock critics, wrote: "I saw rock-'n'-roll's future and its name is Bruce Springsteen." The future is now the present and the Boss *is* rock 'n' roll.

Jeff Smith
Fair Oaks, California

Poor Pete Townshend and Joni Mitchell! For approximately 15 years each, these two artists have made immeasurable contributions to contemporary music. Now along comes Bruce Springsteen and, with the right mixture of hype and talent, he is elected to your Hall of Fame—in five years' time, no less! Surely, the inadequacy of your "beauty contest" of a music poll is now glaringly obvious.

William Hobbs
Shreveport, Louisiana

After taking the "world's hardest rock-'n'-roll quiz" in the April issue, I was glad to learn that Jim Morrison is still living, which leads me to wonder whether or not it was Hugh Hefner who died in that Paris flat and that maybe Morrison has been masquerading as . . . naw, couldn't be, or . . . ?

K. Davis
La Verne, California

It's nice to know that Jim Morrison is alive again! How do you account for Jimi Hendrix' being still dead when he has released more albums since his death than Jim Morrison?

Stephen W. Hannah
Bloomington, Illinois

Rumors of Morrison's death ran rampant last year when he failed to produce a new album. Record execs attributed Morrison's malaise to mourning over the death of Paul McCartney. Hendrix, on the other hand, being a trouper, managed to produce several albums, despite his apparent death. Hefner, very much alive and in good voice, has yet to sign a recording contract. We hope this clears up the confusion.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

BURN, BABY, BURN

Hey, gang, remember the Sixties? Remember the Chicago Seven? Kent State? The Black Panthers? Remember angry Bobby Seale, gagged in court because he was such a revolutionary? Well, Bobby is back and, this time out, he doesn't want any gagging done on his account. He's currently working on a cookbook, aimed at the masses, called *Barbecuing with Bobby*. How does this former revolutionary explain his interest in the culinary arts? "Any time a Black Panther member like Eldridge Cleaver can come back here and say he's a born-again Christian," he rationalizes, "there's not a damn thing wrong with people knowing that I've been cooking for 25 years." Other volumes in this exciting publishing series doubtless include *The Richard Speck Guide to First Aid* and *Charles Manson's Rainy Day Indoor Activity Book.*

AND SEND MONEY

Students at the University of Arizona are now able to register for the first-ever Alibi Service. Advertised in the personal column of their student newspaper, it wonders: "Living with your boyfriend without your parents' knowledge? I'll defend your chastity. Call Lisa." Crafty coeds give Mom and Dad Lisa's number as their own, and when the inevitable call comes, the unsuspecting parent gets a very professional song and dance as to Susie's whereabouts and lifestyle. All that peace of mind goes for only 20 bucks a month. And if Mom wants to inspect the premises, Lisa's got that covered, too. For a few dollars more, she provides access to her extra bedroom, the client provides some hasty personalized touches and who's to know? Lisa, if you go national, we know someone who'd sure like to have the Ivy League franchise.

FIT TO BE TIED

When Lee Soehnlen was a student in parochial school, he hated neckties. Twenty years later, he still hates them. In fact, he hates ties enough to bar them from his Ohio restaurant, the Bear Creek Steak House. "You can't relax and feel casual with a tie," he explains, "so we don't allow them in here." All male customers are asked to remove their neck harnesses at the door. "There have been some guys who have refused to take off their ties," Soehnlen says, "so we ask them to leave. When they get up to go, the crowd boos and claps and hollers." Those tie wearers who refuse either to discard their offending pieces of cloth or to leave the restaurant have their ties snipped off by scissors-wielding waitresses under direct orders from the management. Since beginning the restaurant 12 years ago, Soehnlen has supervised the snipping of more than 7000 ties, which now adorn his ceiling. Regular customers enjoy the ritual so much that some wear homemade ties to the restaurant just for the pleasure of having them shorn. Of course, there have been some customers who have fought back. One *macho* man wore a steel tie to his table and another donned a magician's tie that just kept growing back after being scissored. While most of Soehnlen's regular patrons appreciate the horseplay, some privately admit they are thankful the restaurant owner didn't take a strong disliking to trousers during his formative years.

BOW OW

Viewers of Manhattan Cable's public-TV access channel D were in for an unexpected shock a while back when a movie called *Shot Dog Film* appeared on their screens. In it, artist Tom Otterness, clutching a gun in his hand, calmly walked up to his small pet mutt and blew its brains out. The 30-second episode was repeated continuously for 30 minutes, making a big impression on viewers, who, in turn, made a big impression on the cable station with a flood of angry phone calls. Aside from an avalanche of hate mail from viewers, the film incurred the wrath of the A.S.P.C.A., which had records showing that the artist had purchased the doggie from a Denver branch after promising the critter "a good and responsible home." The artist himself simply states that the movie is "aggressive art" and

that it was "the most damaging thing I could do to an audience." Not to mention the dog. Otto Preminger, who has also damaged quite a few moviegoers in his time, was not available for comment.

SCIENTIFIC SLAPSTICK

Thousands of members of the American Geophysical Union, the association of this country's most prominent earth scientists, felt the ground quiver as they thumbed through the most recent issue of the organization's journal, *EOS*. There, under a photo of a scientist kneeling with various equipment in a barren mountain ravine, was printed the caption: "U. S. advisor plants land mines in picturesque Afghanistan valley." The photo actually showed tests being conducted in a remote part of Alaska. The caption was the work of an *EOS* worker who had affixed it to the local bulletin board. How it got into print is still one of the biggest mysteries to hit the scientific community since the Big Bang. Smaller shock waves were felt in the *EOS* office when the caption writer and the journal's production assistant were told to hit the turf.

THIS WILL KILL YOU

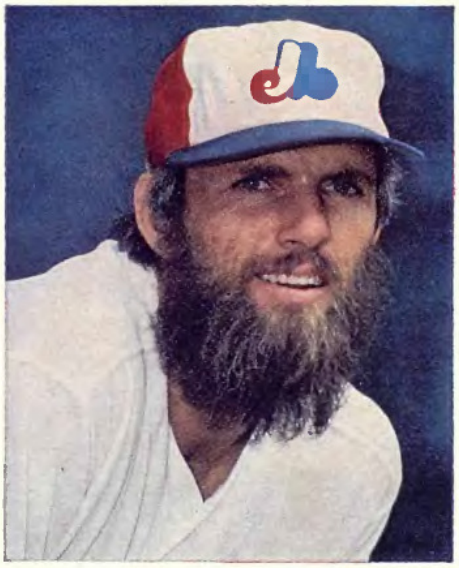
Witness the case of a Queens woman who, feeling exceedingly low in spirits, called a suicide-prevention hotline and told the responding staffer that she was in the mood for departing this vale of tears rather prematurely. "Go ahead and kill yourself," the fellow replied before hanging up. Stunned, the would-be suicide called back. "It's none of my business," the hotline worker snapped. "Drop dead!" The woman then rushed to the home of a sympathetic neighbor and explained her plight. Her friend then called the hotline and was hung up on three times in a row. New York hospital officials investigated the incident, to little avail. Most hotline workers, it seems, are volunteers and many of them are college students ill-trained for emergency work. "Jesus, Miss Plath . . . go ahead and stick your head in the oven, I got a big English final tomorrow!"

LONG-TERM SWEET TOOTH

Thirty-six years ago, Lawrence Steubig stole six candy bars. He and another fellow were caught and brought to trial. The peer pilferer was convicted and served seven months in jail. Lawrence, however, was found incompetent to stand trial and was committed to a Pennsylvania state hospital, where he spent the next 35 years of his life. Last year, Lawrence was discovered by an old friend's wife, who decided to find out whatever happened to old candy-lovin' Larry. Lawrence is out now, suing the hospital for, among other things, "loss of liberty and loss of enjoyment." He now lives in a nursing home, where, we hope, he is adhering to a sugar-free diet.

CHECKING IN

Samantha Stevenson caught up with the eccentric Montreal Expo pitcher **Bill Lee** *underneath the Gateway Arch in St. Louis. Lee likes to meditate there, imagining what it would be like to be an American Indian.*



PLAYBOY: You're known as Spaceman; does that tell us something about your personality?

LEE: I don't know how I inherited that image; maybe it's just the natural conservatism of the game. Then, of course, people think left-handers are crazy. If I had known I was going to be this bad, I should have killed myself in the third grade. The establishment in baseball doesn't take me seriously. They leave me alone, though, because I draw people into the ball park.

PLAYBOY: Is baseball the last institution for believers?

LEE: Baseball is no longer the religion that it was. Now it's an advertising device. Baseball doesn't work against a time clock; it's a romantic game and we're infatuated with it. But it's changing in the wrong direction because of Bowie Kuhnisms. They're trying to specialize the designated hitter, play on Astroturf, put advertisements in the ball park. In Montreal, we've got Jockey shorts advertisements. I love the game and I play it just for the game's sake, yet I see that the owners and society and the system are actually bleeding the things that are best out of it.

PLAYBOY: How can we save baseball? Would an "Oust Bowie Kuhn" campaign help?

LEE: Oh, yeah. But it would also be too much of a shock. If I were in there, there would be no advertising in ball parks. No way of polluting kids' minds by selling them popcorn with all that artificial junk on it. Everything would have to be organic. Bowie Kuhn is a nice guy who has a weak job. His head is just not screwed on right. The man speaks with forked tongue. Someone has to have the job. It's a bad job. I wouldn't want it. All you're doing is patronizing the owners.

PLAYBOY: Do you have great fantasies?

LEE: Sure. One is being taken out in the ninth inning of the seventh game of the world series and put into right field. I catch a ball and crash into the stands. I'm in a coma, carried off the field and I wake up just in time to see the instant replay. When I was younger, I thought about Brigitte Bardot. Ursula Andress. I like women who aren't feminine. You can play basketball with them. Brigitte was kind of musky, earthy-like. I thought, geez, it would be nice to take her out at second base. A double play. Have her fall on you. I remember the first time I touched my first girlfriend; she threw me through the back-yard fence and separated my right shoulder. I think about Candice Bergen. She's soft. She's sincere. She cares about the plight of the American Indians.

PLAYBOY: Is sex before a game a good idea?

LEE: Sure, it's good for you. It takes out all those anxieties, frustrations, hostilities. But I don't seek it out every time I pitch. I don't even think about it anymore. I'm going through a period now where I've got the numbs. I'm completely asexual about everything.

PLAYBOY: Does a good catcher increase a pitcher's repertoire?

LEE: He keeps you in the game. He works you hard. Let's go back to the sex question. If the person believed he needed it and he didn't get it, then he would be irritable, nervous and uptight. Like when you're younger, and very unsure of yourself in a baseball situation, then sex is a way to feel closeness and compatibility—and you feel loved and you go to the ball park feeling good. Now, back to the catcher. My catcher never tells me how to pitch. I just play to where the hitter stands. Catchers anticipate. They try to receive vibrations, waves. Catchers have to be very sensitive. Their attention wanders a lot. So you have to stop, shake them, get all the screws back in the right place. If my catcher wants to come out to the mound and tell me how bad I am, I'll say, "You're right, so what shall we do about it?" I give everybody their own space.

PLAYBOY: Now *we* would like to go back to the sex question. How do you pursue your life on the road—do you stray or are you faithful to your wife?

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Like generals who prepare for the previous war instead of the coming one, educators often train the populace for obsolete occupations.

The visionary employment counselor, however, discerns trends, extrapolates implications, determines which skills will be in demand. What follows is a partial list of jobs that may not exist but will. Be prepared.

MILITARY-LINGERIE DESIGNER. Sensible but sensuous khaki underthings will be needed for the sexually integrated Armed Forces of the future. The Pentagon will be taking bids for a brassiere that can compensate for the g force of jet acceleration or the strain of parachuting, stand up to desert heat or antarctic cold and still maintain a soft "natural" line. Peignoirs that double as mosquito netting would also be handy, as would panty hose that didn't run after every little nick from a bayonet.

COMPUTER PSYCHIATRIST. As computers grow in complexity, so will their problems; you can't expect a traumatized electronic brain to be cured by a repairman who went to a night school advertised on a matchbook. Medical schools will have to provide qualified computer shrinks who can find out why the phone company's machine *really* sent that $1200 bill to a little old lady who made only local calls—on Sundays.

SURROGATE GOLFER. As businessmen lose virtually all their spare time to overachieving and filling in Government forms, they will have to hire someone to relax for them. Surrogate golfers will have their nervous systems monitored. Tapes will be made of their neurological activity over 18 holes, then played back into the dream centers of sleeping executives. That way, one golfer will do the leisure of many.

KENNEDY AIDE. As the dozens of young Kennedys achieve legally electable age, each will require dozens of aides to achieve the proper swarm effect. These job opportunities will increase geometrically with each generation, providing a major source of employment in the Northeast by the end of the next century.

LIVE-AUDIENCE MEMBER. By 1990, live-audience member will be a paid position. Typical fans will not budge from their split-level bunkers, where they can watch life-size holograms. Performers desiring live responses will pay A.G. (Audience Guild) scale for the first three hours, then time and a half. Double overtime will be earned by those who make it through consecutive performances of the *Ring* cycle, *Mourning Becomes Electra* or 30 minutes of John Cage.

SCRIBE. A profession so old it's new. Any day now, large segments of the increasingly illiterate population will require someone to read their mail to them and write out replies. College grads will need someone to fill in their job applications. World wide, juntas with an eye on permanence will want not only to read new constitutions over the radio but also to put them down on documents suitable for framing.

FEDERAL CROUPIER. As one state government after another successfully muscles into the numbers game with their lotteries, Washington can't help but be tempted by this lucrative genre of revenue. A Cabinet-level Secretary of Gambling will oversee a vast network of casinos, providing job opportunities for tens of thousands of Civil Service fingers.

POLLUTION CHEF. As the marriage counselor said to the sadist, if you can't beat it, eat it. There will be no little demand for the person who can whip up a chocolate-sludge icing for pastries. Or capitalize on oil spills with Seagull Tar-Tar. Or bottle "Perrier from heaven"—effervescent acid rain water. Or serve self-broiling Three Mile Burgers. Breakthroughs in technology and greed will provide an unending cornucopia of gourmet pollutants for the imaginative.

SEX DETERMINER. Biological and cosmetic engineering will bring the Androgynous Age to a new level of sophistication, and thus confusion. Professional sex determiners will be in demand across a wide spectrum of society—at municipal marriage-license bureaus, at the Olympics, at bars of any persuasion and at formal dinner parties given by hostesses determined to maintain the traditional boy-girl seating pattern. —LENNY KLEINFELD

LEE: Stray? That's a bad word. Cats stray. Humans need reassurance and companionship. You live life as it comes and you don't take or ask for anything. I see nothing wrong as long as you are open and sincere and honest to your spouse. You can't always be together all the time.

PLAYBOY: Do you endorse any recreational drugs?

LEE: I don't endorse them, but I like some. Things that are detrimental are things that you do in abuse. If you do things to change your perception of time—you know, for a short period of time—there's nothing wrong with that. It's an introspective-type thing. THC takes you inside yourself and you can realize the inconsistencies in your own self and try to do better. I am not addicted to it. It's socially acceptable to go out to a party and drink half a bottle of V.O., but you can't do four lines of Peruvian flake and smoke two doobies and have a couple of beers. That's socially unacceptable. It becomes like Toronto's government. Very clandestine. You can do anything you want, as long as you don't do it out on the street. I wouldn't smoke before a game, whether I was pitching or not. I would have trouble charting pitches.

PLAYBOY: We wish you well. Is there anything more you'd like to say?

LEE: Recycle the magazine. Save trees. To all kids, remember, autographs are excess baggage that you carry with you forever. It's a waste of time. Shake my hand, enjoy the moment and split. To women reporters in the locker room: The guys have a good thing and they don't want to share it. They are just hasslin' you. I'm all for equal rights. I don't want to work anymore. I want women to work. I'll sit back and take care of the kids. If you care about my throwing, I have mediolateral rotation of the humerus, a culmination of wrist flexion and pronation, which causes the ball to use Newton's law instead of trying to be a Nolan Ryan and oppose Newton's law. He tries to make the ball go up in a world that is basically going down. I just let gravity help my ball and make it sink; that's because of the pronation. You've got all these muscle groups in the back and the shoulder. The summation of those forces with the pronation causes the ball to spin away from right-handed hitters and gives them the illusion that it's a good pitch to hit, but in the last minute it's not. It's kind of entrapment.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Muhammad Ali, U.S. spokesman to Africa: "I mean, you can't watch TV [in Russia]. The toilets don't flush right. The lights cut out. If America was in trouble and a country such as Russia was escalating, I'd go."

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BOOKS

Moguls (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), by Michael Pye, might have been called "The Hollywood Reporter Goes to Harvard Business School." There are touches of gossip and calculated glamor, but Pye has essentially put together a series of casebook studies of corporate success. In the spotlight are Jules Stein, onetime big-band agent and founder of the superagency MCA; William S. Paley, the man behind the CBS eye; David Merrick, the classic Broadway entrepreneur/showman; Peter Guber, the whiz kid behind Casablanca filmworks; Trevor Nunn, of the Royal Shakespeare Company; and Robert Stigwood, the man behind the Bee Gees and *Saturday Night Fever*. These guys make the military-industrial complex look like small potatoes. If you want to know who puts the pop in the pop culture, buy this book. It is an education in the business of show business.

•

When you pick up ***The Age of Surveillance*** (Knopf), by Frank J. Donner, you hold a thick volume of some 530 pages. You think, mistakenly, that you are about to read the ultimate description of our Orwellian society. Unfortunately, what you hold is more of a dated history than a current exposé. Donner has been caught in a time warp. He is writing mostly about well-worn subjects: the FBI under J. Edgar Hoover, the Nixon years, COINTELPRO, things like that. From a section titled "National Security Electronic Eavesdropping," you expect revelations about the National Security Agency and its supercomputers, its use of satellites for surveillance, its spooky, silent power. But what you find is mostly rehash. "We live in a society which . . . is programed for fear," writes Donner. And that may be; but his lightweight efforts give us little real sense of it.

•

You remember those tried-and-true bits of advice: Never play poker with a man named Doc and never eat at a place called Mom's. We'll add another: Never read a book written by a woman who has more problems than you do. Sara Davidson has a lot of problems. Among other things, she tends to confuse anxiety attacks with existential crises. ***Real Property*** (Doubleday) is a collection of Davidson's magazine articles. The title essay is an attempt to find deep irony in the current interest in real estate. How could the counterculture go so wrong? Davidson seems to forget that *The Whole Earth Catalog*—perhaps the most important document of the Sixties—was a collection of tools for building and/or making a home. Watching kids roller-skate in Venice (California), Davidson freaks out:

Moguls: $howbi$.

Moguls is informative,
Surveillance shallow,
Kent State scary.

Superficial *Surveillance*.

"The wind is blowing, the palms are blowing and people are rolling every which way. I cannot walk on the boardwalk these days without feeling it in my stomach: Something is wrong. There are too many people on wheels. The skaters will fall, the bikers will crash, they will fly out of control and there is nothing to hold." Makes us long for Tom Wolfe. If you are going to indulge in New Journalism, you should celebrate, not cerebrate.

•

Graham Greene's new short novel, ***Doctor Fischer of Geneva or the Bomb Party*** (Simon & Schuster), is, of course, a treat. In it we meet the loathsome Doctor Fischer, who invented Dentophil Bouquet—a tooth powder that made him rich—and who enjoys humiliating a gaggle of simpering, greedy wimps at dinner parties. The novel is the first-person narrative of Alfred Jones—a one-handed Englishman living in Vevey who works as a translator for a chocolate factory. After marrying Doctor Fischer's daughter, he attends some of those dinner parties. The book is a portrait of evil and hatred that sometimes makes the reader want to intervene and do something drastic. But Greene may be writing the best sentences in the language right now.

•

The Kent State Coverup (Harper & Row), by Joseph Kelner and James Munves, is a challenging, sad, amazing, necessary book. *Item:* Four young people were killed and nine were wounded by Ohio National Guardsmen, yet it took eight years to settle the case—and then each of the families of the dead received only $15,000. *Item:* The prosecution had 60 cartons of information, "the most documented homicides in American history," but no one was convicted, jailed or punished for the shootings. *Item:* The judge sitting on the case continually referred to Governor James A. Rhodes (one of the defendants) as "Your Excellency" and allowed the governor to sit in a special high-backed leather chair. *Item:* Co-author Kelner, the chief attorney representing the Kent State victims, was not permitted to show the jury incriminating photographs taken at the time of the shootings, nor would the judge agree to his request to unseat a juror who had been threatened with death if he voted for conviction. All in all, a terrifying indictment of injustice, logical and well documented, leaving Americans with the message that dissent can lead to an early death. Was this what Jefferson had in mind?

•

America is about to be deluged with schlock about Iran, so mention should be made of a genuinely informative study, ***The Origins of the Cold War in the Near East*** (Princeton University Press), by Bruce R. Kuniholm. This history concentrates on the roots of the problems in Iran, Turkey and Greece. Well written, thorough, original, Kuniholm's narrative is like much-needed protein in a sugar factory.

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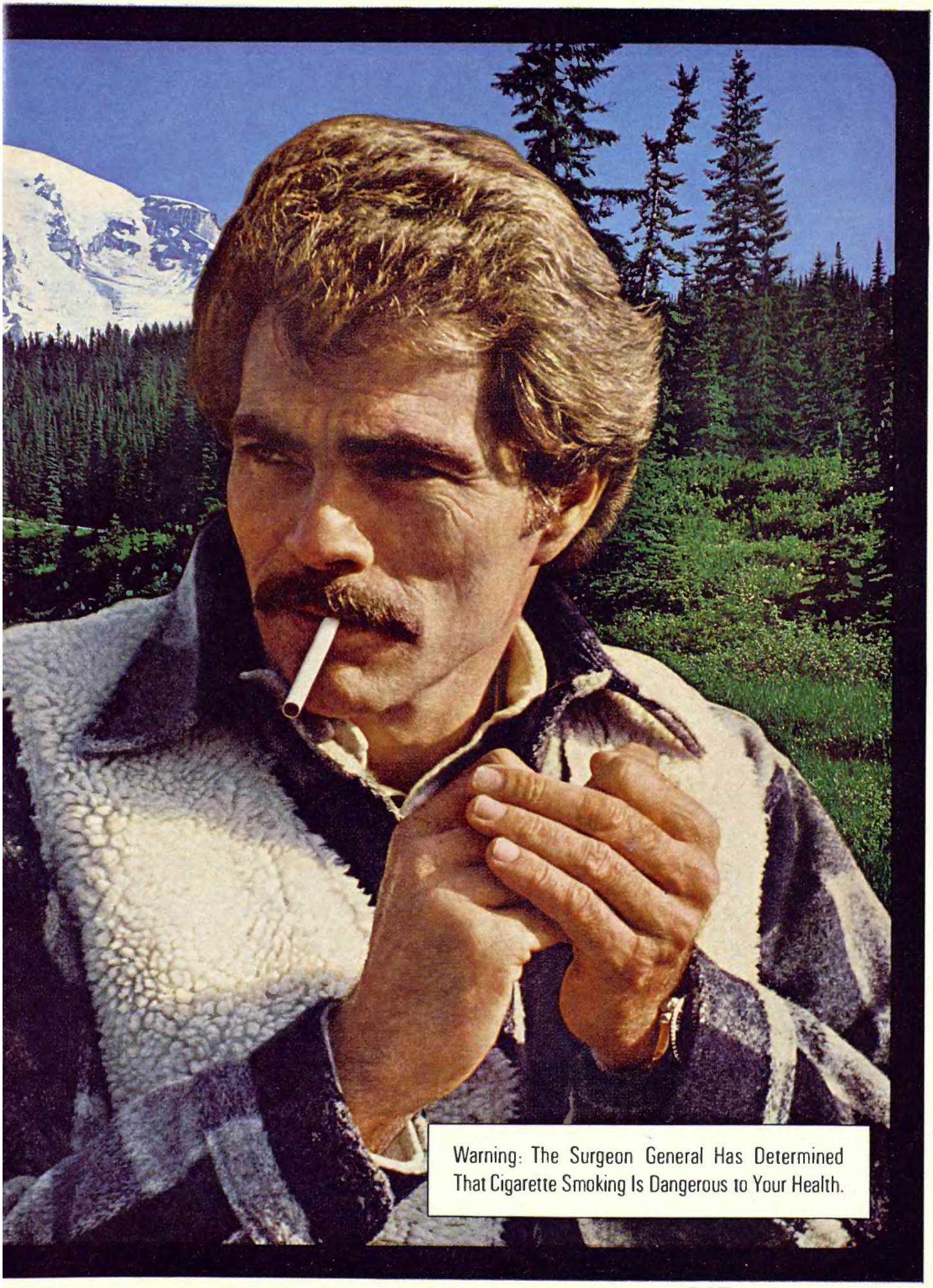
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Have you ever thought of entering a canoe race that ran nonstop down 419 miles of river? Ever wished that the marathon you were running was even longer—say another 75 miles or so? No? Neither have we; but since America is teeming with exercise junkies, it follows that there should be a lunatic fringe of fitness freaks who think those are great ideas. Well, not only do such extremists actually exist, they are *organized*, to the point of holding contests.

For example, if you are into running, consider entering the Western States Endurance Run. This is a 100-mile mountain-trail run through the California Sierras that starts this year on June 28. The One Hundred, as it's called informally, began about 25 years ago as a horse race, but in the mid-Seventies, a contestant decided to hoof it himself and a foot race has been part of the event ever since. The maximum time allowed to complete the course (which includes 17,000 feet of uphill running and 23,000 feet of down slopes) is 30 hours and last year's winner broke the tape in an astonishing 16 hours, 11 minutes.

If that seems a bit extreme to you, there is always the Pikes Peak Marathon, which is celebrating its 25th anniversary on August tenth this year. The annual run up the 14,000-foot Colorado mountain is considerably steeper than a regular marathon, but, as one zealot said condescendingly, "Thousands of people have run up Pikes Peak and it's not nearly the ordeal the Western States One Hundred is."

In terms of ordeals, it's hard to say if the Western States Endurance Run is tougher than the relatively new Hawaiian Iron Man Triathlon, inaugurated in 1972. The triathlon begins with a 2.4-mile open-ocean swim from the War Memorial Natatorium in Honolulu to the Hilton Channel. When you reach shore, you hop onto a bicycle and pedal around the entire island of Oahu, a total of 112 miles. Once you get back to Honolulu, you drop your bike and run a marathon as the final leg of the competition. This year's Iron Man was 26-year-old Dave Scott of Davis, California, who covered the entire distance in nine hours and 24 minutes, nearly two full hours under the previous record. It was only Scott's second marathon run and he claims no extensive cycling background. Who knows what he'll do once he gets in shape?

Variations on the triathlon theme are very popular in many mountain resorts in the Rockies and the Sierras. One of the best is the Pole, Pedal and Paddle Championship, held every April in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. You start at the top of Rendezvous Mountain, ski through marked gates down the 4139-foot peak, then ride a bicycle 20 miles to the banks of the Snake River. There you get off to paddle in a kayak or a canoe through nine miles of chilly water to the finish line. The thing that makes this race so popular is that you can run all three sections yourself or enter as part of a relay team. Men and women compete in separate divisions and there is a special Fun Class for less-serious contestants who want to run the course dressed as a gorilla or paddle a kayak loaded with beer, to cite two recent examples. However, if you enter to win—which means finishing in less than two hours—be warned that Jackson Hole strong man Todd Stearns has captured the men's championship three years in a row, as has Ann Hopkinson the women's title.

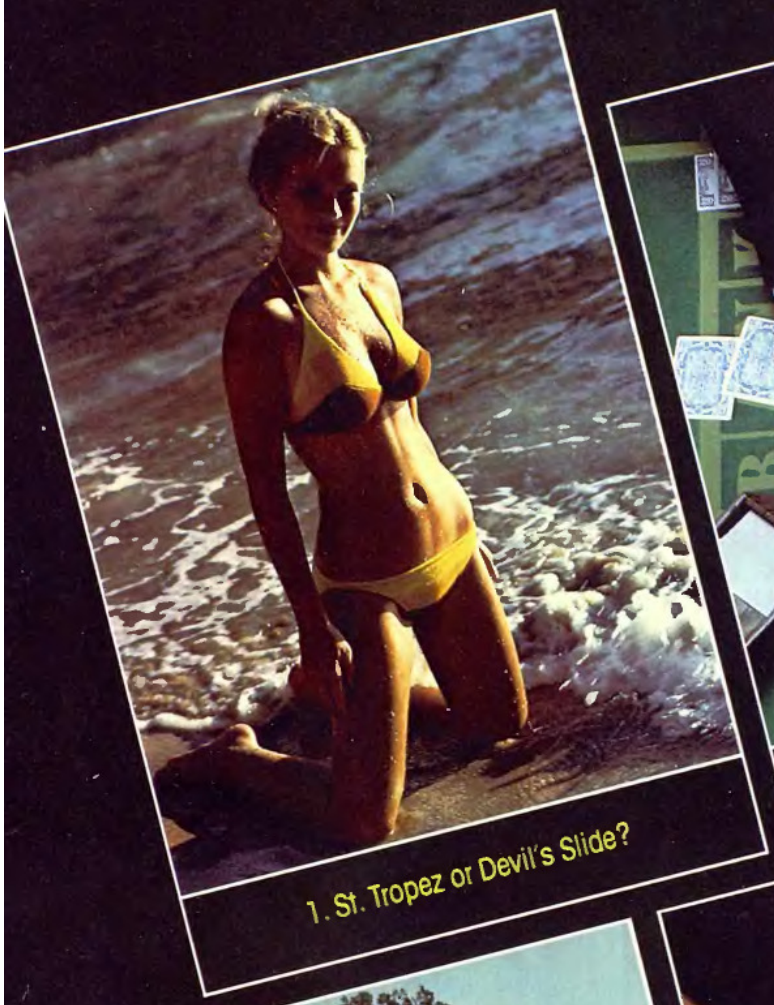
Marathon not challenging enough for you? Try some of *these* endurance tests.

If you like to punish yourself in just one sport at a time, consider the Red Zinger Bicycle Classic, a sort of American version of the Tour de France. The Red Zinger, which was founded by Celestial Seasonings and named after one of that company's teas, covers 600 miles in nine days. The race is run in sections, and while the route through and over the Rockies changes each year, you can expect never to be under 5000 feet and to cross passes as high as 12,000 feet. Those extreme altitudes have thus far proved too much for European bicyclists and the men's division has always been won by Americans. No matter where you're from, you must be able to average about 25 miles per hour over grueling terrain and to cope with rules that penalize you for crossing the yellow center line on the roadway.

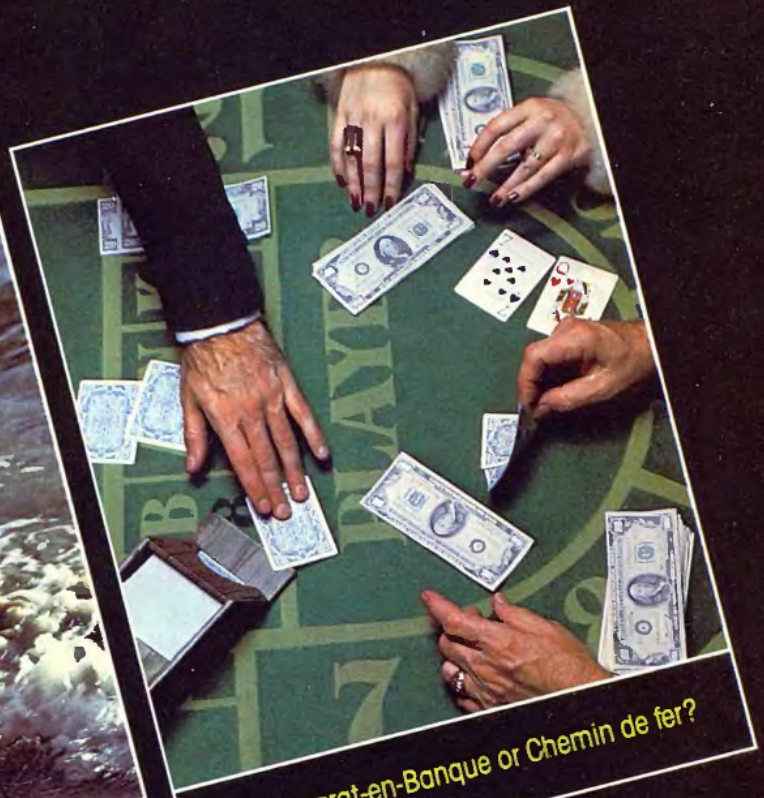
If you prefer paddling to pedaling, try the Texas Water Safari, a nonstop river race. This wild, flat-out contest begins each June at the headwaters of the San Marcos River in the town of the same name and winds up in Seadrift, on the Gulf Coast, 419 miles and two days later. About the only significant rule is that no boat can take on supplies other than fresh water en route. Teams must portage around dams and log jams, and any type of motorless water craft can enter. Kayaks, two- and three-man canoes and rowing sculls are popular. The first two types usually take early leads in the tricky, narrow headwaters of the San Marcos, but by dusk of the first day, they enter the slower Guadalupe River, where the speedy rowing sculls can catch up. The last leg of the race is across San Antonio Bay, and contestants can easily get lost in the inky blackness of both the Guadalupe River and the bay. Last year's winners, who finished in just over 36 hours, were so tired they couldn't talk to spectators who cheered them at the finish line. That's almost all they get: No money, just trophies and applause.

Finally, no list of rugged sporting events would be complete without a mention of the popular ride and ties, which could be described as cowboy marathons. At least 100 of them are held all over the Western U. S. every year; all involve teams of two runners with one horse, racing over 30 or 40 miles of the worst terrain that can be found. When the race begins, one rider takes off on horseback and the other follows on foot. At a predetermined point, the rider stops, ties the horse and starts running. His partner runs up, finds the horse (this is often easier said than done) and rides ahead to the next changing point, the team leapfrogging like that over the whole distance. If you expect to win, you need proper pacing and strategy, balanced abilities in riding and running and, especially, a tough, smart horse. You should be able to go the distance in under four hours, but the rules require at least six changes of rider and six veterinary checks for the horses. Ride and ties are held in such unlikely places as Hawaii and Wales, but the biggest of all is sponsored by Levi Strauss, the jeans people, who put up a $5000 first prize. This year, it takes place at Big Bear Lake, California, on June 15, so put on your jogging shoes and saddle up.

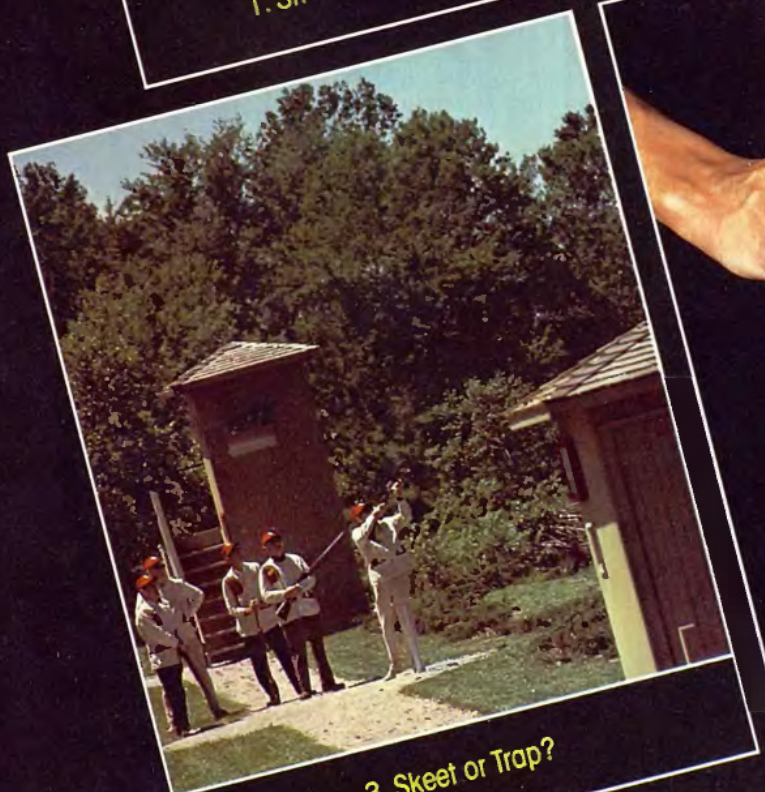
—TOM PASSAVANT



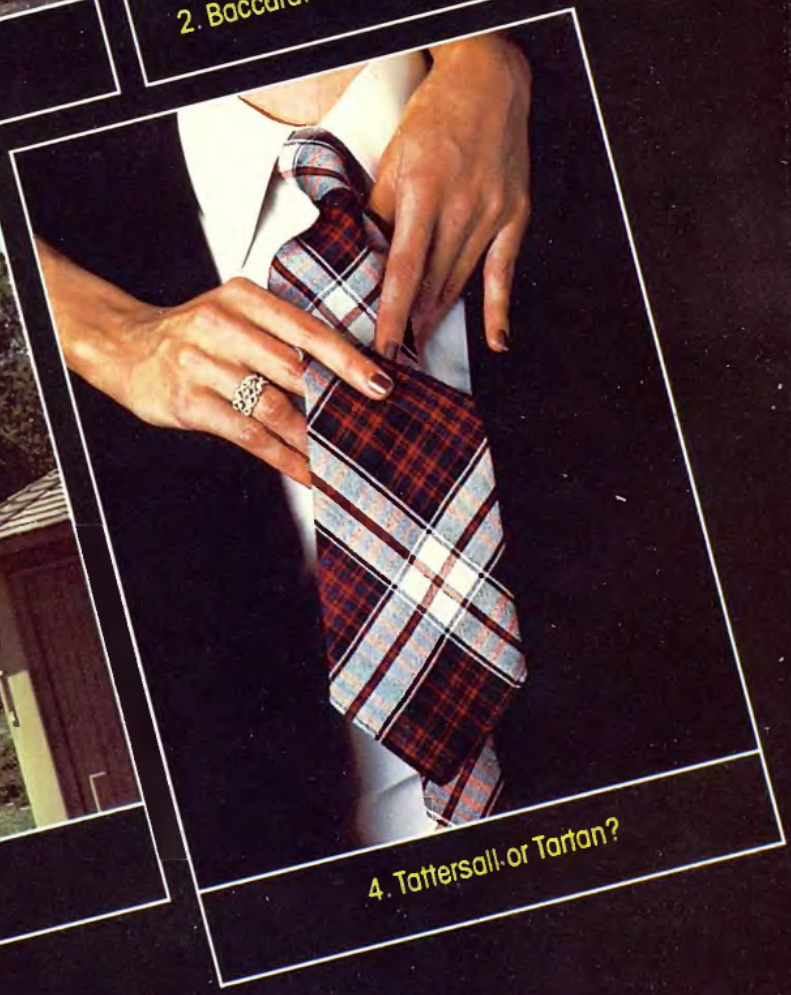
1. St. Tropez or Devil's Slide?



2. Baccarat-en-Banque or Chemin de fer?



3. Skeet or Trap?



4. Tattersall or Tartan?

If you know the difference...

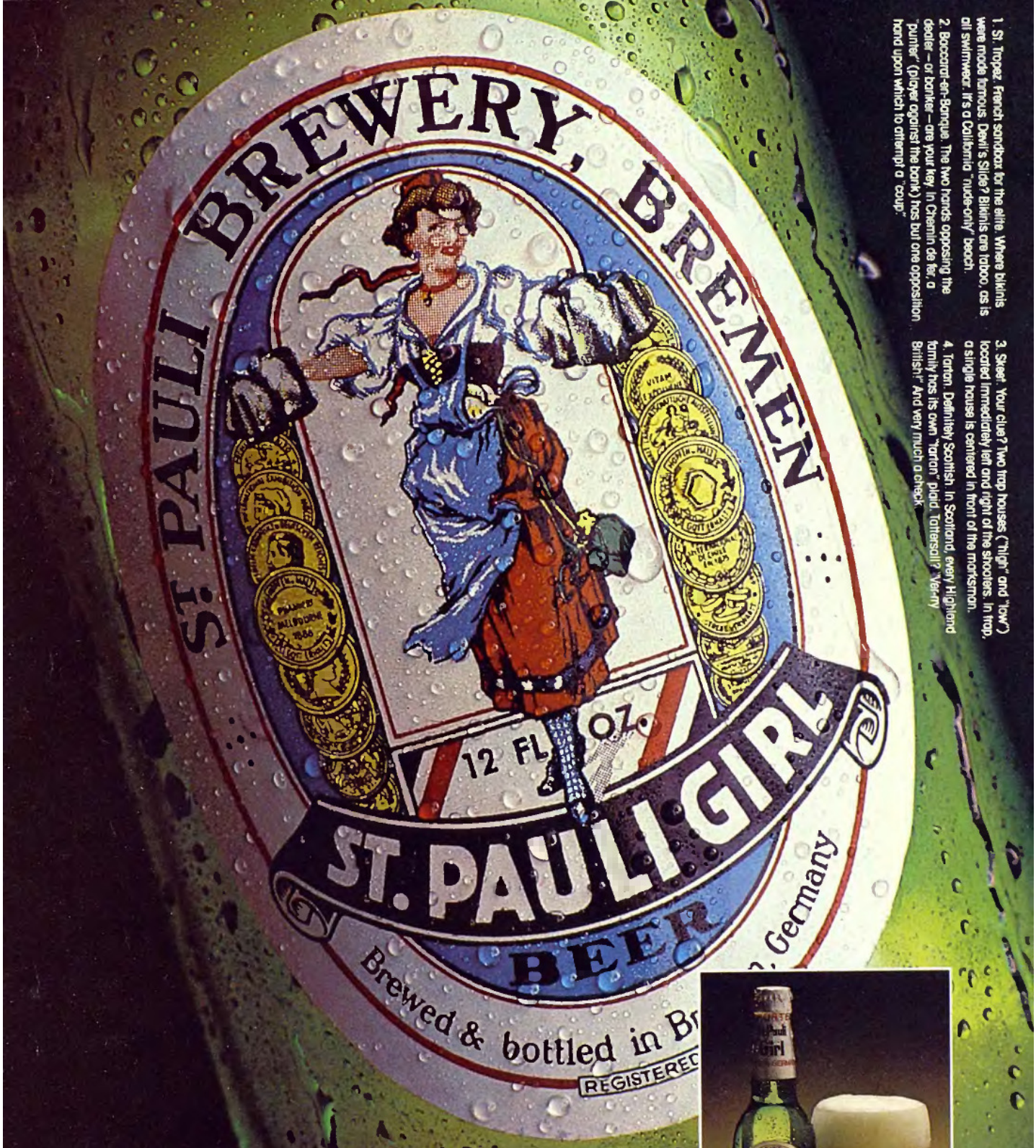
For answers, see next page.

1. St. Tropez. French sandbox for the elite. Where bikinis were made famous. Devil's Slide? Bikinis are taboo, as is all swimwear. It's a California "nude-only" beach.

2. Baccarat-en-Banque. The two hands opposing the dealer – or banker – are your key. In Chemin de fer, a "punter" (player against the bank) has but one opposition hand upon which to attempt a "coup."

3. Skeet. Your clue? Two trap houses ("high" and "low") located immediately left and right of the shooters. In trap, a single house is centered in front of the marksman.

4. Tartan. Definitely Scottish. In Scotland, every Highland family has its own "tartan" plaid. "Tattersall"? "Ver-ry British!" And very much a check.



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MOVIES

Although they need no introduction after topping the charts with record sales of well over 40,000,000, the Village People are the big news in producer Allan Carr's wildly exuberant and glittery "now" musical, ***Can't Stop the Music.*** Unisex is alive and well (or sick, if you insist) and throbbing through every frame of *Music*, which I caught for review in an early, unfinished form. Rough but ready. Whether they are individually gay or straight is pretty much beside the point when Alexander, David, Felipe, Glenn, Ray and Randy start breaking things up with an exhilarating filmed version of their hit single *Y.M.C.A.*, plus a showstopper called *Liberation* and other disco-tempo happenings by composer Jacques Morali, creator of the Village People. "This is the Eighties, darlin' . . . you're gonna see a lot of things you never saw before." That's the film's keynote speech, delivered by Valerie Perrine with all the aplomb of a definitive Seventies sex symbol who has every intention of keeping up with these fast-changing times.

Valerie plays New York's top model, recently retired from the limelight to dabble in the music biz with her roommate (Steven Guttenberg, as a composer named Jack Morrell), abetted by her current suitor (Olympic decathlon champion Bruce Jenner) and an old flame (Paul Sand). The plot is absolute absurdity in the Mickey Rooney–Judy Garland gee-whiz tradition of let's get all the kids together and put on a show, with the Village People as the show being formed before our wondering eyes. It's silly and obvious, perhaps the ultimate example of a movie made as a promotional gimmick to hype album sales, with everything modish and merchandisable thrown into the hopper. Yet, like any really snappy commercial, it's a dynamite entertainment, all the same . . . from an opening sequence with Guttenberg whizzing through New York on roller skates (and overacting outrageously) to a mischievous Perrine-Jenner seduction scene in a barber's chair. One of the movie's most pleasant surprises is Jenner (this month's *Playboy Interview* subject, see page 69), appealingly loose and goofy as a square tax lawyer who learns to let himself go after a brief exposure to the Village People. Comedienne Nancy Walker directed *Can't Stop the Music*, in effect splattering years of showbiz savvy over the screen with a trowel. Milos Forman's *Hair* and Bob Fosse's *All That Jazz* were ten times more skillfully made. *Music* will probably make ten times more money than either of them.

Valerie, Villagers *Can't Stop.*

Flamboyant, exuberant *Music*; a pair of entertainingly tasty trash films.

Carradine, O'Neill in the clouds.

That's my slightly grudging tribute to the entrepreneurial genius of Carr, who also produced *Grease*, not very good but still the highest-grossing musical in film history. Carr must be doing something right, and he has flamboyantly done it again. ¥¥¥

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Trash films are to cinema what junk food is to *cordon bleu* cookery. Still, trash can be fun—even tasty, if you choose with care. For sky-high entertainment value, ***Cloud Dancer*** is a wow movie whenever its actors take to the air. Producer-director Barry Brown, who earned his wings making TV commercials, developed a minicamera to shoot stunt-flying sequences that put you right into the cockpit of diminutive Pitts biplanes with David Carradine, Joseph Bottoms, Jennifer O'Neill and Colleen Camp. They're busy aloft with airborne smugglers, drug hijackers and breathtaking acrobatic competition out in the wild blue yonder. Thrills-a-minute stuff, and there has been nothing quite like it since the halcyon days of *Hell's Angels* and *Test Pilot*. Only when it reaches land does the movie belly-flop into a love story so sticky that Carradine and O'Neill can only wallow through—he's an aging stunt man suffering from old injuries and hypertension, she's a lady so loyal and proud that she won't admit she has borne him a child during their year apart. This bit of plot seems to be parked on an unused runway. Bottoms and Camp handle the young-and-foolish romance winningly, yet *Cloud Dancer*'s real stars are those bright-red Pitts planes, referred to somewhere as "the Ferraris of the sky." Sports fans, rejoice. The rest of you had better have another cry at *Kramer vs. Kramer*. ¥¥

Made in England and adapted by Jackie Collins (Joan's sister) from her own flamboyantly trashy novel, ***The World Is Full of Married Men*** co-stars Anthony Franciosa and Carroll Baker as a couple of Yanks abroad. It is an essentially moral tale about a *macho* married man who pays a heavy price for his infidelity. Sure. Testing the double standard, he ruts around with an ambitious, amoral model (Sherrie Lee Cronn, a bird worthy of any red-blooded male's attention) while Carroll is being wooed by a young rock star (Paul Nicholas). Although she must be near 50, *la* Baker lifts a shapely leg onto the comeback trail, looking incredibly good—with few wrinkles but many dubious lines. Sample dialog, outraged wife to errant hubby: "I ignored the lipstick on your shirts, not to mention the lipstick on your pants." That's a good clue to the cultural tone of *Married Men*. Cheap, flashy and often fun, like hitting all the best bars on the bad side of town. ¥¥

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As the point-of-view character in ***Serial,*** Martin Mull looks at the laid-back lifestyle of Marin County, California, and appears to wonder whether he has crawled out of bed on an alien planet. But this isn't Mars, it's Mill Valley, across the bay from San Francisco, where the human-potential movement has drawn virtually everyone into est, yoga, transcendental meditation, organic food, orgies, drugs, disco and open-marriage contracts, or "a wedding of two separatenesses." Attending one such free-form ceremony, Mull sneers *sotto voce* to his mate (Tuesday Weld): "These are exciting times, aren't they? Gas is over a dollar a gallon, and it's OK to be an asshole." As the kind of guy who

harbors a secret grudge against granola. Mull drolly portrays the only nonasshole, nonaddictive consumer of intellectual fads and social bullshit satirized in a dry, malicious but deadly accurate comedy based on the best seller by Cyra McFadden. Mull and Weld are both fine (never mind that their names in tandem sound like instructions for assembling lawn furniture), though my personal favorites in a large, capable cast are Peter Bonerz, as a coke-sniffing suburban shrink, and stylish Sally Kellerman, as a frequently married lady whose raised consciousness seems as random and wrinkled as her wardrobe. Christopher Lee, Bill Macy and Tom Smothers stand out, too, in *Serial*'s gallery of caricatures. From a structured screenplay by Rich Eustis and Michael Elias, an improvement over the loose-leaf style of the book, director Bill Persky has brought off a valid satire—slightly dated but still stinging. ¥¥¥

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Lesbianism is the crux of the love triangle explored with intelligence and sensitivity in ***Twice a Woman***. Those two qualities are supplied chiefly by Bibi Andersson, a seasoned actress from Ingmar Bergman's stock company, who generates electric anguish as a divorcee whose former husband (Anthony Perkins) begins to woo her live-in ladylove. Perkins plays an acerbic Amsterdam drama critic, and he is OK, though I think an actor with a more aggressive kind of sexuality might have been better for the part. A promising Dutch-born movie newcomer named Sandra Dumas, as the spoiled, androgynous Sylvia, all but shrugs off the sex appeal that makes *Twice a Woman*'s melodramatic finale plausible from either side of the barricades. Male or female or merely muddled, Sandra bridges the gap. French producer-director George Sluizer approaches his delicate subject with a kind of open-minded sophistication that strikes me as European—which may mean simply that lesbians in Amsterdam are not quite the same thing as lesbians in Dubuque. Prepare yourself to be bemused or bothered, but never bored. ¥¥

•

Obedient to the laws of attrition and the prevailing winds of the Eighties, from now on this corner will make room for only those porn films that appear to be trend setters or are somehow noteworthy—for better or for worse. Hard-core limps along, though porno chic is all but dead, I'm sorry to say, neither fashionable nor as progressive as it used to be when *Behind the Green Door* held a promise of new directions. My occasional remarks about X pics will have to be weighed for what they are worth without benefit of a rating, since the cream of the current crop would seldom merit more than a single ¥.

There is a clear attempt to vary the usual hump and grind with elements of

Martin mulls over *Serial*'s body count.

Serial sex, lesbian love and a smattering of the latest in X-rated fare.

Woman's Andersson, Perkins, Dumas.

slick romanticism in producer-director Chuck Vincent's relatively worldly, witty ***Bon Appétit***. Kelly Nichols, a comely newcomer, travels to Paris, Rome, Munich, Las Vegas and Hollywood on an Olympic sex odyssey, vowing to make it with the world's Ten Best Lovers. How the best were chosen is not divulged, though Kelly beds them zestily—with lots of authentic local color, plus a love-conquers-all climax that makes *Bon Appétit* the choicest X movie for couples in a long, long while.

Writer-producer-director Gerard Damiano, whose *Deep Throat* established him as a founding father of porno chic, has Georgina Spelvin to top a tireless bunch of performers in ***Fantasy*** (titled *Fantasy Island* until the TV show with that name called its lawyers). The game's the same. *Fantasy* fixes upon a group of people at a lurid sort of *Last Tango at Marienbad* resort where their wildest fantasies—oral, anal, communal or whatever—are artfully photographed. Although the flesh is all too familiar, Damiano in top form takes second place to no other purveyor of steamy, explicit, screen-heating sex.

The plot is pretty well summed up by the title of ***Talk Dirty to Me***, a movie that climbs to a good nine on a one-to-ten scale measuring sexual intensity. Jesie St. James plays the lady who's fond of four-letter words, with John Leslie as the Jack who turns her on because he makes screwing look like show-and-tell Scrabble. I'm weary of standard cum shots and the other diehard conventions of porno, but *Talk Dirty* has flashes of sophistication to offset the dull formula sequences.

A little more verbal verve would have improved ***The Budding of Brie*** ("Her father was a great cheese lover"), a straight rip-off of *All About Eve*, replete with good Fifties decor and, natch, an ambitious showbiz superstar who reaches the heights by dint of lies, deceit, sheer cunning "and a lot of well-placed pussy." At one point in *Brie*, a billiard table is used as a casting couch. But to succeed with the *Eve* legend, you need accomplished actors, not athletes.

Randy—The Electric Lady originally billed Terry Southern as co-author, until Southern asked that his name be removed from the credits. While this X'd porn retains little evidence of the Southern touch, it shatters precedent as the first American hard-core feature selected for showing at the San Francisco Film Festival 1980, typifying the manner in which an ambitious young film maker may turn to porn to make his presence known. Young writer-director Phillip Schumann's *Randy*, reflective of a new sensitivity toward feminist—or at least feminine—concerns in sex pics, has voluptuous, vacant Desiree Cousteau in the title role as a girl with a problem. She's one of several earnest applicants entering an institute for women "wanting to achieve deep, full vaginal orgasms." Randy turns out to be "a total responder" and sexual wonder woman, programmed by computer to come ad infinitum while her glands release an orgasm-inducing substance that can rule the world. The wicked blonde witch running the institute wants Randy's top-secret secretions for her very own, and thereby hangs the tale. While Cousteau herself performs standard tricks, *Randy*'s relatively strong story line—sci-fi sexual adventure combined with outright spoof—and professionalism have already opened some industry doors for Schumann, which must confound X distributors who continue to measure a movie by counting cum shots.

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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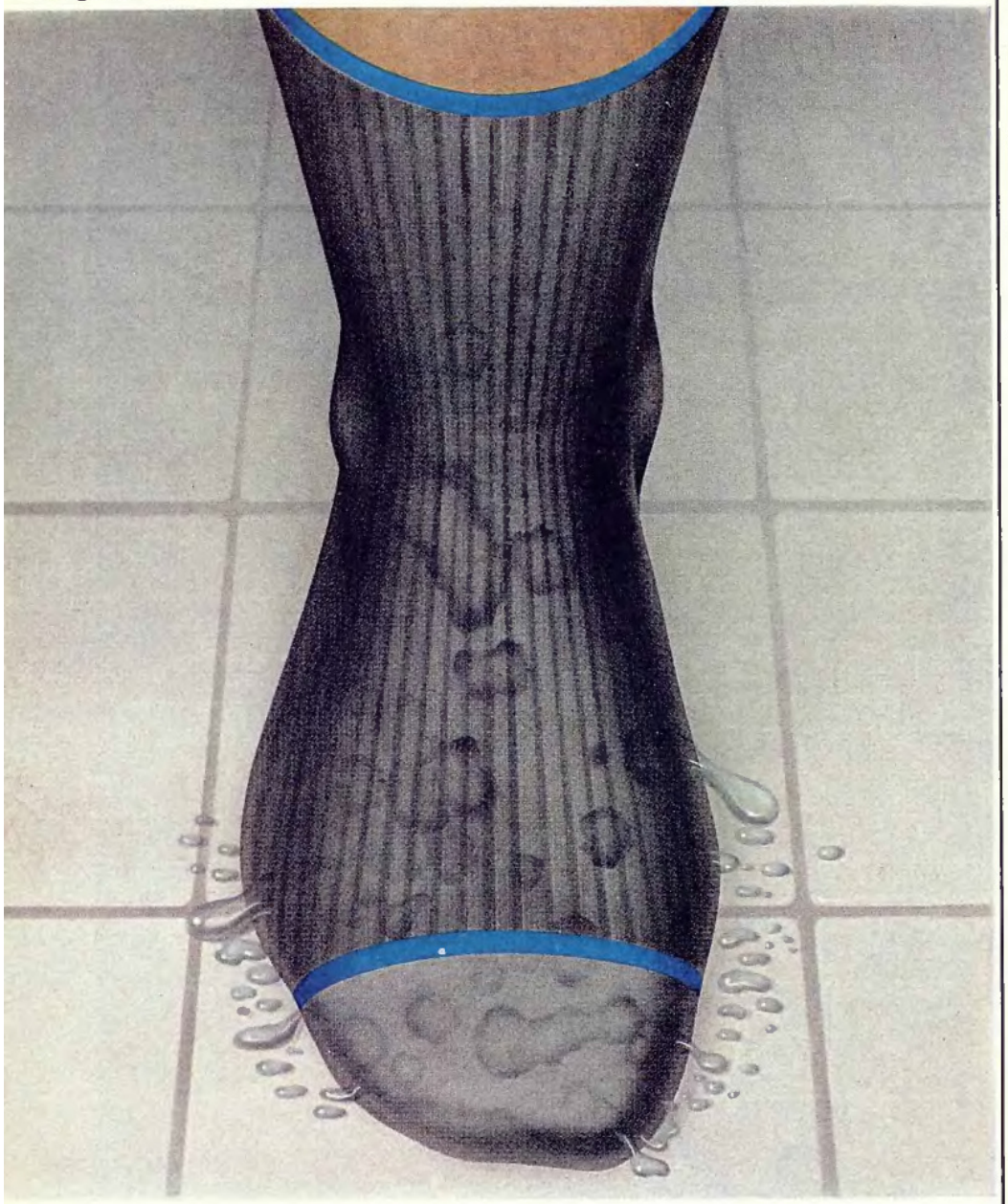

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MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

All That Jazz Musical—and hospital—beds played with Broadway rhythm by Roy Scheider in Bob Fosse's autobiographical extravaganza. Upgraded, because it looks even better the second time around. ¥¥¥¥

Being There Mr. Sellers goes to Washington in a Peter-perfect satire. ¥¥¥

The Black Marble Two L.A. detectives (Paula Prentiss, Robert Foxworth) pursuing a dognaper in Joseph Wambaugh's oddball romantic comedy. ¥¥¥

Blood Feud Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni and Giancarlo Giannini: mimes over matter. ¥¥

Can't Stop the Music (Reviewed this month) The night they invented the Village People. Foolish but fun. ¥¥¥

The Changeling George C. Scott and Trish tackle a haunted house. ¥¥

Cloud Dancer (Reviewed this month) A-OK when it's airborne. ¥¥

Coal Miner's Daughter Rags-to-Grand Ole Opry saga of Loretta Lynn, superstarring Sissy Spacek. ¥¥¥¥

Cruising Al Pacino works the leather bars, where gay looks grisly. ¥¥

Foxes Growing up in L.A., with Jodie Foster, Cherie Currie & Co. ¥¥

Gilda Live Boob tube to Broadway to silver screen. ¥¥

Heart Beat Nick Nolte and Sissy Spacek live through the Beat Generation while John Heard (as Jack Kerouac) writes about it. ¥¥¥

La Cage aux Folles Two aging French queens demolish the closet in a sidesplitting subtitled farce. ¥¥¥¥

Little Miss Marker Shirley Temple revisited. ¥¥

Nijinsky The famous dancer, with Alan Bates excellent as the man he loved. ¥¥¥

Nothing Personal For Suzanne Somers, nothing much. ¥

Serial (Reviewed this month) The Marin County follies, by the book. ¥¥¥

Simon Like an early Woody Allen comedy, sort of. By Woody's frequent collaborator Marshall Brickman, with Alan Arkin starred. ¥¥

Sitting Ducks A madcap road movie about money, murder and sex. ¥¥¥

The Tin Drum A Little Golden Book of the Nazi era made in Germany, where else? ¥¥

Twice a Woman (Reviewed this month) Man meets lesbians. ¥¥

The World Is Full of Married Men (Reviewed this month) Flashy trash. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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ALL THAT JAZZ: Mayor Tom Bradley of Los Angeles has proclaimed May 23–June 22 Playboy Jazz Festival Month—and for good reason. A reprise of last year's successful bash, this time around there will be nine free concerts, two film nights and a two-day Jazz and Art Fair. Among the stellar participants, old guard and new, will be Benny Goodman, Mel Tormé, Buddy Rich and his orchestra, McCoy Tyner Quintet, Ray Brown, Ruby Braff, Shelly Manne, Bob Crosby, Chick Corea and friends, Herbie Hancock's All-Stars, Dizzy Gillespie, the Toshiko Akiyoshi–Lew Tabackin Big Band, Carmen McRae, the Stephane Grappelli Quartet—plus a battle of the saxes featuring Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, Arnett Cobb, Zoot Sims, Richie Cole and the Nat Pierce Trio. And the traditional much, much more.

FAITHFULLY OURS: *Over the years, we've heard a lot about women from The Rolling Stones, but we've never heard from their women. Journalist Ann Bardach checked in with singer* **Marianne Faithfull** *for a look behind the myths.*

PLAYBOY: You've been a celebrity a long time, mostly because of your relationship with Mick Jagger; now, with the release of *Broken English*, you're an artistic success, too. How do you feel about it?

FAITHFULL: A celebrity is a nonartist.

PLAYBOY: You had a hot record, *As Tears Go By*, at 17. Wasn't that art?

FAITHFULL: Oh, no. I wanted to get out of Reading, England, and get out of the convent school.

JAMES HAMILTON

PLAYBOY: And The Rolling Stones were your ticket?

FAITHFULL: They didn't have much to do with it. Andrew Oldham, who discovered them, wanted to make a record with me. *As Tears Go By* was an outtake that the Stones didn't use on one of their albums. All that stuff about how Mick wrote it for me was awfully nice but untrue. Oldham met me at a party in 1964.

PLAYBOY: Were Mick and Keith Richard there?

FAITHFULL: They were with their girlfriends.

PLAYBOY: Were you impressed by them?

FAITHFULL: My first impression was that they were disgusting, working-class punks. I'm not proud of that attitude. It took three years to change it.

PLAYBOY: Were you living with Jagger then?

FAITHFULL: No. I didn't start living with Jagger until three years after I met the Stones. You see, all this business about the Stones' being so glamorous came later. The really glamorous people then were the Beatles.

PLAYBOY: After you moved in with Mick, you stopped making records. Why?

FAITHFULL: I was just dazzled by it all. I was young and didn't understand about competitiveness or ambition then. I think I seriously believed that Mick was a much greater artist. What the Stones were doing then was so good, the records were brilliant. I suppose I felt that I contributed in a small way by providing a nice

FAIRS OF THE STARS

Question: What have you been listening to lately?

GEORGE JONES: 1. Tom T. Hall / *Old Side of Town*. 2. Tammy Wynette / *Take Me to Your World*. 3. Leon Payne / *I Love You Because*. 4. Hank Williams / *You Win Again*. 5. The Kendalls / *Heaven's Just a Sin Away*.

GLENN FREY: 1. Michael Jackson / *Off the Wall*. 2. Bob Seger / *Against the Wind*. 3. Bell & James / *Only Make Believe*. 4. Mary Wells / *Mary Wells' Greatest Hits*. 5. Warren Zevon / *Bad Luck Streak in Dancing School*.

DOUG SAHM: 1. *Mid-Fifties Be-Bop Jazz*. 2. Ray Price / *Heartaches by the Number*. 3. Cars / *Candy-O*. 4. *Bob Wills & the Texas Playboys*. 5. The Lotions.

GREG KIHN: 1. Louis Prima / *The Wildest Show in Tahoe*. 2. *The Specials*. 3. The Ventures / *The Ventures in Space*. 4. Buddy Holly / *20 Golden Greats*. 5. Tom Petty / *Damn the Torpedoes*.

home life. You know, the old "Behind every great man. . . ." But I did write the words to *Sister Morphine*, you know.

PLAYBOY: You never got any credit; did you get royalties?

FAITHFULL: I got the money. Drugs pay.

PLAYBOY: Which brings us to Tony Sanchez' book, *Up and Down with The Rolling Stones*. Did you help him?

FAITHFULL: No, but he asked me to; he dangled some money—actually, a lot of money—in front of me at a time when I didn't have a penny. But I had already been burned by Tony Scaduto's Jagger book, so I said no. I did think that if anyone were going to write that story, it should have been Sanchez.

PLAYBOY: Did Sanchez lie or distort things in his book?

FAITHFULL: It's true. Very condensed, but most of it is honest.

PLAYBOY: Are you upset about what he said about you?

FAITHFULL: Me? No!

PLAYBOY: Not even the part about your being a spoiled virgin?

FAITHFULL: I think it's pretty funny.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Mick's more concerned with image than with art?

FAITHFULL: He's a great rock-'n'-roll star. But I did feel the Stones got very close to art at one point. *Sticky Fingers*, *Exile on Main Street* were very near art, conscious or not. Mick would never sacrifice image to art.

PLAYBOY: Would you say Mick's the force and Keith's the creator?

FAITHFULL: Without Mick they wouldn't have made it.

PLAYBOY: Mick the pragmatist?

FAITHFULL: The London School of Economics boy—he knows how to do all that.

PLAYBOY: But the impulse is Keith?

FAITHFULL: Artistically. And if Keith hadn't had it, he probably would have gotten the boot years ago.

PLAYBOY: There was an image of all of you as junkies. . . .

FAITHFULL: That's nonsense. Mick was never a junkie! I was the only one who really got into junk. That is one of the reasons Mick and I split up. I *wanted* to be a junkie and I felt that if we stayed together, they would go on busting him. It wasn't fair. It wasn't his dope. And he wanted to be a superstar and I would have held him back. Or I would have died.

PLAYBOY: What happened during *Ned Kelly*? You almost did die.

FAITHFULL: I just went out of my mind and took 150 Tuinals. It had nothing to do with smack. I had been playing Ophelia for six months, a suicide. Then Brian [Jones] died. Then I got on the plane for Australia. I was pretty upset.

PLAYBOY: Because you and Mick were breaking up?

FAITHFULL: We didn't break up until three years after that. Mick saved my life. I was in a coma for six days. If

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Mick hadn't woken up, well. . . .

PLAYBOY: Let's jump a decade. Why did you choose Heathcote Williams' poem *Why D'Ya Do It?* to record on your hit album *Broken English*?

FAITHFULL: A friend took me to see Heathcote and he showed me his poetry. I picked that one because it was just the best thing I'd ever seen. I wanted to make an album about real life and it's hard to write about sexual jealousy. He wanted to save it for Tina Turner!

PLAYBOY: Were you embarrassed to sing it? It ends in a howl.

FAITHFULL: It's a precedent. The rage has been building in me for years. It's out now, thank God. I did the vocal in one take. Mick likes people to think I was left miserable. I don't really care. I did go off to something else—to be an addict.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel the record vindicates your old image as victim-waif?

FAITHFULL: No, now the critics have gone too far the other way.

PLAYBOY: But you feel proud?

FAITHFULL: Yeah. Very. And I think Mick's proud. It turns out that I learned tricks from him—how to phrase, all sorts of tricks. He taught me a lot. Being Mick, I'm sure he thinks the record's all about him.

PLAYBOY: How did your voice change so much?

FAITHFULL: When I was 17, my voice was perfect for 17. I would say my voice is ripe now. I'm 33.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any regrets?

FAITHFULL: Regrets? No. Only for silly things like getting hooked on limos.

PLAYBOY: Are you still fighting off drugs?

FAITHFULL: I feel I'm way out of jeopardy, but I have to be careful, always.

REVIEWS

The movie *"10"* made a star not only of Bo Derek but also of Maurice Ravel's **Bolero**. There are 40 versions of the full *Bolero* in the catalog; we tested a number and while the strict rhythm of the piece precludes your breaking into a bossa-nova bounce halfway through, you might find Georg Solti with the Chicago Symphony (London: 14:40) most appealing. Not only does his principal oboe send chills down your back (not inappropriately) but the following piece, Debussy's *Afternoon of a Faun*, isn't a bad postcoital work.

SHORT CUTS

Erwin Helfer & Friends / *On the Sunny Side of the Street* (Flying Fish): Pianist Helfer and his veteran sidemen are dedicated to preserving classic jazz and blues styles; the jazz cuts are best.

Rick James Presents the Stone City Band / *In 'n' Out* (Gordy): The cover looks familiar, but the tunes are new—and highly combustible.

The Knack / *. . . But the Little Girls Understand* (EMI): Could this be *Get the Knack* recorded backward?

FAST TRACKS

TO THE TOP OF THE CHARTS WITH A BULLET: When photographer Jimmy Wachtel got ready to shoot the back cover of Warren Zevon's latest album, *Bad Luck Streak in Dancing School*, he went to a shop that supplies weapons to film companies to rent a machine gun. There he ran into a couple of FBI guys who happened to be taking inventory. They let Wachtel rent the gun, but he had to be accompanied back to his studio by an agent of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Queen** is writing and performing music for the **Dino De Laurentiis** film *Flash Gordon*. . . . *Urban Cowboy*, starring **John Travolta**, opens any minute with a sound track that includes **The Eagles, Linda Ronstadt, Bonnie Raitt, Joe Walsh** and **Mickey Gilley** (at whose joint near Houston the movie takes place). . . . **Neil Young** is currently working with **Dean Stockwell** and **Dennis Hopper** on the long-awaited film *Human Highway*.

RANDOM RUMORS: Here's a bulletin from the You Don't Need to Be a Weatherman to Know Which Way the Wind Is Blowing Department. **John Lennon** bought **Yoko** a little memento to celebrate their tenth anniversary—a posh spread in Palm Beach, Florida, with two pools (one freshwater, one salt) and a walk-in fireplace big enough to roast four steers at once. . . . Polydor changed the name of **Bram Tchaikovsky**'s new album, issued in England as *The Russians Are Coming*, for its American release, citing the invasion of Afghanistan as the reason. Bram is reportedly irate over the change, calling the Polydor executives "a bunch of punks" for bowing to politics. The American title? *Pressure*. . . . **Anita Pallenberg** has been fined $1000 on gun charges stemming from the suicide of **Scott Cantrell** at her New York estate last year. . . . Those heavy-metal rockers **UFO** played a gig in Pittsburgh that brought down the house—literally. Large chunks of plaster began to fall from the ceiling of The Stanley Theater as the band played on.

NEWSBREAKS: **Chevy Chase** is coming out with an album on which he actually plans to sing—parodies of **Stevie Wonder** and **Donna Summer**. . . . **Eddie Rabbitt**'s TV special is set to air early this month with **Jerry Lee Lewis** and **Emmylou Harris** making guest appearances. Rabbitt will also be doing an ABC Radio special that will go out to 400 stations. . . . The members of **Yes** will be recording their new album in England—all but **Rick Wakeman**, who will do his part in another country because of tax problems. . . . Bassist **Ron Carter** has written a song for **Sylvester** (whom you last saw impersonating **Diana Ross** in *The Rose*) called *Hymn for Him*; we hear it's an ode to the penis. . . . A couple of major record companies are planning to release recordings by several New Wave groups on what they are calling Nu-Disks and minialbums. CBS will start with groups like **Cheap Trick, The Continentals** and **Propaganda** doing three or four songs on ten-inch, 33⅓ discs. A&M will release a minialbum by **The Humons** on a seven-inch disc. Both will be list-priced under four dollars to serve as an alternative to 12-inch albums, which many people feel have priced themselves out of the market. . . . If you're bored with **Fonda** and **Hayden** and are looking for a new political party to go to, how about The California Beach Party, sponsored by the Love Foundation. Beach Boy **Mike Love**'s TM group? On July fourth, there will be a series of free concerts, some of which will include the **Beach Boys** themselves, up and down the California coast. Love expects an album and a couple of movie projects to spin off from the day. The California Beach Party (the name's a play on the coming elections) consists of "humanistic and environmental groups, but not the no-nukes people." Wish they *all* could be California girls. . . .

—BARBARA NELLIS

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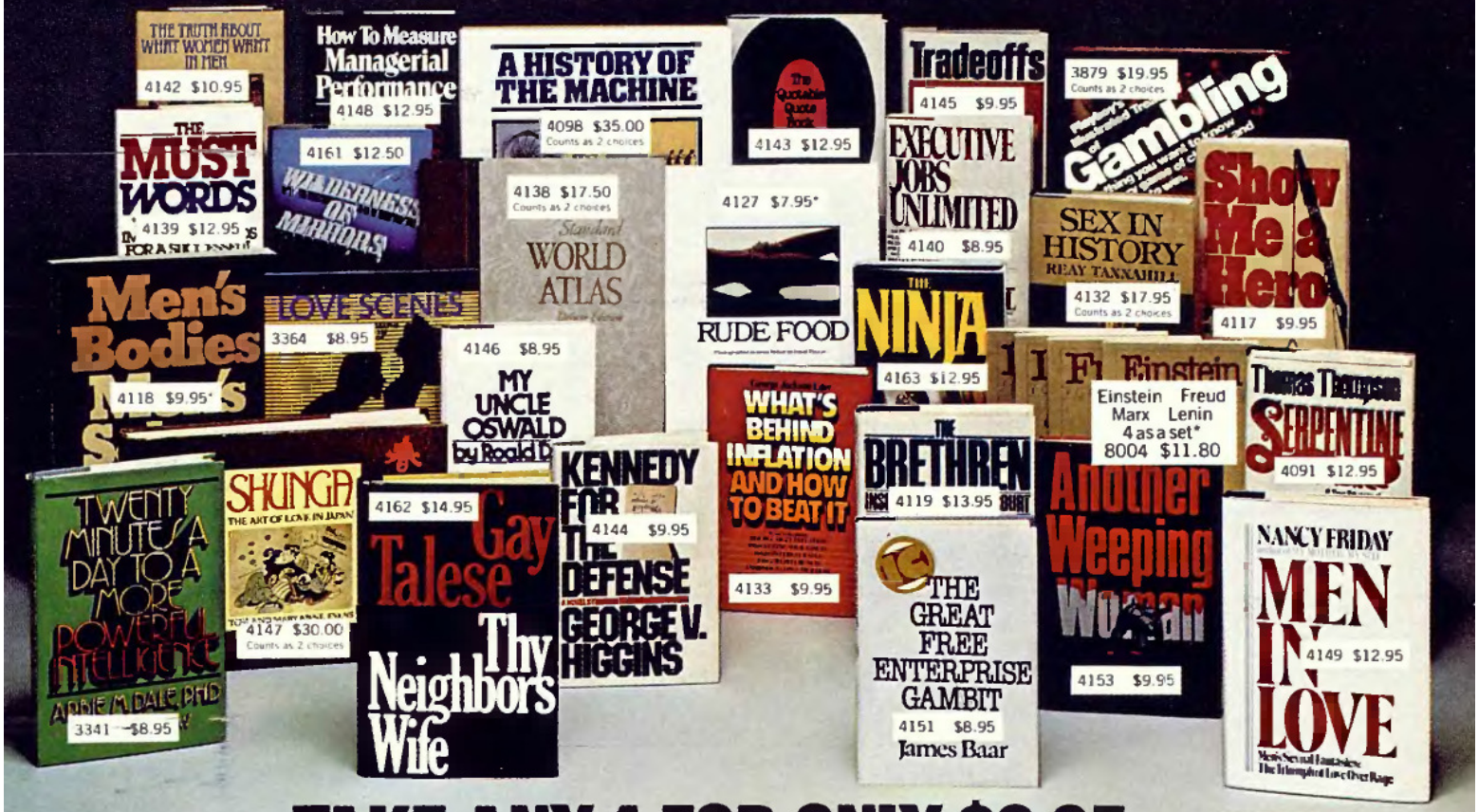

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☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

IDOL GOSSIP: Can **Bo Derek** really act, or is she just another pretty face? Her next film, *A Change of Seasons*, ought to provide at least a clue to this pressing controversy. A comedy about extramarital affairs, the flick teams Bo with seasoned pros **Shirley MacLaine** and **Anthony Hopkins**. Hopkins plays a college professor who dallies with one of his students (Bo). When his wife (MacLaine) finds out, she suddenly becomes wildly liberated and responds by shacking up with a young carpenter (**Michael Brandon**). Confrontations inevitably erupt when the foursome decides to vacation

Derek

MacLaine

together at a ski lodge. Those close to the film claim it's more than just a bedroom farce, that although it began as strictly a comedy, it's taken on "contemporary overtones." As to whether or not Bo can act, says co-star Hopkins: "She's a good actress now and has the potential to be a *very* good actress." The film's due out late this year. . . . Producers of *Star Trek—The Motion Picture* are considering a sequel. Apparently, *Trek* stars **William Shatner** and **Leonard Nimoy** are not averse to the possibility if the script is up to par. . . . **Ray Charles** plays the owner of a south-side Chicago music store/pawnshop in *The Blues Brothers*. . . . As for the latest on **Mel Brooks**'s *History of the World Part I*, I hear he's talking about shooting the Roman Empire sequence at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. **Dom DeLuise** portrays Emperor Nero, **Richard Pryor** is Josephus.

•

JAILHOUSE ROCK: Remember the film *Silver Streak*, **Colin Higgins'** comedy/thriller starring **Gene Wilder, Richard Pryor** and **Jill Clayburgh**? For my money, the funniest part of that film involved the interplay between Wilder and Pryor—the chemistry, as they say, was right. Well, Pryor and Wilder are teaming up again, this time in a film called *Stir Crazy*. Directed by **Sidney Poitier** from a script by **Bruce Jay Friedman** and **Charles Blackwell**, the story involves two out-of-work New Yorkers (Pryor and Wilder) who move to Arizona to seek their fortunes. Through a frame-up, they're accused and convicted of murder and sentenced to 125 years in the state penitentiary, from which they eventually escape during a prison rodeo. Much of the shooting will take place at Arizona State Prison near Tucson, and Poitier plans to use several hundred genuine inmates as extras. The movie also stars **Georg Stanford Brown**, who plays a homosexual prisoner who makes advances toward fellow inmate Pryor. The film's due for a Christmas release.

•

RUMOR MILL: Word has it that the *National Lampoon* hopes to bring to the big screen a film version of its Sunday-newspaper parody, *The Dacron Republican-Democrat*. The flick will concern the history of the town of Dacron, Ohio. . . . Director **Lou** (*Up in Smoke*) **Adler**'s new picture, *All Washed Up*, called for the **Sex Pistols** (what's left of them, anyway) to play a punk-rock group on tour. But when the Pistols appeared on location in Canada, Adler decided they were a bit too . . . well, overweight to be convincing as punk rockers, so he's had them all dieting and jogging to lose the excess poundage.

•

KEEP ON TRUCKIN': Wrapped and ready for summer release, Paramount's *Coast to Coast* (not to be confused with the ill-fated TV series of the same name) is a romantic comedy reminiscent of the classic romantic comedies of the Thirties, particularly *It Happened One Night*. **Robert Blake** plays a truck driver, an independent who's a little behind on his truck payments and hopes to get the repossessors off his back after hauling a load of cattle cross-country. Enter **Dyan Cannon**, a slightly confused Beverly Hills housewife who's been manipulated into an East Coast psycho ward by a scheming husband. After escaping from the

Cannon

Blake

funny farm, she hitches a ride in her nightgown and is picked up by Blake, who has no idea what he's letting himself in for. Naturally, the two end up falling in love, but not before they've practically driven each other *really* crazy. In preparation for the film, both Blake and Cannon were trained to drive the massive GMC 5-Star General tractor-trailer rigs. We're talking 13 gears here and a 16-ton load. Says their driving teacher: "Blake was a natural, one of the quickest I ever trained, and Dyan can drive along with the best of them." She'd better—the grand finale has her driving the semi into the living room of her husband's Beverly Hills mansion.

•

HAIL TO THE CHIEF: Nowadays, the U. S. Government is so nearly a parody of itself that anyone attempting to satirize it is taking a chance. But from what I've heard about *First Family*, written and directed by **Buck Henry**, there's still plenty of room for comedy. The film's casting may give you some idea of what I mean—**Bob Newhart** plays the President of the United States, President Link, a man elected only after both of his opponents are killed in an automobile accident. The First Lady is **Madeline Kahn**,

Radner

Newhart

and **Gilda Radner** plays Gloria, the President's daughter, a 28-year-old virgin who, throughout the film, attempts to consummate her first sexual relationship, only to be interrupted by Secret Service agents every time she gets close. As for the President's advisors, **Fred** (*America 2Night*) **Willard** plays the Chief of Staff, **Bob Dishy** is the Vice-President, **Richard Benjamin** portrays the Presidential Press Secretary and **Harvey Korman** is the UN Ambassador. Get the picture? The plot, such as it is, revolves around the Government's courting of a certain ambassador from the fictional African nation of Upper Gorm—seems the U. S. needs Upper Gorm's crucial vote in the UN. The President, his staff and family end up going on a good-will mission to this remote, uncivilized African isle and . . . well, all hell breaks loose. Incidentally, for the interior White House scenes, a replica of the Oval Office was constructed by the crew. On hand to verify the accuracy of the replica was none other than the film's on-location photographer—**Susan Ford.**

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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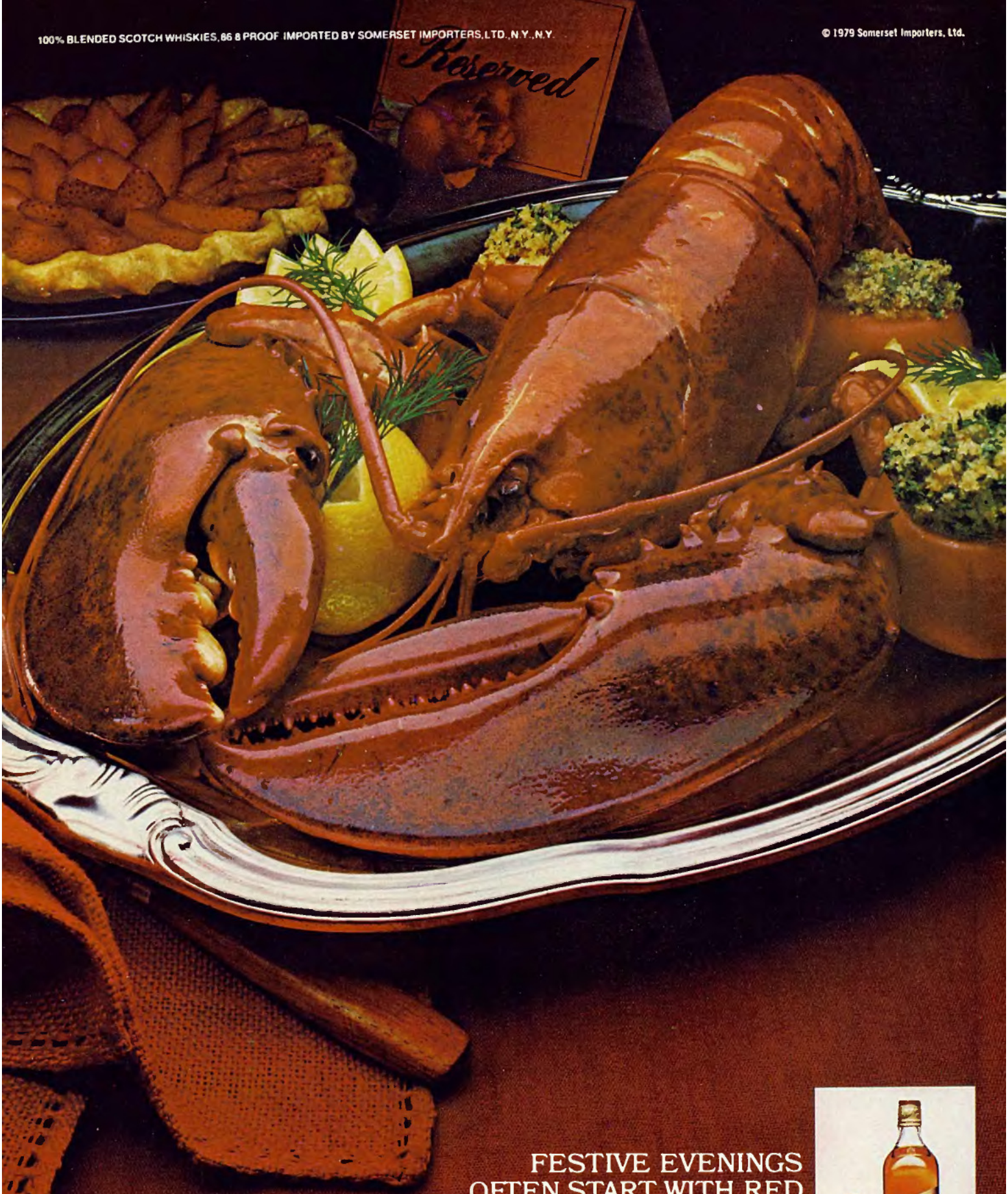


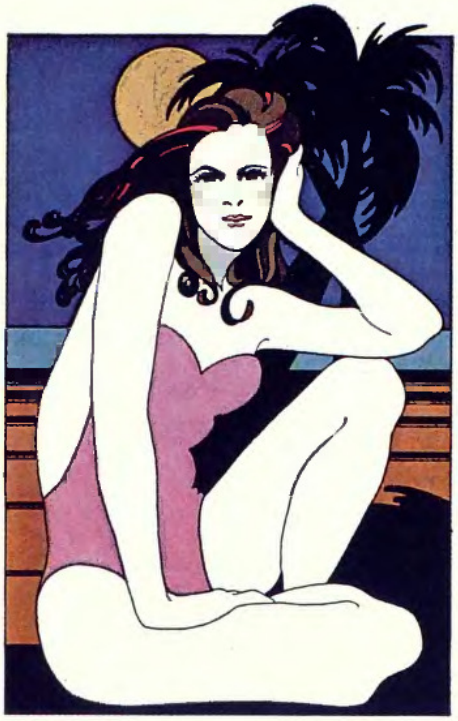
FESTIVE EVENINGS
OFTEN START WITH RED.

JOHNNIE WALKER RED

THE RIGHT SCOTCH WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE

GRAND STRANDS

By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM



Pack up your blanket and head for the beach; here are the choice ones.

BY ALL RIGHTS, Garry Trudeau's Zonker Harris—he of the Olympic Tanning Team—should be here giving expert testimony. But since both he and George Hamilton are occupied elsewhere [Hamilton on page 162], it falls to me to provide a brief Baedeker to the best beaches in the United States.

America's ocean and lake shores cover thousands of miles, most of which are beach-edged. A dotted line of slim barrier beaches protects most of the mainland along the eastern shore from Long Island to Florida, while the Gulf Coast offers warmer waters, less surf and dunes grown high with beach grass.

Up and down the Pacific Coast, the sandy strands are generally better for beachcombing and fishing than for swimming, because of rip tides and heavy undertow—and, north of Los Angeles, generally chilly waters. But that doesn't seem to bother surfers and, fortunately, there are lots of exceptions.

Just what makes a great beach great depends a lot on who's doing the appraising. For some, totally isolated, nearly uninhabited, talcumlike sand is the only meaningful stuff on which to stretch out; while others opt for volleyball nets, Frisbee fields and lots of human scenery. Here are some of my picks:

Ogunquit Beach (Ogunquit, Maine): This little harbor town, home to about 2000 permanent residents, is also the site of a three-mile-long strand that is one of the best beaches in New England—better because of its length and the gentleness of the ocean-floor drop-off as you wade in. This last is particularly welcome, since it's not unknown for your ankles to turn blue in late spring.

Old Orchard Beach (Maine): Seven miles of sand, 700 feet wide, make this the longest beach in the state. The surf is low, so swimming is easy, though the water can get pretty cold. To escape the crowds, walk as far away as you can.

Crane Beach (Ipswich, Massachusetts): This resort town of 12,000 boasts a wonderfully clean seven-mile-long sweep of dune-backed sand. The surf's not bad, but the swimming's better.

Watch Hill Beach (Watch Hill, Rhode Island): It's fortunate that this fine surf beach is open to the public, because the rest of Watch Hill is so exclusive that little else is. Presiding over the entrance to the beach is a century-old flying carrousel, one of the oldest in New England. The beaches in nearby Misquamicut and Weekapaug are also worth your attention.

Fire Island (Long Island, New York): Catch one of the ferries packed with chic refugees from Manhattan, leaving regularly from Bay Shore or Patchogue. This fine barrier island is divided into many minicommunities, each catering to distinctly homosexual or heterosexual constituencies. The Fire Island National Seashore occupies 19,000 acres and the whole island is a favorite place for house renters by week, month or season.

The Grand Strand (Myrtle Beach, South Carolina): Although Myrtle Beach itself is an example of what can happen to even the best beaches when the high-rises come and the neon glows too brightly, there are still more than 50 miles of less commercial seaside.

Hilton Head Island (South Carolina): Twelve miles of clean (though not porcelain-white) beach, gently sloping and completely free of crushing waves and strong undertow. At low tide, the beach is 600 feet wide and hard-packed, so you can bicycle, hike and beachcomb.

Kiawah Island (South Carolina): The ten miles of wide, hard-packed ocean beach are among the best spots on the East Coast for finding shells. The island is being developed by a Kuwaiti group, but the development in no way encroaches on the natural attractions.

Cumberland Island (Georgia): This is the most southerly of Georgia's sea islands, with 18 miles of beach rimming golden wild lands. All you have to do is walk away from the ferry dock in order to be alone.

Sanibel/Captiva Islands (Florida): These two islands are made up of 20 miles of white sand, just off Fort Myers on Florida's west coast. They say the sea shells here are the most abundant in the nation, and those folks beachcombing in a low crouch are said to be afflicted with the "Sanibel stoop."

Northwest Crescent (the Florida Panhandle): This is the easternmost end of what has come to be called the Redneck Riviera. The main lure is the whitest sand you'll ever see—not far from the color of snow. The stretch from Destin to Fort Walton Beach is the least trafficked and the most appealing.

Gulf Islands National Seashore (Ocean Springs, Mississippi): The nearly 71,000 acres of sandy preserve include 52 miles of superb beach off the Mississippi coast. Many of those are on three barrier islands—Horn, Petit Bois and Ship—accessible only by boat.

Huntington Beach (California): The so-called Surfing Capital of the U.S.A., with its 1800-foot-long pier. Even if you don't ride a surfboard yourself, this is the best place on the West Coast to watch surfers catch the best waves—sometimes right under the pier's pilings.

Pismo Beach (California): The giant Pismo clams were once found in such numbers that farmers used them for hog and cattle feed. They're still plentiful enough on the wide, 23-mile-long strand that you can get your limit easily.

Point Reyes National Seashore (California): Some may think this an odd choice, since this triangle of land just north of San Francisco holds the U. S. Weather Service record for the foggiest, windiest stretch between Mexico and Canada. But this is not necessarily a place for fun in the sun; rather, it's the solitude surrounding the Pacific-pounded beaches at Point Reyes and McClure's. The latter is nearly deserted because of its difficult access.

Oregon Dunes National Recreation Area (Oregon): The coast line of Oregon and southern Washington makes up a solid strip of rugged beachscape, occasionally cut by pine-filled headlands. The area south of Florence, Oregon, consists of wild dune land slowly engulfing the pines along the shore, where winter storm watching is as popular a pastime as summer sunning.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My wife and I recently separated after eight years of marriage. During that period, we had a satisfying, adventurous sex life; and, as an amateur photographer, I compiled an album of tasteful PLAYBOY-type nude photos of my wife, as well as some shots of a more explicit, hard-core nature. In addition, about two years ago, while vacationing on the West Coast, we rented a sophisticated video-tape system for the weekend and produced about an hour and 20 minutes of simply outstanding action. When my wife left in a rage, I remember thinking how lucky I was to have preserved some record of what were for me some very good times. Since then, however, I have received a strong threat from her that unless I turn over the photo album and the video tape, she will make big trouble for me in our divorce and financial settlement. I never bothered to get a model release signed. Under these circumstances, what are my rights and what are hers?—A. S., Topeka, Kansas.

The first rule in a divorce: Don't give away anything. Technically, the photos and video tape fall into the category of marital property—like the sofa, the car, the vibrators, etc. It is up to the judge to come up with a settlement of that property. Don't surrender the pictures without suitable recompense. According to the Supreme Court case "Stanley vs. Georgia," a person has the right to own sexually explicit material in the privacy of his own home. As long as you don't show it to other people, use it to embarrass your ex-wife or profit from ownership, you should be able to maintain possession—without a model release. If you want to completely avoid a hassle, make copies. That way, you can keep your memories warm until a ripe old age—though why you would want to is beyond us. We doubt that you'll find the pictures as exciting after you've been through a divorce.

What's the problem with prerecorded cassette tapes? I just bought one of my favorite group a few weeks ago and, after playing it almost constantly in my car since then, I noticed that it was beginning to sound fuzzy. So I played it on my home deck and, sure enough, some of the crispness is gone. I clean my heads in the car deck often and new tapes sound fine. Did I just get a bad cassette?—R. T., Indianapolis, Indiana.

The chances of your getting a bad prerecorded tape are pretty good. Quality control isn't what it should be. But we suspect the problem is in another area. It could be that the heads on your

car deck have become magnetized. It's not enough just to clean them often. They must also be degaussed, or demagnetized. A magnetized head on your tape deck can increase noise by six to ten decibels and can gradually erase high frequencies on playback. Lows can also be affected. If it's bad enough, whole sections of a performance can be erased. Get yourself a good electronic degausser and use it often. Usually, six hours of play is enough to magnetize your heads. So if you've been playing the same cassette for a couple of weeks, you no longer have a cassette deck, you have a bulk eraser.

One of the girls I've been dating likes to talk about sex. Unfortunately, she sprinkles her conversation with a lot of French words. Not wanting to appear unsophisticated, I nod knowingly, but I'm at a loss. What do terms such as *cassolette, cuissade* and *flanquette* mean? Anything kinky?—P. F., Hartford, Connecticut.

Well, let's see. Would you believe that a cassolette *is a preserved-goose dish that neighbors take to a buffet? Or that a* cuissade *is one of those machines you make banana daiquiris with? Oh, never mind. According to our local French expert,* cassolette, *in the vernacular, refers to the sexual smell of a person. Some Frenchwomen reportedly put a dab of genital secretion behind their ears to drive men crazy. And we suppose, in their ardor, Frenchmen mistakenly stick it in their partners' ears.* Cuissade *and* flanquette *are terms referring to sexual gymnastics. In the former, the man enters the woman in a half-rear, half-sideways position, straddling one of her legs. In the latter, the entry is half sideways, half facing. Not exactly kinky, but it sounds exciting in French.*

My colleagues and I are often on the road on business assignments. We eat three meals a day and find it easier to pay by separate checks, since we have separate expense accounts. Unfortunately, most restaurants are reluctant to accommodate us. How can we convince them to issue us separate checks without alienating our hosts?—B. C., New York, New York.

When do you request the checks, before or after the meal? If it's after, you should be rebuffed. Especially if you're all paying by credit card. Indeed, the credit card may be part of your problem. After all, what you want isn't separate checks but separate receipts. Most restaurants don't mind issuing separate checks if you ask for them beforehand and if your party isn't the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. But in a one-restaurant town, you might be better off carrying traveler's checks and your own pad of receipts. Cash them at your hotel/motel in the morning and pay cash for your meal. Then fill out your own receipt and ask the restaurant to sign or stamp it. If your accounting department will accept that as proof of expenses, you're home free.

I am a divorced woman with two children. I have been seeing my new lover for the past six months. We have a great sex life—on the road or when I stay over at his place—but when we spend the night at my apartment I feel compelled to ask him to stay in the guest bedroom, for the sake of appearances. This is driving him nuts. He says that he doesn't want to tell me how to raise my kids, but it seems to him that there is something hypocritical about the situation. It would be a crime to pass that attitude along to the kids. What is the accepted etiquette for staying over?—Miss J. K., Chicago, Illinois.

It's the new question: Your place or ours? We surveyed some of the single parents in our circle and found that most of them had arrived at the following code of behavior. First, you cannot become a martyr to your children. You have to establish that you have a right to your own life. The kids will adapt very quickly. Once a single parent starts dating, certain rules seem to aid the transition. Never have someone who is a stranger to your children sleep

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over. Introduce them first, let them become friends. That way, the children will feel that your new-found friend deserves to stay over. That accomplishes a second goal—never have someone stay over who is a stranger to you. A string of transients might disturb the children, but if you date only "old friends," the children will get the right idea about healthy relationships—and that's the whole point, isn't it? Finally, as a single parent, make sure you keep time for your family—so the children don't begin to feel left out completely.

While I don't have unlimited time to spend lying in the sun, I do enjoy the healthy look of a tan. I recently heard of two methods of producing sunless tans quickly: the ultraviolet-ray tanning salons and a mysterious pill that does the same job. Is either of those methods dangerous? Do they work?—P. D., Morton Grove, Illinois.

Even though a tanning salon may be more convenient than the local beach, the dangers are pretty much the same: sunburn and skin cancer. The salons employ long- and medium-frequency ultraviolet lamps at a total output of about 560 watts. One minute under them is said to equal an hour of midsummer sun. Thus, the time under them should be kept short, no more than five minutes at once. The long-term effect of repeated exposure to ultraviolet rays has yet to be determined. But goggles are desirable to avoid the dangers of cataracts. Skin cancer also is a possibility and the drying and wrinkling effects experienced in natural sunlight are the same with ultraviolet lamps. As for that mysterious pill, it is currently available only in Canada and France. Distributed under the name Orobronze, the substance contains Canthexanthine, the same agent used to color butter and cheese. The pills are supposed to be taken daily to produce and maintain the tan. A mistake in dosage can have the unsettling effect of turning some body parts bright orange. It won't be available in the States until application is made, and the FDA decides, first, whether it's a food, a drug or a cosmetic and, second, whether or not you'll survive the summer. The major drawback to both methods, in our opinion, aside from the dangers, is the lack of scenery while tanning. Few beauties in bikinis are likely to come strolling past your tanning booth.

Some of the guys down at my local bar got into a debate on the effects of alcohol on sex. One guy pointed out that the ditty "Candy is dandy, but liquor is quicker" did not jibe with his own experience, that a few drinks can make you last longer. What's the straight info?—J. R., Chicago, Illinois.

You're dealing with two aspects of sex—interest and performance. There is no question that alcohol lowers inhibitions for some people and may speed the seduction process. But the time you save at the beginning of the evening can be lost in bed if you overindulge. Researchers at the University of Georgia found that in young male volunteers, there was a direct association between increased alcohol consumption and decreased sexual arousal, decreased pleasurability and intensity of orgasm and reported difficulty in attaining orgasm. The results were very simple: The more a man drinks, the longer it takes to reach orgasm. That is great—to a point. The researchers also found that alcohol had the same effect on females as on males. The more a woman drinks, the longer it takes her to reach orgasm. At that rate, you could start a nightly series, "Pleasure Held Hostage." The experiment was straightforward. Subjects would drink different amounts of alcohol and orange juice, watch erotic video tapes and masturbate. (Sounds like your basic frat party, right?) Whereas nondrinkers, on the average, reached climax after slightly more than five minutes, people who had a blood alcohol concentration of .03 percent took almost seven minutes. People with a blood alcohol concentration of .06 percent took more than ten minutes, while the .09 percent group averaged about 12 and a half minutes. (Note: Ten out of 24 subjects in the higher levels were unable to reach orgasm within 16 minutes.) For comparison—in most states, the legal limit is .1 percent—roughly equivalent to a 150-pound person downing four or five stiff ones. The moral: If you're too drunk to drive, you can always try parking; but don't expect the results to be much better. Moderation will produce the most desirable effects—both a loosening of inhibitions and the time to enjoy it.

Having tired of network programing and commercial software for my video recorder, I've almost decided to invest in a video camera. But already I can see my costs escalating. For instance, will my present setup handle color tape, will I need special lights to shoot indoors or special filters to shoot outdoors?—M. D., Baltimore, Maryland.

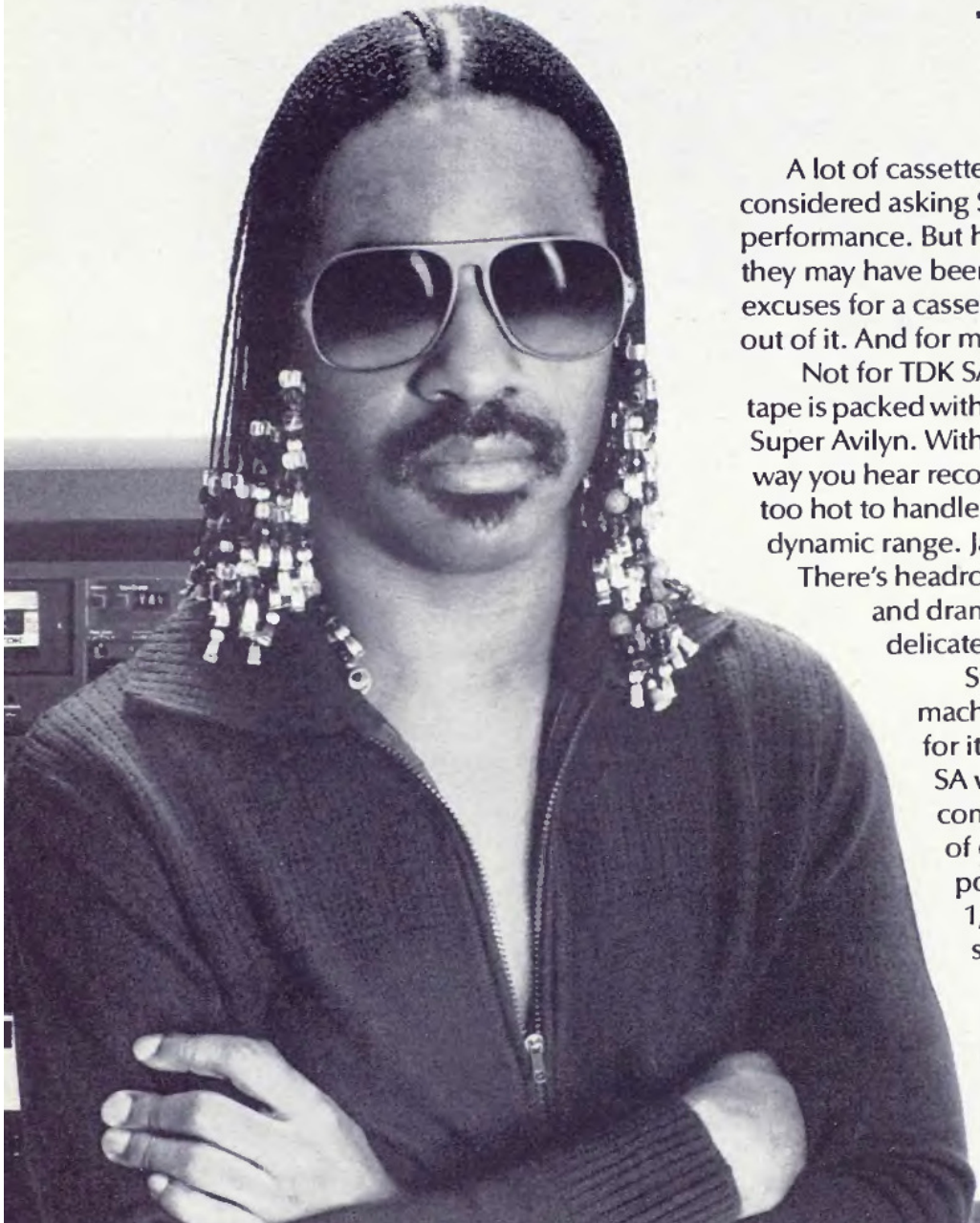
One of the nice things about video tape is that any tape will produce both color and black-and-white images. The same is true of any video recorder. The color function rests only with the camera. So your current equipment will suffice. The color sensitivity of the video camera, moreover, will allow you to shoot both indoors and out with only a few precautions. Natural sunlight will probably give you the best results. By sunlight we mean bright but partially cloudy. You should take the same precautions with tape that you would with shooting film, especially in avoiding direct sunlight. The heart of the video camera, the tube, can easily be destroyed if you point your camera at the sun. But the diffused light mentioned earlier should be sufficient for sharp image and color until well after sunset. Indoors, you may want to use auxiliary lighting (a key light on the subject, a fill light and possibly back lighting for depth). Video images tend to flatten out with over-all lighting. Of course, you may want to add filters or sound as you go along, but for now, you can keep your investment to a minimum and still get good quality.

As a herpes victim, I've developed a lot of skepticism about cures. Having tried Lysine, oral zinc, smallpox vaccines, Virazole, etc., I've about given up hope. While I'm waiting for the Government to approve the next miracle cure, is there anything I should be doing? I've never seen any suggestions for basic first aid or temporary care. Do guidelines exist?—T. W., Los Angeles, California.

We suggest you become a member of HELP, a service of the American Social Health Association. (Send eight dollars to P.O. Box 100, Palo Alto, California 94302.) The group publishes a newsletter, The Helper, *to keep you updated on new research. A recent edition includes some coping strategies that have proved successful for some (but not all) herpes sufferers. Among the dos and don'ts are the following: "Don't use antibacterial creams or ointments indiscriminately to prevent secondary bacterial infection. The latest evidence suggests that these ointments will actually prolong the course of infection. Keeping the area dry and clean is the best way to avoid such infection." Similarly, the newsletter advises wearing loose-fitting clothing during an outbreak to prevent irritation of the lesions. Cotton underwear provides ventilation and dryness. Do not break the vesicles. Among the home remedies that have met with success: ice packs applied to the area during the prodromal (warning) stage. According to* The Helper, *"Some people find that this little trick is helpful in limiting the severity of the subsequent outbreak, while others have said it sometimes precludes an attack altogether. No one's guaranteeing it will do either for you." Good luck. We'll keep you posted.*

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.

"Most cassettes are afraid of me."
–Stevie Wonder–



A lot of cassette makers have probably considered asking Stevie's opinion about their performance. But he's such a perfectionist, they may have been scared off. Stevie won't make excuses for a cassette. He wants big studio sound out of it. And for many cassettes, that's asking a lot.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

SUGGESTION BOX

As this will probably be my one and only letter to your magazine or any other, I'd like to cover three matters:

1. PLAYBOY is obviously intended for both men and women who enjoy life and feel free about sex. Right? Then why does your cover line read, "Entertainment for Men"? Some men are homosexual or bisexual; so are many women. Some buy the magazine for its writing, others for its pictures. As you continue to grow, perhaps you'll realize that PLAYBOY has become much more than a magazine for men.

2. Is anyone yet concerned that as space flights become more and more common, we run the risk of polluting space itself with garbage? Not so long ago, we thought the oceans were too big ever to be polluted. Next we'll discover that billions must be spent to clean up orbiting garbage.

3. I recently read in a national family magazine the interesting medical information that semen has been found to contain certain antibiotic substances "at least as potent as penicillin." Doesn't that suggest a miracle cure for sore throats?

Jody Satava
Longbranch, Washington

Taking these matters one at a time:

1. After numerous editorial meetings during the early years of the magazine, we decided to stick with the cover line "Entertainment for Men" because it took up less space and sounded a little more concise than "Entertainment for people of all sexual, social and literary inclinations, with emphasis on material deemed to be of particular interest to heterosexual males."

2. We'll worry about space pollution at a later date; first things first.

3. Antibiotics have no effect on many of the causes of sore throats, but good luck with your research.

QUAINT CUSTOMS

I'm not sure if it's because every tourist has a smuggling streak or because border bureaucrats hate enforcing so many basically stupid regulations, but I have yet to encounter a Customs agent, foreign or U. S., who does not act like a prick. They all give the impression of secretly hating their jobs or of excessively enjoying causing grief and inconvenience to any citizen who, ever so fleetingly, comes under their jurisdiction. Maybe they figure they have only one shot at either insulting or terrorizing any given individual and must make the most of it. I don't know, but it seems to be a universal trait.

Of the hundreds of border crossings that I've made here and abroad, I can recall a few that did not involve at least some minor and unnecessary annoyance, and only one that was truly pleasant. That was only because the Customs agent was a greenhorn who thoroughly embarrassed himself.

My wife and I were crossing into the U. S. from Mexico at the border town of Reynosa after a weekend trip to Saltillo, where I was shooting pictures for a newspaper travel feature. Our baggage and packages were being duly opened and examined and generally messed up by a young agent of 23 or 24, who seemed disappointed that he was finding no dope or other contraband. At one point, he was poking around in my wife's purse, when I saw his eyes brighten. He gave me his tough look, jerked his head for me to come over and said: "Mister, just what do you call these?"

"The Customs agent was a greenhorn who thoroughly embarrassed himself."

What he'd found were my wife's tampons, sealed in pink plastic but looking, I guess, illegally pharmaceutical. At that moment, I noticed two older Customs agents roll their eyes and turn away, so I couldn't resist. In my most exaggerated Texas accent, I howled, "Shee-yit! Whar's Jean [my wife]? Jean, you gitcher buns raht over here and de-clare them Kotexes or yer gonna git us arrested sure as hail!"

Our young Customs inspector couldn't get us out of there fast enough, and inside the little booth, I could see his colleagues cracking up in laughter. Afterward, I actually felt sorry for him and had to remind myself that it isn't really prejudice to hate Customs inspectors—because nobody was ever *born* a Customs inspector.

(Name withheld by request)
Houston, Texas

CHAPTER TWO

You've published numerous letters from American tourists alleging harassment and corruption by Mexican authorities, plus a few to the contrary. This is one to the contrary.

I decided to check out the complaint registered in your September 1979 issue describing how clothes, appliances and a car were confiscated for apparently no good reason. The "few appliances" turned out to be 83; the "donated" clothes turned out to be new. If you had checked with the lawyer who supposedly ripped off these tourists for $1100, you would have discovered that $1000 of that was a fine for smuggling.

It is true that there are rotten apples in the police force here, just as there are in the U. S., but it's hardly the critical problem many of your correspondents would have people believe. The fact is that the Mexican government, if it does not encourage smugglers or thrill-seeking hippies, does an excellent job of accommodating millions of legitimate tourists every year, and most of those visitors will find they are treated with more grace, manners and genuine friendliness here than in any other country in the world today.

Richard Bloomgarden
Cuernavaca, Mexico

Good work; keep those suckers honest. In April, we published a short letter from Mexican tourist official Agustin

Acosta Lagunes on the government's efforts to crack down on corruption. We've since received another letter from Señor *Lagunes describing some of the measures being taken to reduce the red tape that inconveniences foreign visitors to Mexico and to correct other problems that afflict tourists everywhere. Any Americans who feel they've been victimized should write to the Mexican Customs Service (Dirección General de Aduanas, Palacio Nacional, Mexico 1, D.F.).*

OL' SMOKEY

Reporter Steve Daniels creates an inaccurate picture of our sheriff's office and also errs portraying "Smokey" Burris as a folk hero and martyr because he went to jail for growing marijuana ("Smokey, the Bandit," *The Playboy Forum*, April). His behavior in not only breaking the law but also displaying such flagrant disdain for it is not acceptable, either to the residents of Oatman or to the large number of out-of-state visitors to this part of Arizona. Laws are determined by the social mores of the area and are designed to permit man, a social animal, to live in comparative harmony with his fellow man.

Burris' actions therefore cannot be overlooked or condoned. If he felt the law was unjust, he should have worked to change it rather than defy it.

Also, the Mohave County sheriff's deputies are not the paunchy hicks suggested by Daniels. They are hard-working, dedicated young men doing a very difficult, dangerous job in a county that is the fourth largest in the continental United States—13,217 square miles, with a population of about 25,000. An individual with Burris' attitude and public disregard for the law simply cannot be tolerated by any community.

Lawrence W. Crehore, President
Oatman-Goldroads Chamber of Commerce
Oatman, Arizona

We thought Daniels made it clear that Ol' Smokey's grandstanding didn't leave the authorities much choice but to prosecute, but a more understanding judge might have found a lesser penalty than three to five years in the state penitentiary for a 66-year-old eccentric. (In the same jurisdiction more recently, the growing of 400 plants cost a young couple ten days in jail for the husband and probation for his wife.) That Burris' personal style is less than humble, regretful or conciliatory may be judged from the following, much abbreviated letter.

I welcome you with wide-open arms. I've been looking for you all for a long time. Shit. Where have you been? What's taken you so long?

I've been trying to get my bullshit out in public for a long time. It's all in a pamphlet, "The Devil's Playground," which I had a few hundred of printed up

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

A MATTER OF FORM

NEW YORK—*As a result of a Federal Trade Commission investigation, three manufacturers of contraceptive suppositories have agreed to stop advertising their products as effective alternatives to birth-control pills or intrauterine devices. The FTC objected to such advertising assertions as, "Now you can say goodbye to the pill, the I.U.D., diaphragms, foams, creams and drippy jellies." The companies were further barred from maintaining that their products, considered comparable to foams, are highly effective or that they have any novel characteristics other than their suppository form.*

"TILL ____ DO US PART"

JUNEAU, ALASKA—*A bill introduced in the Alaska legislature would permit renewable trial marriages as an alternative to simple cohabitation. Under the proposed law, couples would enter into a written agreement outlining division of property and any other jointly acquired assets if the marriage contract were not renewed at the end of a specified period of time.*

BURNED AND BUSTED

PHILADELPHIA—*A dissatisfied customer picked the wrong time and place to register a consumer complaint. He*

stormed into a local hotel room, insisted that the four lids of marijuana he'd purchased were no good, demanded a refund and was promptly arrested by narcotics officers just completing a raid.

AVOIDING THE ISSUE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Ruling in a suit filed seven years ago, a U.S. district court has upheld the constitutionality of Federal marijuana laws by deciding that the judicial branch must "defer to the legislature's judgments on disputed factual issues." However, the three-judge panel did emphasize that pot was not the "killer drug" as long portrayed and suggested that Congress and the state legislatures consider decriminalizing simple possession in light of current scientific knowledge. The suit was filed by the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws in 1973. NORML Chief Counsel Peter H. Meyers expressed disappointment but said that several other suits were pending in Federal and state courts and that the group would step up its lobbying and other political efforts.*

SPIRIT OF THE LAW

HUNTSVILLE, TEXAS—*Conceding that he might be stretching a new Texas law, a state district judge approved the use of marijuana by a seriously ill cancer patient. Technically, the law merely permits the state board of health to set up a program for the supervised, experimental use of marijuana by cancer and glaucoma victims who meet certain legal requirements. But Judge Erwin Ernst, advised that a 51-year-old man was suffering debilitating nausea from chemotherapy, ordered the county sheriff to supply the patient's physician with as much of the drug as needed from confiscated stocks. The judge told reporters, "Actually, I'm sticking my neck out, but I'm doing it. I'm doing it because I think it's right, and in my judgment the spirit of the law suggests that I should rule as I did."*

Meanwhile, passage of legislation in Georgia, Arizona and Ohio raises to 21 the number of states authorizing programs to provide marijuana for medical use.

CRUEL BUT NOT UNUSUAL

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The U.S. Supreme Court has upheld the Texas habitual-criminal law, which was challenged by a man serving a life sentence for three felonies involving a total of $229.11. By a vote of five to four, the Court rejected the argument that the law permitted cruel and unusual punishment and held that "the length of the sentence is purely a matter of legislative prerogative." In dissent, Justice Lewis Powell declared the punishment "grossly excessive" and said, "It is*

difficult to image felonies that pose less danger to the peace and good order of a civilized society than the three crimes committed by the petitioner," 37-year-old William James Rummel. Rummel was convicted in 1973 of using someone else's credit card to buy $80 worth of tires, of forging a $28.36 check to pay a hotel bill and of accepting a $120.75 check for air-conditioning work he never performed.

CREEPING PEEPER

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA—*A young man and his girlfriend, investigating what they thought was a mouse in the attic above their bedroom, found instead a 33-year-old electronics engineer. Police said the man had apparently tunneled through the attics in a row of condominiums where he lived and had drilled*

small holes in the bedroom ceilings of each unit. He was charged with two counts each of trespassing and malicious mischief.

VICTIM'S REVENGE

LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY—*A 53-year-old Howell man, accused of hiring the murder of his wife in order to inherit her $50,000 estate, was left only one dollar in her will. According to police, the wife had changed her will before the murder occurred. Charged with the actual killing were the two brothers of the husband's 20-year-old girlfriend, who has pleaded guilty to conspiracy.*

CUSTODY VICTORY

CHICAGO—*In a case that may set a legal precedent in Illinois, a suburban Chicago man has won custody of his 18-month-old daughter who was born out of wedlock.*

"It's revolutionary," attorney James B. Pritikin said. "The father of an illegitimate child in the past had no rights, even though he had an obligation to support the child. And the child had no rights to the father." The 28-year-old parent had been caring for the child by himself since shortly after her birth, when he and the mother separated.

SEX LAWS IN COURT

ALBANY—*A New York appellate court unanimously struck down a state law restricting private sexual conduct between consenting adults. The so-called sodomy law prohibiting oral or anal intercourse between unmarried persons was found to be an unconstitutional invasion of privacy because of the "transcendental importance of sex to the human condition, the intimacy of the conduct and its relationship to a person's right to control his or her own body." The decision is binding on courts in New York's Fourth Appellate Division and is now under appeal to the state's highest court.*

Meanwhile, the Florida Supreme Court has declared that state's fornication statute unconstitutional as a denial of equal protection of the law because married women were exempt from prosecution, but married men were not. But the Rhode Island fornication law was upheld, the state supreme court ruling that the right of privacy does not extend to sexual relations between unmarried people.

VERBAL RAPE

NUREMBERG, WEST GERMANY—*Two 20-year-old GIs have been sentenced to jail terms of 25 and 30 days and fined $300 and $500 for using "indecent and insulting language" to a woman private. An Army lawyer said the convictions were the first of their kind among American military personnel in Europe. An officer described the offenses as "verbal rape." The two were reportedly trying to coerce the woman into having sexual relations.*

DISCRIMINATION

TRAVERSE CITY, MICHIGAN—*A woman construction worker has appealed to the Traverse City Human Rights Commission, claiming she was fired for working in jeans and a bathing-suit top when male co-workers were going shirtless on hot days. A company official was quoted as saying, "She's pretty well endowed and you could see pretty much everything she had. The guys were leaving their jobs to go and talk to her. We were afraid there'd be an accident." The woman has responded, "If the men weren't working because they were watching me, why didn't they fire the men?"*

HALF-AND-HALF

DELHI, NEW YORK—*A New York City resident jailed in Putnam County for traffic offenses created a problem for local sheriff's officers by claiming to be*

a transsexual in the process of changing from male to female. Authorities said the prisoner was a woman from the waist up, scheduled to undergo below-the-waist surgery in the near future, and couldn't be confined in either the men's or the women's cells in Putnam County. "This is the first time we have had anyone like this," an officer explained. "So a matron was called in to frisk him above the waist and deputies searched him below the waist." Then Putnam County transferred the prisoner to neighboring Delaware County, whose jail happened to have cells on an unoccupied floor.

DISCHARGE UPGRADING

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*In response to a court order, the Army has announced that an estimated 10,000 veterans may be eligible for upgrading of less-than-honorable discharges if they were expelled because urinalysis indicated they used drugs. The action was taken after a Federal court ruled that the Army acted illegally in expelling soldiers solely on the basis of forced urine testing. The Army is appealing.*

ANITA'S RIGHTS

ORLANDO, FLORIDA—*Two gay rights activists paraded in front of the Florida Department of Citrus protesting reports, apparently false, that Anita Bryant's promotional contract was being terminated. They claimed they were defending the singer's right to her "bigoted point of view" in leading the opposition to civil rights laws for homosexuals. Bob Green, Bryant's husband and manager, called the action a publicity stunt by his wife's foes.*

If you'd like to know about the way Mr. Bobo makes Jack Daniel's, drop him a line.

FRANK BOBO, THE YOUNG MAN ON THE LEFT, is the first Jack Daniel stiller who's no kin to a Motlow.

Lem Tolley (the other man) learned to still whiskey from his uncle Lem Motlow, who learned all he knew from his uncle, Jack Daniel. And Mr. Tolley, who's retired now, handed down all this knowledge to young Frank. Some folks say Frank learned his lessons so well he even looks like a Motlow. We're not certain about that. But we're sure glad he makes whiskey like one.

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.

and sent around. Now I don't have one damn fucking copy left. The narcs and the Kingman cops grabbed up the last dozen I still had. Blessed be these pigs, for they shall inherit the earth. Fuck them.

Earl Henry Burris
Arizona State Prison
Florence, Arizona

RAPE

Last year, attorney Susan B. Jordan wrote an essay that portrayed rape as solely a crime against women ("Women's Right to Self-Defense," *The Playboy Forum*, June 1979). In the Federal prisons (29,803 inmates), state prisons (277,581) and in untold numbers in some 20,000 county and city jails—many of them actually run by prisoner gangs—there are innumerable rapes nightly; yes, and daily, too. PLAYBOY has published some of the horror stories in letters from prisoners. Add to those rapes the ones that take place in juvenile halls and foster homes, in freight cars and hobo jungles, in deserted slum housing and alleys and in the apartments of nice men who pick up young hitchhikers and offer them a "place to stay tonight."

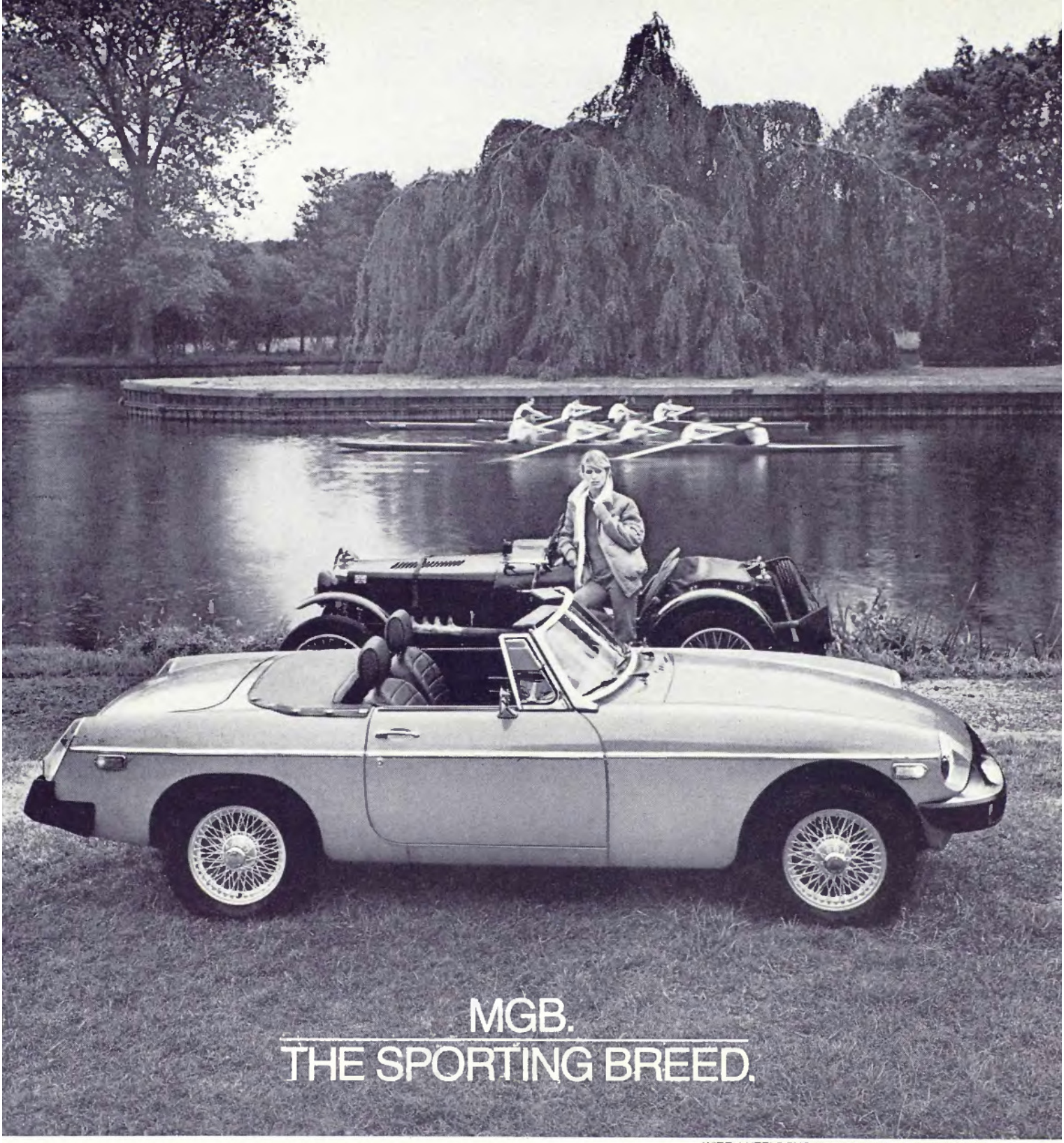
Only a tiny percentage of homosexual rapes are ever reported. If you think a woman is ashamed to go to court, if you think women are treated with sneers and innuendoes, then consider the plight of the male rape victim who must report the crime to those who are supposed to be protecting him. His charge is a reflection on them and many jailers simply won't accept the complaint.

Let's not forget the male rape victim. He is now the really forgotten man.

Roe Fowler
Fresno, California

I fully support efforts to educate both rape victims and law-enforcement agencies in ways to best deal with this hideous crime, and I sympathize with women's anger over past indignities in the court system and in the community on this issue. But women must also come to grips with a facet of their sexual behavior that has caused confusion, misunderstanding and, occasionally, arrest for men who misread the signs: that is, the ritual of resistance.

Before marrying, I spent 24 years "chasing pussy." I found that when trying to get a girl into bed, she often would struggle and pretend she was against the idea—because she thought that I would demand this reaction of her if I were to keep my respect for her and still like her afterward. The ritual of resistance was necessary to keep up her image as a "nice" girl and to make herself appealing to me, figuring that I wanted to be the "conqueror." I recall one girl who dutifully lifted her ass so I could get her panties down (a go signal in my book), meanwhile pleading with me not to go



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any further and seeming to resist the entire affair. Afterward, she would smilingly accuse me of rape—though fortunately not at the police station.

I understand why women have to—or *had* to—play these games. If a girl openly and honestly consented to bed, the average guy (being the clunkskull that he was, and maybe still is) would be turned off by her and call her a slut to his friends, even think of her as the infamous nymphomaniac. So she had to play a role.

Lots of men were/are hip to this. A guy wants to cooperate, wants the girl to be happy, wants himself to be happy. He supplies the mutual requirements. Sometimes, though, he misinterprets the signs: She really *doesn't* want to fuck. Next thing he knows, he lands at the police station, bewildered.

I'm sure the reason the rape story didn't always get full sympathy at male-dominated police stations was the knowledge of this time-honored ritual. The officer, if he'd been around at all, might very well have shrugged his shoulders and really wondered.

William Dillingham
Miami, Florida

Footnote to the discussions in *The Playboy Forum* on whether rape should be prosecuted as a sex crime, with implications of consent or seduction, or simply as a crime of violence. Canada is considering the latter approach, treating rape as a criminal assault, with the sexual aspects considered secondarily. That would eliminate much of the sensationalism, trauma and doubt over who did what to whom and who "asked for it." Also, both men and women could be convicted of that type of assault.

Glenn G. St.-Germain
Waterloo, Ontario

MILITARY ALTERNATIVE

Last September, somebody facetiously suggested putting prisoners in the Army according to their specialties (thieves would be quartermasters, and so forth), which caused some of your readers to loudly object. As a Serviceman since the Korean War, I didn't take offense but considered the idea silly until I started giving it some thought.

The notion of letting violent criminals opt for military service instead of prison is of course ridiculous. The Army has enough discipline problems. But I would imagine that some percentage of prisoners are locked up solely for punishment, constitute no danger to the community and might well benefit from some alternative. In certain cases, military service might be a legitimate and even welcome parole condition, since it's not exactly easy to walk out the front gate with nothing in life but $50, or whatever, and instantly turn into a model citizen.

Before everybody freaks out, I'm not suggesting this on a wholesale basis. I do think that with some reasonably careful evaluations and psychological testing, we could identify *some* prisoners who could safely be released to perform military service and whose attitudes and aptitudes would permit them to serve well. God knows the people volunteering now are not exactly the kind portrayed in recruiting commercials.

(Name withheld by request)
APO New York, New York

We also heard from quite a few prisoners who objected to the objections, which tended to categorize all convicts as dangerously antisocial. One made the point that society's interest is not well served by "putting some young car thief in the hands of the psychopaths who actually run the prisons from the inside." Probably some prisoners could be recruited into the military to the benefit of both, through sophisticated screening; probably that will never happen.

HELP FOR VIETNAM VETS

This is in response to your March *Forum Newsfront* item titled "Combat Casualties" regarding Vietnam veterans and the problems they have been experiencing since their return to civilian life. The Veterans Administration has recently initiated an Outreach Program for Vietnam-era veterans. The program is designed to provide readjustment counseling and referral services in such areas as employment, drug and alcohol abuse, discharge upgrading, etc.

Presently, there are 88 four-person teams located in metropolitan areas across the nation. If a veteran is experiencing problems or is in need of assistance, he or she can contact the VA Medical Center or Regional Office in his or her area for the nearest Vet Center location.

Richard Israel, Outreach Counselor
Vet Center
Cleveland, Ohio

DEATH-PENALTY DEBATE

San Antonio attorney Gerald Goldstein (*The Playboy Forum*, March) focuses on only one of several types of killing that we legitimize when performed by individuals on behalf of the state but condemn when performed by individuals on behalf of themselves.

It's true that we prefer socialistic killing (state executions) to free-enterprise killing (on behalf of oneself or other private individuals). Thus, we tend to regard as subhuman the "cold-blooded" free-enterprise hit man who rationally and dispassionately kills for hire, while we accept as neighbors the bureaucratic hit men who rationally kill for hire.

Yet nothing could be more premeditated than announcing in advance the time, place, method and target of a killing, as done in state executions, which only demonstrate by public example that the taking of human life really is the appropriate response to certain types of behavior.

Carmon Meswarb
Las Vegas, Nevada

The reinstatement of capital punishment is nothing more than the backlash of a frustrated and frightened people. They're angry, and rightfully so. But the problems we face will not be solved by setting a few grisly examples. What we need to do is prevent multiple offenders from continuing to walk the streets. I suggest that public officials—judges, parole-board members, governors—be held liable for malpractice in the release of convicts who continue to prey on the community.

Gary Will
Haleiwa, Hawaii

Deterrence is not the purpose of capital punishment. Its purpose is the removal from society of individuals who have proved themselves to be menaces to that society. Therefore, all arguments about lack of deterrent value are irrelevant. The above purpose was eloquently and succinctly stated by Sophocles in his play *Electra*. Orestes tells the condemned Aegisthus:

> Justice shall be taken directly on all who act above the law—
> justice by killing. So we would have less villains.

Jon K. Evans
Department of Theater Arts
University of California
Los Angeles, California

Last summer, a St. Petersburg group called Floridians Against Execution announced it was going to publicly execute an unclaimed mongrel dog that was already scheduled to be destroyed. According to the article I read, what happened next happened fast: A Tampa television station agreed to film the event; the S.P.C.A. expressed horror at the idea; and the mayor of St. Pete declared that no such execution would take place in our fair city. Then hundreds of angry citizens wrote to the *St. Petersburg Times*.

The F.A.E. lawyers circumvented the mayor by scheduling the execution to occur on private property and countered the S.P.C.A.'s threat of prosecution by asserting that the Florida statutes forbid only the killing of a dog "in a cruel and *inhumane* manner."

By the morning of July fourth, the protest had become very loud, indeed, and a riot nearly broke out when the dog was strapped into its custom-made electric chair and the electrodes were fastened to its head and legs. At that point,

of course, the execution was called off; the president of F.A.E. told the crowd of 1500 people that it was all a stunt to point out an ironic fact—that a community would become outraged at the supposed electrocution of a doomed dog but applaud the same treatment of condemned prisoners.

M. Standish
Boston, Massachusetts

A plausible story about an event that could have happened but didn't. It originally appeared as a bit of newspaper satire and now seems firmly established as an item of national folklore.

SIN 1, VIRTUE 0

Here we go again: The people of the state of Delaware have been asked to support a $34,000 request by the state's joint finance committee to "regulate" (read "wipe out") massage parlors. However, as our attorney general, Richard Gebelein, said, concerted efforts to wipe out prostitution have been less than successful in the past "couple thousand years."

Well, here's how it lays to date: Not long after a "massage commission" was ordained, the owners of shady massage parlors here in Wilmington simply changed the names to "conversation parlors," which are not covered by the statute.

I can't help but chuckle.

(Name withheld by request)
Wilmington, Delaware

In other words, those clever rascals figured out a way to comply with the law, but it's still mostly lip service. (Sorry.)

PENIS SIZE

In your January issue, you settle Joe Biolik's bar bet by agreeing that the flea has the longest penis relative to its size. Then, in your May issue, Barry Thomas

DANCING AROUND THE LAW

By STEVEN J. J. WEISMAN

Art is the mirror to man's soul. And the dance is a most beautiful art; it contains beauty of both form and movement. For its protection of the arts and the Constitution, the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts is to be applauded for its artful decision in the 1979 case of *Commonwealth vs. Plank*, in which it upheld the right of citizens of the commonwealth to dance nude.

Marsha Plank, a dancer at the Squire Lounge in Revere, Massachusetts, was arrested after performing a dance in which all she wore was a "baby-doll see-through negligee." She was charged with disseminating obscene matter and convicted in the lower court. She appealed her conviction to the state's highest court.

Unfortunately, obscenity, like beauty, is largely in the eye of the beholder. Justice Potter Stewart of the U. S. Supreme Court may have stated the problem best when he said, "I shall not today attempt further to define the kinds of material I understand to be embraced within that shorthand description; and perhaps I could never succeed in intelligibly doing so. But I know it when I see it." In the case of *Miller vs. California* in 1973, the Supreme Court set out "concrete guidelines to isolate hardcore pornography from expression protected by the First Amendment." One of those guidelines was whether or not the work depicted certain sexual conduct in a "patently offensive" way. I was not even aware, prior to that decision, that there was a patent on offensiveness. But in response to that ruling, the Massachusetts legislature addressed itself to the problem of defining not just obscenity but also sexual conduct. After tireless effort and exhausting research, the legislature in an emergency enactment created the following definitions:

"Matter is 'obscene' if taken as a whole it appeals to prurient interest of the average person, applying the contemporary standards of the commonwealth, depicts or describes sexual conduct in a patently offensive way, and lacks serious literary, artistic, political

or scientific value."

Sexual conduct was defined as "human masturbation, sexual intercourse, actual or simulated, normal or perverted, or any touching of the genitals, pubic areas or buttocks of the human male or female or the breasts of the female, whether alone or between members of the same or opposite sex or between humans and animals, any depiction or representation of excretory functions, any lewd exhibitions of the genitals, flagellation or torture in the context of a sexual relationship. Sexual intercourse is simulated when it depicts explicit sexual intercourse which gives the appearance of the consummation of sexual intercourse, normal or perverted."

Those definitions, in their precision and excellence, stand as monuments to the hard work and dedication of the Massachusetts legislature. What our lawmakers will not do to protect us from sin! Of course, it can also be argued that this definition of sexual conduct could be considered obscene by some. But why make trouble?

So it was left to the state's Supreme Judicial Court to decide whether or not Marsha Plank's dance was obscene. A difficult task—one made even more difficult by the lack of hard evidence for the judges to examine. They did not get to see the dance. They did not even get to see pictures of the dance. The only evidence was the testimony of the two arresting officers, masquerading as dance critics. The testimony as summarized by the court was as follows:

"Two Revere police officers in uniform entered the club about 9:25 P.M. . . . and saw the defendant and two other women dancing onstage. The defendant was wearing a 'baby-doll see-through negligee,' open in front, revealing her breasts, pubic area and buttocks. She was dancing and 'gyrating' to music from a jukebox. One of the officers watched her for about five minutes and during that time saw her hands 'touch her bust area and also her pubic area' three or four times." The judges then lamented the paucity of evidence and noted that the officers' testimony "left a good deal to the imagination."

It is unclear from the Supreme Judicial Court's decision whether the judges meant by their statement that they had excellent imaginations or that they felt they had missed out on all the fun. Regardless, the court decided that the issue of patent offensiveness must be decided in context. And since the dance took place on a stage in a club in front of "willing adult patrons" (excepting, perhaps, the police officers), the nudity alone was not enough to make the dance obscene. The court went on to say that the mere fact that the dancer touched herself "in places mentioned in the statute" was insufficient to show that the average Massachusetts citizen, applying contemporary standards, would be repelled by such activity. So not only did the court find Ms. Plank's artistic dance not obscene, it went so far as to suggest that the average citizen is able to view erotica without collapsing in moral outrage. The Pilgrims probably turned over in their graves.

Steven Weisman is an Amherst, Massachusetts, attorney and writer of the syndicated column "You and the Law."

advises that some kind of microscopic sea creature called the ostracod outdoes the flea. Let me advise Biolik, Thomas and PLAYBOY to look in John Spark's book *The Sexual Connection—Mating the Wild Way*, published by David & Charles in London. On page 22, Sparks talks about barnacles and says that some species have delicate dicks "which can stretch nearly nine inches—that is over 30 times the length of the body."

(Name withheld by request)
Royan, France

As we told Thomas, and should have told Biolik, we're through settling bar bets on penis size and refuse to upset any more biology experts by asking them to verify. The last one we talked to tried to make a date with our researcher.

AGGRESSIVE GAYS

Although I'm sexually straight, I've lived in gay neighborhoods in Los Angeles and have had homosexual friends whose company I've enjoyed more than that of your typical *macho* men. Lately, however, I've found myself on the receiving end of the "Don't take no for an answer" technique as employed by some gays. It's eye-opening to experience firsthand what women have been complaining about for so long. Not all gay men are guilty of this, by any means, but those who are leave an ugly and lasting impression.

It's important, then, to remember that disagreeable people come in all sizes, types, colors and sexual preferences, and disliking them for their attitudes and personalities isn't necessarily prejudice.

Michael Kilgore
Mountlake Terrace, Washington

To paraphrase one of our other correspondents: It's not prejudice to hate assholes, because nobody was born an asshole.

FOR THE RECORD

In your January issue, *The Playboy Advisor* seems stumped when a reader asks about slang expressions for female masturbation. Well, I've done a little research among women of my acquaintance and came up with quite a few. My favorites: slamming your slit (from a tennis player), beating your bush, fondling your fur piece and tickling your *taco*.

Martin Mongeau
Yakima, Washington

It's called beating around the bush. Everybody knows that.

Gregory J. Smith
Fort Collins, Colorado

I recently wrote a short story in which I referred to the clitoris as "my joy button." So why not call it pushing the button? I'm a beginner only at writing, not at pushing the button.

(Name withheld by request)
Atlanta, Georgia

You city slickers amaze me. Everybody in these parts calls it rubbing off. Our women must be less repressed than yours.

(Name withheld by request)
Frostproof, Florida

Hitting the clit, primin' the hymen, teasing the twat, beating the beaver, poking the puss. My collegiate associates and I came up with those instantly.

(Name withheld by request)
Conway, Arizona

Here it's called rubbin' the nubbin', but I don't want my mother to know that I know about such things. So. . . .

(Name withheld by request)
Montreal, Quebec

The Playboy Advisor lamely insists he knew those vulgarities all along but was too embarrassed to repeat them.

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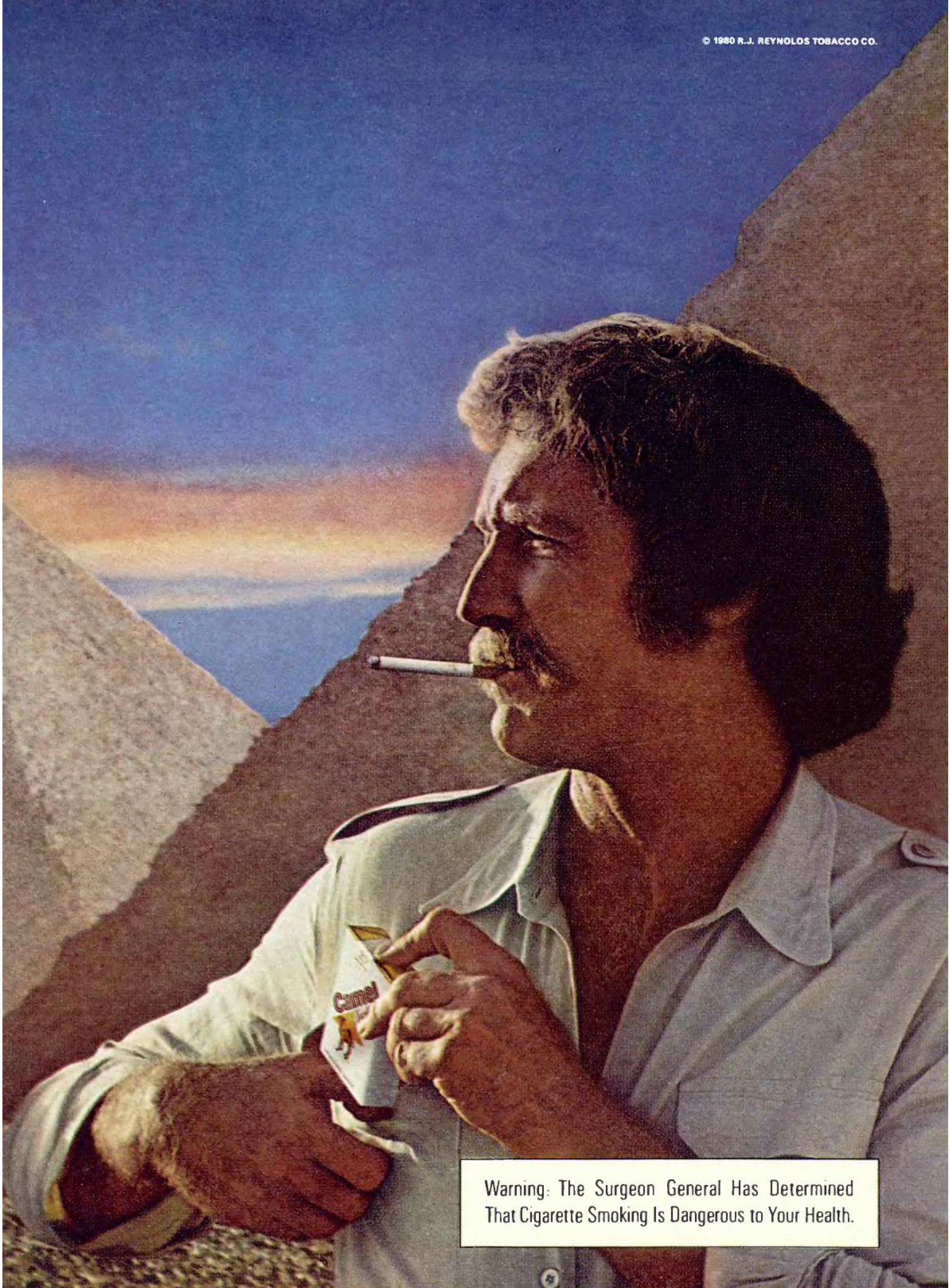
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BRUCE JENNER

a candid conversation with the gold medalist about sports, fame, wheaties, divorce, the olympic boycott—and his changed image as the all-american boy

Olympic Stadium, Montreal, July 30, 1976. Evening was settling over the second and final day of the XXI Olympiad's decathlon competition, a brutal ten-event test of all-round athletic skill. With one event to go, Bruce Jenner knew that a half-decent time in the 1500 meters would break his own world's decathlon record. Indeed, his 8618 points would be his third world record in the past 12 months. Following the ghost of Jim Thorpe and the spirits of Bob Mathias and Rafer Johnson, the 26-year-old Jenner knew he had a gold medal cinched, that six years of ascetic training had come to this one moment. Sitting on a bench in the infield, he covered his head with a towel and sobbed, which caught the attention of Leonid Litvinenko, a Soviet decathlete. Litvinenko lifted the towel and peered down at the American. "Bruce," he said in a thick Russian accent, "you going to be millionaire?" Jenner started laughing. Yeah, he was going to be a millionaire, many times over.

But not every Olympic hero cashes in on the golden success; witness Mark Spitz and his buffoonish television appearances after taking seven swimming gold medals in the 1972 games. Except for old-timers like Jesse Owens, Johnny Weissmuller, Mathias and a few winter Olympics figure skaters, most Olympic stars fade from public view, only to be trotted out for quadrennial commercial endorsements.

Bruce Jenner, however, the latest in a distinguished line of "world's greatest athletes," is a different matter. Boyishly handsome, open and willing, if not downright eager, to please, he was a marketing dream, an American hero of almost fictional proportions. Moreover, you got two for the price of one; there in the stands, weeping with joy, being helped onto the field and rushed to her husband's arms, Chrystie Jenner reveled in their accomplishment. She had supported her husband financially and emotionally during his training, balancing the checkbook, scheduling interviews and leaving him free for his single-minded quest. They were the consummate sales team. Bruce, clean, reverent, virtuous and a boy scout, to boot; Chrystie, a loyal wife who nevertheless had her own strong identity. Jenner left his vaulting poles in the stadium and, as he departed for a new life, turned his head to the now-empty stands and actually said, "Thanks for the memories."

It is perhaps forgivable, considering the moment, and sentimentality still has a place in middle America. But what direction would Jenner take? Advisor George Wallach screened the flood of offers and Jenner's staff grew to include a PR agency, a theatrical agent, attorneys and accountants to manage his mounting pile of loot. His speaking fee jumped from $50 to $7500 and more, and he turned down daily requests for his tear-jerking inspirational talk. He flew to Rome and tested for the role of Superman but was considered too young and inexperienced. No matter; ABC signed him to a two-year broadcasting contract and let him flex his larynx on such scintillating events as volleyball, "Superstars" and "Battle of the Network Stars." He has even graduated to a little singing and dancing; but when the ABC pact expired, he joined NBC with a mind to cover the 1980 games in Moscow.

After careful study, Jenner turned

"The athletes will survive the Olympic boycott. . . . If we've got strong cards to play, we should play them. Because I don't want the Soviet Union to start, little by little, taking over."

"My divorce is the first opportunity for the press to say, hey, he's human. Which I am. But don't let the press feel too bad for Chrystie. She's going to be financially set for the rest of her life."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRENT BEAR

"Waving the flag at the 1976 Olympics wasn't my idea. It was too much apple pie and ice cream. Not that I don't love my country, but I felt it was my victory up there, I put all the time into it."

down scores of head-spinning offers. Visions of Spitz kept him from plunging into waters with which he was not familiar. And O. J. Simpson had just one word of advice for the young man: "'Spokesman' is what the Juice told me," explained Jenner, who signed a long-term deal with General Mills and became the new shill for Wheaties. In his commercials, he claimed to have "downed a lot of Wheaties" on his road to the Olympics, which led to a ludicrous and highly publicized deceptive-advertising suit, brought by San Francisco District Attorney Joe Freitas. Jenner thought the flap was fabulous and challenged Freitas to ask Mrs. Jenner if her baby boy had ever eaten the product. "I ate Wheaties," he said. "Ask my mother. Mothers never lie."

To add to their miniconglomerate, Bruce and Chrystie cut a deal with Minolta cameras; she has several ventures of her own and Bruce's name is licensed for shoes and clothing. He has just completed the filming of his first movie, an Allan ("Grease") Carr production called "Can't Stop the Music." It's a semitrue story of how the Village People got together and Jenner, co-starring with Valerie Perrine, plays a shy lawyer from St. Louis. After scraping by on Chrystie's salary and a few insurance commissions in a small San Jose apartment, Jenner says rather matter-of-factly, "My income has doubled every year since the Olympics." Three years ago, it was estimated he earned $500,000. If you've got a calculator, take it from there.

The trappings of wealth sit well with Jenner. He owns a $1,000,000 Malibu house with a swimming pool and a tennis court in the back yard and enough bedrooms and lofts to accommodate the entire Polish Olympic team. He drives a Porsche Turbo Carrera, owns dirt bikes, jet skis, a speedboat, a van and an airplane, and can't talk enough about his "toys."

The son of a tree surgeon, Jenner was born in New York but was raised in Connecticut. A good half-dozen locations claim to be his home town. He was an average student, afflicted with a mild case of dyslexia, which still gives him trouble with cue cards, and though a good high school athlete, nothing spectacular. In fact, he received but one scholarship offer, a grant of $500 from tiny Graceland College in Lamoni, Iowa.

Although he hurt his knee early in his freshman football season, with surgery ending that career, he came under the tutelage of coach L. D. Weldon, a man who figured Jenner couldn't make much of himself in one event but had the body and aptitude for the arduous decathlon, an arcane event largely ignored in the U. S. except during Olympic years.

He made the 1972 U. S. Olympic team and finished a surprising tenth in Munich. The experts nevertheless figured Jenner would never be a medal winner. He did not have the strength or the physical presence of a champion, and just a few weeks after those games, he flunked his draft physical.

The Jenners were married after Munich and settled into the patterns of training, moving to San Jose in 1973. It offered excellent facilities and gave Jenner the company of other world-class athletes such as discus throwers John Powell and Mac Wilkins. Jenner sold insurance, popped 57 vitamin pills a day, put some bulk on his frame and ran miles and miles, Bertha panting at his side. Chrystie handled everything else.

They were delightful copy: united, wholesome, a seemingly perfect couple. Film features showed Chrystie skirting the hurdle Bruce kept in the living room, going to work as a stewardess while her man sweated through workouts. They were a team and later wrote an exercise book, which touts the concept that a family that plays together stays together.

"I feel the boycott will be the end of the Olympic movement. And I think it is very sad."

But all was not well when PLAYBOY *first sent writer* **Jay Stuller** *to Malibu to interview Jenner. The all-American couple had been separated for three months. Only a few close friends knew of the split. They reconciled for a brief time—just long enough for Chrystie to get pregnant with their second child—and began visiting a psychiatrist–marriage counselor. To compound matters, friends of the Jenners said that the pair's sponsors were pressuring them to stay together. The once-model couple appeared headed toward a thoroughly messy divorce, a situation that has since calmed considerably.*

Jenner may lose more than a wife: Wheaties may not mind employing a divorced man, but perhaps not one who is running around with "that Presley woman." Jenner had counted on covering the Olympics for NBC, but with the U. S. boycott of the games, he stood to lose lucrative television exposure. Stuller visited Jenner several times during this rocky period. His report:

"I'd met Bruce a month before the Olympic trials in 1976 and, except for his opulent surroundings, little has changed in the basic fiber of the man. He is as lightly facetious as ever, able to give and take ego-deflating jibes in the best of locker-room tradition. And he dresses as if he were in one, wearing gym shorts around Malibu and casual-to-sloppy garb elsewhere.

"At 6'2" and 190 pounds, he is thinner than during his competitive days. Where he was once manic about health and diet, our meals together included a stop at a fatburger joint and a late-night raid on a fried-chicken stand. Put Jenner in front of a bowl of sour cream and onion-flavored potato chips and he hits it like an addict. For breakfast, he apologized profusely for eating Raisin Bran but opened his kitchen cabinet to show a family-size box of Wheaties. Yep, the boy does eat Wheaties.

"Although Jenner is open and friendly, our first session was a war to get him to sit still for any continuous line of questioning. He has many loyalties and is loath to offend. You know he thinks a certain sports broadcaster is a moron, his face shows it, but he is reluctant to say so. He was not entirely confident with his opinions and hemmed and hawed like Ted Kennedy. He did, however, improve greatly in subsequent interviews, growing more confident and more outspoken—even as his personal life was collapsing around him.

"When President Carter first mentioned a possible boycott of the 1980 Olympics in response to the Russian invasion of Afghanistan, Jenner did not support the move. He said the games should go on, no matter what. But as public opinion shifted in favor of a boycott, Jenner showed all the conviction of a bed of kelp, changing with the tide. And with the Olympic boycott being a daily topic, an interview with Jenner, who thinks he might possibly be the last Olympic decathlon champ, should start with that subject."

PLAYBOY: Barring a last-minute change of President Carter's mind, the U. S. will boycott the Olympic games in Moscow next month. What do you think that will do to the Olympic movement?

JENNER: I feel it will be the end. And I think it is very sad.

PLAYBOY: Some people don't think it's so sad, arguing that the games have become totally politicized—to say nothing of the sham of false amateurs.

JENNER: The bad part is that the Olympic games were originally not meant for the politicians of the world. They were started for the youth of the world and it is probably one of the biggest tragedies in history that the games will be boycotted, because our youth will grow up without an opportunity to become Olympic champions.

PLAYBOY: You're certainly giving a lot of significance to the Olympics, calling the

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boycott one of the biggest tragedies in history.

JENNER: I think it is, because it affects the youth of the world. You can have wars and that sort of stuff—but with the Olympics, you're affecting the youth, and that's what builds our country.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that the boycott is more tragic than war?

JENNER: I'll retract the biggest tragedy ever. But the world would really lose something.

PLAYBOY: You've been contradictory in your statements from the time the boycott was originally proposed. You first said we should not pull out of the games under any circumstances; then only if it "saved lives"; now you seem to be going along with public opinion.

JENNER: I have to admit I have changed a lot. When the news first came out, I was pretty shocked that the politicians could have that much effect on the games—which obviously they *have* had in the last few Olympics. But when it hits home, when *your* team doesn't go, you start to think about it more. So I was mad, and I felt like I was a spokesman for athletes. And all my friends said that they wanted us to go to Moscow. Athletes, when they're training to get on the Olympic team, are not that aware; they're so involved with what they're doing they don't know what the world situation is. To be an Olympic champion, you have to mentally dedicate yourself to it, and so you give up other things, like current events. Because of that, an athlete might not look at it the same way a citizen might. His dream and his whole life has been to go to the Olympic games.

PLAYBOY: Were you speaking for the athletes' dream?

JENNER: At first, yeah. My reaction was that I didn't want to sell my friends out by saying we should follow the President. That would have been the easy way. Because that's what the press wanted to hear and I'm the all-American kid who would do whatever's right for America. But I didn't want to sell my friends out. Then they would turn around and say, "Yeah, look at Bruce, he made *his* big goal, he makes a lot of money and he's selling us out now, when we need somebody in there, fighting for us."

PLAYBOY: But you've changed your views.

JENNER: I think I've matured by talking. Every day I have to discuss this subject with people. I think I look at it different now. I look at it more as an American citizen, as a person who keeps up with current events and knows what's going on on both sides of the fence. Not only from an athlete's but also from a political standpoint. Politically, I do not agree with what the Soviet Union is doing.

PLAYBOY: Who is at fault for the Olympic boycott—the Soviet Union or the United States?

JENNER: The way I look at it, as an American citizen, I feel like the Soviet Union is. I would feel two-faced if I went to Moscow as an NBC sportscaster, when I don't really approve of what the Soviet Union is doing in other parts of the world. If I went there and showed viewers downtown Moscow, what a nice place it is and what the night life is like, I would feel very two-faced. It's like you know what's going on in the world, but you're sticking your head in the sand.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you were naïve about it earlier?

JENNER: Yes, in a way. I think I was initially reacting to the situation emotionally, without thinking about it.

PLAYBOY: Do you still feel strongly that politics doesn't belong in the Olympics?

JENNER: I would like for politics not to be involved in the Olympic games. The games have so much potential for good, it's a shame that the political situation today is such that we can't have something to bring the world together.

"I jokingly said, 'If Carter can't finish a ten-kilometer race, how can he make any decision on sports?' "

PLAYBOY: You said you changed your mind after talking about the situation. But didn't you also make a remark about President Carter that got you into trouble?

JENNER: Yeah. I was talking to a guy from A.P. at the Muhammad Ali track meet. He asked me what I thought about the boycott. I was upset, obviously, but I gave him a very political answer, as best I possibly could. When that was over, a group of us were standing around, kidding, having a good time, watching the meet. I jokingly said, "If Carter can't finish a ten-kilometer race, how can he make any decision on sports?" Everybody laughed and thought it was real funny and we went on. Then this guy writes his article and the only thing he quotes is the quip on Carter. Because of that, I got so many letters and flak, people telling me I'm un-American, that they're not going to eat Wheaties anymore, it forced me into looking at the issue a lot more seriously.

PLAYBOY: You said it off the cuff, but inside, don't you really believe it?

JENNER: I don't know if I believe the joke I made about President Carter. But I think deep inside *him*, Carter would love to see the athletes go to Moscow. He'd love to see the youth of America have that opportunity.

PLAYBOY: All right, you've given lip service to supporting the boycott. Now let's talk about your earlier feelings, your gut feelings. Did you really think the boycott was a wise move?

JENNER: Well, if you look at past Olympic games, what have boycotts accomplished? Except for making political points, I don't see what was accomplished. When the black African nations boycotted the games in 1976 to protest South Africa, did it do any good? Is there still prejudice in South Africa? Are the blacks in control down there? Has it done anything, really? It certainly did something to guys like Mike Boit from Kenya. He had a good chance to win the 1500-meter race, and I sat with him in the stands as he watched the other runners compete. He was affected for the rest of his life, but the problems in South Africa continue.

If boycotting the games stopped a war or saved lives, as I've said, I'm in favor of it. But I don't think a boycott will stop the Russians. Look at history and 1936. Would a boycott have stopped Hitler? When Jesse Owens won, he made a different kind of political statement and created a piece of history.

PLAYBOY: Aside from Owens' medals, the Berlin games gave Hitler public support and, many feel, legitimized his rule.

JENNER: I see your point, but I don't think a boycott would have stopped him.

PLAYBOY: What about the fact that three years before the Berlin Olympics, all Jews had been excluded from German sports clubs? By 1935, the Nuremberg Laws had deprived Jews of their citizenship in Germany, but the U. S. Olympic Committee rejected boycott proposals by U. S. Jews, saying it "would be overplaying the Jewish hand in America as it was overplayed in Germany before the present suppression." Isn't there a danger of similar appeasement if we don't take a stand now?

JENNER: I didn't know about that. Well, forget my point. Fuck Hitler. But I still thought Jesse Owens made a part of history and I've felt deep inside that this boycott wouldn't accomplish anything. Now I do, but I'm not a political person.

PLAYBOY: Are you political about anything?

JENNER: No; about the only political thing I did was go to dinner in the White House when Jerry Ford was President.

PLAYBOY: How did that affect you?

JENNER: I voted for him the next time around.

PLAYBOY: You clearly have pliable feelings.

JENNER: Yeah, but the next time he came

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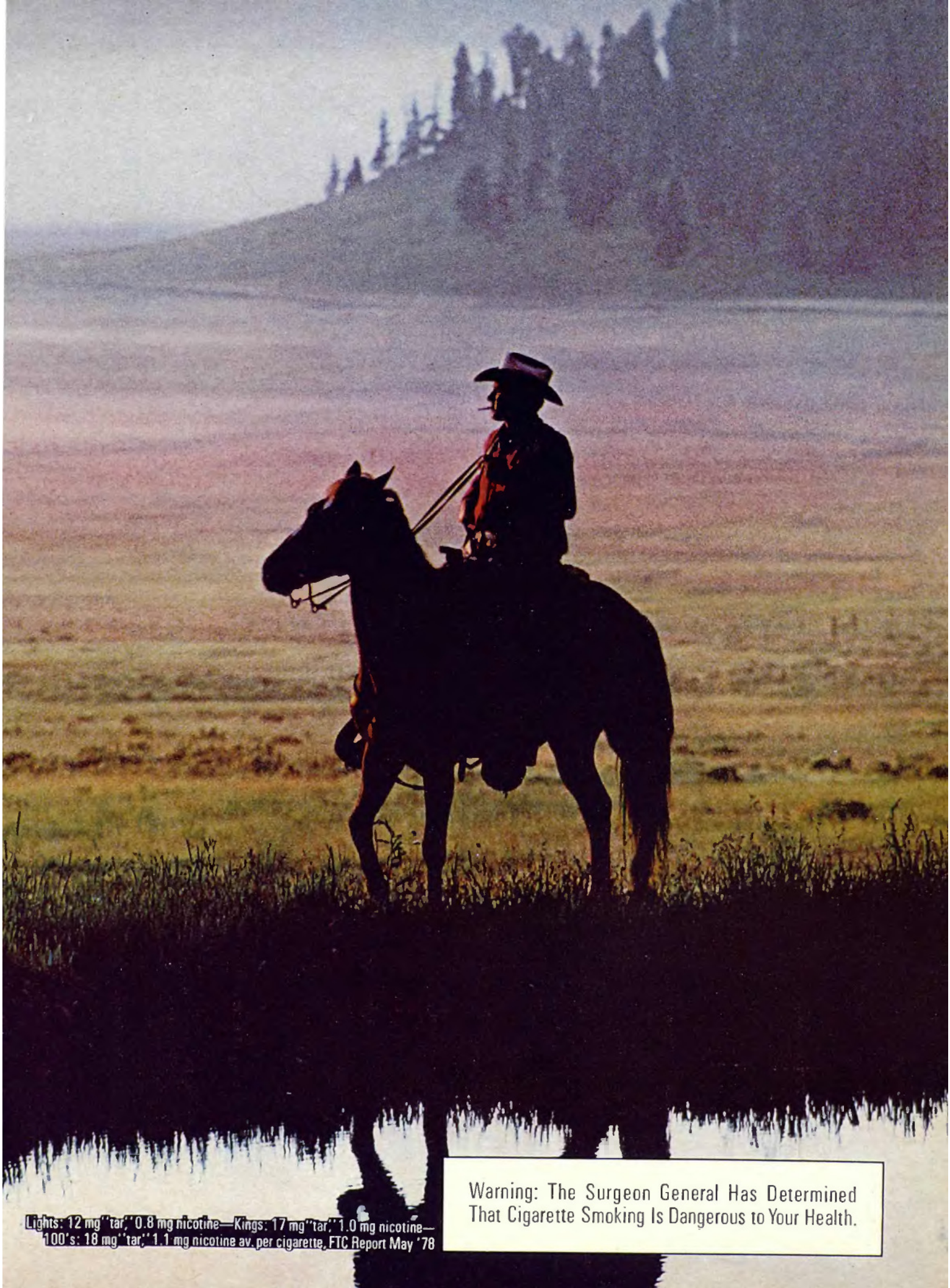

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to L.A., he asked if I could join him while he was campaigning and I said no, my schedule was too busy.

PLAYBOY: You told the President of the United States you were too busy?

JENNER: Well, I really wasn't, but I asked my manager if I could tell him that. I had something else I wanted to do.

PLAYBOY: A hot tennis game?

JENNER: Now, don't go putting words in my mouth. Something important, obviously.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that other than making a political point, the boycott won't have much effect on the Soviets?

JENNER: I didn't feel it would at first. I thought it would have more effect on Olympic games than on the Russians' aggression or their political beliefs. But now I think the Soviet people will be very upset. This is the biggest PR tool the Soviet Union has ever had in the history of their country. They've never opened up their country and done anything like this. And to have this slap in the face because the United States and other countries don't show up is a tremendous shock to them. They're very upset.

PLAYBOY: Won't their own Olympic victories seem hollow?

JENNER: Oh, yeah. The games won't be the same if we aren't there. We're one of the powers. We got third as a country last time. The United States is one of the big guns, especially in certain sports—track and field, basketball, swimming, things like that. It will hurt the games.

PLAYBOY: What about the alternative sports festival that has been proposed?

JENNER: That doesn't mean anything. If they have some alternative, the Freedom Games or something like that, where all the capitalistic countries in the world come and the Communist countries don't come, it's hollow.

PLAYBOY: What about the suggestion of a permanent site in Greece?

JENNER: I can't see how that's going to do any good. You go to Montreal, you have political problems; you go to the Soviet Union, you have political problems; you go to Mexico City, you have problems. It doesn't matter where it's at. The problem is you've got 112 countries together at one time, in one place. No matter if it's out in the desert, there's going to be media exposure, the press is going to be there, there's going to be a lot of political differences. You're stuck with the same problem you had before.

PLAYBOY: What is the alternative?

JENNER: I'm afraid I do not see any alternative. You ask me what I really think about politics and nationalism involved in the games: I say, hey, let's put everybody in white shirts and not play the national anthems—just the Olympic hymn. But if you mention that to anybody in the United States, they say you're un-American. They want to see the U.S. versus the Soviet Union; they want to see that nationalism; they want to be able to cheer for the home team. If teams didn't come in their national uniforms, it wouldn't be the Olympic games. We're really sort of stuck right in the middle. What do you do? I would like to think that we could just hold the games and keep politics out of them, but that's not realistic.

PLAYBOY: It must be personally disappointing to you, losing the chance to go to Moscow for NBC.

JENNER: Yeah, it is very disappointing. The Olympic games are such a spectacle and it was an opportunity for me, for the first time, to do commentary, and I was looking forward to it.

PLAYBOY: Will it hurt you financially?

JENNER: Oh, yeah, it will hurt me. It's a bad time to be hurt financially. Between my marriage breaking up and the Olympic games' not going on——

PLAYBOY: We'll talk about the other things in your life shortly. But to stay with the Olympics a bit longer and talk about what *might* have happened had the games been held: You've competed in the Soviet Union. What do you feel about that country?

"The last time I was in Russia, I came home and literally kissed the ground. There's no other place I want to live, except right here in good ol' Malibu."

JENNER: It's not my ambition to tear the Soviet Union apart. I just don't like the place. The last time, I was there for ten days and I was pulling my hair out by the time it came to go home. The food was bad, the people were not open and happy. Everybody seemed depressed, nobody seemed to talk much. Maybe because I'm an American, but the impression I get is—it's just sad.

I'm not a negative person, you see. And the Soviet Union to me is negative. I just have a very hard time dealing with their way of life. There is so much control over people's lives that it drives me nuts. I think the sad part is the Russian people don't know any better. Everything they see is controlled—the newspapers, the television. Anything that the government wants them to hear, that's what they hear. I am very fun-loving; I just love my life. I love what I'm doing now, and I feel sorry for them. I feel pleased for myself that I can come home to good ol' L.A. or Malibu. The last time I was there, I came home and literally kissed the ground. I live in the best place in the world. There's no other place in the whole world I want to live, except right here in good ol' Malibu. We've absolutely got it made over here. We've got a lot of problems, but, hey, we haven't got any problems compared to what they have over there. No matter how bad we have it here, it's better than 99 percent of the rest of the world. We yell and scream because we have gas lines, we have to wait 15 minutes for gas. How'd you like to wait six hours for a piece of meat?

PLAYBOY: What were you going to do for a whole month in the Soviet Union?

JENNER: Work very hard.

PLAYBOY: No social life?

JENNER: There is none, to judge by my last trip to Russia. You can't go to a movie theater or anything, unless you want to go to a ballet. You can't watch television if you don't speak Russian, and there's only one channel, maybe two, and they're controlled by the government and all you see on there is the ballets and that sort of stuff.

PLAYBOY: It can't be *that* boring. What about sex in the Soviet Union?

JENNER: I don't know of any there. Unfortunately, I never saw any really good-looking women while I was there. They can't get good make-up and decent clothes. The girls wouldn't go out with you, anyway, I don't think. They'd get in trouble.

PLAYBOY: In any case, despite your personal feelings for what the athletes have to lose, you're publicly supporting the boycott.

JENNER: I've had time to get over the hurt and shock of not going and it's not the end of the world. The athletes will survive. They may have to adapt, but they will survive. I think in the political situation we have today, we have been too passive a lot of times. I think that sometimes, if we've got strong cards to play, we should play them. Boycotting the games is making a strong move. Because I don't want the Soviet Union to start, little by little, taking over, and, like Castro says, "We'll take over your country and never fire a shot."

PLAYBOY: *Castro* said that?

JENNER: Khrushchev or Castro. [*Laughs*] Khrushchev said that. Sorry.

PLAYBOY: Then you think we should throw our weight around?

JENNER: Yeah, and I don't want us to seem passive. Because I've seen the Soviet Union, and I don't want *them* to take over the world. I'd rather stop them in Afghanistan if we've got the opportunity. I don't want my son to grow up in a world with communism. I'm in favor of doing something strong. We're not

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going to war and nobody's going to die from it, but we can maybe make some strong political points.

PLAYBOY: Stop the gunboats before they're off the Malibu coast, right?

JENNER: Right!

PLAYBOY: So much for the Olympics of 1980. Let's talk about the life of an amateur athlete. What are your feelings about the help given to athletes by the Amateur Athletic Union and the United States Olympic Committee?

JENNER: I have lived through that whole experience, and as far as the Olympic Committee goes, it gave me so little help that I could certainly never justify saying how great it is. But, on the other hand, there are ways to improve the system. There are some positive things happening. I think it's going to take a long time to get them to come about, but with the Amateur Sports Bill, where the U. S. is putting $16,000,000 into just trying to reorganize amateur sports, at least they're trying.

PLAYBOY: Is that enough?

JENNER: They've still got a lot of bureaucracy to go through, but, in some ways, there is light at the end of the tunnel. But I have too many friends, up in San Jose, who are on food-stamp lines. World-record holders.

PLAYBOY: Who's at fault?

JENNER: I'm not going to be a Dwight Stones, who goes around yelling and screaming about how terrible the system is, because you *do* have people who are trying. But there is so much bureaucracy they can't do anything.

PLAYBOY: Stones had to pay a heavy penalty for being so outspoken. [High jumper Stones' amateur status was revoked for his accepting television prize money in 1978, but it was later reinstated.—*Ed.*]

JENNER: Yeah, they got him good. They don't have to worry about me, they can take away my amateur status. I don't care.

PLAYBOY: We'll return to Stones later, but let's talk about the lot of the amateur American athlete. How good is the U. S. system?

JENNER: Well, in high school, grade school, it's very good. We have one of the best systems in the world all the way through four years of college eligibility. An athlete here has complete freedom to do what he wants with his athletic career. The problem comes after college—when there is nothing. That's why our Olympic team is so much younger than anybody else's. There's no program in the United States for out-of-college athletes. They have to fend for themselves, survive in the system as best they can. If they happen to be starting a family, it's almost impossible.

PLAYBOY: Which brings us to the old argument about amateurism versus professionalism.

JENNER: Yes. I hate people who think that an amateur athlete is an amateur. A professional athlete is paid, makes his living at it. People think he's spending all his time on it, while an amateur does it in his spare time. But it's not true at all. I find more amateur athletes, at least in track and field, who are probably more professional in the way they approach their sport than a lot of professionals in football, baseball, basketball. I mean, take a guy like Mac Wilkins: He trains every day all year round, hours upon hours. It's his whole life. A professional baseball player takes four months off during the year, a football player takes six months off, and they don't do a thing. They train for a couple of months and then they go and play football and hit people, and we think they are professionals. Really, the amateur is more professional. It's not just a part-time thing. Your whole life has to revolve around it.

PLAYBOY: To the exclusion of everything else?

JENNER: Definitely. That's if you're going to be good. Because if you aren't, the next guy will be. And if you want to win, you've got to put the time in.

"I have too many friends, up in San Jose, who are on food-stamp lines. World-record holders."

PLAYBOY: But you have to earn a living while you're training.

JENNER: How do you eat? I developed that habit when I was a little kid. Christ, I haven't been able to kick it, so, basically, it comes down to just trying to survive in the system once you're out of college and hustle as best you can and live as cheaply as you can. It's hard for people to understand why the Eastern bloc countries, the Communist countries, can support athletes blatantly as wards of the state, while the U. S. Government cannot do that without calling them professionals—thereby disqualifying them from amateur competition.

PLAYBOY: But if the United States *wanted* to institutionalize amateur athletics, it would be legal as far as the International Olympic Committee were concerned, wouldn't it?

JENNER: Yes. But it's not high on our priority list like it is in other countries.

PLAYBOY: Let's be fair. Our athletes in college get plenty of support, don't they?

JENNER: The ones in college are getting exactly the same treatment as the athletes in the Soviet Union. The athletes in Russia are not making tremendous salaries. They do live higher on the social standard than anyone else, which is probably middle class in the U. S. But we take care of our college athletes in other ways. They are given a car if they're really good——

PLAYBOY: Which they're not supposed to get under N.C.A.A. rules.

JENNER: They may get access to the coach's car, or they're given their education free, plus spending money. There are all sorts of ways to work around it, but what happens is we have only four years of eligibility. These other countries keep their athletes in a program for a long time. There's nothing in the Olympic rulebook that says an athlete can have only four years of eligibility in college. So why don't they change the N.C.A.A. rules so an athlete can stay in college longer? That's what they do in other countries. They have sports institutions, sports schools.

PLAYBOY: Is the International Olympic Committee biased toward Soviet bloc and Third World nations?

JENNER: No. I think the other countries try to work the best they possibly can to get around the Olympic Committee. You almost have to compete in the Olympic games *in spite of* the Olympic Committee. I just did my own thing, and if I had to become involved with the U.S.O.C., I just did the minimum I had to do.

PLAYBOY: Who else can help if the Government won't?

JENNER: The one thing that has started in the last few years is the Olympic Job Opportunities Program, where large corporations hire a guy. I know a couple of guys who are doing it now and it seems to be working. One of my friends has a job with Bristol-Myers and he works maybe five hours a day. It's not a meaningless job; he's a salesman, goes out and does regular work, and he's learning something for the future. But he also has time off to train and travel to meets. And he's able to make a full salary.

PLAYBOY: But that program has only about 100 people signed up so far.

JENNER: It's a big step in the right direction.

PLAYBOY: Then you approve of corporate support for athletes?

JENNER: Definitely. And maybe in the future, as more people do it, it will become more popular. It's making it easier for some athletes who are out of college to get by.

PLAYBOY: What about the possibility of rampant commercialism once corporations get involved in sponsoring Olympic teams?

JENNER: I think the only way we're going to make it is to have corporations get involved, to work within the capitalistic

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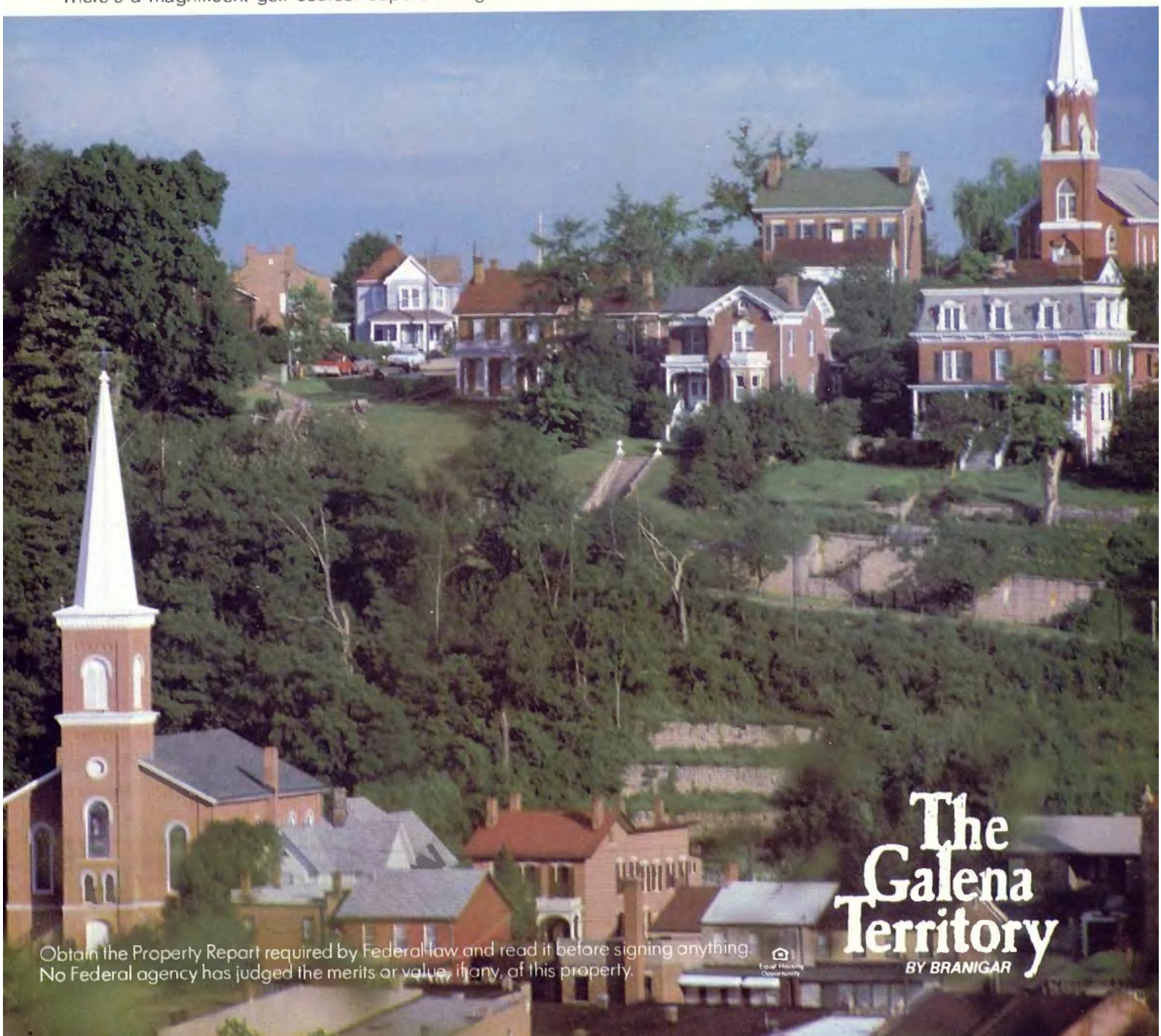

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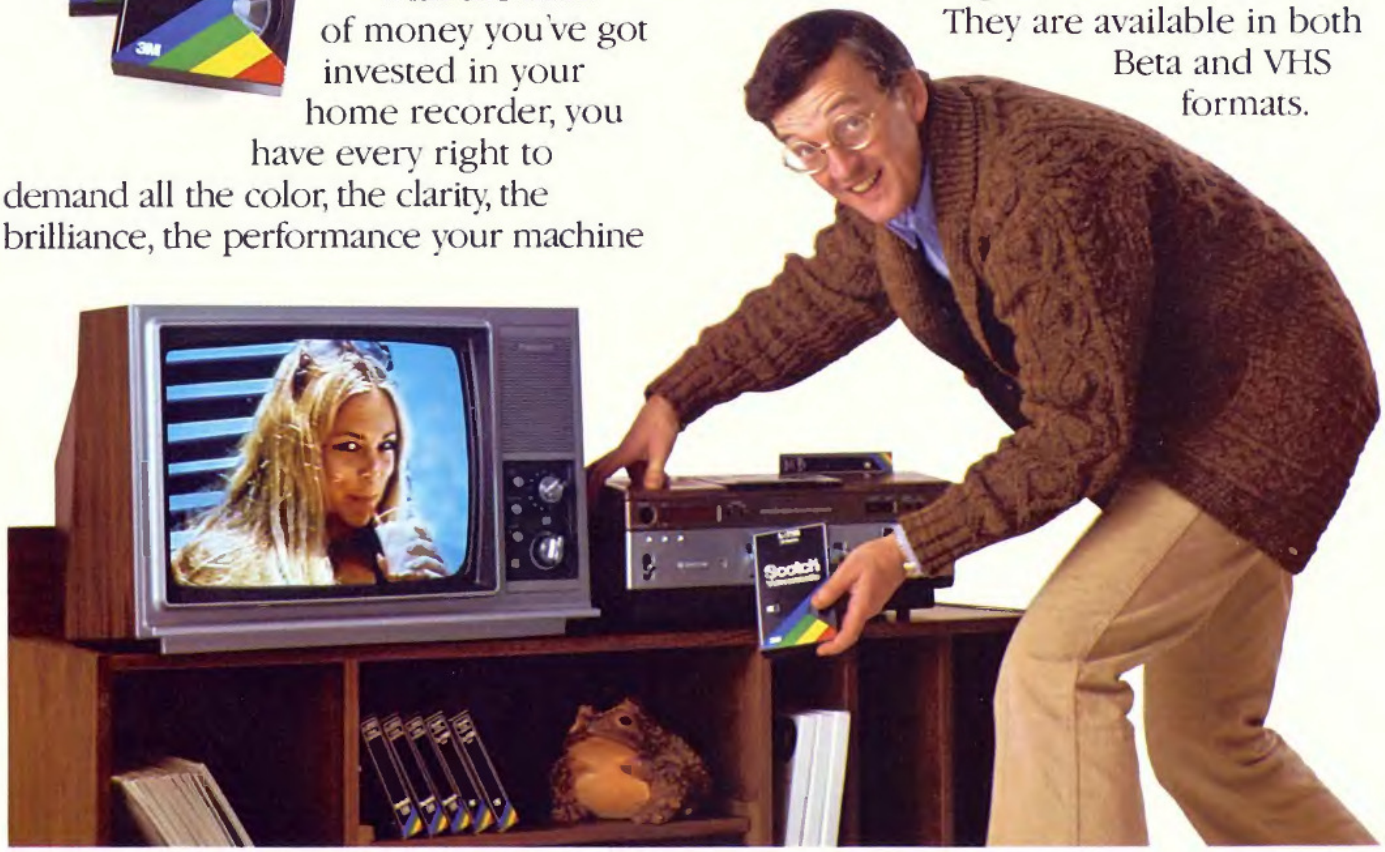

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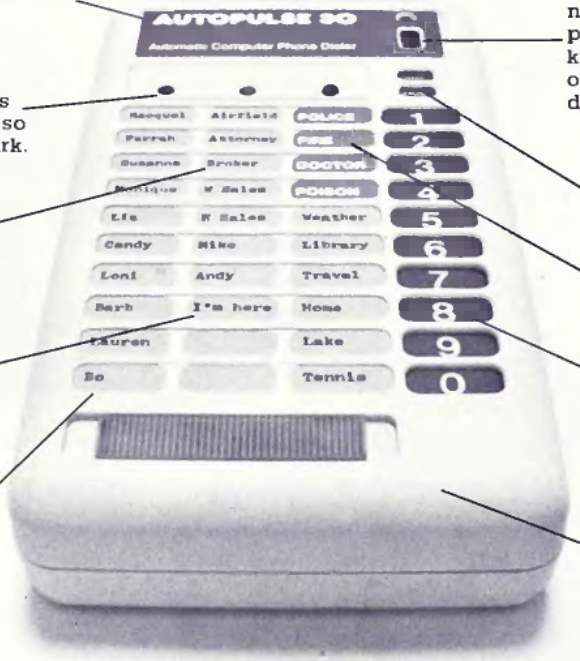

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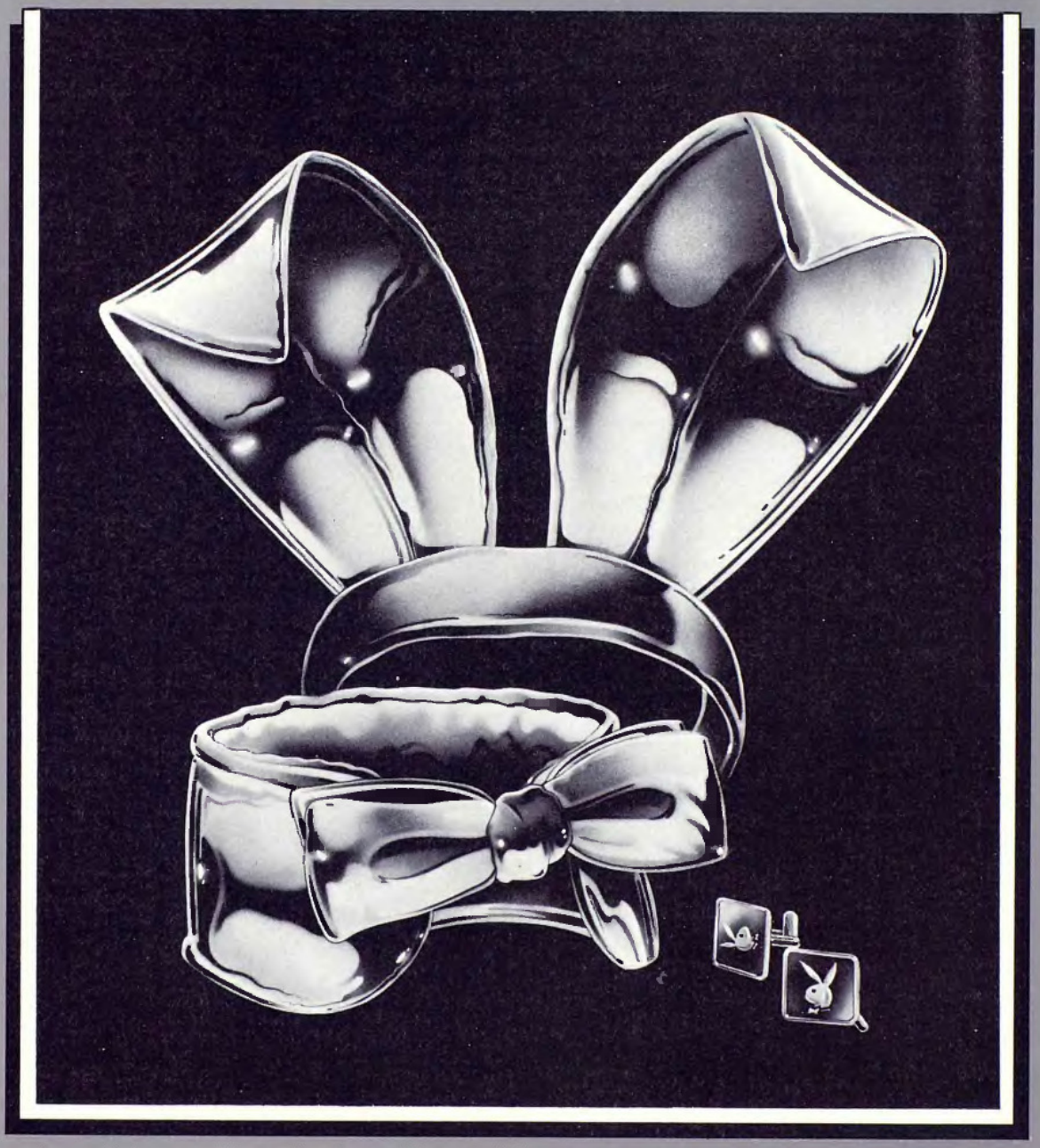

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system. There are millions of dollars that are donated by corporations to athletic organizations. But, in the past, amateur athletes haven't been their priority. Who could they give the money to? The A.A.U.? The Olympic Committee? The United States Track and Field Federation? The N.C.A.A.? They just didn't know who to give it to, so they've stayed away. I think if we reorganize amateur sports, it will make it easier for corporations to get involved.

PLAYBOY: What would it take to reorganize them?

JENNER: You know what's going to happen? We're going to have to have the old shock treatment, like having a country like Cuba whip us. OK? That would shake some people up. Then there would be an all-out effort.

PLAYBOY: Among the complaints one hears is that the United States Olympic Committee seems to live for itself rather than for the athletes, that trips are planned as much for the chaperones as for the athletes, that too much money is spent on the Olympic Committee organization and not enough on the athletes. How do you feel about it?

JENNER: Well, I don't know what their financial budget is, but during the Pan-American games in 1975, I was placed in low-cost housing that they were building right next to the slums. My john didn't work; I had to go down the hall to do it, because it overflowed the first day I went in and it was a mess all over the floor. The stink was terrible. The food was terrible, guys were getting sick. When I arrived, they were literally carrying a guy out as I walked in. I asked what the matter was with him and they looked at me and said, very concerned, "He drank the water."

By this time, I feared even to brush my teeth with the water, I was so afraid I was going to get Montezuma's revenge. I survived the meet, but after I competed, the Olympic Committee put on a party, and I was very nicely invited. I thought I should go. I get down there at the big hotel downtown—the "El something"—the nicest hotel around, and this is where the Olympic Committee is staying. I look around, I say, "My God, what a gorgeous hotel!" And I think, Wait a second, I just left my slum out there, with my plugged-up toilet. I come in and the party has these beautiful ice sculptures on the tables, the butter is sculptured into faces of people——

PLAYBOY: Paid for by the U. S. Olympic Committee?

JENNER: I don't know who picked up the tab. I didn't see the guy sign the check, but it was an Olympic Committee party. As I'm driving back out, ten miles outside of town to get to my athletes' housing development, I remember thinking this doesn't seem quite right; the Olympic Committee should be staying up there, not me.

PLAYBOY: Who *are* those U.S.O.C. officials? Other than the full-time staff, don't they volunteer their time to help athletes?

JENNER: No, to travel around the world.

PLAYBOY: You have a harsh view of them. Don't they do anything to help the athletes?

JENNER: Yeah, their heart is probably in the right place. But they are mainly there to get free trips.

PLAYBOY: What *do* they do for the athletes?

JENNER: Mostly chaperone them on trips. There I was, a married man, and I certainly didn't need a chaperone. But because a lot of team members are under 18 years of age, they technically have to have a chaperone. I certainly didn't feel like I did.

PLAYBOY: Do you know anything about how the committee disburses its funds?

JENNER: I wish I did. That's the worst part of it. About a month or two after the 1976 Olympic games, I got an envelope from the Olympic Committee. Inside, all typed out, was a nice letter they wanted me to sign. What it said was, "I was fortunate enough in 1976 to win," and it was going out to people who had donated the year before. They wanted me to sign it like it was a personal letter from me to all these thousands and thousands of people who had donated money. My wife, Chrystie, said, "Don't dare sign it. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll go back to them and tell them we'll put your name on that piece of paper if they'll put you on the committee that designates where this money is going." We did, and the guy on the U.S.O.C. laughed at me. I said, "You're going to use my name to raise money and I can't even know where the money is going?" He said, "You have to be with the U.S.O.C. 20 or 30 years to get on that committee." I said, "Well, I've been training for 12 years. Does that qualify me?" The guy said no. So they got someone else to sign the letter.

"You almost have to compete in the Olympic games in spite of the Olympic Committee. In 1976, I just did my own thing."

PLAYBOY: Between Olympics, the A.A.U. controls track-and-field events. What do you think of Ollan Cassell, who heads it? [The newly formed Athletics Congress, headed by Cassell, has taken over the direction of track and field since this conversation took place.—*Ed.*] Is he sympathetic to athletes?

JENNER: Maybe in his heart, but in his actions—I don't know what happens when they get themselves in these positions or what. What the politics or the bureaucratic b.s. is that they've got to go through, I don't know about, so I have a hard time saying, "Hey, the guy is a jerk." I have a hard time saying that, but the things that he said to me on the phone were very belittling.

PLAYBOY: For instance?

JENNER: There was a meet in France and the A.A.U. was going to send only two athletes for one of the events. They had funds for two and a chaperone. Now, I wanted a third guy to go, and offered to let the guy fly on my ticket. Since Chrystie was a stew, I could use her pass, fly standby and pay the $50 or $60 out of my own pocket. I got a telegram from the French organizers saying we could bring a third athlete, and I telegraphed back with my idea. I wouldn't be making any money on it and they said great.

All of a sudden, I get a call from Cassell. "Bruce, what are you doing?" he says. "You cannot deal with these people directly. You cannot send them a telegram. You're an intelligent human being. You're a college graduate. Why are you doing a dumb thing like that? You know what the rules are." He absolutely belittled me on the phone, told me what a flaming jerk I was, really. Well, we wound up doing exactly what I suggested, but he had to come in and put in his two cents.

PLAYBOY: Is the A.A.U. too authoritarian with the athletes?

JENNER: Yeah, they try to control everything. You've got a problem with the A.A.U. trying to keep control of their athletes, you've got the N.C.A.A. trying to hold their athletes and control their meets. So you don't know where you stand.

PLAYBOY: What's your definition of an amateur?

JENNER: A guy that doesn't make a living—or a tremendous amount of money—off the sport.

PLAYBOY: Are there any true amateurs?

JENNER: No. No because if you wanted to get technical with just about every amateur athlete, you'd destroy their amateur status. I heard there was a rule saying you could only take so many shoes per year from the shoe companies. So many dollars worth of shoes. It's a pretty low figure, too, but I don't know of anybody who uses that small a number of shoes. So if people want to get

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technical, there's not really too many athletes who have not gone over the financial limits by the time of the Olympic games. By then, they're in a position to bargain, because they are Olympic athletes. They have a name and they draw fans to a meet and are in a good financial position.

PLAYBOY: How do they bargain?

JENNER: Well, fortunately, I was never in a bargaining position, so I just know of the other guys and how they bargained. Nobody paid money to come see me throw the shot-put 49 feet when Al Feuerbach was throwing at 70, because I didn't have a big name in any individual sport. I'd only run four or five decathlons a year. You usually get 20 to 30 people to come and watch a decathlon, which is like watching paint dry.

PLAYBOY: What about the first-class-airline-ticket scam?

JENNER: Ah, the very famous first-class tickets. Cash them in and go coach.

PLAYBOY: You were in a unique position, because you could fly on Chrystie's pass. And you were sent tickets to go to the meets.

JENNER: Not very often.

PLAYBOY: Not very often?

JENNER: No. I only had maybe three or four meets a year. . . .

PLAYBOY: For which you were sent paid tickets?

JENNER: Um-hum.

PLAYBOY: Were you able to fly on a pass and pocket the money?

JENNER: Sometimes, but usually I would use the ticket. I'd have to use it because, most of the time, they sent a nonrefundable ticket. I had to use the ticket . . . OK, it was only a couple of times, I think, where I negotiated with the guys to send me the cash, or a check for half fare. They would get me halfway there and I would get half the cash.

PLAYBOY: Why half? Because you felt guilty?

JENNER: Yeah, I felt guilty. Maybe I got $100, which was good at that time. I didn't have any money, anyhow.

PLAYBOY: Well, $100 makes a difference when you're flat broke. But that violates the Amateur Athletic Union and Olympic rules, doesn't it?

JENNER: Technically.

PLAYBOY: Is your defense that you were one of the more modest offenders?

JENNER: Oh, gosh, yes. In my whole career, I may have made $500. It wasn't a big deal. You could get *anybody* on a technicality.

PLAYBOY: But you took money.

JENNER: I might have made $500 in my career, exchanging tickets.

PLAYBOY: Do you think they'll reclaim your gold medal?

JENNER: If they do, there'll be a Sherman tank sitting in front of my house. No,

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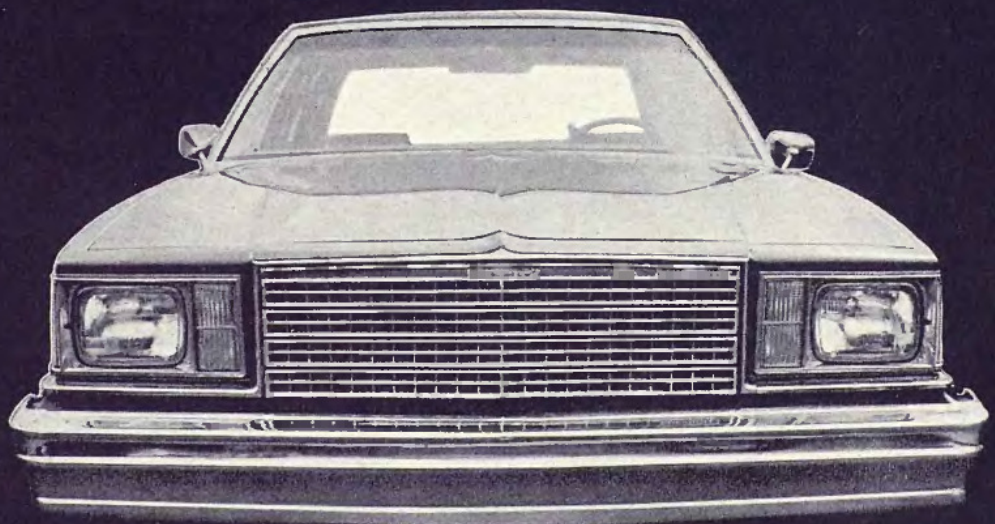

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it's not like these guys are making exorbitant amounts of money. Dwight Stones gets $25,000 a year, a halfway decent job. Not even a great job. I hate to see a sport die because the guys in it cannot even survive. I'm glad that the A.A.U. and our Olympic Committee has reinstated the former pros, just because it's encouraging to me to see that our A.A.U., for the first time, is trying to help build a better Olympic team instead of tear it down. Ban Dwight Stones? He's the best high jumper we've got! If a guy's broke and he's got to go out on his own and make a few dollars, hey, help him out. Either give him some money or give him a little guidance and say, hey, you can't do this. Why don't you do it this way so you can stay eligible, instead of waiting for him to violate a rule and then zap him?

PLAYBOY: Simply put, do you think U. S. amateur athletes should be paid for their performances?

JENNER: For their performances? No. I'm not in favor of professionalizing track and field. But I *am* in favor of an athlete at least earning a living at it. I'm not saying pay him $1000 for first, $800 for second, whatever they would get for a performance. I'm just saying, hey, make it easy enough for a guy out of college to stay in the sport and not have to leave it for financial reasons.

PLAYBOY: You said Stones was damned primarily because he had a big mouth. How can track and field, which desperately needs good publicity, afford to discredit a guy like him?

JENNER: The track-and-field officials are getting the whole amateur thing thrown right in their face by Dwight and they can't take it.

PLAYBOY: The shoe companies—Adidas, Puma and others—are legendary in their under-the-table support of amateur athletes. They bid competitively with them in the middle of the games.

JENNER: Yes, definitely.

PLAYBOY: Do they hand it out before or after an event?

JENNER: You better get it before.

PLAYBOY: Or else?

JENNER: Or else you get nothing. There's a tremendous amount of politics and guys running around, screaming and yelling, "I want more!" Some are earning big money.

PLAYBOY: And in the Olympics, you were wearing——

JENNER: Adidas all the way.

PLAYBOY: And you were paid.

JENNER: I wasn't paid. They supported my club, the San Jose Stars.

PLAYBOY: How many athletes were in your club?

JENNER: Just me.

PLAYBOY: And *that* wasn't pushing the rules?

JENNER: Yeah, but I signed a contract with them to support the club, send us money to travel. It really helped, because it gave me money to get to meets I wouldn't be able to attend otherwise.

PLAYBOY: Do you care where sponsorship money comes from?

JENNER: When I got an airplane ticket from the Olympic Committee to go to the games, I didn't ask where the money came from.

PLAYBOY: A while back, Toyota made a deal with the U.S.O.C. to donate a certain amount to the committee for every new car it sold. Isn't it rather ironic for the Japanese to support a U. S. Olympic team?

JENNER: American car companies were approached; they had their chance. They didn't think it was in their best interests, but the Japanese company did.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it hypocritical to say you don't care where the money comes from, that you'll take it from anyone, but then say you're competing as an individual—to hell with sponsors or governments?

JENNER: You might say that. But athletes are very single-minded. They are training hard and they are begging, borrowing and stealing. They just don't care about other things.

PLAYBOY: That doesn't sound like the noble, all-American Bruce Jenner.

JENNER: Well, I had to get that way. I had to quit the jobs I had. My wife was

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working. She took a lot of responsibility off me, such as paying bills and doing little day-to-day things. She took all those responsibilities away so I could spend all my time training.

PLAYBOY: Actually, you're sounding pretty hard-bitten. As you did in your book, *Decathlon Challenge, Bruce Jenner's Story*, in which you describe the massacre of the Israeli athletes in Munich in 1972. You say you wish it hadn't happened, but you were more upset that the terrorists ruined the timing of your event. It seemed rather callous of you.

JENNER: Very callous. But sports make you that way. The only way I could perform on the field was to be callous and not let outside things affect me. If I were upset on the athletic field, I wouldn't do well. I think this happened on September fifth and I was supposed to compete the next day. I went over and looked at what was happening, then went back to my room and thought to myself, That's a very unfortunate thing that's happening over there, but I just worked the last few years of my life trying to get ready for this and I cannot let that affect me if I'm going to perform. They had the funeral ceremonies the next day, the day I was supposed to compete. I went past the stadium and a bunch of athletes were standing on the infield and I figured I didn't want to stand there for an hour on my feet. During the two days I competed, I didn't think of the incident once.

PLAYBOY: You finished tenth in that 1972 decathlon—the tenth-best athlete in the world. Yet only two weeks later, you flunked your physical for the United States Army, while the Vietnam war was still being fought. How did that happen?

JENNER: Well, you see, it goes this way. My knee bothered me. I had knee surgery in 1969. I have a piece of metal in my knee, you know, from the surgery.

PLAYBOY: Was that from a football injury?

JENNER: That's correct. Walking was fine and it really didn't bother me when I ran. But marching killed it.

PLAYBOY: Did you practice marching before you went for your physical?

JENNER: I did. I went out a couple of days before the physical and started marching around. My knee started swelling up and falling out of place. It was really sort of pathetic. It was just a shame to see a tenth-place finisher in the Olympic games falling on his face because his knee was giving out while he marched.

Well, I was waiting around for the first part of my physical exam. So the doctor finally sits me down, and he asks my name and all that sort of stuff, and then he goes, "Is there any reason why you should not serve in the Armed Forces of the United States?" And I go, "Well, yeah. There's one problem I've had. I've had knee surgery from a football injury." And he said, "OK, let me see the scar." So I pulled my leg up and I show him the scar on my knee. And I'm all ready now to give him all my spiel—you know, I've lost five degrees of flexibility, all those little things.

PLAYBOY: Had you researched it?

JENNER: I had my doctor write a note about the knee surgery, but it hadn't come to my house yet. So I'm all ready to give him all these things and he goes, "Within one month from now, you'll get a 4-F classification," and I'm thinking, Ahhhh—I had all these great things I wanted to tell him, and here the guy's giving me 4-F before I even had an opportunity to tell him all these terrible things about my knee. And so that was it—I got outside, and I had to sit for about two hours to wait for everybody else to get through their physical. Here were these guys coming out, you know, out of shape, fat or a little overweight. They come out of there and the guy's going, "Congratulations, you passed," and he's handing them their slips back.

PLAYBOY: Some of you amateur athletes certainly come across as arrogant elitists.

JENNER: Well, Olympic athletes *are* elite; they are the best in the world in their fields.

PLAYBOY: Do you think they deserve the special treatment?

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JENNER: Deservedly so. If they were in another profession, if they were the best doctors in the world, then they would be elite. It's the same with athletes.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of doctors, since U. S. athletes get such little support between Olympics, how far behind Russia and East Germany are we in the field of sports medicine?

JENNER: Technically, we are not that far behind, but what we don't have is the formal communication to get that information out to the athletes. That's where the breakdown is. In other countries, there are systems to make sure the athletes are informed of the latest things.

PLAYBOY: How important is sports medicine?

JENNER: Sports medicine is a major part of competing in international sport. You can get sports medicine from nutrition to the healing of torn muscles, to the kinesiology of the human body, what you can do physically with a body to get the optimum performance. Then you get into—I don't consider them drugs, but—you get into the area of anabolic steroids.

PLAYBOY: What *is* an anabolic steroid?

JENNER: It's a hormone, basically. You can call it a drug if you think a hormone is a drug. It's basically the same stuff you have in your body, but there's a little bit more of it.

PLAYBOY: And it helps build bulk?

JENNER: Maybe it builds a little bit of bulk, but you're not going for bulk, you're going for strength.

PLAYBOY: What are the dangers of steroids?

JENNER: Growing more hair on your chest.

PLAYBOY: That's the only danger?

JENNER: Well, I don't know . . . your nuts turn to wood, too.

PLAYBOY: Ever notice anyone's nuts turn to wood?

JENNER: Yeah, they keep saying that, but as far as I know, the weight men, who are more heavily into steroids because their performance is so directly related to how much strength they have, those guys all seem healthy.

PLAYBOY: Where did *your* friends get steroids?

JENNER: It's not an over-the-counter kind of thing. In some cases, they have a friendly doctor. It's a prescription drug.

PLAYBOY: But steroids serve no other purpose than to build bulk and strength for a sporting event. They are not prescribed for health reasons.

JENNER: Well, if an athlete doesn't throw the discus far, he's going to have tremendous psychological problems.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that American athletes need chemical parity to keep up with the rest of the world?

JENNER: Well, it's to our advantage.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever take steroids?

JENNER: No, I was doing track events too. I wanted to stay skinny. I was a runner, too.

PLAYBOY: You seem to have a very tolerant attitude toward steroids.

JENNER: In a lot of events, like the weight events, I don't know of anybody in world class who doesn't take steroids. It's almost impossible. I'm sure there are a lot of guys who've become really top-notch 70-foot throwers in the shot-put and have never taken steroids. But sometimes it's impossible to do it without it. So where do you go? It's a personal decision that a guy has to make.

But I don't know of any athlete that's ever died from taking steroids. There may be. You get the old guys who've been around a long time, and they're fine. It's been said that they won't be able to have children because the tools don't work down there anymore—their nuts turn to wood. That's not the case. These guys are fine. It's obviously a risk; something *may* happen.

PLAYBOY: American athletes do it by choice; but take the disturbing story of Renate Vogel, an East German swimmer. At the age of ten, girls in Germany who show potential as swimmers are put on pills. They may just be sugar pills, to get them used to taking drugs. Then they start the real steroids, shots, weight training. Vogel was on these for ten years, then she retired and did not join the Communist party. They took her off their withdrawal program, which they use to bring their athletes down when they retire. She defected because she became very ill and may never be normal again. What does that say to you, as an athlete?

"I don't know of any athlete that's ever died from taking steroids. It's been said their nuts turn to wood. That's not the case. These guys are fine."

JENNER: That their system sucks.

PLAYBOY: It wins, though.

JENNER: People have to decide, what do we want? Do we want to win medals at all cost, or do we want to give it our best shot? Is it that important? I got very depressed once when I was doing a story for *Good Morning, America*. I spent a day with the Romanian gymnastics team, watching Nadia Comaneci perform like a machine. I was not impressed at all. I was totally disgusted by their workouts. Not one girl smiled, not one girl had a good time, not one bit of laughter, not one bit of talking. The coach stood there on the side as they practiced, the coach said two or three words and they went back in line again. They did that over and over again. Yucch, I hated it.

Go to an American training center. Let's take gymnastics again. You see young women working very hard but laughing, smiling and having a good time. Now, there's obviously a time to work hard if you're going to be good, and there's also a time to have a little fun. Maybe I'm more of a fun-loving person, but that's just the way I am and that's the way I train. My training was long and hard. But we used to *enjoy* ourselves. I'm in favor of a good Olympic team. But we don't have to go to the extent that a lot of other countries do.

PLAYBOY: Considering the way your career is going, you've obviously flourished in this system. With one exception: your wife and commercial partner, Chrystie. Care to talk about that?

JENNER: Making the announcement that Chrystie and I were separated was tough. It really made me mad that I had to go public with it. But there were two sides to the story. One, it didn't look like Chrystie and I were going to make it. So if I don't announce it publicly, what happens if I'm seen with another woman? All of a sudden, they go, hey, what's happening? And then all the scandals start. So it's better that I get it out in the open. But it really bothered me a lot that the public has to be involved with my private life. But I suppose the public is also paying my salary and I owe people an explanation.

PLAYBOY: Especially because you did so much in public as a couple. It seemed to many that you marketed your marriage.

JENNER: No, it wasn't a plan to market our marriage or anything like that.

PLAYBOY: That's how it appeared—the commercials you did together, *Bruce and Chrystie Jenner's Guide to Family Fitness*. "The family that exercises together stays together."

JENNER: I never said that.

PLAYBOY: Yes, you did. It's in the book. Did you and Chrystie quit exercising together?

JENNER: Obviously, we quit exercising together. Actually, she started exercising more than I did. I was out working on my career and she got into running. Maybe I should have kept her away from running.

PLAYBOY: It must have been particularly tough to find out after you'd separated that you and she were expecting a child.

JENNER: Yeah. We decided to separate and had already been separated once before. We got back together and tried to make it work but decided it wasn't going to work and headed our separate ways. A couple of weeks later, Chrystie comes up to me and tells me she's

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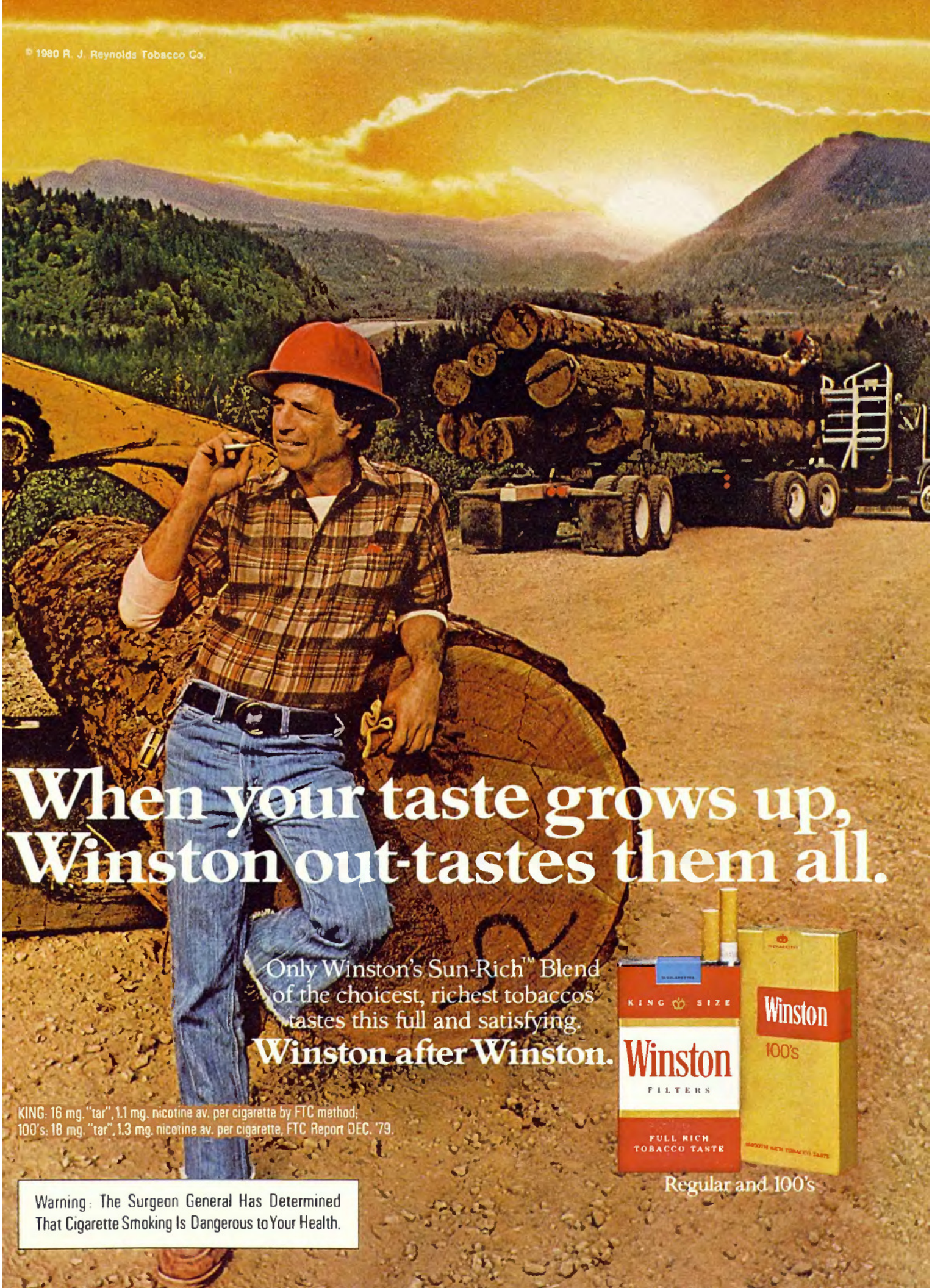

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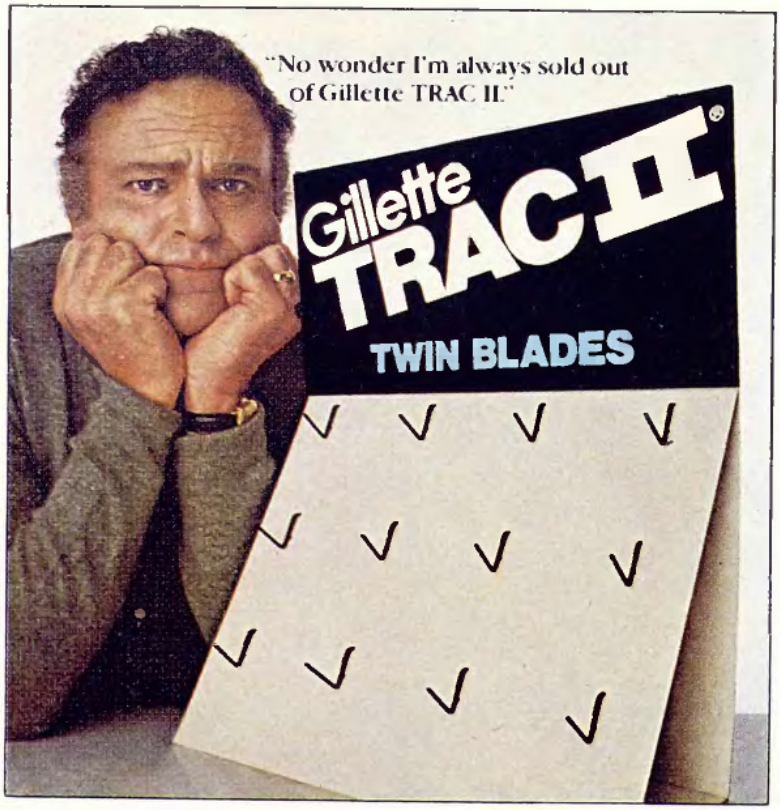

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pregnant. Needless to say, it was a very sad situation. Chrystie was more in favor of having the child at first. My first reaction was that I didn't want it.

PLAYBOY: You don't seem like the type of person who would be in favor of abortion.

JENNER: I thought about it a little bit, but Chrystie definitely wanted to have the child. We decided that we could both raise two children. The easy way would have been just to stay together and somehow survive. Chrystie and I were compatible, we got along together. Unfortunately, there was just something that was lacking. We could have stayed together for the sake of the children, but we both came to the conclusion that it wasn't going to work and we should go our separate ways. So we decided to take the hard way out. I knew there would be a lot of criticism from the press. You know, you're leaving your wife, she's pregnant, she helped you get to the games and all that. But the two of us are better off being separated.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel any moral pressure to go back to her?

JENNER: Do I feel moral pressure? I felt very guilty leaving Burt, but it makes you feel even more guilty to leave a pregnant wife. It's an unfortunate situation, and the press builds it up. At first, the separation went smooth. But then people started writing gossip with no truth to it. I'm the one coming out of this as the mean guy and there's just no way I can go through this divorce without taking the blame. But I have to go on with my life and do the things that make me happy, because it just wasn't working out with Chrystie and me.

PLAYBOY: It's not a simple question to answer, but why didn't things work out? Why did you grow apart?

JENNER: I think I've grown up a lot and I am not the same person I was four years ago, ten years ago or last year. I think I've matured a lot. I think it's like an attitude change, too, where now I feel more confident in myself intellectually, where before I only had a lot of confidence in myself physically.

At one point, Chrystie and I went to a shrink. At first, I didn't want to, because I thought you had to be nuts to go to one. Once I went, I started having a pretty good time. I started enjoying it. I started looking into myself—into our relationship—I think I took a better look at myself than at the relationship. For the first time in my life, I'm on my own. I have my own business now and I run it.

We certainly are not the same two people that got married in 1972 in Lamoni, Iowa, and we lived in a little house that we rented for $85 a month. We had absolutely no money. And we grew together, we worked very hard trying to accomplish something. We were able to accomplish that. Then the

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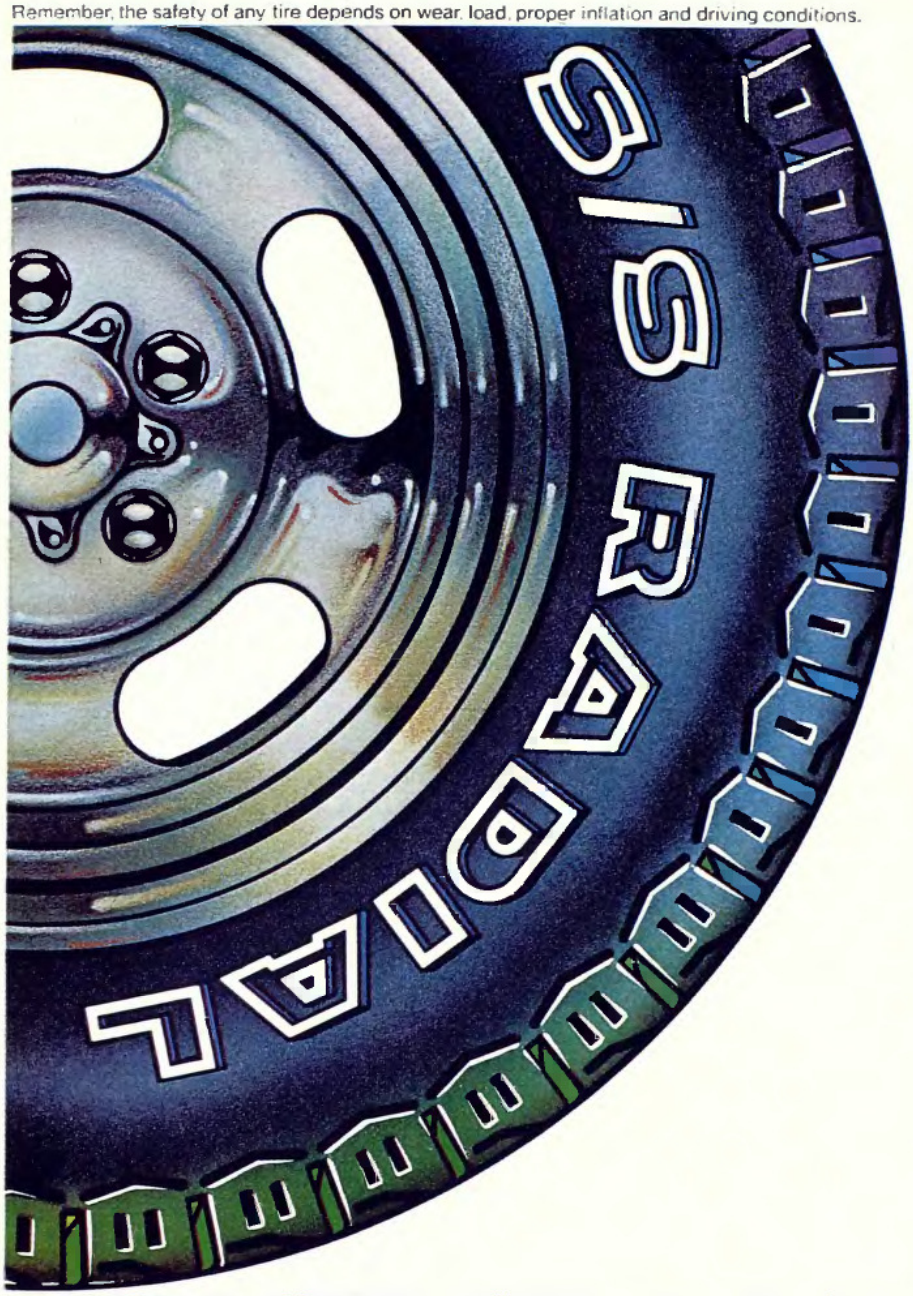

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years go on. And all of a sudden, we just became different people. I was a very simple-minded person up to the games. I mean, that's all I did, that was my life.

PLAYBOY: You were one-dimensional?

JENNER: Yes. Very one-dimensional. And when the games were over, all of a sudden, I didn't have that one dimension anymore. All of a sudden, I had to start doing other things. At first, I relied a lot on Chrystie, and a lot on managers, because I did not respect my opinion that much, just because I didn't feel secure. I felt secure when I talked about the decathlon, sure. But when I would start to move into other areas, I would start to lose a little bit of that security. As time went on, I realized that I know just as much as the next guy, and started voicing my opinion more, taking more control, and I took more and more control to where, basically, after a couple of years, I pretty much controlled everything. I'd ask Chrystie's opinion on major stuff.

PLAYBOY: But you stopped relying on her for emotional security.

JENNER: Yes. At the time I was training, there was a tremendous amount of pressure and it could be very tough on you, and she was always that stabilizing factor. Chrystie used to take control of everything. That's just one way we've changed drastically.

PLAYBOY: And now, from being an all-American hero, you've gone on to become an object of ridicule on *Saturday Night Live*.

JENNER: Yeah, they've been ridiculing me for a long time, even before the separation. Everything from spoofs of the Wheaties commercials to, you know, "Bruce Jenner will not be seen tonight, because he won the javelin-catching contest." Then, when Chrystie and I got separated, they did a camera thing on automatic choice in action divorces.

PLAYBOY: How do you react to that?

JENNER: I honestly like poking fun at myself. It doesn't bother me at all, it doesn't make me mad. I think it is an honor to be spoofed on *Saturday Night Live*, to be honest with you.

PLAYBOY: But you're not merely being spoofed, you're being ridiculed—for becoming another casualty of the Hollywood-and-success syndrome.

JENNER: I know, and that's what bothers me, because it's not Hollywood, it's not this sort of stuff. Especially with my *Can't Stop the Music* movie coming out. It's like, I'm a big star now, and I pushed Chrystie away. And that is not the circumstance at all. Our lives have become more complicated because of the position we're in, but it doesn't mean that was what tore us apart.

PLAYBOY: Was Chrystie your first real love?

JENNER: Oh, yeah. I only went out with maybe two or three women in my whole

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life that I was even serious about. Maybe one in high school, two in college before Chrystie, and that was about it.

PLAYBOY: Would it be fair to say that your sexual and emotional experiences were somewhat limited?

JENNER: Yes, definitely. Let me put it this way: I never shopped around. I never have been a runaround or gone out with a lot of women, and even now I don't.

PLAYBOY: Did that bother you in your later married years?

JENNER: Yeah, and all of a sudden, I'm in a different position now. There is a lot of women out there, there is a tremendous amount of women available. Not that my whole ambition in life is to run around with all these women, but, yeah, it does make it more difficult to hold a marriage together like that.

PLAYBOY: Were you a faithful husband until you were separated?

JENNER: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Did you find a girlfriend while you were separated?

JENNER: I found one girl that I certainly enjoyed being with.

PLAYBOY: We know you wanted to keep this out of the public light, but *People* magazine broke the story. The Olympic hero is now with Linda Thompson, Elvis' girlfriend.

JENNER: [*Sighs*] Yeah.

PLAYBOY: The *National Enquirer* must be outside your door right now.

JENNER: Well, they are. They want a picture of me and Linda together.

PLAYBOY: We can see it now: "Jenner Steals Elvis' Woman."

JENNER: I didn't steal anything. He left. I didn't.

PLAYBOY: Now that the scandal sheets are onto the story, what will happen?

JENNER: It makes it more difficult to have a relationship.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

JENNER: I have my private life and my public image, and the more my career progresses, the more space there is between the two. My public life gets more public and I want my private life to remain more private. No way will I let the *Enquirer* into my private life. It's an intrusion and it's pressure. Maybe a few people like to read about the juicy details, but no good will come of it.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps, but why not clear the air now?

JENNER: I met Linda after Chrystie and I had separated. It just so happens it was at a tennis tournament at Hugh Hefner's, although that has nothing to do with this interview. But because of that, all of a sudden, I'm getting this image of a big ladies' man picking up girls at Hef's. I have gone there for parties every once in a while, and Linda has gone there a couple of times, but it's not like we live out there. The press I've gotten is sad, because it complicates my relationship with Chrystie, obviously. It complicates my relationship with Linda. I raced a car at Daytona and I wanted Linda to come down and watch the race. Every time I would stand next to her, the photographers would go absolutely bananas. Click, click, click. It gets me very uptight and nervous, because I don't want to throw anything in Chrystie's face. I'm happy there's somebody there that's close, because this is a hard time that I'm going through in my life and I'm glad I have somebody that I really cherish. Somebody that's close to me.

PLAYBOY: If you had it to do over again, would you have kept your marriage more private?

JENNER: I think I would. When Chrystie and I got into this thing, we were pretty naïve. People looked at us like we were the perfect couple and we had to try to perform like it. It puts a strain on you.

PLAYBOY: So the press will figure you and Linda to be the glamor couple?

JENNER: Yeah, but we just enjoy each other. We have a lot of things in common. I spent five years getting ready for the games and she spent five years in training.

PLAYBOY: With Elvis?

JENNER: Well, she says she has a Ph.D. in life, and I can see she's been through an awful lot.

PLAYBOY: Will you be at the birth of your baby?

JENNER: I told Chrystie I would like to be at the birth of the baby. It's ultimately her decision. If she thinks it can help by my being there, I'll be there. But it's a little down the line; who knows what's going to happen by then?

PLAYBOY: Was having the baby entirely her decision?

JENNER: It was her decision, because originally I thought we should have an abortion.

PLAYBOY: Was the pregnancy intentional?

JENNER: No.

PLAYBOY: Let's be honest: Don't a lot of people think you're a real schmuck for walking out on a pregnant wife?

JENNER: I do get a lot of that lately. Wheaties is concerned. Other people are concerned. I'm just going to take the blame for it. The press has never had the chance to take a shot at Bruce Jenner, and this is their first opportunity to get some real gossip, or whatever, or say, hey, he's not perfect, he's human. Which I am. I'm just a person. But don't let the press feel too bad for her; Chrystie will come away from this thing financially set for the rest of her life. So you shouldn't feel too sorry for poor little Chrystie. Like she's being thrown out in the world. That lady's going to do all right.

PLAYBOY: There's a little hostility coming through now.

JENNER: Well, at first we would sit down and discuss what we thought was a fair settlement. But since then, lawyers have gotten involved, and the only way

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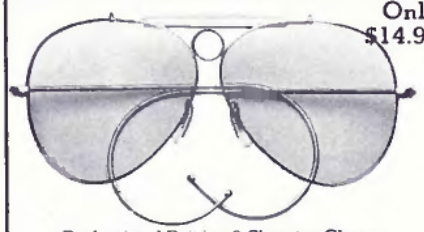

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lawyers make any money is if there are problems. So they have a tendency to stir up problems, and they put things in Chrystie's head. Chrystie originally moved out and she was gone for two months or whatever, and then, all of a sudden, she calls up and says she wants back in the house. I said, "I've got to go away this weekend, we'll discuss it when I get back." When I'm away on my trip, zappo, I'm kicked out of my house. She said she didn't have a court order, but she would get one if she needed one. She didn't even tell me, and that was what I was really upset about.

It just keeps getting worse and worse, and I keep telling her she can have anything she wants. She can have the house, she can have everything. Let's just make a settlement and get it over with. I don't hate the woman, and it's unfortunate we couldn't share our lives together any longer. But these lawyers have thrown a monkey wrench into the whole thing and it's just absolutely ridiculous. Every time I turn around, they're stabbing me in the back. I just keep telling her that she can have anything she wants.

PLAYBOY: Are you going to have to start all over again?

JENNER: Yeah. I've got a few dollars tucked away, so I could start my own business. I used to mow lawns to make money. I can do a lot of things. I could survive somehow. If what she wants out of the relationship is just money, she can have it all. She's a good woman. She's given me two good kids and seven great years of my life. If money is what she wants out of it, she can have it. And it looks like she's gonna get it.

PLAYBOY: You don't fail very often at the things you do. Is the failure of your marriage your major one?

JENNER: Yeah, it shows I'm human. Nobody can go through life all apple pie and ice cream and live a great life and never do anything wrong. You have good times, you have bad times, and unfortunately, this is one of the bad things that has happened. Yeah, it bothers me. It's sad, there's no way around it.

PLAYBOY: How do you deal with being depressed?

JENNER: Go play tennis. Get away. Go ride my motorcycle, go race a car, fly my airplane. Just get some of my toys and go out and find some close friends and play hard.

PLAYBOY: Do you have more friends now?

JENNER: No, I have less, because a lot of my close friends are very close to Chrystie, and it separated them also.

PLAYBOY: Aside from all your other troubles, your new movie career is going to make you an even bigger target for the press.

JENNER: Yeah. With the movie coming out, I'm really opening myself up to take some shots. It's a big, big area out there; there's a lot of critics.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't a thorough panning by the critics destroy what you've built?

JENNER: It's a big risk. It's stepping out of my area—taking a giant step out. But I really thought it was worth the gamble, because I would enjoy doing it, and you've got to take the gamble sometime, because everybody keeps pushing you to do it.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think you have to get into something more substantial? Can you really rely on your Olympic fame and expect it to keep building?

JENNER: No. In fact, in commercials like Minolta, they don't even mention I'm an Olympic champion.

PLAYBOY: But don't you have to do more than be a commercial spokesman? If you don't show some other talent, you'll certainly fade.

JENNER: I realize that. I had four years to do it—from one Olympics to the next. And it's getting near the end of the fourth year and I'm taking my gamble and stepping out.

PLAYBOY: You once said that there's a price to pay for being "the world's greatest athlete," in that you're being challenged all the time.

"I never shopped around. I never have been a run-around or gone out with a lot of women, and even now I don't."

JENNER: Yeah. The title is a very tough thing to live up to. The world's greatest athlete means you can do *everything.*

PLAYBOY: People also talk about your image as the perfect American boy—impeccable to the point where you never have a hair out of place.

JENNER: I have a very hard time. Much of it started with the American flag I waved after I finished the 1500 meters.

PLAYBOY: Was that your idea?

JENNER: It was not my idea at all. I was crossing the finish line and the next thing I know, some guy bangs into me and I've got a flag in my hand. I wasn't even looking at him; I was looking at another decathlete who was coming up to congratulate me and this guy is throwing a United States flag in my face. I didn't even realize until the last second, as I tried to walk away, that he'd given me the flag. I could not throw it on the ground. I'm sure not the one to destroy the American flag. But then I think to myself, What do I do now? I didn't want to take it around the track, but I had to get rid of the thing gracefully. So, as I'm walking along, I think, Well, I'll put it up in the air once. I think I did it again and then walked over to my bag where I had my stuff and put it away. By that time, another flag came out. Just as I got rid of that one, another comes along.

PLAYBOY: Why did you want to unload it?

JENNER: Because it was *too much* apple pie and ice cream, all-American and everything. Not that I don't love my country, but I felt it was going too far. It was *my* victory up there, *I* put all the time into it. What my country did for me is give me the opportunity to grow up in life and do what I want to do. But the Government certainly wasn't supporting me; Chrystie was. And I just felt like it was my victory more than the country's victory.

PLAYBOY: As you came around that last turn in 1976, when you knew you had the decathlon won, did anything unsportsmanlike flash through your mind? Just a glimpse of the possible fame, money, TV, movies to come?

JENNER: No, no, no. My ambitions were not to go into the Olympics and make a million dollars, even though everybody writes it that way. Those were not my ambitions. My ambitions were to become the best in the world at what I did. I never thought, Hey, I'm going to take this thing right to the bank—all you suckers out there—I got it and you don't. That's certainly not the thing that went through my mind. Although it makes a great article and that's why people write about it—how I planned the whole thing out. People have even said Bruce Jenner always wanted to be a movie star. I *didn't* want to be a movie star. You know? I wasn't even in my high school play.

PLAYBOY: You've obviously become more sophisticated in your views since then. But before we started taping, in our early conversations, you said that if the U. S. had attempted to boycott the Montreal games in 1976 for any reason, the athletes, including you, would have marched on the stadium anyway; that despite the fact that you were nonpolitical, you'd have done anything to compete.

JENNER: Let me tell you, speaking personally, if in 1976 they said the American team could not compete, this kid might have gotten a little political. I don't think I would have stayed away. They'd have had to *drug* me off that track.

PLAYBOY: You'd actually have walked out, climbed into the starting blocks of the 100 meters and physically forced yourself into the race?

JENNER: I think I would. If it had happened to me at Montreal, this young, unsophisticated kid would have suddenly gotten very political.

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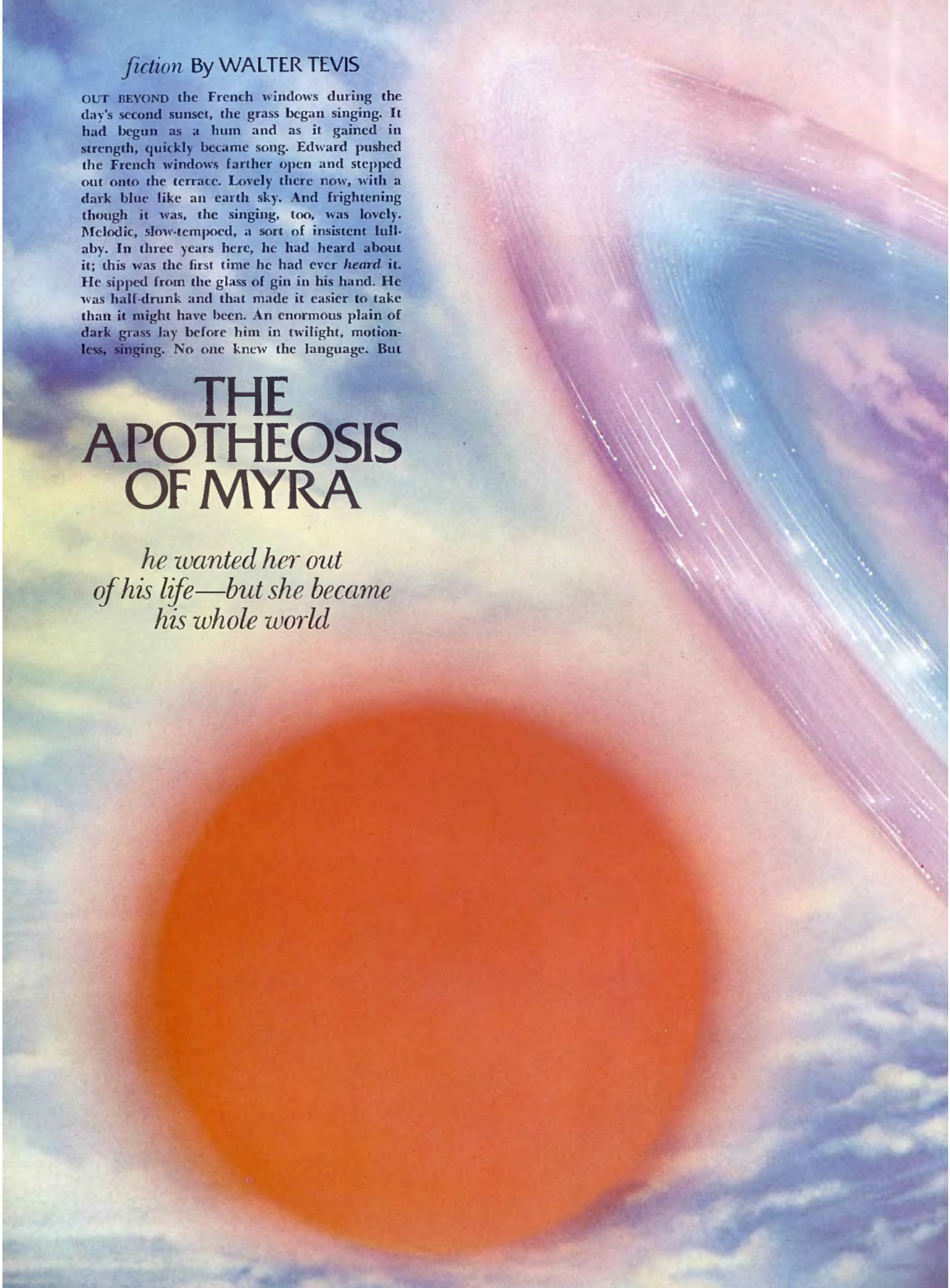
fiction By WALTER TEVIS

OUT BEYOND the French windows during the day's second sunset, the grass began singing. It had begun as a hum and as it gained in strength, quickly became song. Edward pushed the French windows farther open and stepped out onto the terrace. Lovely there now, with a dark blue like an earth sky. And frightening though it was, the singing, too, was lovely. Melodic, slow-tempoed, a sort of insistent lullaby. In three years here, he had heard about it; this was the first time he had ever *heard* it. He sipped from the glass of gin in his hand. He was half-drunk and that made it easier to take than it might have been. An enormous plain of dark grass lay before him in twilight, motionless, singing. No one knew the language. But

THE APOTHEOSIS OF MYRA

he wanted her out of his life—but she became his whole world



it was clearly a language.

After a few minutes, Myra came out from the living room, moving stiffly and rubbing her eyes. She had been asleep on the couch. "Goodness!" she said. "Is that the *grass*?"

"What else?" he said, turning away from her. He finished his drink.

Myra's voice was excited. "You know, Edward, I heard a recording of this . . . this grass. Back in college, years ago. It was before anybody had even heard of Endolin." She was trying to make her voice sound lively, but she could not override the self-pity in it. Myra, Edward felt, swam in self-pity as a goldfish swam in water. It was her own transparent medium. "It was in a course called The Exploration of our Galaxy, I think. Dull as dishwater. But the professor played some records of life forms, and I still remember Belsin grass." Belsin was the name of the planet. "There was a question about it on the mid-term. What are you drinking there, Edward?"

He did not look at her. "Gin and tonic. I'll get you one."

He walked along the moonwood deck past her and into the house. The liquor was in the kitchen. During the past year, he had taken to bringing a case at a time out of the storage room, where supplies from Earth were kept. There was the half-empty last case of gin and a nearly empty one of Scotch side by side on the kitchen counter next to a stack of unwashed dishes. The dishwasher had broken down again and he hadn't felt like trying to fix it. He grinned wryly, looking at the pile of dirty Haviland that Myra had insisted on bringing with her out to this godforsaken part of the galaxy. If he could get her to do the dishwashing, he might not kill her. Fat chance.

The idea of killing her was fairly recent. Originally, he had thought the arthritis and the self-pity and the booze would do it for him. But Belsin had worked for her far better than he had expected, with the fresh Endolin that had made her demand to come here in the first place. Endolin was a scraggly little plant and the finest painkiller and anti-inflammation drug ever known. It grew only on Belsin and although it lost about half its potency in travel, it was the painkiller of choice for millions. But used fresh, it was a miracle. Myra was rich and her family was powerful; she had provided the money and her grandfather the power to get Edward the job here. She was 34 and had had violently painful arthritis since the age of six. Her life had been spent trying to avoid the pain.

He made her drink, as usual, stronger than his own. There was no ice, since that wasn't working, either.

She had seated herself on the moonwood bench when he got back out onto the terrace and was looking at the stars, her head slightly inclined toward the singing of the grass. For a moment, he paused; she was really very beautiful. And the look of self-pity had gone from her face. He had loved her, once, when she was like this. He hadn't married her only for her money. The singing had become softer. It would end soon, if what he had heard about it was true. It happened so rarely, though, that everything about it was uncertain and no one had the foggiest notion of how the grass did it in the first place, let alone why.

Myra smiled at him, not even reaching for the drink. "It sings so . . . *intelligently*," she said, smiling. "And feelingfully." She took the drink, finally, and set it on the moonwood bench beside her. Moonwood was not really wood; it was sliced from quarries and outcroppings near Belsin's north pole. You could drive nails into it and even build houses from it. Their house, though, was a prefab, cut from steel and glass in a factory in Cleveland and shipped out here, for a king's ransom.

"And nobody knows why it sings?" she said.

"Correct," Edward said. "How are your hands?"

She smiled dreamily toward him. "Very good." She flexed them. "Hardly any pain at all. And my neck is easy tonight. Supple."

"Congratulations," he said, without feeling. He walked over to one of the deck chairs and seated himself. The problem with killing her was not the killing itself. That would be very easy out here, on a planet with only a few hundred settlers. The problem was in making it totally unambiguous, clear and simple and with himself blameless, so he could inherit. The laws concerning extraterrestrial death were a mess. One little snag could keep it in court for 30 years.

"You know what I'd like to do, Edward?" she said.

He took a swallow from his drink. "What's that?"

"I'd like to get out the EnJay and take a ride to the orchids."

"Christ!" he said. "Isn't it pretty late?" She had not ridden in the EnJay for a year or more. "And doesn't the bouncing hurt your legs? And back?"

"Edward," she said, "I'm better. Really."

"OK," he said. "I'll get a bottle. And some Endolin."

"Forget the Endolin for now," she said brightly. "I'll be all right."

The nuclear jeep was in a moonwood shed at the back of the house, next to the dark-green Mercedes and the two never-used bicycles. He backed the jeep out, shifted gears and scratched off around the house. In the low gravity of Belsin, scratching off was difficult to do, but he had learned the trick. He pulled up to the turnaround in front of the house where Myra's elevator normally let her out and was astonished to see her walking down the stairs, one hand on the banister, smiling toward him.

"Well!" he said as she got into the jeep.

"Pretty good, huh?" she said, smiling. She squeezed his arm.

He drove off with a jerk and across the obsidian surface of their front yard. Much of Belsin was obsidian; it was in fissures in that glasslike surface that the Endolin grew. At the end of the yard, a winding path, barely wide enough for the jeep, went through the Belsin grass, which was still singing but much more softly. He liked driving the path, with its glassy low traction and its narrow and often wrongly banked curves. There was hardly any way to build a real road on Belsin. You could not cut Belsin grass—which wasn't grass at all and seemed to grow out of the granitic rock beneath it like hair—and if you drove on it, it screamed and bled. Bringing from Earth the equipment to grade and level the obsidian would have been almost enough to bankrupt even Myra's family. So when you drove on Belsin, you used a car with a narrow axle and you followed the natural, veinlike pathways on the planet's surface. There weren't many places to drive *to*, anyway.

The singing, now that they were driving with the grass on either side of them, was remarkable. It was like a great chorus of small voices, or a choir chanting at the edge of understanding, alto and soprano. It was vaguely spiritual, vaguely erotic, and the truly remarkable thing about it was that it touched the numan feelings so genuinely. As with Endolin, which magically dovetailed so well with the products of terrestrial evolution, producing a molecule that fit a multichambered niche in the human nervous system as if made for it, the grass seemed to have been ready for humanity when humanity first landed on Belsin 60 years before. Captain Belsin himself had heard it during the first explorations. The grass had sung for that old marauding tycoon and he had written in his journal the now-famous words, "This planet speaks my language." When Endolin had been found, years later, it had seemed fitting that the planet, able somehow to touch human feelings with its astonishing surface growth, could

"Please don't stop! I love a good tune on the kazoo!"

also provide one of the great anodynes. Endolin was hard to come by, even in the richest obsidian fields, but it was nearly perfect when fresh. It could all but obliterate physical pain without affecting the reason or the perceptions. And there was no hangover from it. Myra's life on Earth had been hell. Here, it was passable.

"Boy, do I feel good!" Myra said. "I think I could dance till dawn."

He kept his eyes on the road, following it with the wheel. "In an hour, you'd be screaming from the pain. You're forgetting how Endolin burns out." That was its great drawback, and he was glad to remind her of it. That, and the fact that you couldn't take it constantly. If you did, it paralyzed you.

For a moment, she sounded crushed. "Honey," she said, "I haven't forgotten." Then she brightened. "But lately my bad hours between pills have been easier." She had been lying on the sofa at sunset during one of those hours that she had to get through, and would have taken a pill before getting up to join him on the terrace.

"That's good," he said. He tried to put conviction into it.

After a while, they were driving along a ridge from which they could see, far off to the right, the lights of the Endolin Packing Plant and the little spaceport beside it.

"I didn't know they worked at *night*," Myra said.

"For the past six months, they have."

"Six months Earth time?" There was Belsin time, with its 17-hour day and short year, and there was Earth time. Edward had a way of shifting from one to the other without warning.

"Earth time," he said, as if talking to a child.

"You almost never tell me about your work, Edward," she said. "Have orders gone up?"

"Yes," he said. "Business is booming. We're sending out a shipload every month now." He hesitated and then said, "Earth time."

"That's terrific, Edward. It must make you feel . . . useful to be so successful."

He said nothing. It made no difference to him how well the business did, except that more shippings meant more supplies of gin and of television tapes and things like peanut butter and coffee and caviar from Earth. Nothing on Belsin could be eaten. And the only business—the only real reason for humanity to be here at all—was Endolin.

"Will you have to increase the number of workers?" Myra asked. "To keep up with bigger harvests?"

He shook his head. "No. The equipment has been improved. Each man brings in two or three pounds a day now. Faster vehicles and better detectors."

"That's *fascinating*!" Myra said, sitting upright with a slight wince of pain. "I had no idea what was going on."

"You never asked," he said.

"No," she said, "I suppose I didn't."

They drove on northward in silence for a long time, listening to the grass. Edward himself, despite his hidden anger and his frustrations, became calmed by it. Finally, Myra spoke. "Listening to that singing is . . . is amazing," she said softly. "It seems to go very deep. You know"—she turned abruptly in her seat, to face him—"the more I take Endolin, the more . . . mystical my feelings are. Or spiritual." She looked a little self-conscious saying it, probably because she knew how impatient he was with her interests in poetry and music. And in reincarnation.

"It's bound to affect your mind. . . ." he said.

"No," she said. "I know that's not it. It's something I've had since I was a child. Sometimes after the arthritic pain, I'd have a . . . a burned-out feeling in my nerves and a certain clarity in my head. I would lie in my bed in the hospital or whatever and I felt I knew things just the other side of the edge of knowing."

He started to speak and glanced over at her. He saw that she had not finished the drink she was carrying. Which was unusual, since Myra was close to being an alcoholic. Something he encouraged in her. He decided to say nothing.

"I lost those feelings when I got older," she went on. "But lately I've been getting them back. Stronger. And the grass, singing like that, seems to encourage it." She stopped for a minute. "You know," she said, "the grass is giving me the same feeling. That something on the other side of knowledge can really be known. If we could only . . . only relax somehow and clear our minds and grasp it."

Edward's voice was cool. "You can get the same effect from two martinis on an empty stomach."

She was unperturbed. "No, you can't, Edward," she said. "You cannot."

•

They were silent again for several miles. Past the plant, the road broadened for a while and became straighter. Edward speeded up. It was late and he was getting bored. The grass's singing had become quieter. He was focusing on the road when he heard a sharp intake of breath from Myra, and then he saw that somehow there was more light on the road. And Myra said softly, "The *rings*, Edward," and he looked up and there they were: the lavender and pale-blue rings of Belsin, normally invisible but now glowing in a great arc from east to west above them. Fairy rings. Rings of heaven.

Then the grass seemed to crescendo for a moment, in some kind of coda, and then became silent. The rings brightened. The effect was stunning.

"Stop the jeep," Myra said. "Let's look."

"Haven't time," Edward said, and drove on.

And Myra did something she had never done before because of the pain her unlucky body could cause her: She pushed the lever on her seat and leaned in it all the way back and looked up at the beautiful rings in the sky. She did it with care and lay back and relaxed, still holding her unfinished drink, now in her lap. Her dark hair blew behind her in the jeep's wind. Edward could see by the light of the rings that her face was glowing. Her body looked light, supple, youthful in the light. Her smile was beatific.

He noticed the unfinished drink. "God," he thought, "she may be getting well."

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The orchids grew down the sides of the only cliffs on Belsin. Belsin was a nearly flat planet with almost nothing to fall from. That and the low gravity made it a very safe place, as Edward had noted early in his life there.

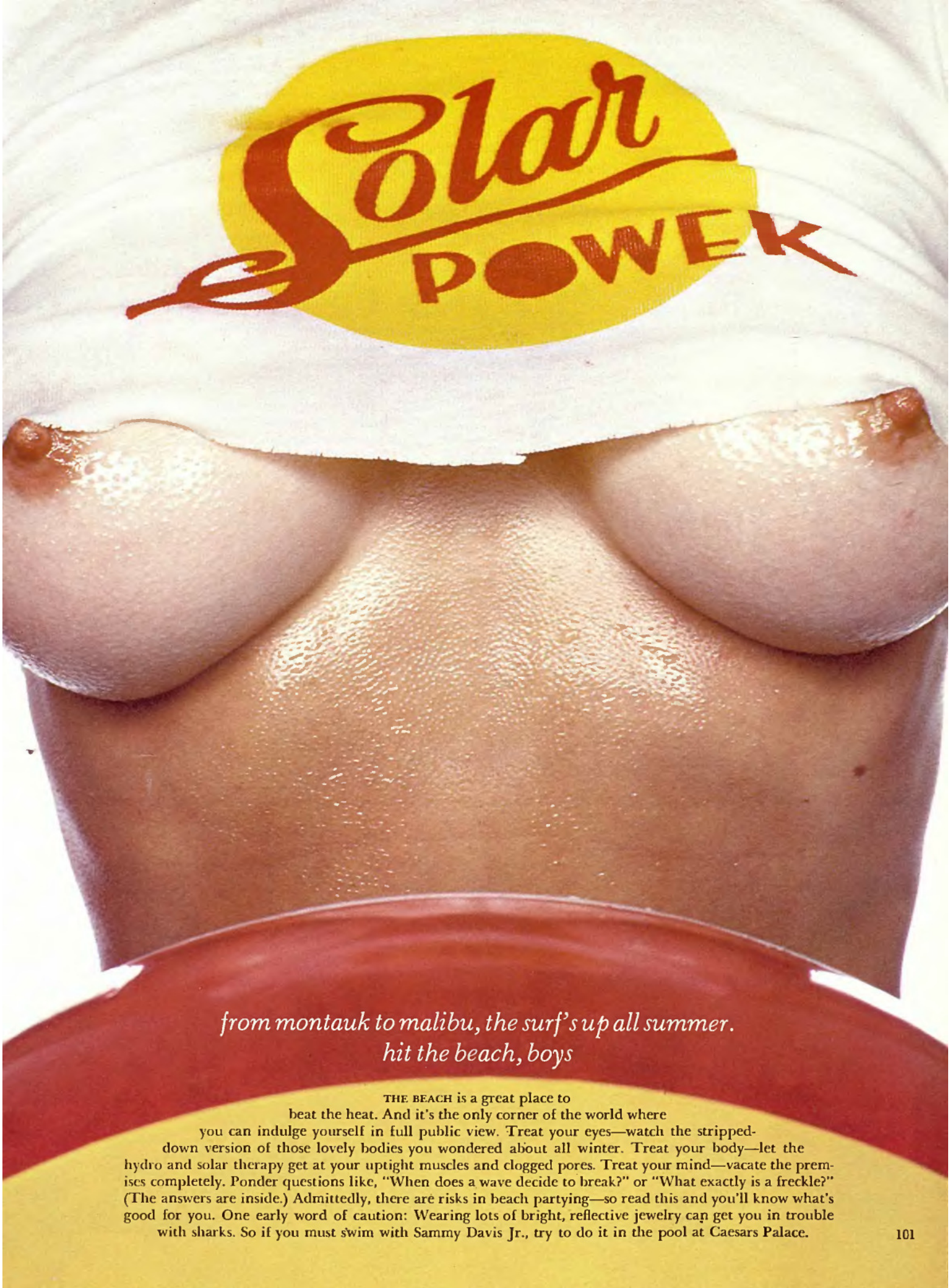
The orchids were not orchids, were not even plants, but they looked somewhat like orchids. They were the outward flowerings of some obscure life form that, like the grass, seemed to go down to the center of the planet. You could not uproot an orchid any more than you could pull a blade of the grass loose from the surface; a thin but incredibly tenuous filament at the base of each of them went through solid obsidian down to a depth far below possible exploration or investigation. They were stunningly beautiful to see.

They glowed in shades of green and yellow with waving plumes and leaves shaped like enormous Japanese fans. They were both luminous and illuminated and they shifted as they moved from transparent to translucent to opaque.

When he stopped the jeep near the orchid cliffs, he heard a small cry from Myra and looked over to see her features in the familiar grimace of pain; riding that way had almost certainly been too much for her, even with Endolin.

Yet she sat up easily enough, though very slowly, and got out of the jeep. He did not offer to help; she had told him years before that she preferred

(continued on page 234)



from montauk to malibu, the surf's up all summer.
hit the beach, boys

THE BEACH is a great place to beat the heat. And it's the only corner of the world where you can indulge yourself in full public view. Treat your eyes—watch the stripped-down version of those lovely bodies you wondered about all winter. Treat your body—let the hydro and solar therapy get at your uptight muscles and clogged pores. Treat your mind—vacate the premises completely. Ponder questions like, "When does a wave decide to break?" or "What exactly is a freckle?" (The answers are inside.) Admittedly, there are risks in beach partying—so read this and you'll know what's good for you. One early word of caution: Wearing lots of bright, reflective jewelry can get you in trouble with sharks. So if you must swim with Sammy Davis Jr., try to do it in the pool at Caesars Palace.

SHORE ENOUGH

You probably think of sand castles as the exclusive enterprise of six-year-olds with cartoon-covered buckets. But what is stopping you from becoming the Frank Lloyd Wright of the sand dunes? You can build a replica of the Tower of London or the ancient home of Edward, the Black Prince, with just a spatula and a trowel. Pick up a copy of Jon Adkins' wonderful book *The Art and Industry of Sandcastles* and learn all about crenelations and barbicans and moats. With a little practice, you can cover the beach with models of the Great Wall of China and move on to more swinging constructions like Playboy Mansion West (see example at right). Don't get too attached to your creations, though. Remember that the tide giveth and the tide taketh away.

RUB IT IN

Be careful when you're uncovering parts of your body that normally don't get exposed to the sun. You'll find one example at left. It helps to take a friend along to apply protective sun screen (lotion, that is) to the vulnerable parts. Don't forget the tops of your feet. They can get painfully burned, whether you're lying down, standing up or sitting in a rowboat. Tanning is nature's reaction to sunlight. Our skins contain melanin in varying amounts. Sunlight—specifically, solar radiation—stimulates melanin production, which results in a suntan. The more melanin, the darker the skin. If it is unevenly distributed, you'll get freckles, but that certainly didn't do Sissy Spacek any harm. As far as we're concerned, a suntan is only as good as the body wearing it. Keep these tips in mind while you're soaking up that sun, whether you're basking on a beach blanket or doing some vertical tanning in a volleyball match. Cover your head. A burned scalp is easy to get and pure anguish when you part your hair the next day. If you perspire heavily or play in the surf, reapply tanning lotion often. Drink plenty of liquids—dehydration causes sun sickness. What to drink? We'll get to that later.

Do You Love Me, Do You, Surfer Girl?

Early in the Sixties, the beach party as secluded rendezvous gave way to orgiastic mix of fast cars, sun and surfing. The rage centered in Southern California, where beaches were celebrated for their awesome curls as well as their awesome girls. Landlocked teenagers from Omaha and other inland parts wore Hang Ten T-shirts, while curious phrases like hangin' five and walkin' the nose entered the national lexicon faster than a fuel-injected Sting Ray. Dick Clark even took *American Bandstand* to the beach. When they heard the surf music of Dick Dale and the Del-Tones, American youth power-shifted into surfdom. Back then, the Beach Boys were the hottest musical blondies around. Through song, they immortalized the surfer way of life, not to mention a new beach etiquette: You put on your baggies and huaraches, drove your Woody to the beach and, with luck, left with a surfer girl at your side—only after you had "watched her on the shore, standing by the ocean's roar," natch.

Recently, we checked in with Mike Love, Beach Boy and coauthor of the song *Fun, Fun, Fun*. He returned our call from the hot tub of his Santa Barbara beach house. Honest—we heard him splashing. Apparently, huaraches and baggies are out—Mike just wraps his towel around his waist over trunks and wanders out to his favorite seashore—right behind his house. Because he considers a woman's physical fitness her key attraction, Mike advises everybody to get down to summer weight before hitting the beach. His fondest beach memory? The time he rolled in the surf with a real live Honolulu lulu on the island of Kauai. We inquired whether or not he'd invite Annette Funicello to his beach party. "I'd have to think about that—more likely Earth, Wind & Fire," he demurred. Sorry, Annette.

Ancient Greeks, Romans and Egyptians were also known to head for the seashore, but Americans have mode a ritual out of it. Here are period postcords from 1940, above, and 1907, above right, to let you see what your forebears did for fun in the sun. A choice activity for contemporary beachniks is tubing with a friend in o giant inner tube, right.

BEACH MOVES

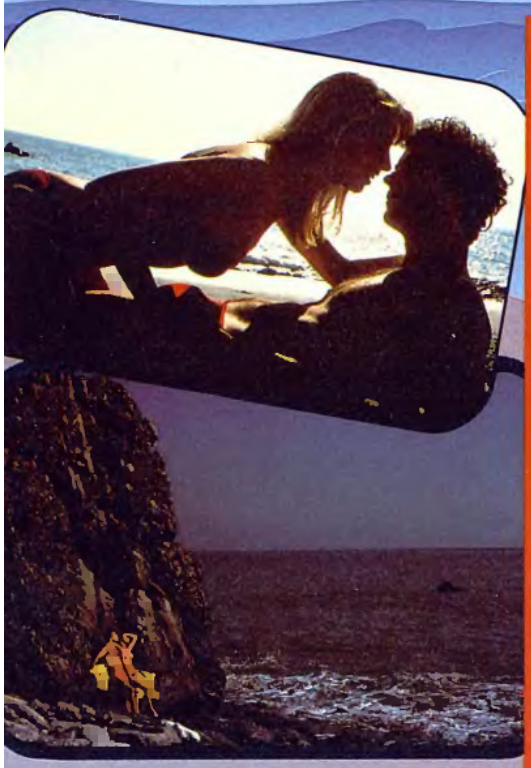
If you've been watching the afternoon movies on television for the past few years, chances are you think beaches were invented by some Hollywood producer as backdrops for footage of Frankie and Annette getting the urge and then not doing it. After o heavy dose of such movies, you might think nobody ever won at beach-blanket bingo. But it can happen. The bod news is that the irritotions of sex on the strand may outweigh the advantoges. First, remember that sond causes friction. Just as it grates on the focus opparatus of a telephoto lens (kkrruckg), it can foul up the anatomical works. As you know, the body comes equipped very nicely with convenient antifriction lubricants that can make life a dreom. But when you hit the sand, your dreoms of *Suddenly, Last Summer* may fade into *Sands of Iwo Jima*. An assignation on o pebble beach isn't so wonderful, either. Look for a patch of grass or take an air mattress. Remember, you're supposed to be doing this in a secluded rendezvous. Don't hold us responsible for locol ordinances and runins with members of the constobulary.

Take your love to the beach. It's only natural thot after you get to know her you'll want to see more and more of her; these barely essentiol swimming togs by designers Komali and Elon will let you see almost *all* of her. And she'll be glad to know that certain sensitive areas are protected from abrasion and sand flies. The miracle of Lycra spandex makes the suits fit snug and dry fast. Quite a difference from the demure attire shown ot top. Kind of makes you believe in evolution, no?

FUN FAX ABOUT THE BEACH

1. The best way to get tar off your feet—rub them with salad oil.
2. Don't be fooled by voyeurs at nude beaches—they're the ones with the metal detectors and black shiny shoes.
3. If you are stung by a jellyfish, rub the sting with meat tenderizer to reduce the pain (and improve the flavor).
4. The safest place to be during a thunderstorm? Behind a sand dune.
5. It is illegal to eat or drink anything on the beach in the town of Ocean Beach, Long Island.
6. It is not true that sweating a lot will prevent you from getting a sunburn.
7. The bluest water occurs where there is the least amount of sea life.
8. Flotsam is anything from a ship that is found floating *in* the water. Jetsam is any part of a ship or its cargo that has been washed ashore.
9. Dark sand absorbs heat and burns your feet, while white sand reflects heat, giving you a sunburn but keeping your feet cool.
10. Where do beaches come from? Soft, powdery Bahamian sand is made of crushed coral and shells. If sand is black, it's probably volcanic. If the beach consists of cantalaupe-sized rocks, you are on the Riviera and are paying dearly for your sore feet.
11. When does a wave decide to break? When the water depth becomes less than one seventh of the distance between wave crests.

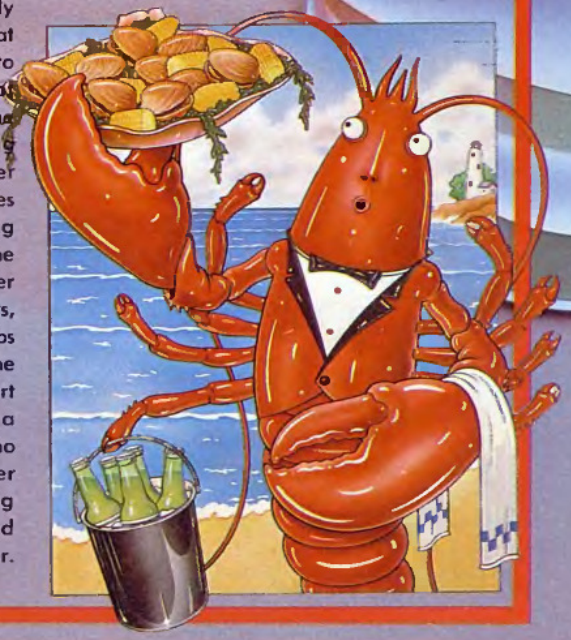
So you brought your Sony Sound-about to the beach, but the Berlitz Urdu tapes just aren't working out? How about a just-for-the-beach cassette? Start with *School Is Out*, either by originator Gary U. S. Bonds or by Ry Cooder. Then build to a climax with 87 more minutes of hot wax. Some suggestions: Debussy's *La Mer*, any version you choose; Morgana King's rendition of *Summertime*; Linda Ronstadt's of *Blue Bayou*; Boz Scagg's *We're All Alone*; Sonny Rollins' *St. Thomas*; Eric Clapton's *Lay Down Sally*; Jimmy Buffett's *Cheeseburger in Paradise*; Bob Seger's *Hollywood Nights*; The Rolling Stones' *Hey Negrita*; *Heat Wave* sung by Martha and the Vandellas; The Eagles' *Desperado*; and the Beach Boys' *Surfin' U.S.A.*



This one's for the sipper. The trio below moy soon need the pouse that refreshes. But before they do thot, a Blue Howoii (two ports vodko, one port blue curoçao) will help them get a little crozy. Toke o pump jug of thot stuff along ond you'll get a little crazy, too.

How to Have a Clam Bake

Your basic seaside clambake is a primal event, one yau should not miss this summer. You get earth, wind, fire and water in large doses, plus one af life's great meals and a chance to run off and screw in the cranberry bog while dinner cooks on the beach and wine chills in a tidal paol. Debates over the proper contents of a real Down East clambake will probably never end, but everyone agrees that you need a narrow beach (be sure to check the tides first!) with plenty af rocks and driftwood. First you pile the wood atop the stones and ignite. Drag lots of seaweed out af the water (here's where the narrow beach comes in handy) and toss it onto the glowing racks. Add clams, lobsters, corn on the cob ond chicken to the pile and cover with more seaweed. Other ingredients, from hot dogs (very déclassé) to crabs or mussels, are optional. Naw fish the white wine out of the ocean and start the party. After 30 minutes, blow a whistle ond reossemble everyone who has disappeared into the dunes. Dinner is served. If you've done everything right, someone will have remembered to bring along the melted butter.



A Reporter's Notebook

CAN'T STOP THE MUSE

is there life after disco? the man who created the village people looks to hollywood for an answer

By DAVID RENSIN

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE muggy Manhattan days that turn ordinary men into sweating zombies. But 31 floors above the perspiring city, Jacques Morali was neither sweating nor thinking of the ordinary.

"There is something you do not know about me," he said. His musical French accent sounded deceptively offhand. "It is incredible, scary . . . and I cannot explain it."

Morali stood, rocking slightly, at the window of his stylish East Side apartment and stared at the gray river below. He may have looked comfortable in a yellow-silk shirt and seersucker jeans, but, like his cologne that overpowered the air conditioning, Morali's unease slowly filled the room. When the maid appeared with coffee and cookies, he walked to the couch and sank into its suede depths. We had been talking about his spectacular success as the mastermind of the Village People's two-year joy ride to the top of the disco heap. He insisted it was due to more than just hard work, luck and coincidence. Morali waited while the maid poured two cups; then he pushed one in my direction and added cream and two sugars to his. He stirred, being careful not to strike the cup.

"Everything in my life has been in a dream, you know?" he finally continued. "I have for a long time *seen* my own success." The next thought was suddenly as obvious as his duly measured pause. "And I have started to believe that sometimes I am . . . psychic."

It was the last thing I expected to hear from the ambitious young Frenchman. After spending two weeks haunting him, I felt sure that his career decisions were largely informed by the usual quest for cash, clout and respectability—not the nether world.

Morali claimed there were occurrences that might support his contention of uncommon prescience. In 1974, his new American lawyer had failed to take his client's ambitions seriously. He'd laughed when told Morali would someday be this country's number-one pop producer. To prove his point, Morali bolted upright on the couch and flipped open the current issue of *Cashbox*, a music-trade magazine. He waved his hand triumphantly over the headline. Psychic or not, five years later he had achieved his goal.

There are more examples. A *Newsweek* reporter on a cover assignment had once been ejected from a Village People recording session when Morali "felt" she was surreptitiously taping his new material. A cassette machine was found running in her handbag. Former Village People lead singer Victor Willis insists Morali chose him for the group based on a dream—and despite a commitment to another singer. Morali confirms the story. And then there's always his dream of fire in a New York City bathhouse where he'd fallen asleep. He awoke, shaken, and rushed home. "One week later, the place burned down; 27 dead." It still upsets him.

But the payoff is that Morali insists his extrasensory perceptions are most useful in appraising character. A week earlier, the Village People's "hard-hat," David Hodo, had answered with swift certainty when asked to describe his boss. "Sometimes, Jacques can be utterly impossible."

It was hot and smoggy enough in Los Angeles to make anybody irritable. We were sitting in a small practice room at Debbie Reynolds' rehearsal studios in North Hollywood when, as if on cue, the door flew open and Morali exploded into the room. His cheeks were sunset pink. A frown underlined his vexation.

"I must ask one question. Is this story about *me*, Jacques Morali, or about *gays*?" His words stung like the snap of a wet towel. Clearly, he thought he already knew the answer.

"I have just asked Felipe [Rose, the V.P.'s Indian] what you have talked about. He says you have not asked about me at all . . . but only about gays. If this is true, then there can be no more interview." Morali paced nervously and caught his breath. "I do not care what you write about me. I have already told you this. Only, if this is a story about gays when you say it is about me . . . then that's all!"

Minutes earlier, Morali had been cheery, even flirtatious, when he ushered Hodo into the practice room and fetched Rose for dance rehearsal. The Village People were in town working toward their June film debut in Allan Carr's new musical extravaganza, *Can't Stop the Music*. During the lunch break, I had been soliciting opinions about Morali from those who, I supposed, knew him best. I knew nothing of his intuitive prowess, only that he was angrily accusing me of duplicity and he wasn't satisfied with my protestations of innocence. He dismissed me with a cold shrug, turned and slammed the door. A soft voice broke the silence.

"I told you he could be impossible," said Hodo. "I just didn't expect it right now."

It was obvious at our first meeting in New York that the press had been giving Morali headaches about the gay issue. It had become the usual jumping-off point for most stories about the Village People. Even though I was to report specifically on him, Morali was not eager to add this piece to the list. He quickly took the offensive.

"Look, the Village People is the only group that is black, white, straight and gay," he said. "They are successful because they represent many sides of America; because they are fun and sing happy songs. Too often, people forget their talent. I can tell you there are three gay, two straight and one bi . . . and that it is nobody's business who. I do not want to talk about the private lives of the Village People."

Taken to heart, that might indicate that the Village People are the personification of Morali's vision of an equal-opportunity world. But ten days later, in the aftermath of his L.A. temper tantrum, his approach, if not his attitude, had undergone yet another change. We stood face to face in a makeshift conference room at the rehearsal studios.

"Please do not write that the Village People are gay," he implored. "They are very much gay-influenced, yes. I have said that publicly. And it's in a *positive* way. But they are not a gay group! To say this will *kill* them!

"Let's be realistic," he sighed. "We are talking about big money. High level. Not nothings like you or me." There was a long pause. I was tired of easing his fears. He was tired of the word gay. "Let's put ourselves in each other's places," he suggested, genuinely. He put his hands on my shoulders. "Let's try to understand."

Morali has often been painted as a Svengali to the Village People's Trilby. Perhaps a Geppetto to their Pinocchio is more accurate: The group has been known to grumble about being puppets. But while an unspoken

reverence for Morali's word does exist, there's no hint of the whispered master/slave relationship. Any strings are now made of dollar bills—and no one's complaining.

In the studio, Morali defies the prevailing image of a producer. His style is undramatic. There is no anger. There are no drugs. He creates by whim and relies more on personal interplay than on technical perfection. If it sounds ideal, by all reports it is.

"I am the muse," says Morali. "You know, the woman, the object of inspiration. Fifty percent of the secret of my hits are the vibes. How things *feel*. I never record against them. A bad day? I cancel. A bad mood? The same. *Bon!* I never force it."

Morali simply insists he's like a good chef. "You do not explain to Paul Bocuse how to make a sauce. It's all in the feeling. If you go by the book, it is garbage."

Morali went against the book with the latest album, *Live & Sleazy*. While he understood the group's need to continue its string of hits by luring both the disco and the pop audience, he also knew that disco was on a downhill roller-coaster ride with no end apparent. He was caught in a squeeze play. Although the album has, by now, sold respectably, no one has heard much about it. Its failure to combat the trend no doubt added to the rationale for changing the Village People's film title to *Can't Stop the Music* from the original *Discoland . . . Where the Music Never Ends.*

Suddenly, everyone is calling it *dance* music.

•

Producer Carr has described *Can't Stop the Music* as a "glamorous, fantasy re-creation of the Jacques Morali/Village People story. Some of it will be truthful, some . . . cinematic." Most of what Carr means is that any references to the group's gay disco origins will be conveniently forgotten for the milk-and-cookies crowd. After all, "Kids are 95 percent of the Village People audience, and they don't give a damn about straights and gays," said Morali. "They don't want to see poppers or men cruising each other. Let's be realistic. This is the *Singin' in the Rain* of the Eighties."

After viewing the tanned, well-muscled beefcake traipsing and singing their way through the Y.M.C.A. locker room, led by Valerie Perrine, let's hope America's mothers and fathers think so, too. At least they will probably never notice that Morali is portrayed as a struggling young *American* composer from New Jersey. Carr says it's to help audiences, who are "not ready to accept the fact that a Frenchman created the Village People."

Both men expect that *Can't Stop the Music* will do better at the box office than the disastrous *Sgt. Pepper*. They may be right. Morali and Carr did not come this far by being jerks. With a $15,000,000–$20,000,000 budget, the movie will be more similar in gaudy sweep and artistic pretension to Carr's *Grease*. And neither believes that all movies must have multilayers of meaning. After all, it took Carr only five minutes of watching a Village People audience go wild to realize that his *Grease* fans were ready to spend their inflated dollars once again.

Morali has always nursed an infatuation with America, particularly its abundant economic opportunities. Simple observation told him that while most discophiles were gay, they moved mainly to the beat and not thé lyrics. He figured that the gay Me Generationite was aching for recognition on more than one level. He believed that songs strewn with affectionately humorous sexual innuendoes would both indelibly establish him *and* perhaps further crystallize gay identity. For once, business and altruism patted each other's backsides in public.

Had the Village People been just six well-muscled guys with R.A.F. mustaches and French-cut T-shirts, they might still be selling in the low hundred thousands. Morali wanted more. He risked it all with songs like *Macho Man* and *Y.M.C.A.*, and won. The lyrics were ambiguous enough to parody the

macho stereotype, and not so suggestive as to be labeled patently gay. But the joke is not the songs' homosexual overtones; it's claiming they *could be* straight.

The costumes were Morali's visual spice and insurance policy. He'd gotten the idea in yet another cognitive flash while at a Greenwich Village disco party. There were images of a *homogeneous* America, he thought, the other side of the limp wrist. It was permissible fun in comic-book drag. And it fit Morali's own special requirements: "I believe there are many people in the world more talented at composing and producing than me, but you must be able to *sell* yourself to prove your talent. Others do not have my hooks and gimmicks." He was right. America couldn't wait to go cruising with the Village People.

Morali knew that in America, the best way out of any closet is to sell yourself. He knew we thrived on packaging our own lives (fantasies and phobias) for resale to ourselves. Coupling that with a deep belief that "American women, with their fat asses and pants that only made their asses look bigger, their bad eating habits, their pimples so red you want to squeeze them, their poor dress and their general lack of sophistication" were primarily responsible for the growing number of gay men in this country, Morali did the obvious thing. He sold gays—to gays.

It was only after the group got hugely popular that the gay public abandoned it as too commercial and too unsubstantial. But by then, it had already been replaced by the supposed preteen innocents, who were buying Village People albums in record numbers, with their lunch money. But ask yourself what self-respecting kid over the age of nine hasn't called someone a "homo" at least once. And what responsible parent could miss the lyrical content of the songs to which they discoed the night away? And why, despite Carr and Morali's claim that the gay issue hardly matters where their movie is concerned, have they made a move back into the closet? If it doesn't matter, why hide it? Isn't something a little queer here?

Not really. This country is well known for living vicariously through idols of its own creation. These osmotic experiences help us cope with our tortured, moralistic rhetoric, and the gap between it and reality.

Of course, that isn't such a bad thing. It's high time we all got a little liberation and moved on to more important matters. But there's a problem: It's *not good sense* to tell a schizophrenic America the whole truth about anything it's being motivated to buy. To openly admit merchandising the gay ethos even unconsciously would be, well . . . blowing it. Morali and Carr do not want their markets for *Can't Stop the Music* to dry up. After all, their goal is to have Kansas City mothers go see the movie *with* their kids, not burn Village People albums in the church parking lot. Everyone's probably better off keeping his mouth shut.

•

Morali says he does not like to talk about himself. That's not quite true. It's only hard to get him started. While waiting for friend (and jet-set disco matron) Regine to arrive, Morali sat cross-legged in a sound company's lounge, gobbling a chopped-chicken-livers-on-white-bread sandwich. He blushed and demurred when asked to describe himself, but after swallowing and apologizing in advance for his self-indulgence, he ventured an answer.

"People who don't know me can be scared," he said. "I can act very cold on the outside, but inside—you can ask my friends—it is very warm. I think this is the property of all people who have something special inside them, who have started from nothing."

Morali's private side attempts to defy definition. He is self-confident, some say self-obsessed. Sometimes he is like his apartment: long corridors with closed doors at the end. Mostly, he is affectionate, genteel, curious and unpretentious. A close friend says what he really needs most is constant love. Morali is also the perfect host, hovering attentively at parties and, at dinner, acting like a maître de in residence, paying suave compliments to the ladies and picking up the check.

But, essentially, he is a chameleon. A chameleon like a fox. Business associates see only carefully presented slices of his multifaceted personality. His close friends are a select few, the V.P. not really among them. He likes it that way. Morali cherishes the luxury of some unstructured behavior in the context of mostly manic, workaholic days. He doesn't think of himself as a star. He doesn't want to be on the cover of *People*.

"I think I am recognized like, say, Marvin Hamlisch."

And one reason Morali can maintain that private world is because he is a walking advertisement for the cool, self-motivational philosophy of your everyday positivist entrepreneur. Jacques Morali believes in Jacques Morali.

"I know the price of life," he said after swallowing the last of his sandwich. "When I want something, I go have it. The road is long and hard; if you get discouraged, you get nowhere."

Morali values flexibility as an indispensable part of his success formula. He often brags about how he can one minute be with his jet-set friends, trading shallow "Oh, darlings," and the next, be lost on the dance floor in a gay, black disco. He works at seeking out a multitude of environments and people to fill his spare time. He is an old-fashioned explorer in the body of a new-age master of Zen and the art of music-business maintenance.

"I'll give it to you in a nutshell," he said. "I believe that your life is like the way you make your bed in the morning. If it is fresh when you come home tired, then you will sleep well. If it is junky . . . *bon!* In life, you must work and plan and prepare. Chance is there, but you must help chance. I have been on the street since I was 13. I have learned a lot of life by myself."

Regine was due any minute, but I wondered aloud as we stood and left the lounge if Morali's being gay had given those lessons more impact. He leaned against a wall and suppressed a chuckle. "What do you mean . . . that I am gay?"

I'd read it in *Rolling Stone*. "No, this is completely wrong," said Morali. "I think in life you must experiment with everything, but I also want to marry and have children. Perhaps I have been too honest and sincere [and careless] with what I said in the past," he vouchered, apparently forgetting his claim that *Rolling Stone* had misquoted him due to a poor long-distance connection between the U. S. and the French Riviera. He searched my face to see if I believed him. I told him his private proclivities didn't matter. "Anyway, I have always been straight in France," he continued, though I'm not sure why. "It is here that I have had my first experience. America made me gay."

•

If America made Morali gay, at least he evened the score. Morali made America buy. Village People albums regularly sell in excess of 2,000,000 copies. The *Y.M.C.A.* single alone reached 5,000,000 in the U. S., more world-wide. Add that to the sales figures for his other acts, such as the Ritchie Family, a female trio that scored Morali's first international hit in 1975 with its disco update of the show standard *Brazil*. You're talking bucks deluxe.

In fact, it's been a long green road since the summer of 1970, when Morali and his mother spent two weeks in Hollywood as winners of a 20th Century-Fox promotional contest. His first act on American soil was to kiss the flag. Since then, his love affair with this country has been well documented. Some industry associates speculate that underlying his drive for success is a

(continued on page 224)

"Just a minute, young lady, there's a matter of damages to be settled here!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

travel

By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

MY ARRIVAL in Honolulu could hardly have been less auspicious. Oh, the plane landed on time, and the requisite lei was duly draped around my neck at the airport, but as our car pulled up in front of the hotel, the sound of shots was heard echoing through Waikiki's concrete canyons.

It turned out to be a typical urban misadventure: A recently released mental patient turned sniper was firing at nobody in particular. He was quickly subdued and taken off by the local police, and no one was seriously hurt. Yet it got the top spot on the evening TV news and the local newspapers played it for all it was worth. I suppose when you bill yourself as paradise, you've got to expect that even an unspectacular urban ruckus will get lots of ink.

That Honolulu in general (and the Waikiki area in particular) is no longer paradise is as obvious as the long shadows cast by the nearly impregnable wall of beach-front high-rises. Even the pure-pink Royal Hawaiian Hotel, *(text continued on page 190)*

What's more refreshing than a sip of chilled coconut milk on a warm afternoon in Hawaii? Perhaps a glimpse of an alluring wahine like Cheyenne Lono, a native of Kauai seen at right on a visit to a Molokai coconut grove.

away from the crowds and concrete of honolulu, our island state still offers some of the most spectacular scenery anywhere

HAWAII'S HIDDEN TREASURES

On the Big Island of Hawaii, multiple volcanic eruptions have tossed lava into the sea, where it explodes into threads of black glass; years of pounding by the waves have resulted in palm-fringed black-sand beaches, like the one below at Kalapana, a 45-minute drive south of Hilo.

Tired of overcrowded campsites? For a spectacularly solitary one, copter in to Kauai's Na Poli Coast, near the mouth of the Kalalau Valley. Kauai, the Garden Isle, was the location for the movie *South Pacific*.

Along the southern coast of Kauoi are still more beaches; scenic, sunny and uncrowded. The vacationers at right are visiting a rocky cove near Koheo Point; at bottom, girls play on o sandy strand. Kauoi was the landing place of Hawoii's first haole tourist, the legendary British seofarer Captoin Jomes Cook, who arrived ot Waimea in 177B.

Her very name sounds like the lyric of a song to be ployed to ukulele accompaniment: Lori Lehuononi Kaohimounu (left). Honolulu-born and -roised, Lori works as a receptionist for a local real-estate firm; here she's taking a breather alongside an outrigger off famed Waikiki Beach. Lori's other hobbies include riding and basketball; she's not quite sure whether she wonts to become a professionol model or a moke-up artist.

The Hana district of Maui is often called Heavenly Hana, mostly because of its scenic beauty; there's a waterfall at virtually every turn of a deliberately unimproved "highway." Cooling off in this cascade (inset) is Mary Whalen, a Florida-born flight attendant who has made the move to Maui.

Skiing? On snow? In Hawaii? It's true: An outfit called Ski Shop Hawaii will take you from the base to the top of the 13,796-foot volcano Mauna Kea on the Big Island (left), where snow fields persist from January through May. (Unlike the island's other major peak, the active volcano Mouna Loa, this one's dormant.) Below, surf's up at world-famous Waimeo Bay on the northwest shore of Oahu. (If you go to the islonds to take a crack at *that* sport, remember: There's not as much surf in the summer.)

Although she was born in Sacramento, 24-yeor-old Audria Wilson (right) attended Castle High School near her present home town of Kaneohe, on Oohu, going on to become model of the year at the John Robert Powers School of Howaii. Audria's ambition is to be a top professionol model; she told us one of the qualities she likes best in men is truthfulness. We'll be truthful ond say that as far as we're concerned, Audria's tops already. At left, sunset fun at Kauai's Poipu Beach.

ONE
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A FINANCIAL STRATEGY FOR THE EIGHTIES

article By CHARLES A. CERAMI

the most important lesson of the future, says this expert, will be that the lessons of the past don't apply

MONEY is in deep trouble. People here and abroad don't trust it to keep its value. They try to exchange it for tangible goods as fast as they can—for gold, silver, land, condominiums, diamonds, art works, antiques, almost anything real.

This started with the U. S. dollar, but it has spread to the other currencies that are linked to our money, which means just about all of them. And that puts modern life in deep trouble. Democracy, technology, well-paid jobs, high living standards, travel, cultural improvement—everything that has lifted our lives above the level of the Dark Ages is in danger of going down, along with the money that made the wheels turn.

Your dollars have been on the point of death twice in less than two years. For those who know the inside facts, it has been much like watching those long-haired cartoon characters with signs reading THE END IS AT HAND—and suddenly thinking they might be right. For the past couple of decades, a little band of mavericks has prophesied that the U. S. dollar would finally become almost worthless, would have to be recalled by the Government and replaced with one new dollar for each ten old ones. And first in late 1978, then again in 1979, the world's great panic to get rid of our paper money has made our highest officials wonder—while preserving their frozen smiles—if they might be forced in that direction. "Like a bank that loses the confidence of its depositors, the U. S. Treasury doesn't have to be really broke in order to *go* broke," says the finance minister of a friendly foreign country. "One more wild run on the money could force actions that would amount to a bankruptcy."

Of course, your dollar is already being eroded every month, as inflation trims its buying power. But that doesn't compare with the jolt that would result from an official decision to give you a smaller

ILLUSTRATION BY KATHY CALDERWOOD

amount of new dollars for any old ones you happened to be holding on a certain day. Or to reduce any of your assets numbered in dollars—savings accounts, certificates, bonds, even Government securities. That would also raise the question of reducing the size of your mortgage and auto loans, bringing a ray of sunshine into some lives and disaster to others. So we're not talking about "economics" or "international finance." We're talking about your future, and we'll include some practical ways to protect it.

Based on private discussions with top financial people in several major governments, trying to separate hard facts from mere hopes, and weighing the whole, I don't think the worst is going to happen—not *quite*. But it is not out of the question. It continues to be a very near thing. No major money has *ever* recovered from such a grave illness without a tremendous crash. We are on the edge of a precipice that has no footholds. Getting safely away from it will be about like putting a man on the moon—something never done before that turned out to be possible.

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How did the world get into this mess? Gradually. And with the usual good intentions. Ever since the end of World War Two, the U. S. has been printing far too many dollars and sending masses of them abroad. First it was aid to Europe, then to Asia and other parts of the world. Economic help has totaled at least 113 billion dollars, and military assistance has added much more. Our Government has just overspent for everything in sight. It seemed necessary in order to bolster foreign countries and keep them from going Communist. And when all that—plus all the dollars our tourists left overseas and all the dollars that went for imported goods—suddenly were seen to be mountains of American cash in foreign banks, their value began to be doubted. Now there are some 700 billion dollars floating around the world.

Everybody who has lots of those dollars would like to turn some of them into a different kind of asset. But how? Even the great central banks of the leading countries feel trapped. So do the billionaire Arabs. As BankAmerica president A. W. Clausen says, "A massive shift out of dollars would lead to a further depreciation of the dollar and thereby erode the value of their remaining dollar assets." And what can they swap the dollars for? As soon as they try to buy Swiss francs with them, the franc goes up and the dollar down. They switch to buying German marks, and the demand quickly makes the mark overpriced, undermining faith even in the strong currencies. They buy some gold, but it's a tiny market and the price goes crazy. Same for silver, platinum—even copper, cotton, sugar. The superrich grab for all of these, send prices soaring and still have unwanted cash left.

Worst of all, of course, is the fact that we have not stopped pumping out dollars. We're sending more and more abroad. The OPEC countries get tens of billions more each year, try desperately to change some of them into other things but find themselves suffocating under piles of our money. To make up for the decline in its value, they raise the price of their oil still further—and drain more dollars out of the U. S.

It sounds just about hopeless. If our inflation rate goes on like this, it *is* hopeless—because inflation is really an extra tax levied on anyone who holds dollars. When the Government spends more than it can pay for with the regular taxes that we pay, the deficit is financed by printing too much money. That way, all the money goes down in value and our common loss is the hidden tax that "balances the budget."

But clever people keep trying to dodge this tax. Especially foreigners, who don't want to pay *our* taxes. They try to get rid of the dollars and buy tangible goods that will go up in value while the money goes down. So they throw even more of the hidden tax burden onto anyone who willingly holds dollars.

The only bright spot in this whole dark picture is that the officials who run most major countries now see that the 11th hour has already passed. "We are badly handcuffed in trying to put things right," one European prime minister told me, "because until more of our people see the danger and agree to painful policies, we cannot take strong action." (Soon after our talk, he was toppled—for trying to take strong action.) But a surprising number of officials have dared to maintain belt-tightening policies for longer than anyone expected: Helmut Schmidt, a socialist, in Germany; the Tory Mrs. Margaret Thatcher in England; Valéry Giscard d'Estaing and Raymond Barre, middle-roaders, in France. And even some unsophisticated people in many countries are starting to understand that their antitax feelings should include a hatred of the hidden tax of inflation and all that causes it. They are more prone to distrust the overpromising politicians, to favor the ones who face up to the limitations on spending.

Putting an eye to that bright spot and looking through it to what is in the background, we see more areas of light:

One is that the U. S. dollar is *far* from worthless. By some measurements, it can still be a highly desirable piece of paper. "The dollar buys more at home than almost any other kind of foreign currency buys in its own country," says a high officer of Germany's huge Dresdner Bank. "In other words, the dollar is worth considerably more than the foreign exchange markets say it is." The rates for conversion into other money are wrong, pushed down by the panicky desire of dollar holders to switch, but not by reasons of real value. And whenever the rates of any free market are basically wrong, there is a strong chance that they will finally correct themselves.

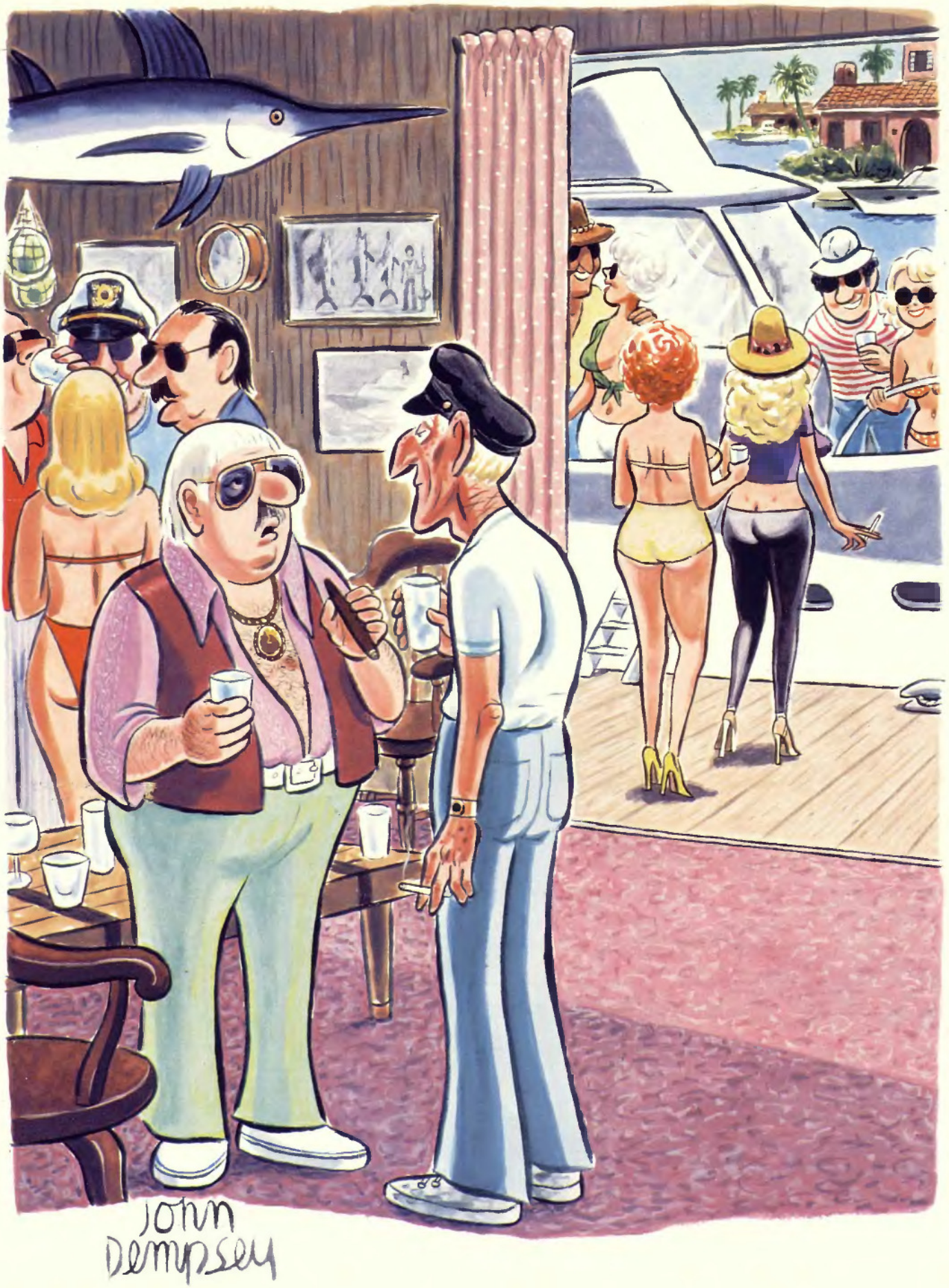
Another hidden strength that no one seems to notice is gold. The U. S. owns 264,400,000 troy ounces of it. Our officials lamentably sold off a great part of our holdings a decade or more ago at $35 an ounce in a truly stupid insistence that gold had no future in the monetary system. Save for that, we would be in far better shape today. But, as it is, this gold—if valued at recent market prices instead of an arbitrary $42.22-per-ounce bookkeeping figure—would total about 150 billion dollars in hard reserves. That means each dollar now has more gold backing than it did in the Fifties, when it was the supreme currency. Not like the Swiss franc, which has more than 300 percent gold backing, true. But pretty substantial, nevertheless. In fact, we have enough gold to cover all foreign-government claims against the U. S., even in the unthinkable event that they wanted to get rid of every dollar they owned.

This introduces an interesting seesaw into the picture: If inflation erodes the dollar's buying power much more, it will eventually send the price of gold even higher. And since a lot of that gold is ours, its gain would give the falling dollar an ever-*rising* gold backing. In short, those who foresee doom for the U. S. currency overlook the fact that it is not mere paper. Our mismanaged household is lucky enough to have a healthy chunk of real money—gold—left in the basement. And that gives our paper I.O.U.s a nice metallic ring.

But that kind of pure arithmetic doesn't cure everything. It doesn't rule out the looming danger of a sudden panic to get rid of privately held dollars—by Arabs, by Germans, even by Americans—that would cause financial havoc, crashing stock markets, bankruptcies and joblessness before financial logic could take hold.

The realization of this is pushing many governments into a startling new plan: a massive international rescue effort to protect the U. S. dollar. Hard as it is to get nations to agree, the depth of the crisis has forced governments to "reach a consensus on matters that had been highly controversial before," as

(continued on page 230)



"About the date you got for me, Bob—she's old enough to be my ex."

memoir **By PETER DALLAS** AT A VERY DRY TIME in a very shaky writing career, I was working as a waiter at a swanky restaurant at the top of the World Trade Center, hating it thoroughly, wearing a uniform and being treated like some kind of culinary marine. I couldn't stand the fact that I wasn't sitting there dining with an adoring woman (give her long blonde hair for the hell of it and wide, alarmingly trusting green eyes), instead of worrying about whether or not some furious dentist were going to put me down because the Béarnaise sauce was not the way he'd had it (just a *month* ago, Helen) in Paris. From

there's still romance to be found on the high seas... if you've got nerve enough to chase it

s. hunter

the huge windows of the restaurant, one Saturday afternoon, I saw, 1000 or so feet below, a glacier-white ocean liner making its slow, stately progress out of the harbor. I had never traveled on a big ship like that, but staring down, imagining the beautifully dressed strollers on the upper decks, I thought, fairly desperately, That's where I belong. What the hell am I doing here?

The epiphany didn't get me very far; the next mousse I served was all wrong (Jesus, Helen, *look* at this . . .); but a few days later, a friend and I were standing on a deck of the Leonardo da Vinci, and despite my baggy painter's jeans, tennis sneakers and faded red Lacoste shirt, I felt right at home. We had paid a dollar each to board the ship with crowds of well-wishers seeing friends off on one of the splendid ship's last transatlantic crossings. It was one of those rare spring days in New York when the sun is warm, the wind is cool and the sky is crayon blue. Through a thousand city smells, I could even detect a trace of the sea. I was high on the chemistry of the moment—the weather, the ship, the bright celebration of people leaving. The apposite sights of the World Trade Center—my prison tower—and the Statue of Liberty seemed to symbolize all too perfectly the reality of my life and the ideal world of the Da Vinci. A stern, electronic voice announced over the loud-speaker system, "All visitors ashore." Suddenly, I turned to my friend and announced, "I'm staying." The declaration hung in the air like the BANG sign out of a clown's pistol, except this one read, I DARE ME. Compressed into a few hypercharged seconds was the pure essence of madcap daring. I think that if my friend had chuckled and said, "Oh, bullshit, Pete, let's go and I'll buy you a drink," I would have happily let the moment pass with no more than a ripple of regret. But my friend Richard just stood there, looking at me smiling, pleased, I suppose, to be playing a key role in an unexpected drama. Then he nodded and said "OK," with more enthusiasm than I really wanted. I was at the edge of the cliff and I'd promised to jump. My stomach levitated.

"Last call," the crackling voice said. "All visitors ashore. The ship will sail in thirty minutes."

"How much money have you got?" Richard asked.

I searched my pockets and pulled out a tattered five-dollar bill.

"Here," he said, handing me $70. "I knew there was a reason I brought money."

My mind reached out for a handhold. Logic, the enemy of adventure, set in. You can't do this, it wheedled. I pushed it away with one simple, unanswerable question, Why not? I would find a few answers during the next ten hours.

I pocketed Richard's largess and handed him the key to my apartment, hurriedly told him the watering schedule of my plants, gave him a message for my mother. I also told him where to find my passport and asked him to send it to me at American Express in Naples, where, according to a notice at the entrance to the pier, the Da Vinci was due to stop for two days.

"Take care of yourself," he said. Then he took off his safari jacket and handed it to me. "You'll need this." He was gone, and ten minutes later, I felt the ship begin to move.

For the next seven days, I would see no land and I would have no contact with anything that reminded me of "reality." I would have no identity, or, rather, whatever identity I chose. I would literally be an outlaw, making up the rules as I went along. For the first time in my life, I was living exactly in the present, with my past growing dimmer on the horizon and my future absolutely unknown.

The next five hours were the most intensely exciting I had ever experienced, but in the pleasure of it were little twinges of dread, like the anxiety of a sky diver who, two steps into space, wonders whether he has packed his parachute just so.

The swimming-pool deck of the first-class area, where I had remained since deciding to stay aboard, swirled with well-dressed travelers still too buoyant to go to their cabins. I realized that the fact that I was 15 years or so younger than most of them, and alone, was going to single me out as much as my extremely casual clothes. Among the passengers, I could spot only two people who seemed unattached, a dapper old man in a Panama hat that somehow stayed on his head despite the brisk sea breeze and a tanned girl in her 20s, with long dark-brown hair that shone wonderfully against her pale-pink cotton dress. After several tries, I caught her eye and she granted me a brief, neutral smile.

Two hours later, when the first seating for dinner was announced, I went in for a crash landing. The deck had cleared as the sun slid into the sea. When passengers reappeared, they had changed to more formal outfits. The temperature had dropped with the sun, and no one stayed long on the deck before going in to dinner. Somehow, in the excitement of sailing, I had almost managed to forget that I was a stowaway. Now *they* were in, having turtle soup and clams casino, listening to a string ensemble play *Love in the Afternoon*, and I was out, beginning to freeze my ass off. I turned up the collar of Richard's thin jacket and tried to shiver with some kind of *élan*. I began to look at my watch (a Rolex, my sole valuable possession, to be flaunted often, like credentials, during the next week). By the time the second seating was announced, I felt as if I had been cold and hungry for days. With a rush of panic, I began to wonder not whether or not I'd get through the trip but if I'd survive the night. I knew that the next eight hours—until dawn brought warmth and perhaps an end to loneliness and despair—would be crucial.

I suspect that nothing is quite so self-enclosed as a ship on the open sea at three A.M. I have read how sailors on watch at that hour are prone to hallucinations, and now I know why. I leaned against a rail, freezing, bone-weary, and decided that in the morning I would turn myself in. Better a week in the brig than another night like this.

At last, sheer exhaustion overcame even misery. I dragged a wooden deck chair from a stack near the pool and set it up in a spot near an outdoor bar, more or less sheltered from the wind.

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I woke up warm, with the murmur of conversation around me and the sun on my face. I didn't open my eyes right away, wondering if I were already the object of curiosity. I knew I must look as derelict as I felt. No one seemed to be paying attention to me. I checked my watch: 10:30. My stomach growled discontentedly as I realized another mealtime had passed.

"You're an admirably sound sleeper." The voice, husky and casually good-humored, came from the chair just to my left. I turned and saw the girl I'd seen the night before in the pink dress, this time wearing a black two-piece bathing suit with a short white terrycloth jacket over her shoulders. In one expensive-looking hand she held a small cup of glorious-smelling coffee.

"Yes," I said, checking my watch again. "I seem to have dozed off for a few minutes."

"Try a few hours, at least," she said.

"And you've been sitting here all this time, with a stop watch?" I asked.

"Let's just say that you and I were the first here, and you had arrived earlier than the deck stewards," she said, indicating her chair mat and my lack of one. "That can't be all that comfortable."

My mind was beginning to thaw. I asked for one of her cigarettes.

"The truth is," I said, "I *have* been here for hours. Since dawn, in fact. I never sleep well the first night or two at sea. Been that way since I was a little kid on my first trip to Europe."

She smiled. Her teeth were whiter

(continued on page 166)

LEROY NEIMAN

•SKETCHBOOK•

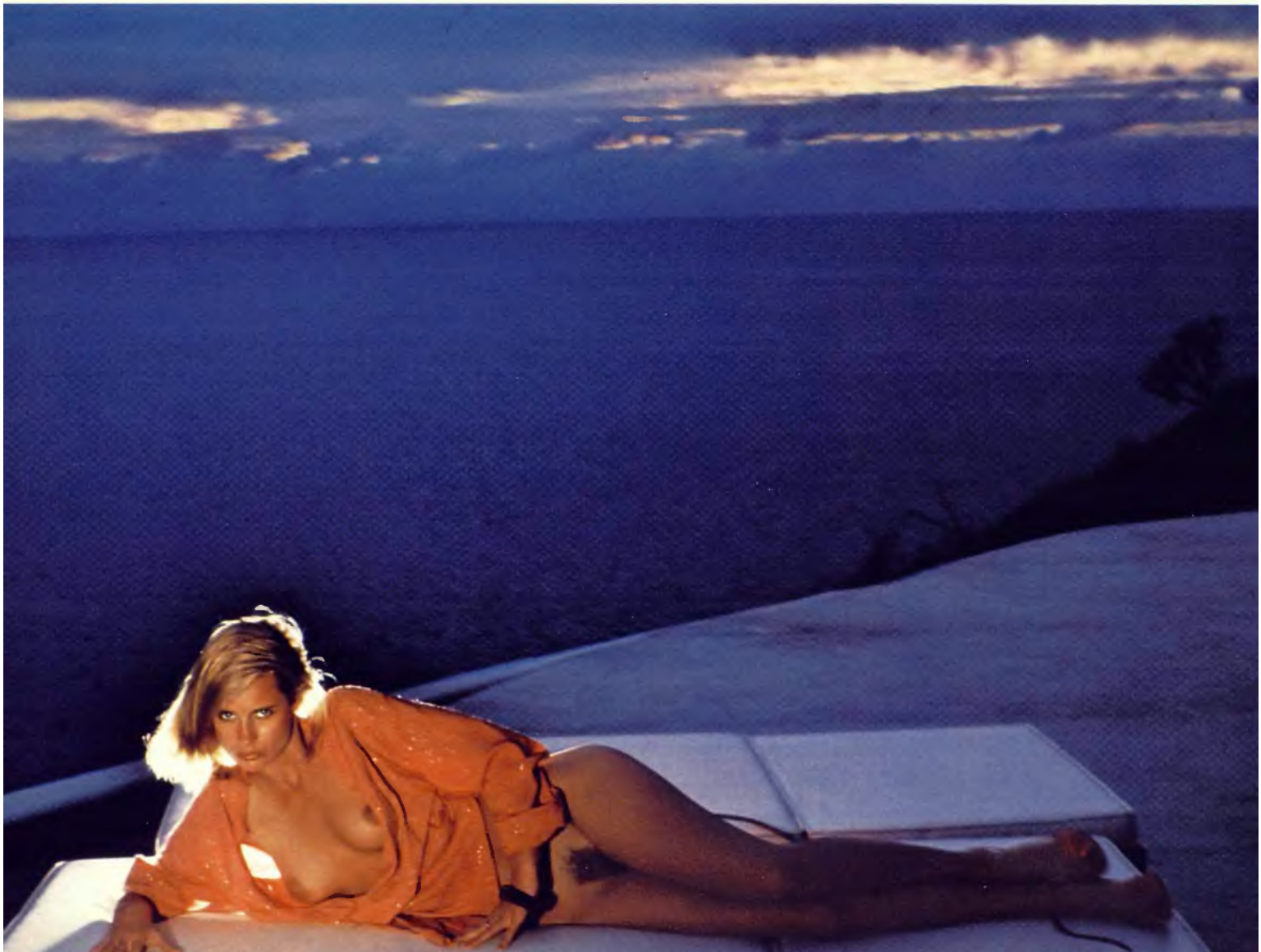
As in Rome, there are cats galore in New Orleans—music cats, cool black cats and fat cats. Despite the trend toward staying lean and fit, down here it's acceptable for a man to be fat—perhaps thanks to the popularity of portly jazz hero Al Hirt. (It's the opposite of, say, Scottsdale, where the Barry Goldwater look holds forth.) This sketch of a French Quarter bordello—a cathouse in a shuttered courtyard flat—was made during an early-A.M. lull in the action. The fat cat with the cigar isn't happy. Neither his fan nor his girls are working.—L.N.

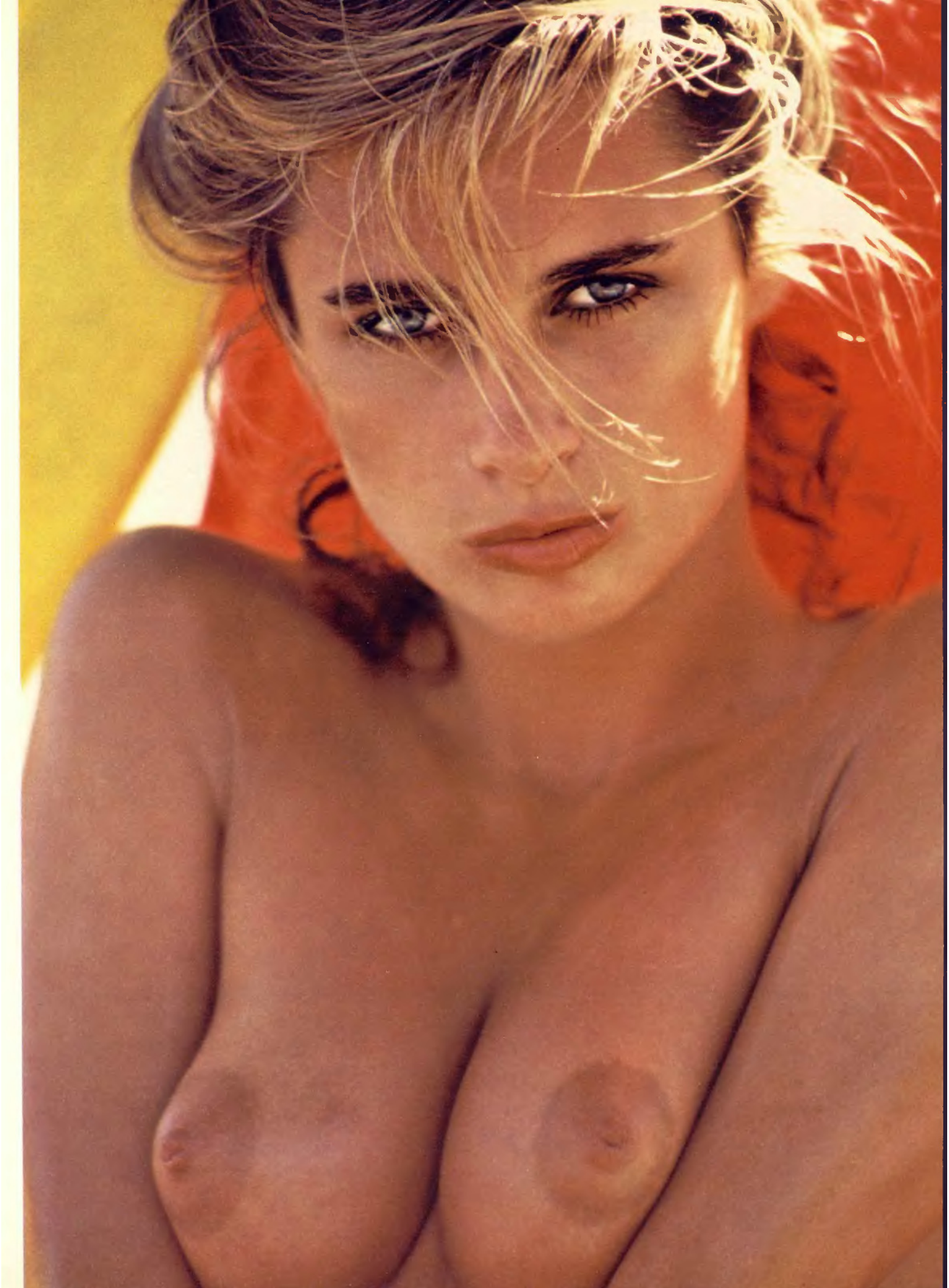
nowadays, teri peterson is content to pick and choose from fashion's ever-changing styles. someday she hopes to create a few

GOING IN STYLE

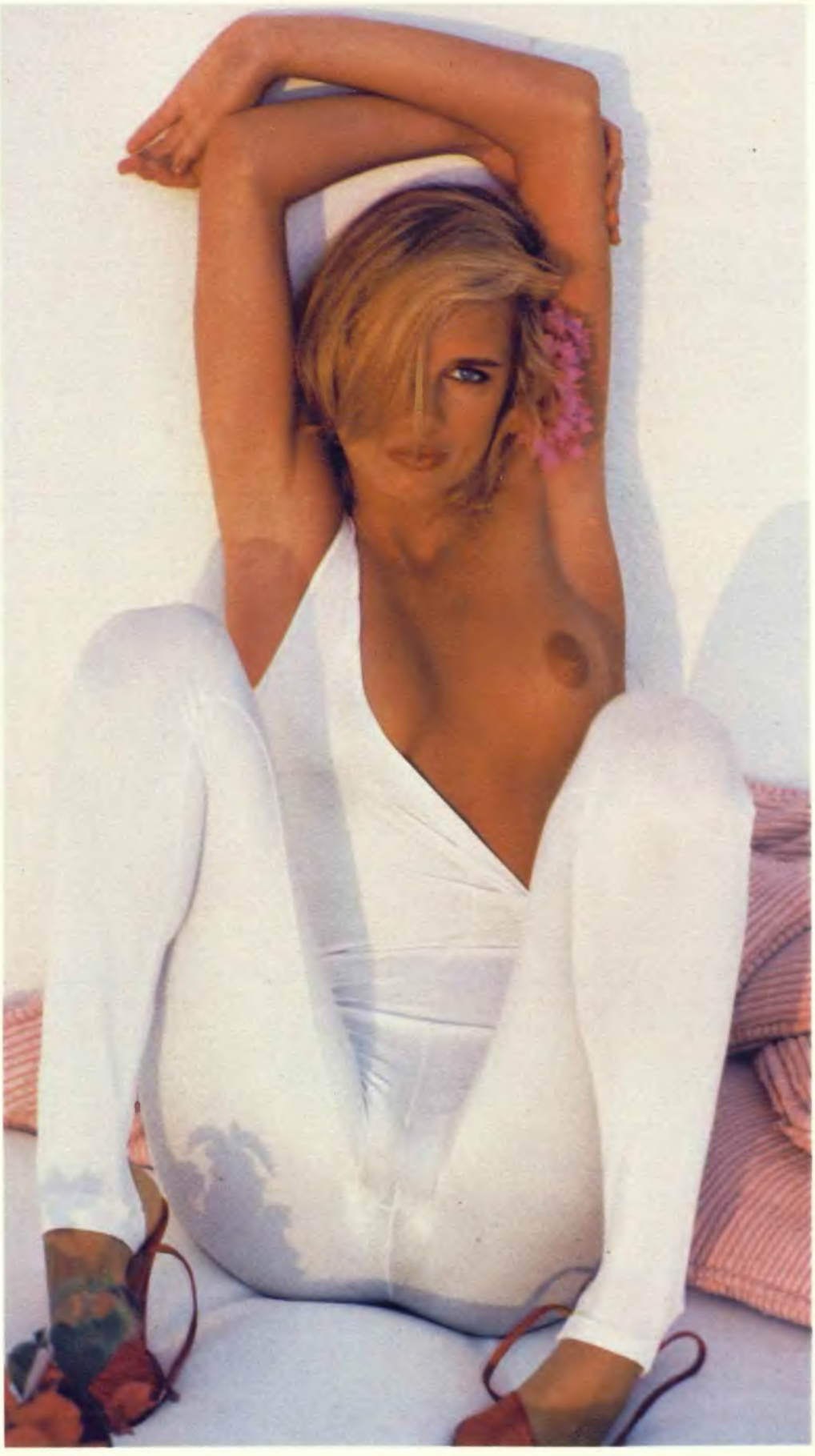
PHOTOGRAPHY
BY PHILLIP DIXON

"I never expected nude modeling would be such hard work. We did a lot of shooting in Playa des Careyes in Mexico; five to eight hours a day in the scorching sun." Here Teri cools off in a cantina with a little help from a strolling guitarrista.





"Sex, for me, anyway, is almost an artistic expression created by two people. Of course, it helps if you're in love. So far, I've been in love three times—once at 15, once at 18 and once at 20."



ONE OF THE FIRST things you notice about Teri Peterson (that is, if you can shift your attention from her big, bewitching brown eyes) is the way she is dressed. It's a difficult style to categorize—she seems to favor colorful, loose, low-cut tops, leg-hugging Spandex pants and short cowboy boots. Or very short dresses. Very sexy, very stylish, very New Wave, always unconventional. And arresting as hell. We once saw her part the traffic on Sunset Boulevard with the ease of Moses directing tides in the Red Sea. "I really do enjoy creating my own fashions," she tells us, "a style that's different, my very own, and sort of a mixture of wild and conservative. I like looking somewhat bizarre, because I really don't care what people think." A native of California, one of four daughters ("All my sisters are beauties"), Teri likes to pick up on changing styles and trends—after all, California *is* the trend capital of the world. "I admit it," she says candidly. "I like to get into fads. But I generally pick and choose:

"I like to 'fool around,' so to speak, in exotic, unusual places. On the beach, for example, or anywhere it's generally taboo. It's a lot more exciting that way."

Certain fads appeal to me, others don't. I didn't get too deeply into roller skating, but I did go for disco and now I'm into New Wave—Blondie, The Pretenders, the B-52's. I like the beat and the sort of defiant attitude of the lyrics. I wonder what'll be next." Next on Teri's agenda are two all-consuming goals—first, to one day grace the cover of *Vogue* ("It's my favorite magazine. The fashions are terrific and the graphics are so, *so* stylish") and, second, to become a model and a fashion designer in Paris, so that someday her own personal style may become *the* trend. All of which is quite ambitious for a girl who admits to having had problems with shyness throughout most of her life. "I've always been exceedingly shy," she tells us. "When I was younger, I didn't think I was good-looking;

"I love being photographed, because it really gives me a chance to let myself go. Being shot in the nude was exciting. I enjoy expressing myself to the camera."

"What kinds of guys do I like? I like a guy who knows how to handle himself but isn't too pushy. I like guys who know how to be romantic and I like being treated like a lady."

I was left out a lot, too, so I became somewhat withdrawn, you might say. I'm gradually getting over it, though, but I still tend to be a bit shy when I meet people." Some of that may also stem from the fact that Teri comes from an extremely close-knit family, and with three sisters all approximately her age, she never had a real need to seek other close friendships. "My younger sister and I still go out together a lot," she says. "She's 19, so we're pretty

"Romance works for me, but the guy's got to be open and sweet and not give me the feeling that the main thing in his mind is getting me into bed. That's not to say we won't, but it shouldn't be the main thing."

much into the same things. Plus, she's just starting to become a model herself, so we've got a lot in common." A family trip to Tahiti—on Christmas of 1978—awakened Teri to the excitement of travel, and one of her dreams is to satisfy her wanderlust. "The first thing I plan to do with my new-found wealth, thanks to PLAYBOY, is invest in some real estate," she tells us. "And the second thing is travel, travel, travel!" Wherever she goes, we're certain she'll be going in style.

MISS JULY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Teri Peterson

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Teri Peterson

BUST: 35 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 104 SIGN: Scorpio

BIRTH DATE: 11-6-59 BIRTHPLACE: Santa Monica, Calif.

GOALS: To be a model and actress, and to someday have my own modeling agency.

TURN-ONS: Sunny days, the beach, exercising, high fashion

TURN-OFFS: phony people, fast-food restaurants, crowded places, wasting time.

FAVORITE MOVIES: A Star Is Born, Manhattan, Eyes of Laura Mars, films of the 1940s & 1950s

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: Real People, Mork & Mindy, 60 minutes, Get Smart

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Blondie, Barbra Streisand, B-52's

FAVORITE BOOKS: The Other Side of Midnight, The Exorcist, Jailbird.

FAVORITE FOODS: Chinese food, salads, fruit.

SECRET DREAM: To become a successful high-fashion model in Paris.

Biting my nails age 5

Hiding a grin age 13

Halloween as a Bunny age 18

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

For years, the demands made on me by the nymphomaniac I was unlucky enough to marry were insatiable and exhausting," the man told the psychiatrist. "My wife was a sexual devil! But now, suddenly, she's become just about frigid. Have you encountered such a situation before, doctor?"

"Oh, yes," replied the shrink. "It's a phenomenon that my colleagues and I refer to informally as 'hell freezing over.' "

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *hammock hump* as getting one's ass in a sling.

It's rumored that Alcoholics Anonymous may sponsor a spin-off group to be called Cocksmen Confidential. The new organization would, of course, address itself to the problem of habitual dinking.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *endurance in bed* as sheet mettle.

Gerald, dear," fluted Lance, "I really think we might begin looking for one of those liberal clergymen who'd marry us."

"You silly thing!" hooted Gerald. "Why can't we just keep on living together?"

"Because," rejoined Lance, "I happen to have—well—sort of old-fashioned parents."

I'm finished with Sylvia!" the fellow exclaimed to his buddy. "She broke down and told me she was bisexual—and who wants to screw only twice a year?"

When a hillbilly cocksman named Rollo
Asked a girl as they sparked in the hollow,
"Did you know that my dong
Measures nine inches long?"
She replied, "That's a hard one to swallow!"

The spinster had taken her minister before the church vestry on a charge of seduction. "I wouldn't be doing this," she testified tearfully, "if, during the—the—the act, Reverend Clutterbuck hadn't insultingly kept chanting, 'Cleft of ages, rock for me!' "

Younger nurses were a natural target for the feisty male hospital patient, who took liberties whenever one was within reach. Finally, a girl in white lost her temper and snapped, "With your dirty mind and habits, you should be living in a whorehouse!"

"Come to think of it, honey," grinned the man, "at the prices you charge here, I could afford to."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *clitoral masturbation* as push-button sex.

Word has reached us about an innovative sperm bank that is packaging its product in special aerosol containers labeled HEIR SPRAY.

It was after the couple had dined
That the fellow, becoming unkind,
Told the girl, "To be blunt,
You've your brains in your cunt!"
So she gave him a piece of her mind.

What are you doing now?" inquired the employment-agency interviewer.

"As the result of some—well—business difficulties," smiled the lady of distinctly easy virtue, "I am sort of, shall we say, between positions."

My husband has a tremendous desire to perform cunnilingus on me," the woman told the sex therapist. "Isn't there some way it can be reduced?"

"You might fight fire with fire, as it were," suggested the pubic practitioner. "It's a bit drastic, but try rubbing mashed garlic on your pudendum every night."

Before long, the female consumee was back, weeping. "Didn't smearing garlic on your intimate area work?" inquired the therapist.

"You be the judge," sobbed the woman. "Now when Tony comes to bed, he's taken to bringing along a cruet of olive oil and a shaker of parmesan cheese!"

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.*

"Say, this is a nice light beer."

LET'S ASSUME that you are going to be in a major air crash. Just hypothetically, based on what we know about major air crashes. Say you and your wife are going on your vacation on Western Airlines flight 2605, a DC-10 that leaves Los Angeles for Mexico City, due to arrive at 6:05 A.M. Mexico City time. You roar down the runway and experience the thrill of lift-off. The basin is beautiful at night, even in the orange haze, and you admire the surreal lights as the sleek aircraft climbs over the ocean.

The flight is comfortable, uneventful. It is a wide-cabin jet, quiet and pleasant, not too crowded—almost empty, in fact. You put a cool one in your hand, maybe read the first couple of chapters of Maurice Collis' *Cortes and Montezuma*. You have a bite to eat and listen to canned music. You watch

AIRLINE SAFETY

A SPECIAL REPORT

why do planes crash? if you look long enough and hard enough, you find the answer is often very simple: money

concluding an exclusive investigation for playboy

By LAURENCE GONZALES

ILLUSTRATION BY RON VILLANI 141

some N.F.L. highlights. You doze.

Approaching Mexico City, perhaps the captain points out that, off to the side of the aircraft, it is possible to make out the 17,887-foot peak of the dormant volcano Popocatepetl, shrouded by low-lying fog. The seat-belt sign goes on and a stewardess makes two announcements, one in English, the other in mangled Spanish, emphasizing that the captain is making his descent into Mexico City's Benito Juárez Airport ("our final destination") and that Federal law requires you to keep your seat belt securely fastened about you. You fasten it, but not all that securely. You smile over at your wife, but she is asleep with a *Newsweek* in her lap.

In a little while, you hear a "ding" as the NO SMOKING sign lights up and you are told (in two languages) that you should extinguish all your smoking materials. If you happen to be listening to the cockpit–tower communications through the headset provided for your listening pleasure, you may even chuckle inwardly when you hear the controller tell the pilot that he is off course, because the pilot responds, "Just a little bit." You probably reckon, well, they have all these radio navigation aids to line you up on the runway, anyway, as you look outside and see that it is, indeed, foggy out there, down this low over Mexico City's 7800-foot terrain.

It is unlikely that you know of the Red Star rating given to Benito Juárez Airport by the International Federation of Air Line Pilots Associations, which means that the field is seriously deficient. It does not have, for example, an RVR (runway visual range) system, which tells the pilot how far along the runway he will be able to see. You probably also don't know that the radar there fails from time to time and the navigation aids upon which you are depending are considered insufficient, as are the landing aids. Furthermore, on this morning, one of the two parallel runways is under construction and out of service. Visibility has been reported as two or three miles, but other reports indicate that it could be much lower. High in the mountains, things can change quickly.

When the plane jolts onto the runway the first time, you are slammed against your seat belt. You may be nervous—a sudden heat may rise to your face—but it could just be a hard landing. Then, when the engines scream and the airplane starts to lift again, skittering and swerving like a car on ice, you know something unusual is happening, but there is little time for analysis. The aluminum body of the aircraft rings like a gong—you've never heard anything like it and you certainly won't forget that ungodly sound, not as long as you live. And for the first time, there is actually some question in your mind about just how long that is going to be.

Your wife is awake now, but only for a moment. Her face is ashen, but before either of you can speak, the plane slams into something solid (that aluminum gong again) and begins, almost in slow motion, to break apart. Your seat belt now rips into your abdomen and the pain demands your full attention. Your wife starts to say something, but you don't know what it is. Your breath is gone as you are thrown violently forward, then suddenly backward into your seat again. Not five seconds have passed. You may be trying to figure out what she is saying when the seat belt snaps in two around your wife's stomach and she goes rocketing through the cabin with a force that takes seats off their mounts and bends her body in ways that no one could possibly survive. Which is when you realize that she is not *going* to survive. An odd calm has descended upon you, and though you don't know it, it is a classic form of panic. You are beyond fear, perhaps just thinking, *Wait, no, this isn't the way it's supposed to happen. . . .*

Your seat belt is now stretched out from the force and from the fact that you didn't tighten it all the way to begin with. On the next impact, with the pain searing up your sides and back, you slide out, under the belt, and are in tumbling pursuit of your wife. As if by magic, all your clothes are blown off your body and you are naked. The plane is now in three, maybe four sections—it's hard to tell, because there is flame and smoke pouring through your little piece of it and there is the sound of ripping aluminum—the gong is torn, that awful sound replaced by others, the soft, steady detonation of pockets of vaporized kerosene. There are flashes of heat and wind rushing by, but the pain is gone now; there is the roar of jet engines, the buckling of surfaces. There may even be people screaming (your wife?), but you don't hear them.

And it is over as quickly as it began. You have stopped flying, and it's so much quieter—now you *can* hear the people, but they aren't screaming, they're just moaning or talking incoherently, and perhaps you think, *A lot of people must have died. . . .* Ten, maybe 20 seconds have elapsed, and a $40,000,000 DC-10 has been rolled into a fiery ball. Across the concrete, where you can see only out of the corner of your eye, flames are roaring and leaping 50, 80 feet into the sunrise. Someone is lurching across the grass out there, completely engulfed in flames, just like in the movies. You've never seen a burning man before. You are lying on the ramp, unable to move. You are naked and can't feel your arms or legs; you are only vaguely aware that the concrete surface is cool on your cheek, but the sun is coming up now and you're just wondering where your wife went, thinking of her thin fingers and the color her hair takes on in direct sunlight.

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On October 31, 1979, Western Airlines flight 2605 crashed on landing at Mexico City's Benito Juárez Airport. There were two parallel runways and the pilot, using a "nonprecision" radio landing aid, was trying to line up on the right-hand one. No one knows why, but he lined up instead on the left, which was closed. The controller told him he was off course and he said, "Just a little bit," and then landed, with one set of tires in the mud, one on the concrete. He tried to take off again and actually got airborne, but then immediately hit a truck and killed its driver before the plane hit a building, then another building, disintegrating as it went. Seventy-three people died on the spot, though the word died does not begin to convey what they went through. The people responsible for air crashes of this magnitude like to couch their descriptions in vague, official locutions that serve to temper and dilute reality until it seems that the entire affair was a simple bookkeeping error in no one's favor. "Fatalities resulted" is a favorite, or, "Lives were lost," using the passive verb forms to suggest that, well, like earthquakes and cholera, these things just happen.

Try it yourself. It can work wonders with some serious problems: Stop lights were run, for example. Controlled substances were utilized, taxes were evaded, illegal campaign contributions were received by this office. You see? No blame. The reality is quite another matter.

Off the record, I spoke with a state's attorney who happened by ill luck to be one of the first to the scene of a major air crash. "There wasn't much we could do," he said with a kind of puzzled look, as if he still couldn't quite believe what he had seen. "We found a few heads. I think we found an arm or something." *Traumatic decapitations resulted.* Amputations and enucleations as well. When an airline announces that lives were lost, it makes it sound as if, even at this very moment, every effort is being made to locate them and it is only a matter of time before the misplaced items are returned.

The National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) delicately worded its opinion that the airline industry doesn't much care what happens:

> While the over-all safety record of the current generation of jet aircraft clearly indicates a basically sound foundation for the regulatory

(continued on page 148)

when the sun goes down, try a look that's easy, upbeat and elegant

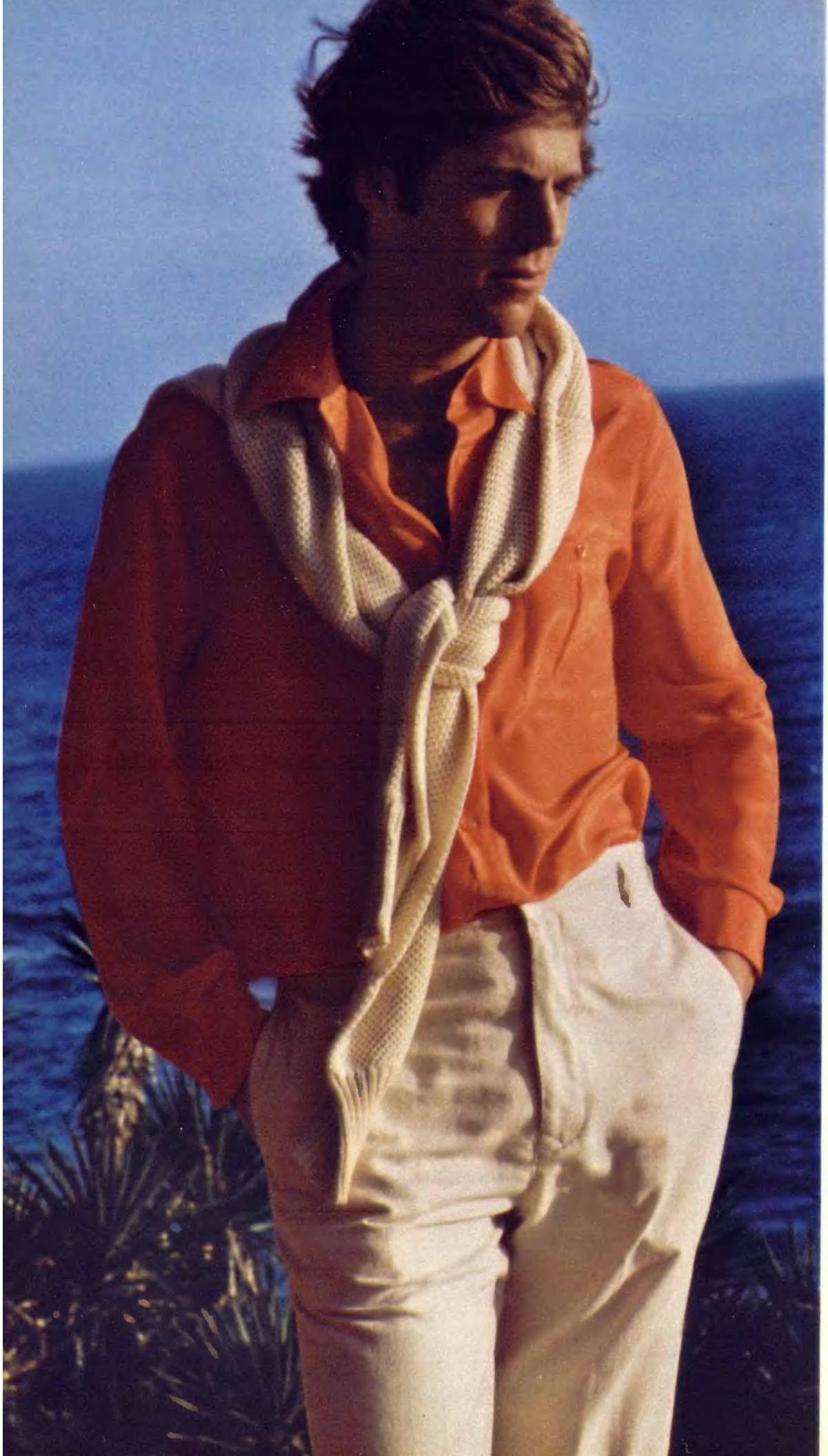
IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING

attire **By DAVID PLATT**

COCKTAILS AT POOLSIDE. A moonlight stroll along the beach. Dinner on the terrace by candlelight. Summer evenings are special, a time for dressing up without the rigidness of black tie. Depending on the level of formality, often the elegant simplicity of a soft silk shirt will suffice when worn with style and nonchalance—as our models have done on these pages, photographed in the fading afternoon light on the romantic island of Bermuda. It's summertime—and the living is easy. So are the clothes.

Right: Our man in Bermuda won't be a stranger in paradise for long wearing a multicolor silk pinstriped shirt with contrast collar, about $125, with silk Shantung double-pleated slacks, about $90, both by Margan Ayres; plus a raw-silk tie, by Vicky Davis, $12; and a canvas reversible belt with a brass buckle, by The French American Group, $7.50.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DENIS PIEL



Far left: Bermuda evenings can be refreshingly cool, so this fellow has brought olong a cotton/ocrylic honeycomb-knit pullover with a two-button placket front, by Evan-Picone for Men, $37.50. His silk shirt, about $60, and silk slacks, about $60, are both by Gary Miller Associotes for Irka.

Left: The reloxed look of a pullover in a colorful shode—such os this cotton cable-stitched one, from Forge by Munsingweor, obout $46—combines nicely with cotton gobardine slacks, by New Mon, $50; ond o cotton knit short-sleeved shirt with multi-color trim, by Country Britches, $23.

Below: At Bermudo teatime—or any other time—you won't go wrong in an elegant linen/crepe jocket, about $220, thot's teamed with sotin striped slacks, about $95, both from Tiger of Sweden by Gil Truedsson; plus a silk crepe de Chine shirt, obout $140, and o silk tie, $25, both by Gil Truedsson.

Right: This fellow sees eye to thigh with his Bermuda date—and she's hip to his outfit, too, which includes a crepe de Chine short-sleeved polka-dot pullover with side-entry flap pockets, from Gala Shirts by Fabrizio, $130, and wool gabardine pleated slacks with welt pockets, by Barry I. Bricken, $90.

Far right: Easygoing and casually elegant, this raw-silk one-button ventless jacket, about $200, looks terrific when worn with the sleeves pushed up. It's one third of a matching three-piece outfit that includes silk trousers, about $85, and a silk short-sleeved shirt, about $55, all by Jean Paul Germain.

Below: When the deep purple falls over a quiet Bermuda beach and sundowners are in the offing, it's the time of day to don something special, such as this silk one-button ventless jacket, $300, worn with wool slacks, $115, both by Hugo Boss; and an iridescent taffeta shirt, by Camicie Barba, $120.

AIRLINE SAFETY

(continued from page 142)

"It may be a good plane or a bad plane—but you can be sure of one thing: It's going to be cost effective."

> oversight of U. S. commercial aviation and the commitment of the industry to safety, the Safety Board is concerned that this accident may be indicative of a climate of complacency . . . the Safety Board is concerned that the nature of the identified deficiencies in design, manufacturing, quality control, and maintenance and operational procedures may reflect an environment which could involve the safe operation of other aircraft by other carriers.

The passage refers to the crash of American Airlines flight 191 in May 1979, but the message is clear: More often than we'd care to contemplate, in the official mind of the airline industry, there is little distinction between lives and luggage. They both get lost from time to time.

What that subtle manipulation of attitude does to the flying public is to make air crashes more acceptable. Fortified by those comforting turns of phrase, by loads of reassurance and reams of statistics, the average passenger quickly regains his sense of security after hearing of a major air crash and is once again ready to step into anything with two wings and a bright paint job. The press generally gets right in step, too, quoting statistics that say flying is 115 times safer than driving, and so on. It all boils down to a very successful public-relations campaign that makes air crashes an inevitable part of modern civilization, like radiation cancer, rivers that burn and "superprompt critical power excursions" in nuclear reactors.

To accept air crashes as inevitable is to ensure that they will happen in increasing numbers—and with greater frequency than if they were categorically considered unacceptable. If God came along and struck planes from the sky from time to time, the airline industry's view might make sense. But that is not the most common mechanism by which planes crash. And we can only conclude that those who take responsibility for lofting people through the skies have come around to a way of thinking that places a relatively low value on human life, though those people will never admit that the logic exists with which to indict them. "Jet transports have an excellent 20-year history of reliability and safety," a top NTSB official told the industry journal *Aviation Week*. "That fine record may be contributing to a feeling in the industry that they can get by with being a little less diligent."

Why do you suppose an airline would want to send a jumbo jet into a mountaintop airport with one runway closed, with insufficient landing aids, at dawn—when the probability of poor visibility is at its highest? The answer is simple. At night, the airline has to ferry that plane there for its daily flights and would rather have you along, paying for the trip, even if it is a relatively risky trip. The airline can advertise lower fares because it is a night flight. It won't tell you what you're really getting into. You just *assume* it's as safe as any other flight.

So when you get on a plane, it may be a good plane or a bad plane—a safe trip or a dangerous trip—but you can be sure of one thing: It's going to be cost effective. And once a plane is in service, it is not cost effective unless it stays in service. Dispatch reliability is the name of the game; "Asses in seats and planes in the air," as one official of the Federal Aviation Administration put it. The goal is money, not safety.

No one is suggesting that the airlines, the pilots, the Government or anyone else wants planes to crash. Everyone is embarrassed by crashes. But there is really no economic incentive to get there safely. The plane may arrive at its destination or it may arrive directly at the slopes, as a DC-10 (through no apparent fault of the plane) did on November 28, 1979, 1500 feet up the side of a 13,202-foot-high volcano called Mount Erebus. The airline makes money either way. The business can rebound from deaths—insurance more than covers a crash and in the 55-year history of the industry, no punitive damages have been levied against an airline or a manufacturer for killing people. The cost of insuring a passenger is something like 50 cents per flight, and the average number of deaths is 280 a year. "The insurance companies don't care," says Gerald Sterns, one of the country's top aviation lawyers. "[McDonnell] Douglas pays less now than it did in 1974." The insurance companies are more than happy to take in the premiums now, invest them, then pay out the relatively small settlements after a crash, three or four years in the future, with inflated dollars. "They don't even cough picking up a DC-10," says Sterns. "Thirty or forty million dollars over three or four years is nothing."

As for the airlines, they could double or triple the rate at which they crash planes and feel no additional pain. Not just in terms of economics, either. The statistical methods the industry uses to show how safe it is are given to the public in such enormous numbers (billions of passenger miles, for example) that a few hundred deaths one way or another will not alter the statistics noticeably. But even using their own statistics, 1979 appears to have been a particularly devil-may-care year for airlines. General aviation, long thought to be the more dangerous way to fly, showed up nearly a third safer than airline travel last year. The NTSB said there were 5.148 airline fatalities per 100,000 hours, as compared with 3.285 for general aviation. Where does that leave the highly touted professionalism and technical wizardry?

In economic terms, it is easy to see why an airline doesn't suffer when a crash occurs. National Airlines presented a disturbingly poignant example of how a crash affects an airline economically: A few years back, National flew one of its 727s into Escambia Bay in Florida. National realized an after-tax profit of $1,500,000 from the crash, which amounted to a gain of 18 cents per share, due to excess insurance coverage on the plane. Only ten days after the crash, National issued a press release announcing that and saying the profit came from "the recent involuntary conversion of a 727 aircraft."

By contrast, the business cannot so easily rebound from sagging profits. And that sets the ultimate priority. Here, the subject of weather enters into the equation. An airplane's ability to make money depends on its ability to keep flying, which depends—or used to depend—largely on the weather. If you can't see, for example, you increase your risk. And while we have developed a wide variety of equipment for blind flying, it is most useful in the air, not on the ground. If the DC-10 captain going into Mexico City had seen a truck on the runway, he would certainly have realized he was approaching the wrong runway.

In 1972, at Chicago's O'Hare International Airport, Delta flight 954 landed under very poor conditions without incident. The visibility was about 1320 feet, which a jet can cover in a few seconds on landing or take-off. Through the omission of one word in a controller's instructions to the captain of Delta 954, the plane went the wrong way on the airport surface, started to cross an active runway and was hit by a departing DC-9, whose crew couldn't see flight 954 until it was too late to stop. Why were operations taking place under such conditions—conditions so poor that the tower couldn't even see the planes moving on

"It doesn't help matters, you know, your humming 'Send in the Clowns'!"

the ground? To follow all the arguments, you need to be a journeyman in white-water logic, but one argument says that, yes, aircraft operations *can* be accomplished successfully under those restricted conditions. But if you were one of the 293,000,000 passengers who flew in 1979, you might have another line of reasoning that says a mass-transportation system should not operate so close to the edge. Sure, it's OK for military pilots and private pilots to use these hair-splitting minimums: In the one case, they've pledged their lives to freedom; in the other, it's a personal, individual and theoretically well-informed choice. But when all you've pledged is your credit card and when your only desire is to visit Grandma, you are probably an unwitting party to this experiment in profit making and deserve a larger margin of safety or, at the very least, more information. Major airlines have been shooting category III approaches into Los Angeles International (LAX) now for some time, with full loads of passengers. Most readers will not know what a category III approach is. And if they were told before the flight, they might elect to wait a few hours rather than try one, though these "fully coupled" approach systems are said to be highly reliable. Simply explained, a category III approach is one in which there may be no ceiling and no visibility. It's an automatic landing, usually in dense fog, where planes without automatic landing systems divert to other airports.

By March 27, 1977, five years after that Chicago Delta crash, we had not learned much. Two 747s, in a virtual replay of the O'Hare crash, collided on Tenerife, one of the Canary Islands, one taxiing, the other taking off. Again, it was a small semantic error that started the chain of events during greatly reduced visibility. If everyone had agreed beforehand that it was stupid to fly paying passengers under such conditions, that would not have happened. Why do you suppose this goes on?

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The problems of economics begin at the drawing board (with the "paper airplane," as they call it, the safest plane of all). Beech is a major airplane manufacturer. It doesn't make airliners, but the example should help give you some perspective on the business. Recently, Beech introduced a plane called the Skipper. In prototype, it had a tail like most planes you see. "The conventional tail of the [Skipper] worked very nicely," *Aviation Consumer* magazine reported, "but the marketing department overruled the engineers and ordered a T tail for styling reasons."

For styling reasons. And then the T tail didn't work right and had to be Rube Goldberged until it did. Beech is not unique in the industry, but it does appear unusually susceptible to marketing-department whims. The legendary Model 35 series V-tail Bonanza, with a 30-year history of in-flight structural failures, is the most obvious example. Studies verified by the FAA and the NTSB show that this very popular airplane has in-flight structural failures, such as the tail's falling off, 24 times as often as the same plane with a conventional tail—the models 33 and 36 Bonanzas. But styling sells more planes.

You may never be in a Beech product (those who fly them swear by them), but the people under discussion are professional engineers, just like the ones at any commercial-aircraft manufacturing company. While we all readily accept the fact that it is impossible to design a plane so that some fool can't come along and punch a hole in the ground with it, it seems equally obvious that the designer's task is being made needlessly complicated by marketing departments and styling considerations.

The birth of an airliner is a complicated process, but it's probably not what people think it is. A manufacturer doesn't tell its engineers, "Go and design the best airplane in the world." Generally, an airline or a group of airlines gets the notion that it could sell more seats if only it had a certain type of plane. And then it goes to the manufacturers and says, "How about something in a wide-body three-holer?" And the manufacturers try to meet those specifications and submit drawings, not to the FAA but to the airlines themselves. All of which should help you understand how the vast, incomprehensible brain trusts can put in millions of man-hours and come up with a bucket of bolts that won't stay in the air.

Unfortunately, even when a plane comes off the drawing board in good shape (and most do), its problems are only just beginning. Once again, the problems are economic. Consider pilot training, for example. Airline pilots are generally trained in simulators prior to training with you on board. Those people whose jobs depend on defending simulators will vigorously support the notion that they are realistic—very realistic. I've ridden in a 747 simulator and it was certainly realistic. What it wasn't was real. In fact, the day I took that ride, the big joke at the training center was that the DC-10 simulator wasn't working because someone had crashed it. Literally. Surely, the pilot who did that walked off the line mortified and embarrassed and in some degree of trouble with his employer. But he did *walk* off the line, he wasn't carried off in a rubber sack. Put simply, there is no penalty for crashing a simulator.

"I thought that was an asset," FAA Administrator Langhorne Bond told me. "The first time I did a blown tire—a rejected take-off [in a simulator]—I ran off the end of the runway because I didn't push [the brakes] hard enough. The use of simulators has to be considered a significant breakthrough. Just a great, great tool for sharpening up on emergencies."

But there is another school of thought among aviation experts that views the practice of training airline pilots in simulators with the same degree of skepticism that one might have for an army that trained its soldiers by having them carry broomsticks and shout "Bang! Bang!"

The *reason* for training in simulators is the fuel crisis. When we checked, it cost $2760 per hour to run a 747, $1850 for a DC-10, $1320 for a 707 and $800 for a 727.

Even if a pilot manages to learn how to fly by using a simulator, his problems with the fuel crisis are just beginning. An ordinary jetliner burns thousands of pounds of kerosene an hour. Each flight is conducted with the smallest allowable quantity of fuel on board, especially since it takes fuel to carry fuel. On December 28, 1978, United Airlines sent up 189 people in a DC-8 with enough fuel to get from Denver to Portland. But the plane experienced difficulty with its landing gear when it neared the airport, so the captain went out to circle and solve the problem. And that DC-8 just ran out of fuel. It crashed in the woods seven miles short of the runway. There was no fire, of course, because there was nothing left to burn; had there been, the plane would have reached the airport. The NTSB blamed the pilot, and while none of us would like a pilot to be flying us around with so little fuel, there is more to the story. According to the pilot's testimony, he knew his gear would collapse on landing and so he wanted to land with as little fuel as possible to avoid a fire. Unfortunately, his gauges were in error.

John Galipault, president of the Aviation Safety Institute, says of fuel gauges on aircraft, "It's a crummy business. If you could design a device that would accurately measure the amount of fuel in an airplane's tanks, you could retire very nicely." The fuel gauges can be off by thousands of pounds. Before the fuel crisis, a pilot could fill his tanks if he liked and the company wouldn't complain. "But now," says Galipault of the amount of fuel airliners carry, "they're marginal—all of them."

The United pilot in that DC-8 had information indicating that he could make it to the airport; his information was wrong. His gauges said he had 3000 pounds of fuel or—at a burn rate of 12,000 pounds an hour—15 minutes of

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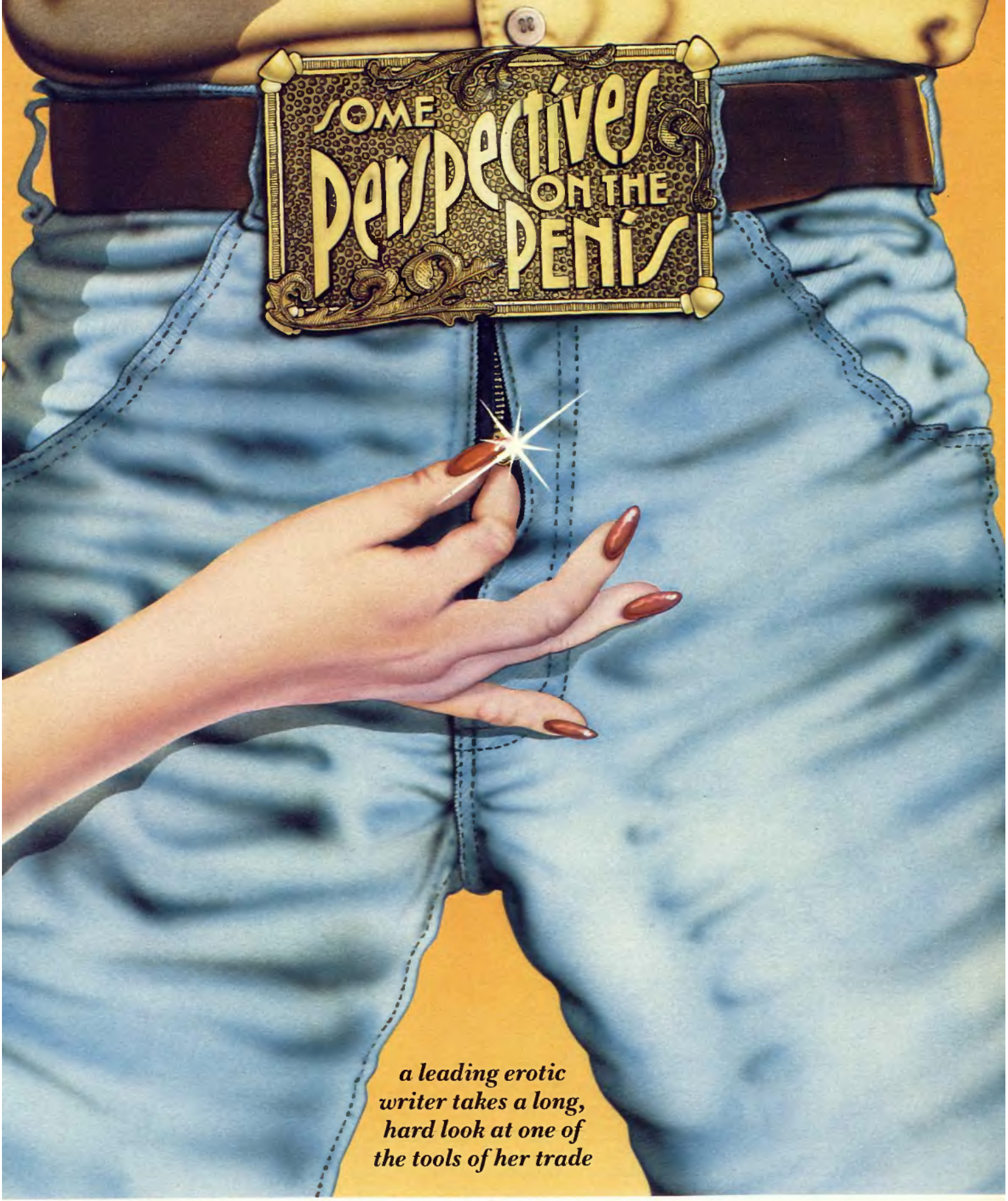


a leading erotic writer takes a long, hard look at one of the tools of her trade

article **By LYNDA SCHOR**

THE FIRST TIME I saw an adult penis. I was very young, perhaps around three. My father was a prudish and private person. He didn't allow me to follow him into the bathroom the way my mother did. He never let me watch him take a bath or shower, as she did. One Sunday morning, I walked into the living room. My father, who seemed enormous, was in his bathrobe. He was holding a cup of coffee, his elbow on the window sill. Suddenly, the bathrobe swung open. My eyes went directly to his member. He rapidly closed his robe. My eyes had shifted almost immediately, anyway—I didn't want to appear to stare—yet not before I saw it: a *(continued on page 179)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DON GLASSFORD

dudley moore demonstrates that finding the girl of your dreams requires being at the proper place at the proper time

Become a Rock Star: Beautiful women go crazy for rock stars; advantage here is that you don't even have to have any talent, particularly if you choose to be a New Wave musician.

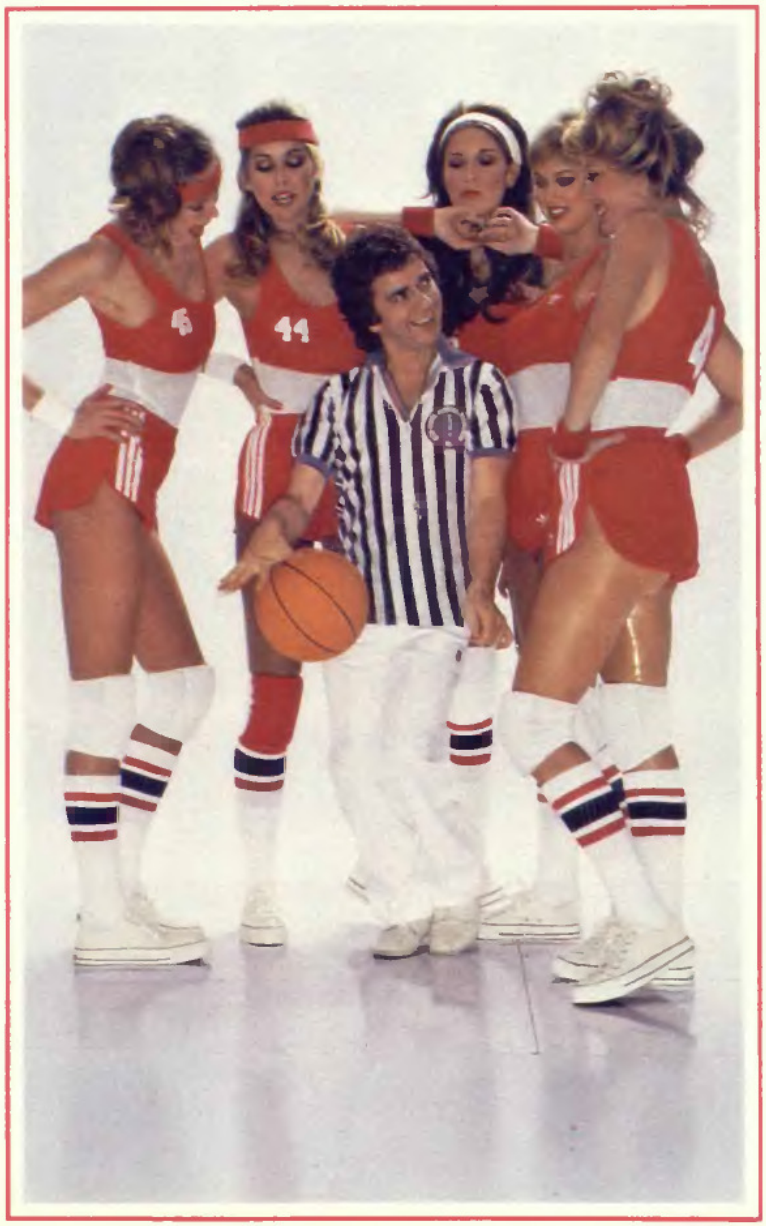
Hang Out at Nude Beaches: You can't beat this view, but it's wise to keep abreast of tide movements. They don't know it, but I happen to be wearing a three-piece suit and ascot.

Since we published that inspirational layout on Bo Derek, star of the movie *"10,"* in March, many people have written to us, asking, "PLAYBOY, how do I go about finding a perfect 10?" For an answer to that pressing question, we solicited the services of Dudley Moore, who in the movie demonstrates his singular persistence in the pursuit of the perfect 10, and thus ought to know by now how to go *(text concluded on page 234)*

TEN WAYS TO FIND A PERFECT 10

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI / PRODUCED BY MARILYN GRABOWSKI

Become a Hairdresser: Buy a jump suit, call yourself Mr. Kenneth and open your own hair salon. As I always say, "Get lost in her tresses and you'll end up in her dresses." Or something like that. Anyway, the turnover is good and your customers will be so thrilled to discover that you're a heterosexual they'll be yours for the plucking. Remember "Shampoo"?



Get a Job, Any Job, at a Lingerie Store: How much can a pair of coveralls and a gallon of paint cost? Believe me, it's worth the investment. Another gimmick is to masquerade as a fire inspector—you can get a badge at any five-and-ten. Naturally, you'll have to check all the dressing rooms for fire-code violations. Check them 40 or 50 times.

Coach an All-Female Basketball Team: Keeping your eye on the ball during practice can be difficult in this situation, but then, who cares? As coach, not only are you a symbol of authority, you also get to hang around in the locker room before the game, during breaks and after the game; and during victory celebrations, you can pour beer down their T-shirts.

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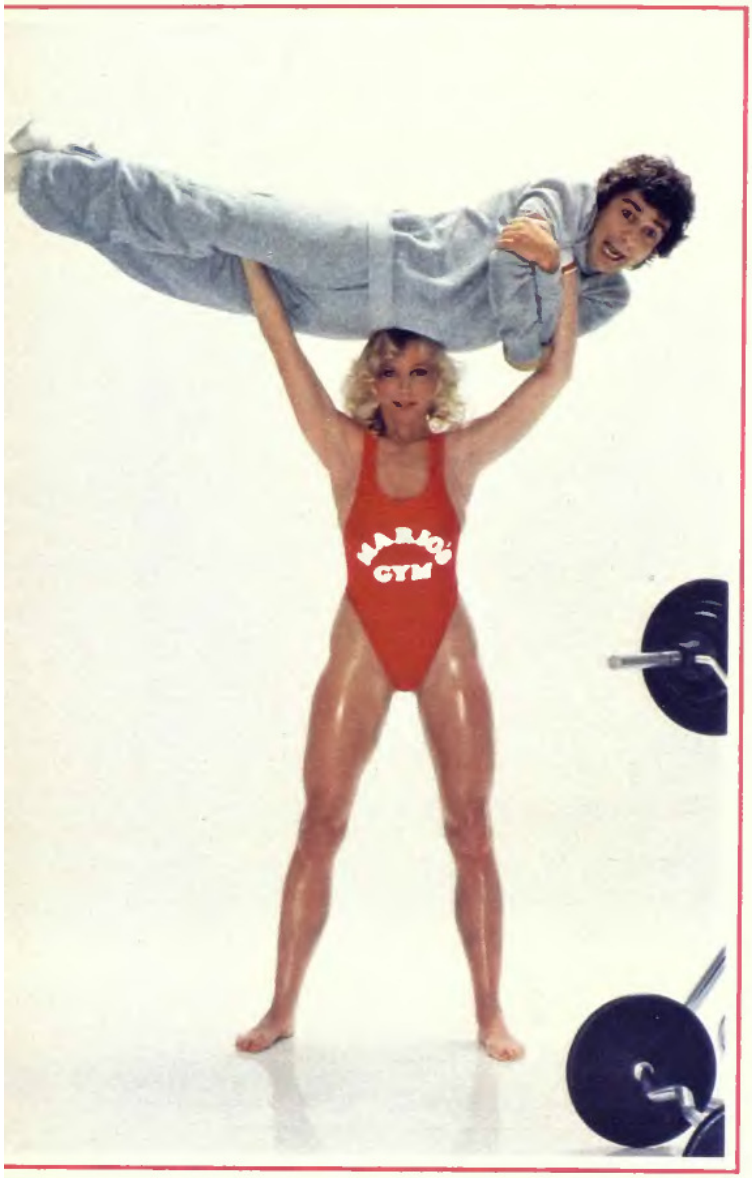
SYNC

Become a Film Director: Here I am, directing my first big-budget feature, "Breasts from Outer Space," a sci-fi thriller based on a novel that I may one day write if I get around to it. The advantage to being director is that you have the authority to write yourself into all the bedroom scenes and shoot them as many times as you want.

Hang Out in the Girls' Steam Room: Most perfect 10s are obviously very concerned about being in shape; otherwise, they wouldn't be perfect 10s. Notice how I've subtly disguised myself to look just like a towel rack. I was so convincing I ended up in the laundry bin.



Spend Time at a Girls' Gym: For some reason, they printed this picture sideways. What's really happening here is that I am lifting her. Despite what they say, women are still very impressed by muscles. I have three or four that are sometimes visible in a good light.

Become a PLAYBOY Photographer: You got a Brownie camera? An Instamatic? A cardboard box with a hole in it? If you have any of those things, you can enter the wonderful world of photography. Here I am, attempting to catch the beauty of the female body on film. The fact that I ended up with 72 pictures of the ceiling is hardly worth mentioning, but what is these days?

Pretend You're a Playboy Bunny: A lot of guys ask me, "Dudley, how can I become a Playboy Bunny?" Believe it or not, it's actually quite simple, if you can get by the corset fitting. It's hard to pick me out in the photo—I'm third from the left.

"That's not what the judge meant by thumbscrews."

IN THE TIME of Louis XII, there was a lady in Languedoc who had a fair face, a most shapely form, an income of more than 4000 ducats—and, alack, no urge whatever to enjoy them. She had married very young and her husband had died shortly after, leaving her one son. All of her waking hours were a long sorrow.

She resolved never to marry again: in fact, never to allow the thought of it to cross her mind. She fully believed that desire creates opportunity for sin, and she did not know the other half of this truth, which is that opportunity for sin can discover an unsuspected desire. Her closest companion was a demoiselle named Aline, who waited on her and who slept close by her in an anteroom to her bedroom.

When her son, Armand, reached the age of seven, she employed an old man to be his tutor. But, as Armand drew close to the age of 15, Nature, who is a mysterious schoolmistress herself, began to whisper other lessons into his ear. Armand was tall, handsome and muscular, and his blood was warm. He formed a habit of spending all of his free time with the pretty demoiselle.

Because everybody in the household was of such innocent disposition, it took three or four whispered repetitions (along with caresses) before Armand could make Aline understand that he wished to come into her bed in the night. She was horrified.

But she was not speechless. She ran at once to her mistress and told her what had passed.

The mother loved her son so much that she could only conclude that the girl had conceived some grudge and was lying in order to get Armand into his mother's bad graces. She dismissed the companion with sharp words.

"I shall prove that you are lying, and I shall sleep tonight in your bed. You must say but one word to him beforehand—and that word is yes." She added, "If he *should* come, I shall punish him severely."

So, that night, she slipped naked into her companion's bed. At midnight, she heard the door open and felt the young man get into bed beside her. She should have let her anger burst out, called the servants to have him taken away for a beating. But her anger did not burst; the call died in her throat. Perhaps he was only playing some foolish schoolboy trick.

She felt his hand go softly between her legs and stroke her body. She thought that now she should cry out, but, weakly, she contradicted herself and reflected that there was still no proof positive that Armand was serious.

She found that he was. But by that time, her resolve was gone and her legs were opening to him.

After he had left, she arose and went into a closet and spent the rest of the night in tears of remorse. The second truth came to her—the fact that opportunity reveals desire.

She said nothing to anybody about the events of the night, but, the next morning, she sent for her son's guardian and told him that she had decided to send Armand over the mountains to join the army of the Grand Master of Chaumont in Italy. She added that she did not wish to see Armand again, lest the pain of saying goodbye be too much.

This puzzled the boy a little, but, having had a man's first great experience, he was eager for the second, and he rode off cheerfully.

When, soon after, the lady found herself with child, she was plunged into the deepest grief and only wished that she could die. In the end, however, she gathered her pride and strength and set out secretly to the manor house of her bastard brother, with whom she was on close terms and to whom she had often made grants of money. She confessed her condition to him without mentioning Armand's part and he made every provision for her care.

The child was a beautiful girl. With many tears, the mother handed her over to the safekeeping of her brother and his serving-women and returned home. For 15 years, she lived an austere and withdrawn life. At the end of that time, she received a letter from Armand requesting permission to come home. Having no real excuse to deny him, she wrote that he might come home on condition that he first find and marry a woman he could love with true passion. She believed that that would be the best protection against the possibility of a renewed temptation.

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

Armand agreed; preferring to take a Frenchwoman as his wife, he left Italy for the court of the queen of Navarre, where he soon made great flurries among the ladies but without at first finding any true love.

Just about that time, the daughter, who had been given the name Marie by her uncle, had grown impatient with the remote manor house. She importuned her uncle daily to allow her to go to the court of Catherine of Navarre, where she could learn about the world and enjoy the company of clever people. The uncle at last gave in and conducted her to the queen's court.

Marie longed to find a handsome gentleman of worldly experience—a soldier, perhaps—with whom she could fall in love.

Armand hoped to discover a beautiful, virginal, innocent girl of noble lineage with whom he could fall in love.

Before long, his mother received a long letter bearing the news that he had, indeed, found the most lovely, utterly perfect wife in the world and that he was bringing her home.

The mother met them at the gate of the château and, at the first sight of the bride, fainted dead away.

The next day, completely distraught, she went to Avignon and confessed the enormity of her sin to the legate. Deeply concerned, he called a council of several theologians and, without mentioning the lady's name, put the case to them. On hearing their advice, he returned to the lady. He told her never to reveal the secret to her children, who had acted unwittingly and thus had not sinned. He said that, on her part, she must do penance the rest of her life.

She replied that she had done penance for many years. What new form of it was left to her?

That would be revealed in time, the legate replied.

And so it was. Every day, when the mother saw her children laugh and embrace and caress each other, she was forced to withdraw to her room to weep.

•

In a certain church in France, in the middle of the nave at the cross aisle, there is a white-marble slab with this inscription:

HERE LIES THE CHILD AND HERE LIES THE FATHER
HERE LIES THE SISTER AND HERE LIES THE BROTHER
HERE LIES THE WIFE AND THE HUSBAND ALSO
YET ONLY TWO BODIES REST HERE BELOW.

—Retold by Robert Mahieu

20 QUESTIONS: GEORGE HAMILTON

hollywood's funniest leading man shares his secrets of great sex, good health . . . and the perfect tan

With his new movie, "Zorro, the Gay Blade," about to be released, George Hamilton met with free-lancer John Calendo at the Polo Lounge in the Beverly Hills Hotel. The actor was dressed in a Western-style suit—"the kind of thing you'd wear in Texas," said Calendo, "if you had money."

1.

PLAYBOY: You came from a family with lots of money, right?

HAMILTON: No, I came from a family that went *through* lots of money.

2.

PLAYBOY: Then how did you survive in movies before your hit *Love at First Bite*?

HAMILTON: I went after roles, worked on picture after picture, did TV game shows to pay the electric bills. See, Hollywood is prone to everything from fad diets to fad movie stars. The life of a major star is generally two to three years, then it levels off for ten or it goes. I did not want to be a short flash. I came to Hollywood in the Fifties, when they wanted to re-create the matinee idols. I'd go down to wardrobe at MGM, take Cary Grant's suits apart, study Fred Astaire's clothes on dress dummies, and I saw that all the actors who had survived had gotten rid of their negatives and played up their positives. Cary Grant had a short neck and round shoulders, so he picked up his collars and added extra-thick padding to his shoulders. Clark Gable's wife taught him how to really see himself in a mirror—you look into a mirror by looking into a second mirror.

So if you were willing to learn, Hollywood could provide commando training in survival. If you wanted to be a long-distance runner, you wore lighter shoes, ate a certain diet and went for stretches of being called a lightweight Cary Grant impersonator. And yet when the dust settled, there wasn't anyone else around to do Cary Grant. *Love at First Bite* grossed over $45,000,000 and I cleared $2,000,000.

3.

PLAYBOY: You've made recent killings in real estate, reselling mansions at 100 percent profit. Do you have a philosophy for success?

HAMILTON: Yes. All businesses are the same; you must sell yourself. But you can't do it outright. You sell yourself by selling something else. The man who says, "This is the greatest thing in the world: I made it" is not believed because he made it; he's biased. But you'll listen to the man who says, "I work for a company; this company makes a product; I came to work for this company because this product is the best and I wouldn't be involved with anything less." My father always said, find out the other person's dream and then feed it back to him. Therein lies success. Right off, it gives you a genuine interest in the other person.

4.

PLAYBOY: Your tan is your signature. Do you mind that it has been spoofed in *Doonesbury*——

HAMILTON: "The George Hamilton Cocoa Butter Open." I love it. It's the ultimate compliment.

5.

PLAYBOY: What *are* the secrets of stalking the perfect tan?

HAMILTON: I'm one of the few people who go to an airport and say, Where's the sun? They say, "Where would you like to go?" I say, That's not important; how is it in Acapulco? "Eighty-two and overcast." How is it in Tangier? "Variable weather, patchy clouds." How about Brownsville, Texas? "Eighty-four and clear." That's it. I go to Brownsville and sit on the beach. I have stipulations in my contracts; if I'm on location and it's raining, I get weekend air fare to Casablanca or the Canary Islands, wherever the sun is.

6.

PLAYBOY: Do you have an over-all tan?

HAMILTON: No. I believe in tan lines. I like to see how I'm doing.

7.

PLAYBOY: How many hours do you spend tanning?

HAMILTON: I must put in a 20-hour week. At least.

8.

PLAYBOY: Do you use a special lotion?

HAMILTON: My favorite is *Aloe vera*; it softens the skin. Carmex is incredible for the lips. P.A.B.A. is the best thing for sun filtering. Believe me, I've tried everything on the market. There was this pill back in 1959, Oxsoralen. It was used by the white guy who infiltrated the ghetto as a black and wrote *Black Like Me*. The pill was terrible and probably killed you, but I loved it. I got *sooo* dark. I don't like to wear make-up in films, and with a suntan, I don't have to. I have a wonderful opportunity to reflect my face. Beyond that, I'm Leo, ruled by the sun. Solar energy restores my batteries.

9.

PLAYBOY: Don't you worry about skin cancer?

HAMILTON: I'm extremely careful about that. I go to the best guy in the world, in New York. He looks my skin over and says, "What's this little scaly thing?" It might be an artinic keratosis, which can turn into a carcinoma—skin cancer. Whatever it is, the scaly thing goes off immediately, rather than watch it over time. Also, I have dark hair, dark eyes; lighter pigments are more susceptible. The bottom line is I love the sun. It probably does age the skin and I wouldn't use a sun lamp, but I've gone 40 years, must have been in the sun every other day since I was 16. For me, it's therapy. It gets me higher than any drug.

10.

PLAYBOY: Do you do drugs?

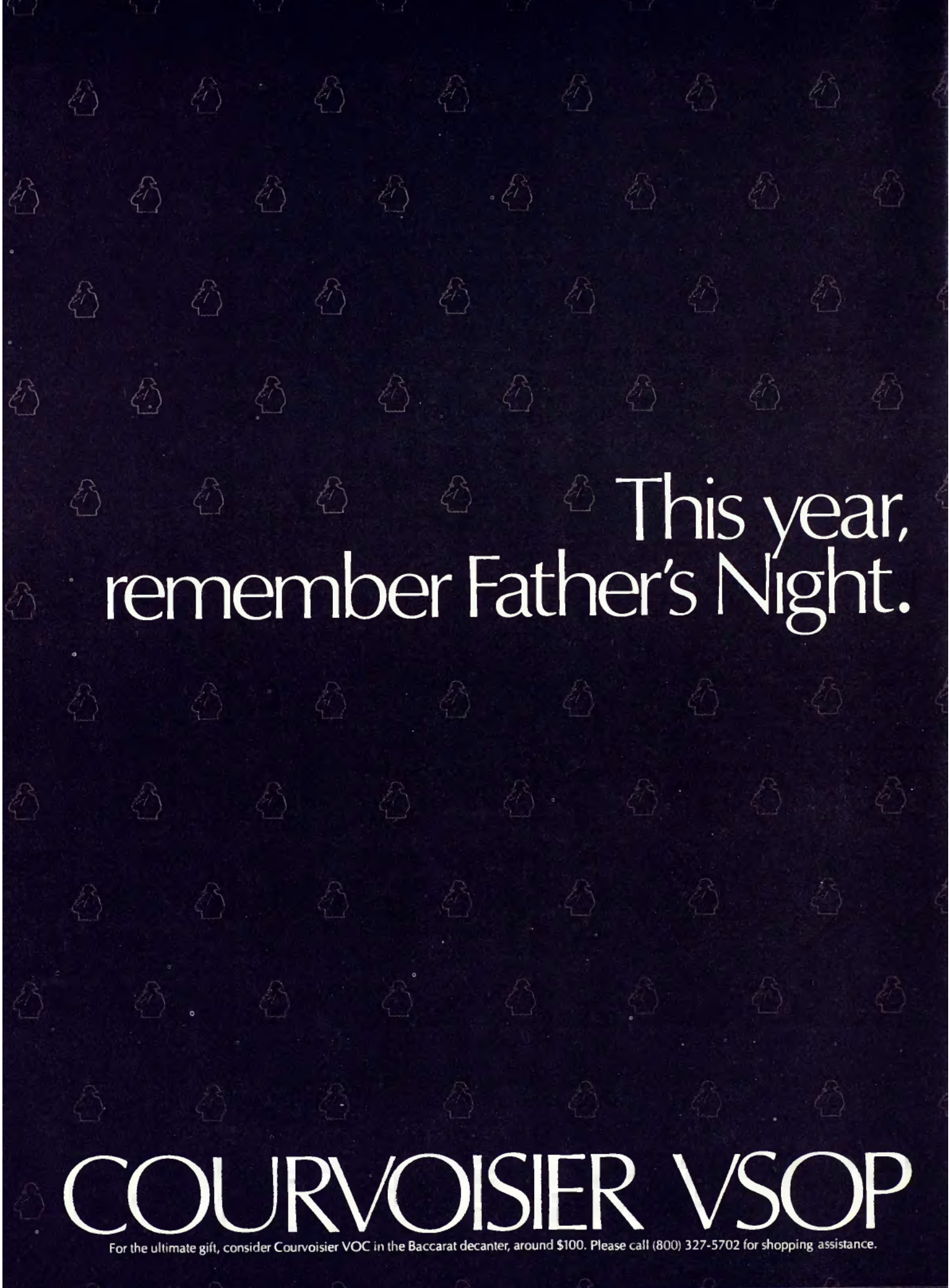
HAMILTON: I don't need them. But I'm not a hypocrite; I've been around. I was of the amphetamine generation. The studio gave you amphetamines if you were tired and had to work. I've sat with Lenny Bruce when he shot up—and laughed because he was the funniest man I've ever known. But heroin killed him. I've smoked grass and found myself delaying tomorrow and eating up the icebox. Drugs are just not my style. I take 120 vitamins a day and go to every youth doctor there is; I don't want to jerk around with my body for a 15-minute high. Besides, there's nothing worse than some coked-up party person coming right up to your face and telling you his plans for the future. They go on like parakeets on Benzedrine. It gives them a small sense of "God, isn't it great!" And all during the party, there's this conga line to the bathroom. You hear sniffling behind the door, like everybody's crying. And nobody's at the party anymore. Hollywood should build large bathrooms and forget about living rooms.

11.

PLAYBOY: Are your looks ever an obstacle for women?

HAMILTON: Yes. I often have to make twice the effort. A woman doesn't want to feel she's one of many. So I have to make her know it's *she* I want to make love to, *she* I want to take to dinner. But I've come *(continued on page 252)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TODD SMITH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COGNAC
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Courvoisier, Jarnac, France
The Brandy of Napoleon

First-Class Stowaway

(continued from page 124)

"No one would suspect I didn't belong—not even stewards with a sixth sense for spotting poseurs."

than the porcelain of her coffee cup. Quietly, I thanked her dentist, her father and ten generations of intelligent breeding. Sensing sex and sanctuary, I got up and signaled the deck steward, a feral-looking character who looked at me resentfully. Obviously, I was talking to one of the few single women in first class. *Buon giorno* and tough shit, friend. I pointed toward a stack of blue-striped mats, and when he came over with one, I ordered a cappuccino.

My charming shipmate introduced herself as Ellen Wilson and I reciprocated, almost adding, "Stowaway, first class." The steward came back with my cappuccino and asked me the number of my cabin. For a second I panicked, then I began to pat the pockets of Richard's jacket with casual concern.

"Damn, I've forgotten my key, and I can't remember *what* the number is," I said. "I think it's on B deck, if that helps." With a wan smile, I shrugged, praying that there was a B deck and that it was first class. The steward looked perplexed.

Ellen intervened.

"Look," she said, "you can owe me one." And she gave the steward her cabin number, ordering a couple more coffees at the same time. I had passed my first test . . . with a little help.

We talked for several hours, quickly gaining the closeness that only an ocean voyage can create. Beer and peanuts gave me a renewed strength and perhaps some charm. Ellen was on her way to Africa, where she'd be meeting her fiancé, but she added without looking at me that on the open seas, the attachments of reality and dry land seemed far, far away.

Toward midafternoon, Ellen excused herself. "Will I see you at dinner?"

I had to think fast. I could get away with a little ruse with a deck steward, but not with a maître de. People were seated by cabins and checks were signed with room numbers, and I would be in jeopardy if I stepped into the dining room. I decided to reveal my "secret" to Ellen right away—or at least a certain version. I was traveling tourist and therefore wasn't allowed in the first-class dining room.

"Isn't it rather illegal for you to be up here at all?"

"I call it quite daring," I replied. "So how about meeting me in the bar later, for drinks?"

"Are you allowed in the bar?"

"No, but bartenders aren't as class-conscious as waiters."

After Ellen left for a siesta—without, unfortunately, inviting me—I went into one of the shops near the dining room and bought a razor, soap, shaving cream, some Eau Sauvage cologne (expensive but very first-class) and a kit to put them all in, laboriously explaining to the salesman that my luggage had been delayed on a flight from Boston. Then I bought a blue-nylon bathing suit. Now I had one entire change of wardrobe. I found a men's room near the pool and with some mild acrobatics and much smirking at occasional curious male passengers ("My cabin's so stuffy, isn't yours?"), I shaved and washed. Then, hanging my clothes on a hook inside a booth door, I went out and took a swim. All I had to do, I realized, was to look as if I belonged.

That evening, Ellen arrived in the bar a few minutes after I did, stunning in a silk dress, black and backless. Although I was still in my basic khaki-pants–Lacoste-shirt outfit, my shave and swim had made me feel almost debonair. The atmosphere in the bar was reassuring—bars, after all, have a kind of equanimity—and no one seemed to be paying any attention to me. Ellen took in my clothes with a faint flicker of her eyes and what might have been an appreciative smile.

"You look wonderful," I said, filled with simple awe at the way silk showed off her body.

"And you look . . . familiar," she laughed. Ellen's smile sent me into a deep gulp of vodka and tonic.

The evening was hypercharged and intense. Ordinarily, I would have paced myself with some deliberation, let the seduction stretch out tantalizingly over a few days. But this was different, an urgent case of ecstasy or the agony of another sleepless night on deck and, I had no doubt, a miserable surrender the next morning—a clear, daunting matter of sink or swing.

I considered that rather than freeze alone, I would throw myself on Ellen's tender mercy, admitting that I had stowed away and begging her to let me sleep on her cabin floor. What worried me was the treachery that can lurk in the hearts of people who have paid $2000 for something toward those who are getting the same thing free. As *simpatico* as Ellen seemed, if I had misjudged her, my joy ride would be over. I imagined her hearing my story quietly and then suddenly screaming and pointing at me until burly sailors appeared to drag me below decks for round-the-clock beatings. So I worked at my desperate game of charm.

Ellen spun out a background of money and fatuous finishing schools and a fiancé for whom and against whom she felt equally little. I described myself as a free-lance journalist who had just interviewed Diana Ross and Raquel Welch. I wove myself into a fabulously romantic tapestry as the evening progressed, and with each glittering thread, I felt more at home in the part. A little world-weary but brash and boyishly curious, I told of adventures that I had imagined for years, forays of the suppressed soul that had been dreamed so often they were almost not lies. She talked, I talked, we drank away my precious bank roll; but by midnight we were in her cabin, where rather than throw myself on Ellen's tender mercy, I merely threw myself on tender Ellen. Farewell, midwatch, I'd found a home and all its earthly comforts.

•

A sweetly athletic night, a long shower and a breakfast of coffee, eggs and *croissants* in Ellen's cabin carried me far from the teetering insecurity of the day before. Ellen agreed that it didn't make sense for me to stay in the stuffy tourist-class cabin I had invented for myself. When she suggested that I bring my luggage to her cabin, I revived my story about a mix-up at the airport (I had just flown in from the Coast, where I had completed a series of interviews with Robert Altman and Diane Keaton) and suitcases to be sent on to Naples by air. With what seemed a slightly long look, Ellen nodded and told me to take off my clothes again.

She had two ulterior motives. The second turned out to be getting my three or four pieces of clothing to the ship's laundry. Clad in bathing suits, hers now a devastating yellow tank suit that, I sensed, would turn transparent in high humidity, we spent the day at the pool. Confident now that if I looked casually at home, no one would suspect I didn't belong—not even the stewards and deck officers who had, no doubt, a sixth sense for spotting poseurs—I chatted gregariously with my shipmates. I let it be known that I was a journalist, and when one of the officers seemed a bit more interested than I wanted him to be, I mentioned boldly that I hoped to be able to interview the captain during the voyage.

Transforming myself into a successful journalist, and obviously one who lived within the world I wrote about, turned out to have been a master stroke. Soon I had virtual run of the ship. I mingled easily with the officers and the guests. I

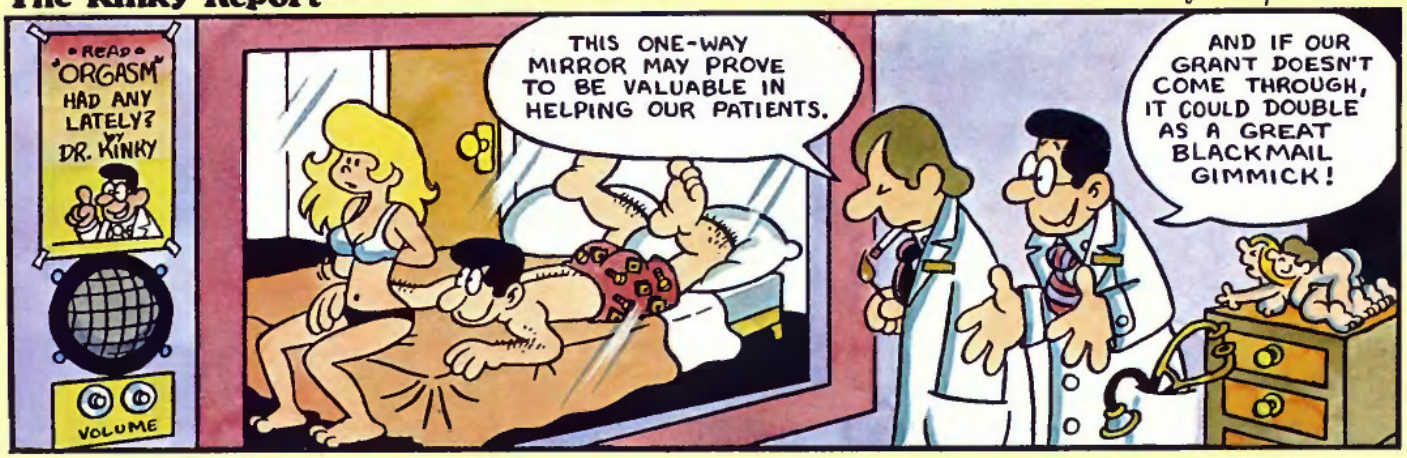
(continued on page 200)

THE LONER

By Frank Baginski & Reynolds Dodson

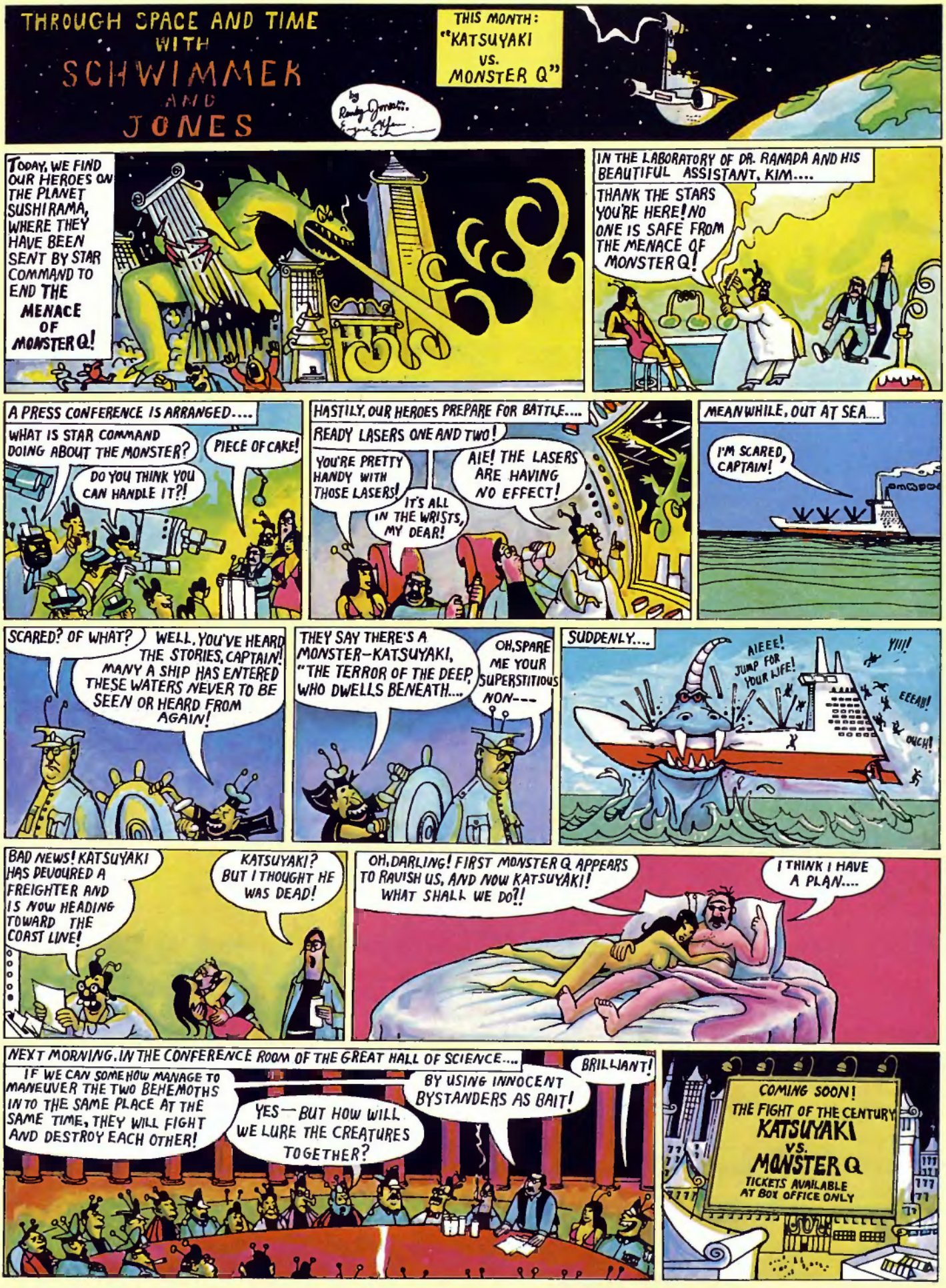
The Kinky Report

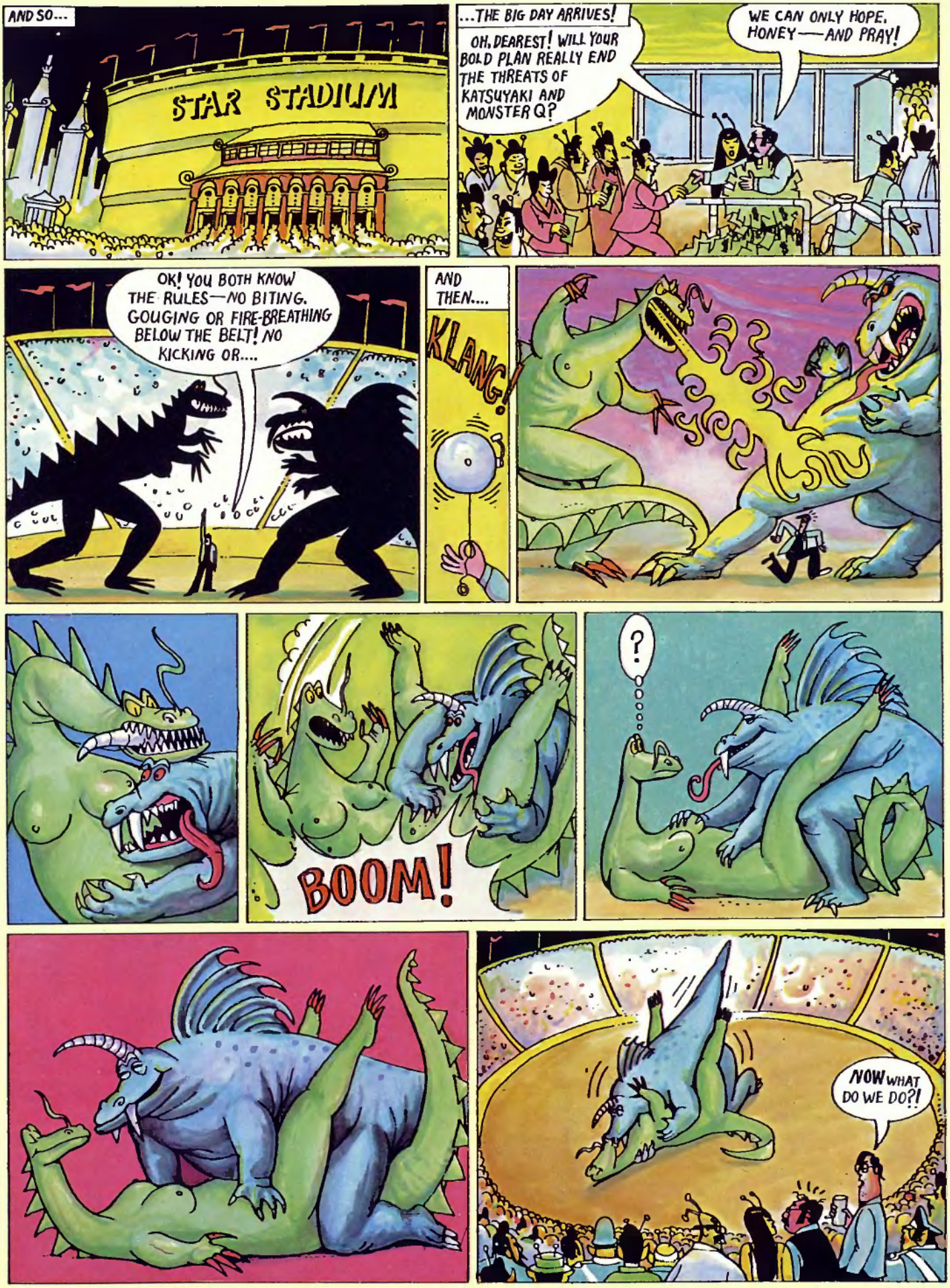
by Christopher Browne



annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard

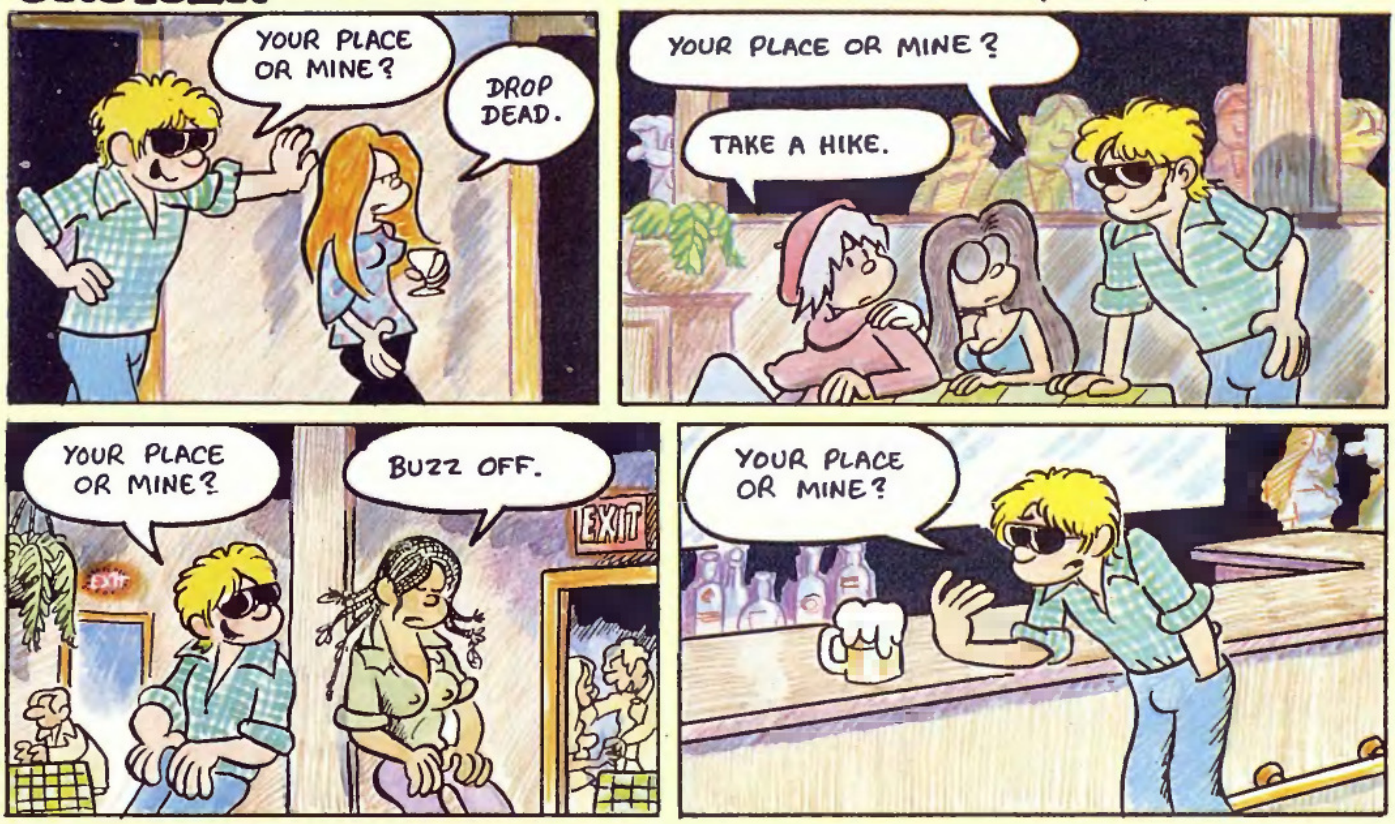

THROUGH SPACE AND TIME WITH SCHWIMMER AND JONES
by Randy Jones & Eugene Schwimmer
THIS MONTH: "KATSUYAKI VS. MONSTER Q"
TODAY, WE FIND OUR HEROES ON THE PLANET SUSHIRAMA, WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN SENT BY STAR COMMAND TO END THE MENACE OF MONSTER Q!
IN THE LABORATORY OF DR. RANADA AND HIS BEAUTIFUL ASSISTANT, KIM....
THANK THE STARS YOU'RE HERE! NO ONE IS SAFE FROM THE MENACE OF MONSTER Q!
A PRESS CONFERENCE IS ARRANGED....
WHAT IS STAR COMMAND DOING ABOUT THE MONSTER?
DO YOU THINK YOU CAN HANDLE IT?!
PIECE OF CAKE!
HASTILY, OUR HEROES PREPARE FOR BATTLE....
READY LASERS ONE AND TWO!
YOU'RE PRETTY HANDY WITH THOSE LASERS!
IT'S ALL IN THE WRISTS, MY DEAR!
AIE! THE LASERS ARE HAVING NO EFFECT!
MEANWHILE, OUT AT SEA....
I'M SCARED, CAPTAIN!
SCARED? OF WHAT?
WELL, YOU'VE HEARD THE STORIES, CAPTAIN! MANY A SHIP HAS ENTERED THESE WATERS NEVER TO BE SEEN OR HEARD FROM AGAIN!
THEY SAY THERE'S A MONSTER—KATSUYAKI, "THE TERROR OF THE DEEP, WHO DWELLS BENEATH....
OH, SPARE ME YOUR SUPERSTITIOUS NON---
SUDDENLY....
AIEEE! JUMP FOR YOUR LIFE!
YIII!
EEEAB!
OUCH!
BAD NEWS! KATSUYAKI HAS DEVOURED A FREIGHTER AND IS NOW HEADING TOWARD THE COAST LINE!
KATSUYAKI? BUT I THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD!
OH, DARLING! FIRST MONSTER Q APPEARS TO RAVISH US, AND NOW KATSUYAKI! WHAT SHALL WE DO?!
I THINK I HAVE A PLAN....
NEXT MORNING. IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM OF THE GREAT HALL OF SCIENCE....
IF WE CAN SOMEHOW MANAGE TO MANEUVER THE TWO BEHEMOTHS IN TO THE SAME PLACE AT THE SAME TIME, THEY WILL FIGHT AND DESTROY EACH OTHER!
YES—BUT HOW WILL WE LURE THE CREATURES TOGETHER?
BY USING INNOCENT BYSTANDERS AS BAIT!
BRILLIANT!
COMING SOON! THE FIGHT OF THE CENTURY KATSUYAKI VS. MONSTER Q TICKETS AVAILABLE AT BOX OFFICE ONLY


AND SO...
STAR STADIUM
...THE BIG DAY ARRIVES!
OH, DEAREST! WILL YOUR BOLD PLAN REALLY END THE THREATS OF KATSUYAKI AND MONSTER Q?
WE CAN ONLY HOPE, HONEY—AND PRAY!
OK! YOU BOTH KNOW THE RULES—NO BITING, GOUGING OR FIRE-BREATHING BELOW THE BELT! NO KICKING OR....
AND THEN....
KLANG!
BOOM!
?
NOW WHAT DO WE DO?!

MOONSHINE McJUGS
BY FRANK THORNE
THIS HERE'S TH' PEEIN' CONTEST. NEXT IS WRASSLIN'. THE FARTIN' CONTEST COMES AFTER THE BEAN N' HAWG ROAST.
IT AIN'T SO MUCH THE OUT-PUT AS THE IN-TAKE.
I NEAR DRANK FLEM'S WELL DRY, FILLIN' UP FER THIS EVENT--
SOMMER OLYMPIKS
THE WINNER GITS T' LEG WRASSLE WITH MOONSHINE IN THE HAY MOUN'.
I'S GONNA WHUP MOON-SHINE, GOOD AN' PROPER--
THEN PORK HER, RIGHT THERE, IN THE NAME O' TH' Mc BUNS CLAN.
BARF'S SURE TO WIN, MIZZ MOONSHINE, HE'S HOSIN' LIKE A SCARED MULE IN A THUNDER-STORM!
YO' PREPARED TO TANGLE WIF THEM HAIRY LEGS?
THEY'S LIKE A PAIR O' SWAMP OAKS!
HE AIN'T NO BETTER'N ANY TREE TOAD AT LEG WRASSLIN'.
FIRST TIME I LICKED BARF Mc BUNS, WE WAS JES NINE YEARS OLD--
MAH PAPPY SEED US AT IT, AN' THOUGHT BARF WERE TRYIN' TO RAPE HIS PRIZE HEIFER-ME, THAT IS.
THE Mc JUGS AND Mc BUNS HAS BEEN A-FEUDIN' EVER SINCE!
WINNIN', BY A HALF YARD-- BARF Mc BUNS!
HOORAY YA HOOO
MIGHTY POWERFUL PISSIN', BARF!
COME ON, MOONSHINE, WE'S GOT A DATE AT THET YONDER HAY MOUN'!
AH ARRIVED HERE LATE. WHAT WE WAITIN' FER?
IT'S BEEN A SPELL, BUT SOON'S BARF'S FINISHED A-PEEIN', WE'S GONNA SEE A LEG WRASSLE.

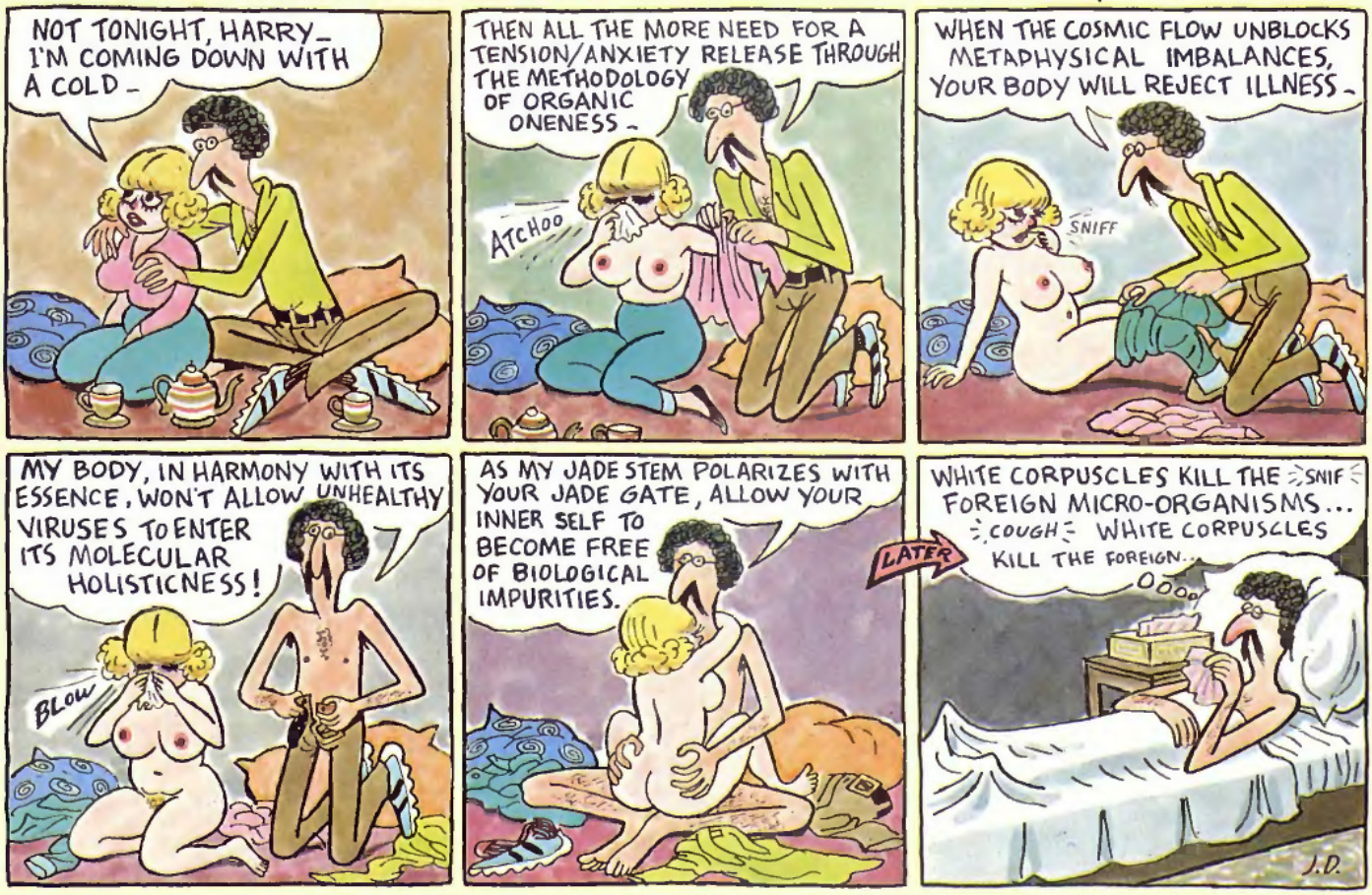
CRUISER

by Christopher Browne



HOLISTIC HARRY

by J. Delmar



"World's Greatest Dad"

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MAN & WORK

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

OUTFITTING YOURSELF FOR SUCCESS

It's Monday morning and your weekend blue jeans lie on the bedroom floor. It's time to put together an outfit for the office. You take inventory of your wardrobe and put some thought into selecting the right suit, shirt and tie. Haven't the experts decreed that clothes make the businessman? Word seems to have filtered down. One marketing executive says, "A good appearance projects a management image, and I want to show my boss I belong in this organization."

A manager warns, "If your boss is a meticulous dresser, it's a wise idea to get interested in clothing yourself." That reads, Dress like your boss.

Since specialists and consultants are very much in vogue, some men will no doubt jump at the chance to let an expert pick out their clothing. Their source book may well be John T. Molloy's *Dress for Success*. Molloy, who claims to have researched business attire down to the last pinstripe and polka dot, is definite about what the young man with his eyes on the executive suite should stash in his closet. What honchos look for in their juniors, Molloy says, is a "conservative, upper-middle-class appearance." If you're not quite sure what that means, fear not; Molloy shows you how.

Wear a dark-blue suit to your initial interview at any company, Molloy advises. Why blue? The color is acceptable to persons from all backgrounds and you can never be sure who'll represent the company at that first session. Save your vested gray suit for your meeting with the top man. He'll respond better to that shade, because it fits his conception of the executive look. You'll wear white shirts (according to a Molloy study, 87 of 106 executives attribute greater moral strength to white shirts) and "small-patterned maroon" neckties (two and a quarter to two and a half inches wide). If you've been wearing your hair longish, you'll top off that executive look by having it cut "as short as you can stand it."

If you follow Molloy's dicta and plan your wardrobe with the strategy of a new-product campaign, you'll purchase three more suits as soon as you land a job. Those will be vested, in your choice of dark blues and grays, in solids, pinstripes or conservative plaids. They must be "rich-looking." In the North, that Molloy term translates into wool or a blend that looks like wool. In warmer climates, linen is acceptable.

Is it really necessary to trust someone else to choose your clothes when you've been entrusted with, say, a six-figure budget? One young executive says, "I realize that there are standards, but I don't want to look like the next guy."

Nevertheless, Molloy will not relent. "Corporations don't hire individuals," he says. "Dressing to kill may mean killing your own career."

Many men seek guidelines but chafe at rules. If your office is a bastion of conservatism (or actually has a written dress code), your first thought may be to wage guerrilla warfare against the precepts Molloy has carved in stone. We know of one executive who custom-orders club ties with esoterically obscene designs.

Whatever your business or profession, chances are the suit is considered proper dress. "The suit silhouette is constant," says PLAYBOY Fashion Director David Platt. "It's the most flattering style yet found for every body type." But if you're going to take care of business in blues, grays and pinstripes, there's no reason they have to be stodgy. Your dark three-piece can turn heads if you pay attention to fit, tailoring and detailing. Many designers, especially the young Americans, have done a great job of redefining the traditional business suit.

Platt points out that there are variations within the suit range: fitted suits, sack suits, single- and double-breasted models. A sports-jacket-and-slacks combination falls into that category, if that's a possible option for you. Platt also feels that practical considerations may soon have an effect upon men's businesswear. Tweed fabrics and sweaters may be pressed into service to contend with lowered thermostats. Summer might find men in light sports jackets and shirt sleeves while air conditioners operate at a fraction of capacity.

If the "shirt from column A, tie from column B" approach to attire is not for you, you'll be challenged to come up with something better, your personal style. It will require effort. The following will make things a little easier:

- Use common sense. While codes infringe upon personal freedom, much business dress has a certain validity. If you invest others' money for a living, it's not wise to look as if you're ready to board the next plane to Rio.
- Consider your body. You may not be a 40 regular. Different clothing works best on different physiques. Find out what styles accentuate your best features while minimizing any imperfections.
- Buy natural fabrics. They look better and drape your body better. So what if the man-made fibers don't wrinkle? A crease here and there is human. There's enough artificiality in the world.
- Buy quality. Cheap clothing looks just that way. And it doesn't last. Shoes come unstitched. Lapels curl. Pay a little more for things that will last.
- Find out what the experts say. Read their books. But remember you're searching for ideas, not studying Gospels. In *Dressing Right*, Charles Hix makes valuable suggestions about combining colors, patterns and textures. Molloy is especially useful when he talks about shopping for values.

Don't underestimate the impression that dressing well can make on you, too. One executive says, "A fine-looking outfit really helps my work." That's something to remember the next time you're assigned to soft-pedal your company's windfall profits or latest environmental transgression. —WARREN KALBACKER

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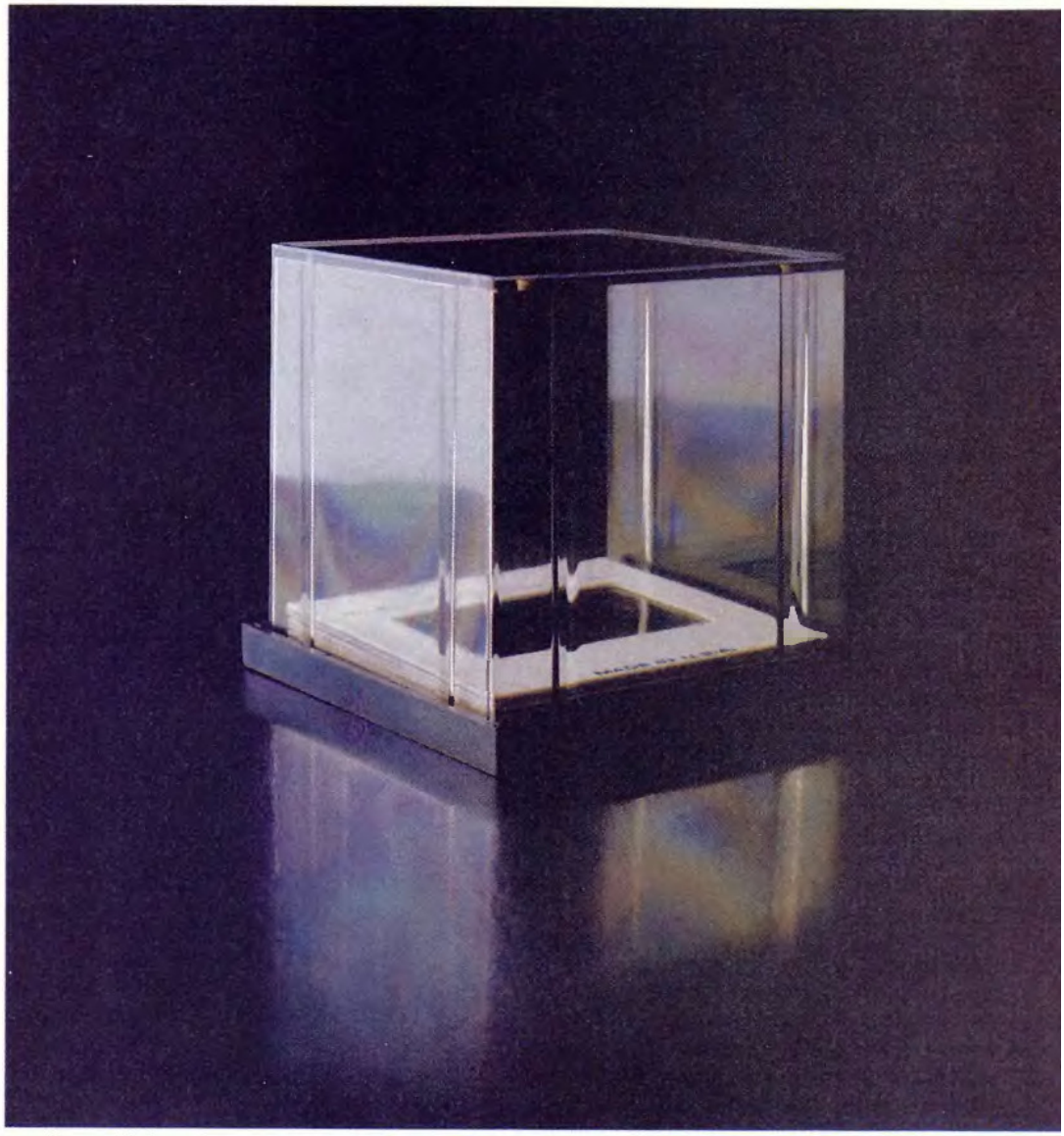

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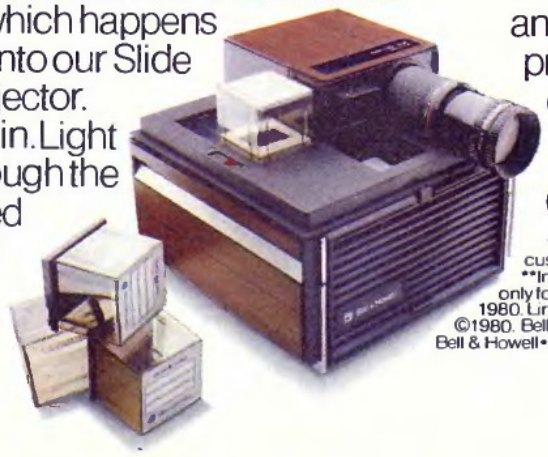

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HOW TO PACK A SUITCASE

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

It's the suitcase age. Quickie vacations, sudden business trips—sooner or later, everyone gets jet fever.

The problem is packing. You're in a rush, you jam a wad of clothes into a valise and—several time zones later—you're doing business in a suit as wrinkled as the South Dakota Badlands, your razor-nicked chin festooned with tissue strips because you forgot to take a styptic pencil.

Organization is the solution. Fit everything into carry-on luggage and you finesse baggage queues, lost valises, bulky bags. You can sprint from the terminal directly to a meeting, all your gear slung dashingly over one shoulder.

TRAVELING LIGHT

For the average business trip, you need just one carry-on bag, slid under the seat ahead of you. Not enough? Add an attaché case or a folding garment bag, which the stewardess can stow up front. Remember the old rule: If in doubt, leave it out. As a test, after your next trip, unload your suitcases into two heaps: things used, things not used.

List all the items you used, adding anything you left home and missed. That's your basic packing list—it'll help you pack in minutes for your next trip. Many frequent travelers keep a suitcase perpetually packed with the basics, restocking it with toiletries and other used-up items after each trek.

Don't forget the little things: sewing kit, midget flashlight, plastic rain slicker (folds to handkerchief size), extra shoelaces, extra eyeglasses, pens, pads, medicine kit (aspirin, antacid, Band-Aids, prescriptions), spot remover, safety pins, lint brush, shoehorn, zipper-repair kit, electrical adapter (if you're going overseas), granola bars (for a fast breakfast or lunch), address book, plastic garbage-can liners (for wet bathing suits, dirty clothes), collapsible plastic hangers (for drying bathroom-washed clothes—metal hangers can leave rust marks).

Shop for space-saving gear such as microsized tape recorders, disposable razors, minicontainers for tooth paste, deodorant, shampoo, mouthwash and after-shave. Hauling home presents or convention papers? Pack a folded plastic shopping bag. Or you can buy a duffel bag that folds to the size of a paperback book and rides inside your regular suitcase on the trip out.

BATTLE PLAN

Clothes? Plan ahead on paper. Chart your trip, dividing each day into morning, afternoon and evening. In each time slot, list the clothes you'll wear. Clothes you wear most frequently at home will feel most comfortable.

Build in versatility—a suit jacket that also matches a separate pair of slacks, for example. Pick clothes in the same color families so you can juggle your suits, slacks, shirts and sweaters to create a variety of outfits. For that kind of mixing, solid colors are safer than patterns. If you're going from a cold to a warm climate (or vice versa), dress in discardable layers. For example, taking off from Kennedy or O'Hare, wear a sweater under your suit that you can peel off when you land in Miami or L.A. Raincoats with zippered linings are excellent for climate jumping. Instead of packing a bulky overcoat, wear it to stow in the overhead rack.

You're apt to walk a lot on trips, so take broken-in shoes, including at least one extra pair. Wool socks make good slippers. And, inverted, they make good shoe bags. Per day, figure on two shirts, plus two pairs of underwear and socks, so you can change for the evening. Don't count on the hotel's cleaning service laundering your duds overnight or even over two or three nights.

In packing, remember that flammables are illegal. Matches are OK only if they're in tightly sealed containers. Liquids, such as mouthwash and shampoo, should be in breakproof plastic bottles, wrapped in plastic bags tightly sealed with wire twists. Stash heavier items, such as shoes, at the bottom of your suitcase. Stuff shoes with socks and handkerchiefs. Snake belts around the inside of the suitcase (rolled, they might crack). Fold ties over cardboard shirt backings, holding them on with a rubber band. Stuff underwear, socks and other odds and ends into the suitcase's corners, so your clothes can't shift and wrinkle. If your suitcase opens like a clamshell, pack shoes, toiletries, shirts, socks, underwear and such on one side, suits and slacks on the other. If your bag opens at the top, like a kangaroo's pouch, pack the suits and slacks uppermost to prevent wrinkles. Done carefully, you'll be surprised how fresh your clothes will look.

LOOK, MA—NO WRINKLES

To pack suits and slacks, start by laying a pair of trousers in the suitcase, belt line to the right, legs extending out over the case on the left. Lay a second pair of slacks on top, waist to the left, legs overflowing the suitcase on the right. Leave them like that while you fold the jacket.

First, spread the jacket on the bed, lining side down. Second, fold back the sleeves, so that the shoulders and elbows meet where the jacket's backbone would be. Third, fold back the lapels and sides over the sleeves, turning the jacket inside out. Fourth, fold the jacket in half vertically, along the backbone. Fifth, fold the jacket in half horizontally.

Pack the jacket atop the slacks in the suitcase, then fold the legs over the jacket. That way, the pants won't crease where they fold, the jacket acting as a cushion.

You've arrived, unpacked and your suit is wrinkled? Hang it in the bathroom (using a plastic or aluminum hanger), turn the shower to hot and shut the door. In 15 minutes, the steam should smooth the creases. —RICHARD WOLKOMIR

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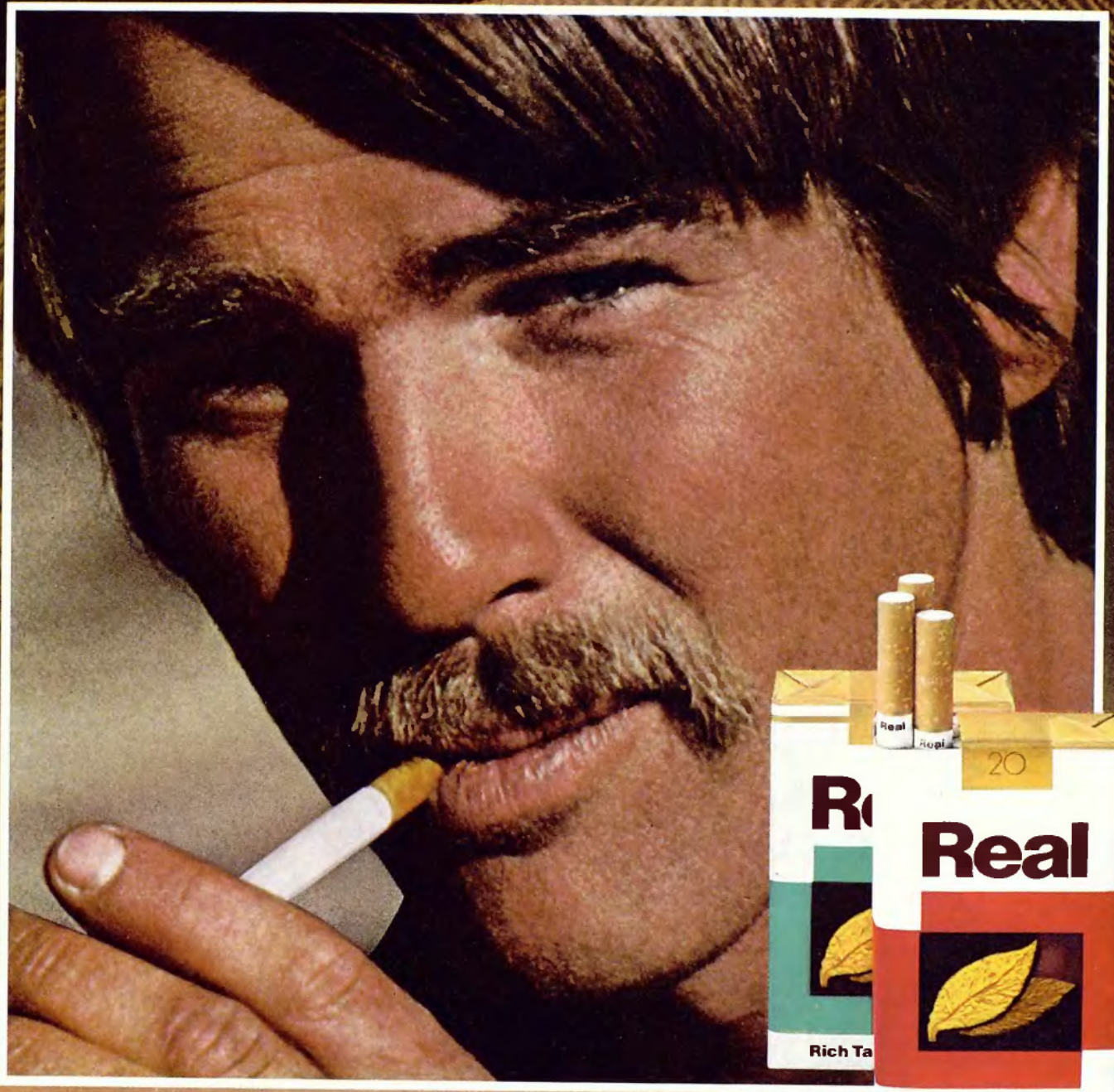

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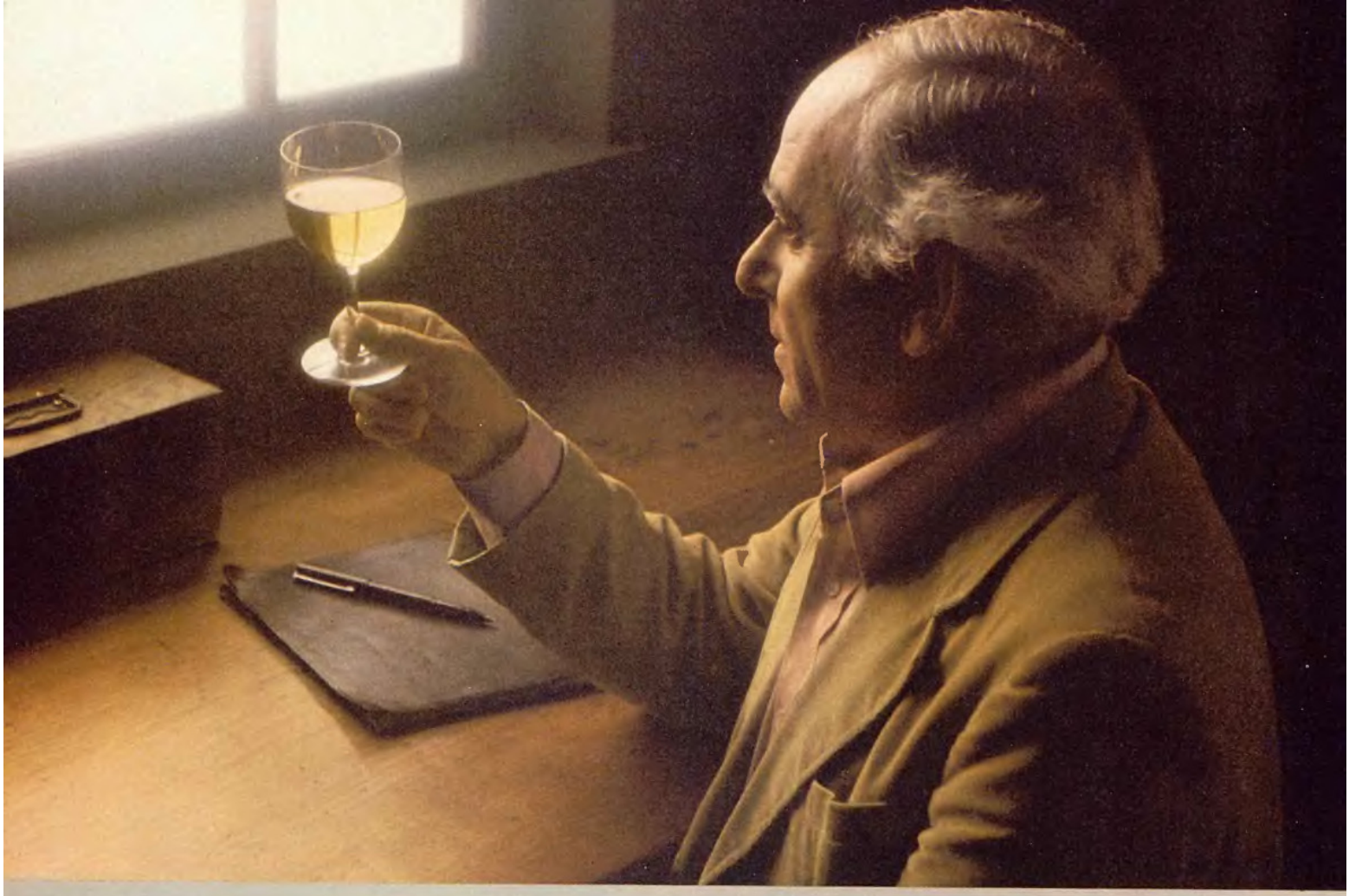

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 (continued from page 151)

"Although I don't long to have a penis, it doesn't follow that I would mind borrowing one."

trefoil of three large dangling pieces of flesh. It wasn't until I was an adolescent and saw a penis again in a different context that I recalled that image and changed my idea that men had three penises.

My friend Marilyn's parents took nudity for granted. She was permitted to observe her father's penis in all of its changing states, her parents imagining she'd develop a healthy casualness about sex. "But," says Marilyn, "I never felt casual about it. I was always aware of the sexuality and it made me uneasy. There were always questions I wanted to ask about things I couldn't understand and didn't even know how to put into words. Besides, as a child, I always felt like the outsider. After all, I didn't share their sexual relationship, nor could I imagine it. And I couldn't be casual about an organ that was so unlike my mother's and mine, that varied so, and swung so, and was so obvious. And, most of all, was so enormous—or so it seemed to me then."

Most women seem to have been able to relate more comfortably to a young male sibling's genitalia as very natural and much less formidable—just as they viewed the person it was on. Joan often took a bath with her brother. After washing each other's organs carefully, he lay in the tub and she lay on top of him, feeling his entire body, including his penis.

It was not little boys' penises that turned me on so much as the fear, mystery and eroticism inherent in knowing too little. Sexuality was inherent in the curiosity itself, something I often miss now. One of my most sexually charged experiences as a child was a variant on group sex. Fronzie Feinblatt, Laura Greenhood and I decided to seduce little Jordan Rudnick into showing us his penis. I recall the aura of sexuality of the experience from the moment we began thinking about it. Convincing Jordan to submit was part of it, but he wasn't interested. He was playing on the stoop with a car.

"Jordan," said Fronzie, as we surrounded him, "let's do something exciting."

"What?" asked Jordan, not even looking up. Our excited whispers surely indicated something that never reached Jordan. We looked around. There were windows everywhere. Laura had a bathroom in her basement that we were all afraid to use. Somehow it seemed the perfect place.

"Don't you have to go to the bathroom, Jordan? You've been out for hours."

"Uh, uh," said Jordan.

"I bet you're chicken to go to the little bathroom in Laura's basement," I said.

"I am not," said Jordan. "I just don't want to."

"We'll give you a nickel if you prove it. You can buy candy with a nickel. And when you get there, all you have to do is pull down your pants."

We quietly followed Jordan into the dark cellar, frightened ourselves watching out for Laura's mother. We were all excited and breathing hard. Jordan was either shy or terrified. We had a hard time convincing him to pull down his pants in the creepy little bathroom we were squeezed into. We had to offer him another nickel. As Jordan hesitantly lowered his pants, the room was filled with a sexuality none of us knew what to do with. This was resolved by a shrill scream from Laura's mother, who had followed us. The spanking we witnessed did not turn us on, nor did the threat of her informing on us. Despite Laura's mother, I learned two things from that experience—neither of which was that sexuality is bad. One lesson was that the fastest way to a boy's penis is through his stomach; the other, that five-year-old-boys' pricks aren't very impressive.

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Did we all really wish to be endowed similarly to Jordan? Not I. Frankly, at that age, I got the same thrill from making Grace Daddario pull down her pants while lying on the cellar door. Psychoanalyst Erik H. Erikson's opinion that "Many of the original conclusions of psychoanalysis concerning womanhood hinge on the so-called genital trauma, i.e., the little girl's sudden comprehension of the fact that she does not and never will have a penis." seems to be how Freud and other therapists imagined a young female would feel, which is how they, most likely, as men, would feel. I never felt deficient in not possessing a penis. I knew there were boys and girls and that we'd grow into men and women. It never occurred to me to want to switch. Not until later, anyway, when I envied Jordan's manhood privileges, not his organ.

The boys on my block often had pissing contests. They'd stand on the curb, flys unzipped, holding their penises, and see who could spray the farthest. Some, with proper handling, could piss arabesques. These contests I observed complacently, interested only in who might win.

The only thing I really envied about possessing a penis had nothing to do with sexuality. It was the neatness and ease of opening the fly to urinate. Urinating presents complexities to the young, such as always having to do it when there's no bathroom around. Sheldon Drazner could stand casually at the curb and aim wherever he liked, staring glazedly ahead. I could go behind a bush and squat, my pants around my ankles. But they always got wet—shoes and socks, too. I recently saw scrawled on a ladies'-room wall, "What good is a penis? It's handy for peeing when hiking."

I once attempted to urinate standing up, facing a wall. Perhaps I felt that by trying it, I'd really experience how a man does it. Reality fell with the first drops down my leg.

Although I don't long to have a penis, it doesn't follow that I would mind borrowing one. As an adult, I've annoyed many an indifferent man by imploring, "What does it feel like to have it always there? Can you feel it when you walk? Does it rub on your pants? Do your balls get crushed when you squeeze your legs together? Aren't you aware of it every moment? What does it feel like when it's big and hard? Is it hot? Does it feel swollen?"

I've tried to imagine what having a penis feels like. I've often tried to imagine lying on top of a woman and pressing it inside. In that way, watching a man masturbate can turn me on. On one level I'm observing, while my empathetic me is feeling. As he moves his hand, I watch, move, imagine the pleasure, feel the pleasure until it's almost me. I can almost come when he does.

As a masturbation fantasy, I once imagined I had a penis. I closed my eyes and pictured it rising hard between my legs. I imagined how it would feel, when swollen, needing to be touched. Clasping my fist around an imaginary rod, I moved it slowly up and down, silkily, then harder, as if something were really there, moving my hips. My hand, as it moved up and down the imaginary shaft, hit my clitoris gently again and again until I came.

Men can be arrogant about the penis. Yet, more often, they are incredibly casual about their member, while I simply watch it in absolute wonder.

Sometimes the penis seems to have an identity of its own that is expressed in its often idiosyncratic, autonomous behavior. This may serve as a reminder that our impulses may not be as rational as we think. My best lovers have been those men who have achieved a balance of respect and understanding toward their penis, taking it seriously and yet

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If you have more questions, ask your jeweler. And send for the booklet "Everything You'd Love to Know... About Diamonds." Just mail $1.00 to Diamond Information Center, 3799 Jasper St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19124. The prices shown are based on retail quotations. Prices may change substantially due to differences in diamond quality and market conditions. The rings shown are enlarged for detail.

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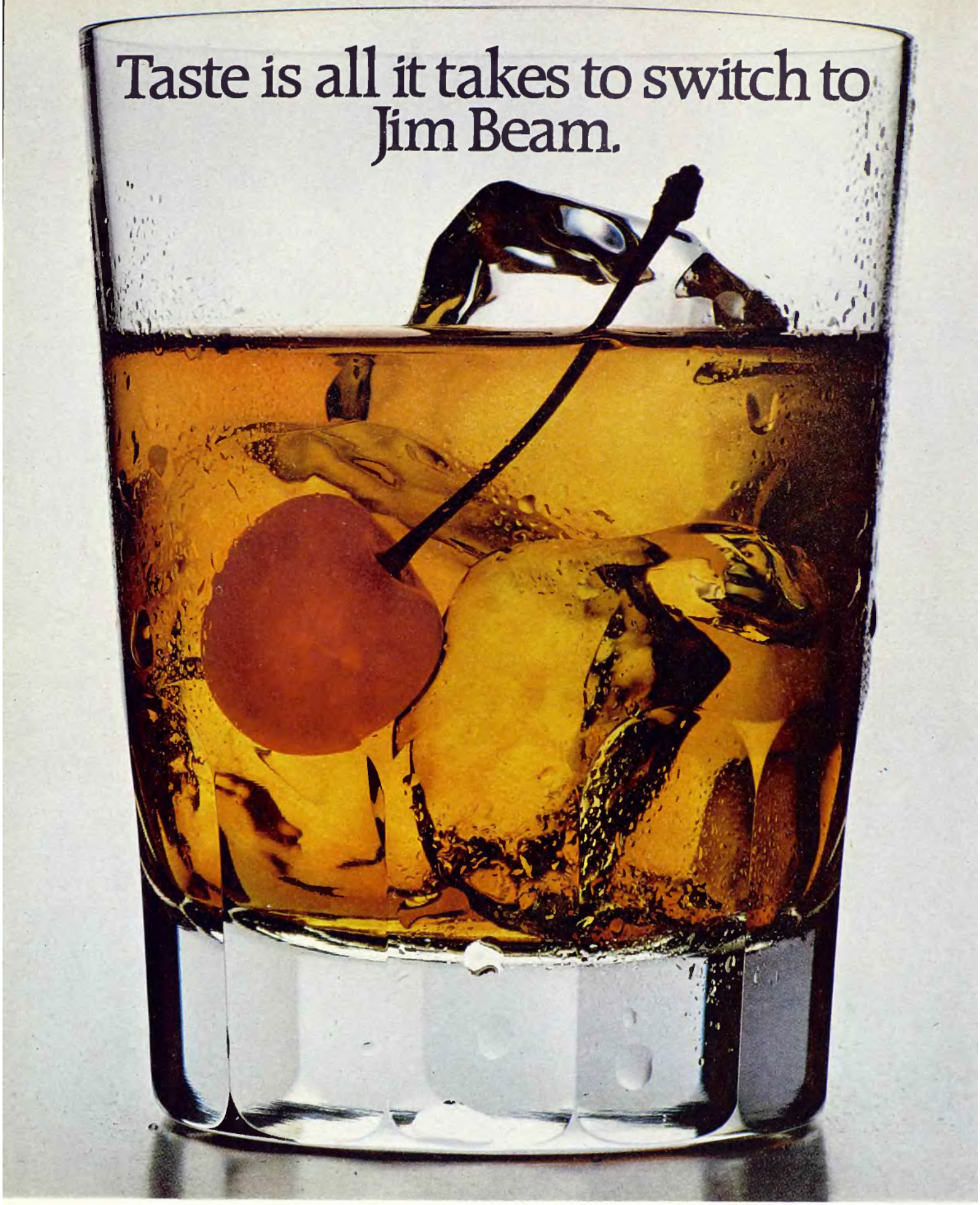

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retaining a sense of humor about it, recognizing and heeding its signals.

Patrick is disturbed that his penis often chooses women who are wrong for him. "My penis," he says, "is attracted to certain types, falls in love, but those women and I never get along." He also feels oppressed by his penis in other ways. "I may wish not to think about sex, or to ignore the sexuality of someone at work, perhaps, or someone who is married. I try my best, but my prick begins waving like a flag."

He's annoyed by, but affectionate toward his member, which he thinks is extremely demanding. He feels they can reach a civilized compromise only if he propitiates it with a certain amount of sexual activity, without allowing it to control him to the point of exhaustion. I've often heard Patrick bargain with his prick. "If I give you this one, then you leave me alone for a while," he tells it with a sigh.

Some men refer to their penis as "him." In my opinion, that is showing undue regard for what is really still part of one's body. The Chinese, says my friend Tuen-Ping, call the penis "little brother" (someone you learn to live with) or "small boss" (a good excuse for certain behavior).

Other men give their penis a name such as John Henry, John Thomas, Joseph or Rover. That is most embarrassing to me and I've often refused to call a prick by name when it's been introduced to me that way. But I know many women love that, often make up their own name for their lover's penis and think of it as someone they can share, like a dog or a baby.

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A step away from thinking of the penis as a separate entity is treating it as a sex object. It seems a likely subject to be objectified, although, in my experience, that doesn't happen much. I think that may be because—while boys learn the socially acceptable practices of staring at, making noises about or comparing the shapes of breasts, asses and cunts quite apart from whom they belong to—my female upbringing was definitely against focusing on the penis as an erotic object in itself. Satisfaction from a male was to come from areas other than those of a sexual or visual nature. My mother, when discussing a man's sexual attributes, stressed his education, his profession, his appearance, rather than his looks. She never said, "The man you marry should be a good lay." She never advised me to look for a man with a large dick. As young girls, we never sat around listening to our mothers joke about thin or wide pricks as they played bridge. I was taught implicitly to look away from crotches. It would have been unseemly for little girls to stare at men's crotches, attempting to imagine how well endowed they might be. Yet I'm often embarrassed by males of ten or eleven years of age staring at my ass or breasts, exhibiting frankly sexual and obviously imitative behavior.

Since I was a child, things have changed. Is it maturity, liberation or pure perversion that has me watching a man's small, tight buttocks as I follow him down the street? Why do I find myself staring down a man's shirt for a glimpse of his smooth, tan pectorals?

I find myself part of female locker-room discussions during which we rate performance, size—which includes width and length—general penis appearance, as well as technique, or "penisability."

"He's not that good in bed," Ruth might say, "but he makes it up in size."

Joan says, "I like Alan's prick. It's very fat."

"I went out with Joe Bonomo," says Carole. "I think he's cute. He's also very sweet. But he has an ugly prick."

While these discussions are very true, they are usually characterized by lots of laughter and exist more in the realm of satire.

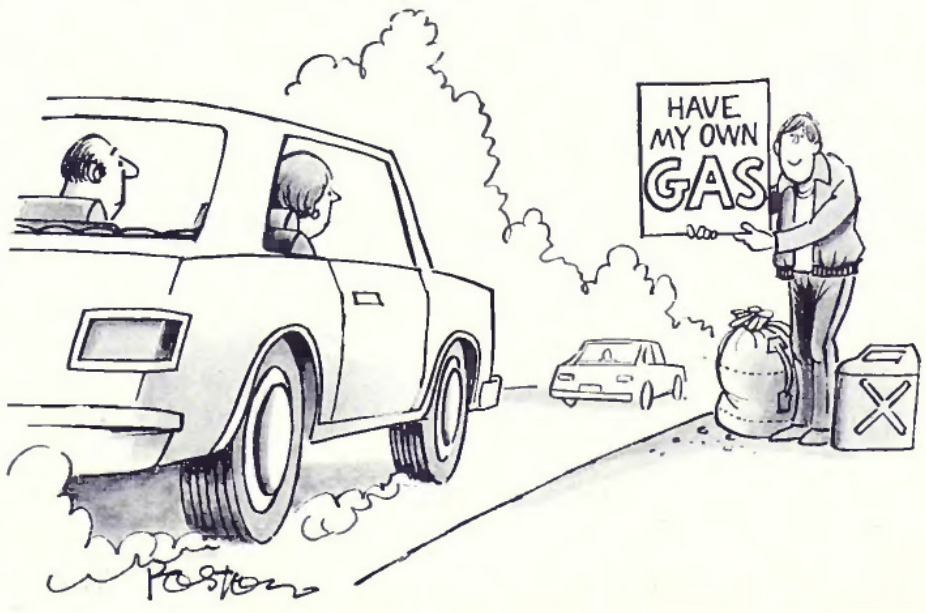
To one of my friends, the size and appearance of the penis seems important quite apart from whom it belongs to. Judyth definitely requires a large organ. She discusses penis size as a first requirement, as most women might focus on general appearance, or a personality trait, almost as if the man were incidental. Unfortunately, she's had to accept the fact that they're attached. She was in love for a long time with someone who she said had a ten-inch penis, but, unfortunately, he was very mean to her. I find that separation of man and penis quite rare. If someone showed me a series of flash cards of disembodied penises, the only thing it would turn me on to do would be to laugh a lot.

While to me a penis derives its eroticism from being part of someone who is erotic to me, it's quite possible to enjoy it as an erotic object without depersonalizing it. Although my friend Carole once said to me, "I wasn't turned on by Dave until I saw his prick. Then it was love at first sight," the erotic nature of a penis to me is not simply characterized by its appearance or size. I have never rejected a man because of penis size, but then again, most of my lovers have been of average size.

Although women have preferences as far as appearance goes, there is little actual prejudice. As an aesthetic factor, circumcision is rarely discussed. Most of my lovers have been circumcised, and until recently, I imagined most men were. When I was 19, I had an older lover who wasn't, and though it may indicate certain deficiencies in our relationship, his penis seemed like a stranger. I couldn't feel at home with its sheathed appearance; it seemed sneaky to me and was the opposite of erotic. Much later, I was in love with someone else who wasn't circumcised and now that seems more beautiful, natural and, of course, sexy to me. Circumcised organs now seem so shiny, so naked.

Men tend to objectify their own penis, often self-consciously worrying about size, appearance, color and technique, as if it were a piece of clothing that they weren't sure looked good on them but wasn't returnable. Perhaps that is because a lot of men I know often think about women's breasts and buttocks that way.

It's easier to discuss appearance than technique. Fucking, intercourse, balling, making love are combinations of too many elements. One organ (penis) or its technique can't be centrifuged apart from



feeling, physical attraction, affection, friendship, loyalty, trust, tenderness, even love. Very often it's love or other special and magical combinations that inspire new heights of technique and sexuality.

The kind of penis I like for sex is a well-rounded one that enjoys everything. It's used with confidence, but, like a divining rod, is sensitive, picking up feedback for physical communion. I don't like a penis that thinks it knows what I want. I want one strong but receptive. That way, every act of intercourse varies, has a different feeling or personality, dependent on our moods. Even anger has been a wonderful sexual stimulant. So the prick should work with the rest of the person, who, it's hoped, can be aware of how both he and I feel.

I like a penis with imagination, one that can play, that can invent games—one that can see any game I might initiate and go along with it. For instance, I like it to be hard and strong, aggressive like the sword of a conquerer, play hard to get, be poky, long and slow, be passive, chase me, be cuddly, funny or wildly passionate.

•

I've met men who didn't like one thing or another, but I've never met any who didn't love fellatio. But do women enjoy fellatio as much as men? In porno books and movies, the women love it, perform it skillfully, never refuse to do it, either on moral grounds or in disgust.

Fellatio is, for women, probably one of the most acquired tastes in the sexual lexicon. Apart from those women who have always been erotically fixated on or stimulated by sucking penises—and, to be honest, I have never met any of those—most women I know have never really enjoyed it excessively or found it particularly exciting until later in life, or until it is within the context of a mature and very sexually satisfying relationship.

"I like it OK if it's part of everything else," says Nancy. "But some men just like to come in your mouth and that's it. That certainly doesn't satisfy me."

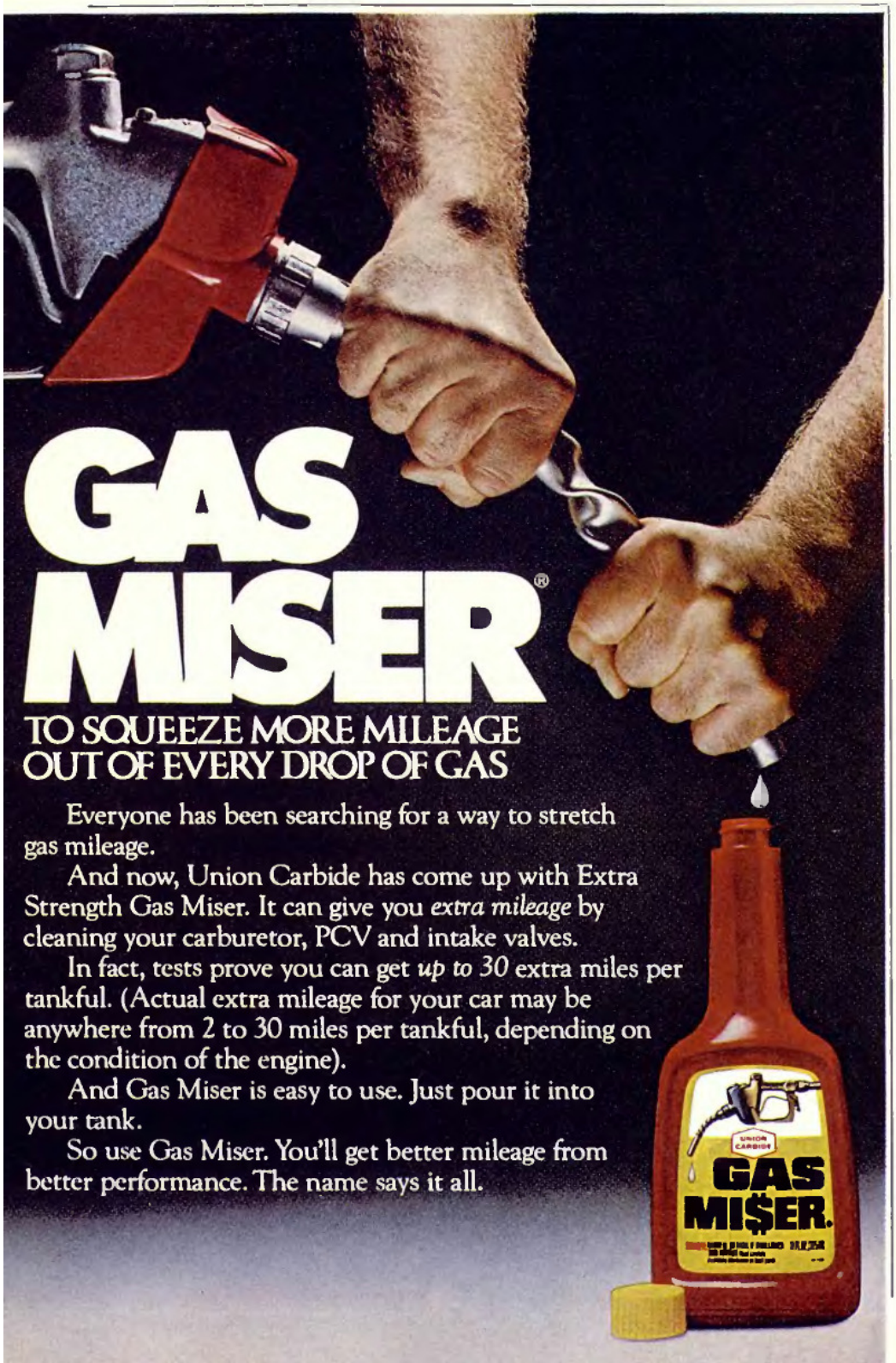
"I won't suck anyone who doesn't do it to me," says Carole. "But I really only go crazy about it when I'm in love."

I don't know any women who refuse to go down on a man, but more than a few men have told me that they've had lovers who would rather die than fellate them, disgusted either by the penis in their mouth or by the idea of it. "One woman told me," said Eric, "that she didn't believe in sucking. She said it wasn't 'right.'"

The first penis I ever sucked belonged to David Marcus. I was baby-sitting and he often kept me company. We'd been necking and petting for months. Although we'd never fucked, his penis was no stranger to me—we'd often felt each other and jerked each other off. We had just come out of a clinch. My face was flushed, the area around my lips all pink and tender. David was tense. His pants already opened, he suddenly ripped them down over his hips, his garrison belt still in the loops. I remember the clang of the buckle. He sat in an easy chair, pants rolled to his knees, feet straight out, breathing hard, as if his prick were suddenly strangling and he was giving it air. Indeed, it seemed to be breathing. It stood straight up, hard as igneous rock. It was almost purple and pulsated rhythmically.

"Kneel," he whispered dryly, leaning forward. "Kiss it." He gave those orders hoarsely in a pleading tone. I kissed the tip. It felt smooth and dry, hot. David made a choking sound. A single drop of fluid appeared at the tip. He touched my head. "Lick it," he said, "with your tongue." I touched the sharp tip of my tongue to the drop. It was salty like tears but had the consistency of saliva. I ran my tongue all over the throbbing prick. David writhed and groaned. "That's it!"

I watched how that made him feel without feeling anything sexual myself. Moreover, I felt ambivalent about following his orders; at the same time, he appeared to be completely at my mercy. It was with a sense of compassion that I



July OUI is sure to get your juices flowing. For starters, you'll learn 50 things you should know about sex and get seasoned suggestions on the art of *Afterplay*. Then you'll read cool tips on buying car insurance and a chilling report on areas where nuclear leaks are endangering your health. But cheer up—you'll also meet sexy *Tanya Tucker* in a down-home photo feature and *Meatloaf* on the set of the upcoming film *Roadie*. Plus a tour through women's locker rooms, the lowdown on high-end stereo systems, the world's friendliest women and more. July OUI. Your guide for the '80s. At newsstands now.

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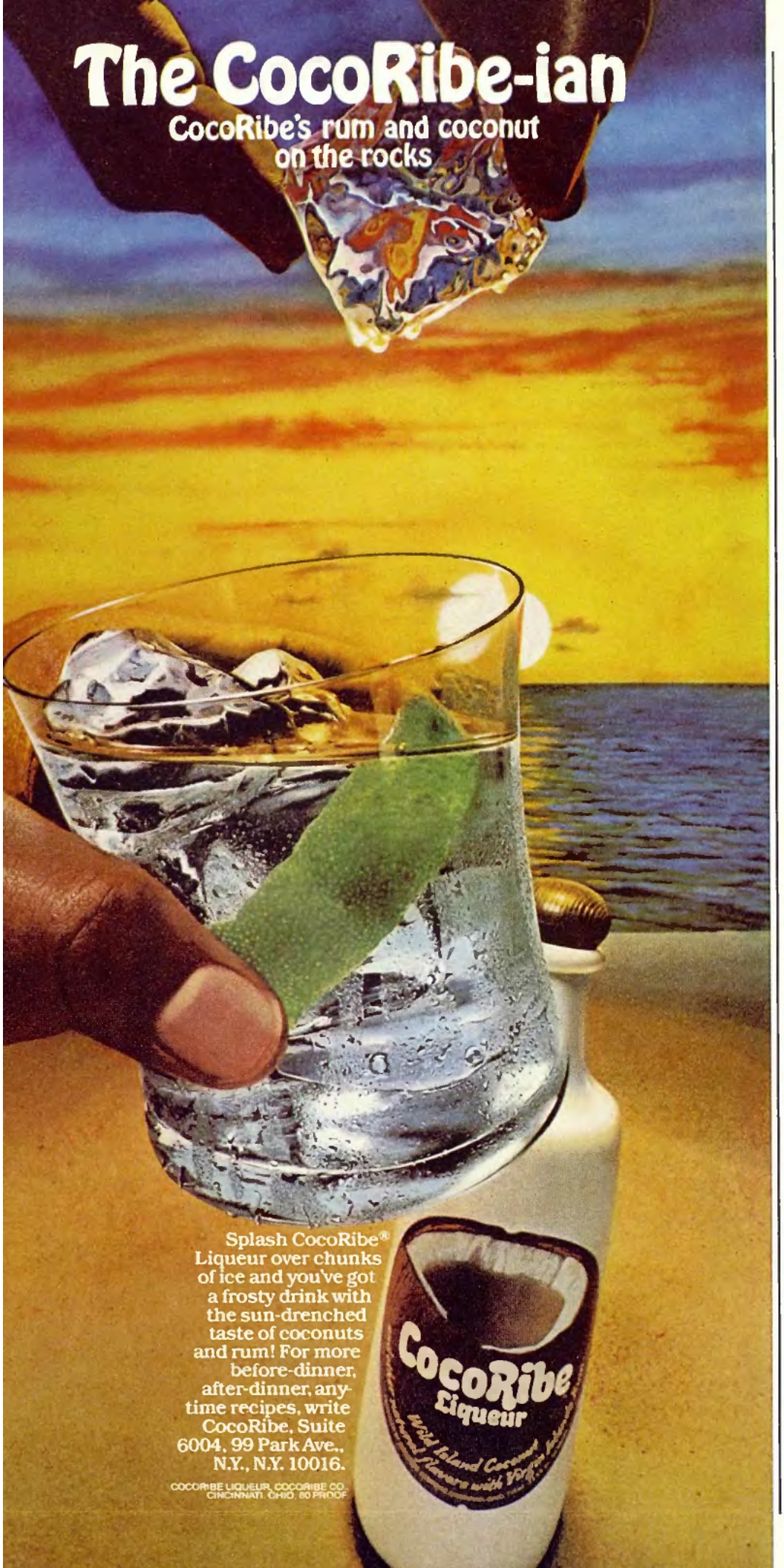


continued. There was also an element of experimentation. It was much like being told to taste a new food: therefore, the absence of any particular strong taste was extremely noticeable. "Open your mouth . . . put your lips around it," gasped David. It seemed enormous. I'd never put anything as large into my mouth since infancy, and felt like gagging. "Watch your teeth!" he shouted. (I remembered my mother telling me to take small bites and chew them well.) His penis felt and tasted like bean curd. A musty odor of soap mixed with clay arose from his pubic area. "Ohhh, suck it!" he moaned. "Move your head up and down." He pressed on my head. "Wet it. Move your tongue." It went deeper, felt harder, if that were possible. I gagged. I tried to tell him something, but he was moving his hips and it was going even deeper.

David suddenly became still, but completely tense, as if he'd died in the throes of a fit. He groaned loudly, and I thought the baby might waken. I tried to lift my head, it was choking me to death. It pulsated suddenly, and David relaxed. I sat up, surprised, my mouth full. I looked around for a place to spit the substance that tasted like the Clorox it had smelled like. Angry, I spit it onto his abdomen and watched it pool in his navel. An aftertaste rose from my throat like acid. David got me a glass of water. "I'll never do that again!" I said.

•

"Of course I enjoy fellatio," said Sarah, "but I'd never swallow it."

I was surprised. "Sarah wouldn't swallow it," I told Ruth, while questioning her. From the way she looked at me, I knew suddenly that she wouldn't, either. After interviewing a few more friends, I began to think I was the only woman in the greater New York area who swallowed cum. Jon reassured me. Although not all of his lovers would suck him, the ones who did didn't spit it out.

Do I like the taste? It's impossible to ask that the way one would ask about liking broccoli or watermelon. I don't like the taste as something I might eat for breakfast, or garnish a grapefruit with. Nevertheless, ejaculate, as part of ejaculation, is delicious to me, and an incredible turn-on. When my lover and I are both very passionate, his penis held deeply, his ejaculate seems to shoot back into my throat, where there are no taste buds, and is swallowed almost automatically. I like the smell of it, too. It has a subliminal appeal to me of very generalized sexuality.

Before I ever knew about semen, as a child, I was affected strangely by the odor of bleach. And the tiny white flowers, thalictrum, that covered the bushes in front of our house in spring, filling the air with a semenlike fragrance. There's only one bush of that kind where

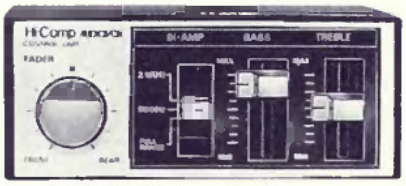
Is true "high fidelity" sound really feasible in a small car? Yes, says Audiovox Hi-Comp. But be careful.

By Robert Harris, Technical Director

It has always been a tricky business to create crisp, clear perfect sound in the confined space of a small car. The results have often been painfully amateur.

Audiovox takes it for granted that you understand the importance of matched, compatible components. What it dreads seeing is overpowered units combined with underpowered speakers, and incorrectly placed.

Here, from the Hi-Comp division of Audiovox, is an advanced system that will deliver that true high fidelity sound you want for your domestic or imported compact car. To extract the

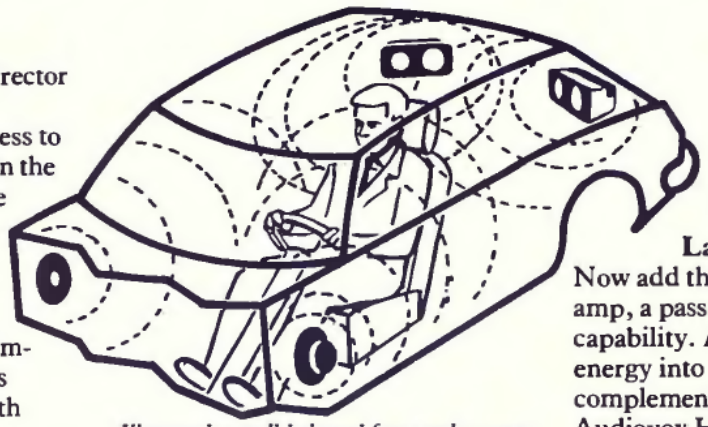


HCE-720 Hi-Comp passive equalizer.

best possible sound from it – clean, directed sound – write for a free copy of "The Dynamics of Speaker Placement in an Automobile."

The cornerstone

This Hi-Comp system begins with the HCC-550 AM/FM multiplex radio with auto-reverse stereo cassette player.



Illustrated: a well-balanced four speaker system, you're surrounded with sound.

Examine the illustration below and you'll discover the major features that are built into this unit.

The heart of the matter

Additional power for the system is supplied by a 36-watt stereo amplifier – the HCB-820. A few impressive specs: 15-30,000 hz frequency response range +1 db...18 watts RMS per channel from 20-20,000 hz at less than .1% THD into 4 ohms...powerful direct-coupled complimentary bridge audio output.

HCE-820 Hi-Comp 36-watt 2-channel amplifier.

Couple a pair of these amplifiers together and you've got power to spare.

Last. But not least.

Now add the HCE-720 dual slide preamp, a passive equalizer with bi-amp capability. And, to convert all that energy into pure sound, a full complement of Hi-performance Audiovox Hi-Comp speakers.

You'll want a pair of HCS-10 4" round speakers with 7 oz. strontium magnets, capable of handling 20 watts with 120-15,000 hz frequency

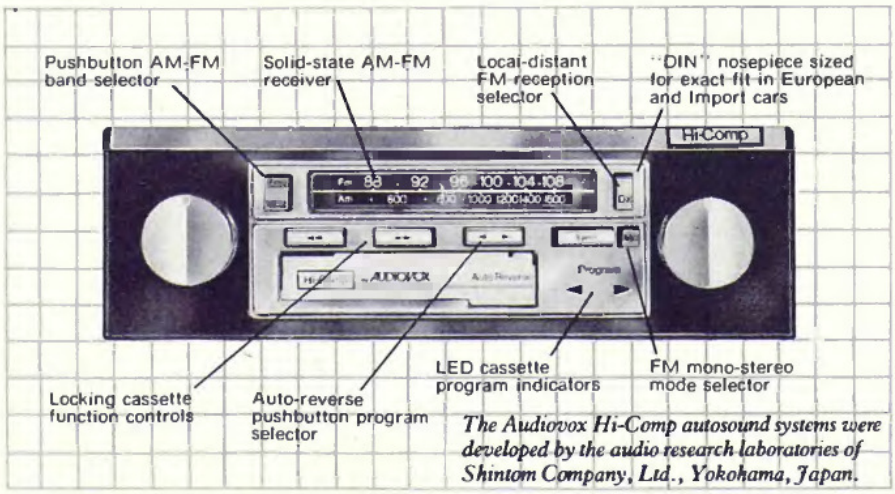
HCS-10 & HCS-90 Hi-Comp high-performance speakers.

response; to put in the door or kick panel, plus a pair of 2-way surface-mount HCS-90 speakers with 4" woofer and 2½" tweeter and a capability of 60 watts with 110-23,000 hz frequency response. They're perfect where space doesn't permit a flush mount installation.

The sound you want

The Audiovox Hi-Comp system recommended here isn't cheap, about $500.00; you're paying for high technology. But it will produce optimal super sound in a small car...provided you don't goof when it comes to the placement of the speakers.

For further information, write to: R. Harris, Technical Director, Dept. 9N, Hi-Comp Division, Audiovox Corp., 150 Marcus Blvd., Hauppauge, NY 11787 © *Copyright 1980, Audiovox Corp.*



The Audiovox Hi-Comp autosound systems were developed by the audio research laboratories of Shintom Company, Ltd., Yokohama, Japan.

I now live, but when the flowers are blooming, I can't pass by without standing under it and simply inhaling deeply for a few moments.

I like my lover to love every part of me. Putting myself in the man's place, I quite honestly wouldn't like anyone to spit out anything that came from my body at one of my most vulnerable and trusting moments of physical and emotional communion. Besides, ejaculation in a woman's mouth can be a passionate experience for some women.

•

What a penis ejaculates is one thing; when it does it is a more major issue to most women. If a man hasn't developed a certain amount of control over ejaculation, sex becomes unsatisfying, or develops the character of a race, the goal being for the woman to win. And even that is possible only if the woman also has developed a certain amount of desirable control over her own orgasm. Yet, to me, the most exciting aspect of orgasm is that it is a loss of control, a sort of giving yourself up. While everyone enjoys his or her own orgasm, everyone I know also enjoys his or her partner's. For me, a man's orgasm, the pulsations, the passion, the sounds, the spurts, the pressure, is such an enormous turn-on that it can make me come, too.

The quantity of ejaculate emitted and how far it shoots are attractive and often sources of wonder to women; yet giving up semen, like losing blood, seems to symbolize to some of my lovers loss of strength or transfer of their health and energy into my body. For some men, that goes beyond symbolism. I had a Chinese lover who believed that too many ejaculations could cause illness, even death. That was not an excuse to avoid having sex; he loved frequent lovemaking. It was frequent ejaculation he feared. For that reason, he'd developed, with the help of ancient Chinese texts and practices, almost perfect control over his ching, or ejaculation.

What did his ejaculating or not mean to me? It meant that he was an incredible lover who could spend endless time and inventiveness without fear. It meant that I could relax with complete confidence that I'd be satisfied in every way. But once his control was appreciated, then taken for granted, such perfect control during an act that is also emotional became more than annoying. Once in a while, I'd want him to come when I did. Long sessions are not necessary or even desirable every time. Once in a while, I'd want to drive him wildly to uncontrollable orgasm. He was so good at control that if he didn't decide to come, nothing I did could make him. It seemed that only he could decide where or when.

I began to feel powerless and lethargic about sex. I also felt I'd allowed myself to become vulnerable to him without his doing the same, that he was withholding something precious even when he knew how much it meant to me. Sex soon became a power struggle, a fight, which is, indeed, one way the Chinese envision the sex act, the one holding out longer being the victor. When I tried holding out forever, it made him just as angry as his holding out made me. "But men and women are different," he said. He was one of my best lovers, but after a point, his excellent ejaculation contol seemed to me to be a way of retaining other kinds of control, including emotional. Perhaps it derives from another ancient Chinese practice, polygamy. When you are obligated to please five or six women, you'd *better* worry about your ching.

•

"The bridge to the future is the phallus," said D. H. Lawrence, but I prefer to interpret that symbolically, especially since Lawrence has delegated all responsibility to the male organ and none to the female. What he must have meant is, if we deny sexuality, we face a future that's arid and mechanistic, lonely and dead.

My women friends and I discussed the sex scene played by Jane Fonda and Jon Voight in *Coming Home*. "Could he feel

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it?" Ellen asked. None of us was quite certain what condition his prick was in, what it could or couldn't do.

"She was sitting on it," I said hopefully.

"But," said Ruth, "when Jane Fonda asks whether he can feel it, he says no, but that he can see it. Doesn't that mean he doesn't have a hard-on? Then he sucks her to make her come." Well, whether or not Jon Voight had an erection or a paralyzed prick in *Coming Home*, there wasn't one of us who hadn't been turned on by that scene. That is not to say that we can all get along without penises, or that we're all turned on by paraplegics. The two most obvious aspects of that scene that excited me were the powerful feeling that the characters had for each other and the consummate tenderness of the character played by Voight.

•

I'm lying in the bathtub, my legs spread—each hanging over one side—so that Robert, who is getting ready to cautiously place his foot between them in the parboiling water, has room to sit down. He stands there for a moment, a look of pain on his face, becoming acclimated to the hot water I love. Then he kneels between my legs. His penis, at my eye level, begins to harden as he observes me lying back, my legs surrounding him.

"Rob," I say, "your prick looks so beautiful." As if in response, it hardens more.

Later, on my bed, when I'm nearly asleep, Robert asks, "Which is more beautiful, me or my prick?"

"What kind of question is that?"

"Ordinarily, I'd never think about it, but when you called me, you said you'd been up to your neck in penises because of this article you're writing, thought about nothing else, dreamed about them, reminisced about them. You wouldn't even have dinner before we made love. Then, instead of saying that I looked beautiful, you said my prick looked beautiful. Normally, that would just excite me, but now I feel insecure. Maybe I'm just a sex object, just a prick for you."

I thought for a moment. How could I separate Rob from his prick any more than I could separate the sex from the other aspects of our relationship? Why should Rob imagine himself in competition with his own penis?

Although I've given the subject a lot of consideration over the years, I've never been able to isolate or analyze the elements of my loves and attractions. When I was eight, I had a crush on Joseph Weinstein. Did I ever try to imagine his penis? Did I ever see it? Never. We sent love notes to each other every day in class. The apex of my feeling for him arrived concurrently with a carefully traced picture of a man on horseback carrying a swooning woman in front of him in his arms, her silky dress draped around and falling below the saddle.

In the sixth grade, when I was in love with Marc Ratner, who was always being punished, did I fantasize about his penis? No. I liked the way he stood, the way he rolled his T-shirt sleeves over his brown and hairless shoulders. I was in love with his rebellion, his badness. And Murray Berger. Did I ever think about Murray's penis? I was more intrigued by the fact that he had diabetes and might die young. Admittedly, I think much more about penises now than when I was younger, but always as part of someone, never generalized.

"Rob," I whisper, nudging him in the ribs as his eyes are closing.

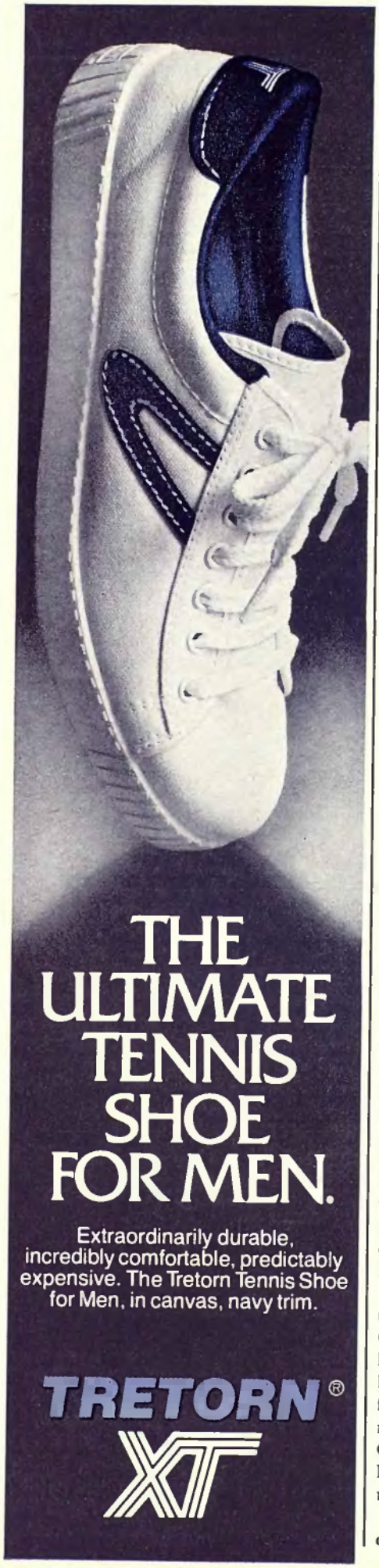
"Huh!" he jumps.

"Rob, I love the way you make love with me."

"Uh-huh." His eyes close.

"Rob, I desired you before I ever saw your penis, and while I'm fond of it, it isn't your penis I'm in love with," I whisper, putting a leg and one arm over him. "Without you," I say, "your penis would be nothing—absolutely nothing."

But he's already asleep.



HAWAII

(continued from page 110)

"The cost of living—and loving—in Hawaii is the highest in the nation."

a notable Waikiki oasis—albeit a very pompous one—barely escaped a recent scheme calling for its demolition—or at least a tall concrete graft. Everyone agrees it's inevitable that the one remaining place where the sun still shines beyond the beach-front *lanais* will soon be filled in.

At least as unalluring as this concrete curtain are Honolulu's vehicular traffic patterns, which are enough to give Mario Andretti hives. Determined masochists achieve the ultimate in frustration by merely trying to get close to Waikiki, since the one-way signs turn access into a kind of motorized carrousel, one on which you just can't get where you're going from anywhere.

And if it's hard to get around in daylight, it's nearly impossible to navigate Honolulu's streets after dark. Peddlers of every sort create a kind of human obstacle course, through which pedestrian traffic must wend its way. Then there is the nearly ubiquitous corps of "sidewalk stewardesses," who seem to be offering a cornucopia of sensuous delights at every crosswalk. Their price verifies that the cost of living—and loving—in Hawaii is the highest in the nation.

All this in what is America's second most popular tourist destination, after Las Vegas, and comparisons between the two are inevitable. As in Vegas, larger and larger (and more anonymous) hotels have been built to accommodate the tourist hordes, offering more and more antiseptic rooms and service, less and less personal contact. Unlike Las Vegas hotel staffs, however, Hawaiian hotel personnel are almost uniformly friendly and forthcoming—despite some very serious reservations that the population seems to be developing about further growth of island tourism. Yet there's only so much that even the most willing residents can do with the unceasing waves of visitors, and there is just no way that Honolulu can hope to deliver on its promise of island Eden.

So the best advice to a Hawaiian visitor, even one determined to remain on Oahu, is to get out of town. Use Honolulu for bed and board, if pressed, but high-tail it beyond the city limits at the first opportunity. For Honolulu no more represents the rest of the island of Oahu—to say nothing of the other islands—than New York City is an accurate barometer of most of the mainland.

On your way out of Honolulu's concrete sprawl, you may want to stop at Pearl Harbor for a look at the Arizona Memorial, but even that experience will depend a lot on the feelings you take with you. The tour boats do little to foster any emotional response (after dispassionately tossing a lei on the waters, they soon get down to the serious business of hawking souvenirs). But perhaps the most disorienting note is the vast preponderance of Japanese tourists heading out to the Arizona. I know that World War Two is long over, and that we and the Japanese are now great friends and trading buddies—to say nothing of the potent cadre of Hawaiians of Japanese extraction who control so much of the politics and commerce of the 50th state—but, recent history notwithstanding, you're going to be hard pressed not to tilt an ear toward the middle-aged Japanese tourist talking to his young son to hear how he's describing the Pearl Harbor scene.

A few years ago, I might have suggested a westward course out of Pearl City, toward Makaha and along the Waianae coast. At the moment, however, that's a place to avoid. The surf around Makaha is certainly big-league—30-foot rollers are not an infrequent phenomenon—but this coast has been the scene of lots of recent problems for tourists and U. S. Army and Navy personnel. These incidents include muggings and petty theft, so since this area is not exactly top-notch tourist turf, anyway, skip the ride to Kaena Point and forget about Mokuleia Beach as well.

Instead, head due north out of Pearl, through Mililani Town and Wahiawa. You'll pass very close to Schofield Barracks—focal point for much of the *From Here to Eternity* fireworks—and you'll suddenly discover yourself in a pastoral scene that says "Hawaii" as graphically as you could wish. Here are endless fields of pineapple in various stages of cultivation, and your route through these miles of succulent fruit will put your Hawaiian holiday firmly back on track.

A good first destination on the north coast is Haleiwa, gateway to Oahu's best beach fronts. And you'll know you're near the big waves when you see the signs (posted by the Oahu Civil Defense folks) that say, HIGH SURF AREA. The names of the beaches read like the location credits on a *Wide World of Sports* segment, with Waimea and Sunset Beach the best known. Be aware, however, that the heaviest surf thunders onto the north shore in wintertime and

that summer is the wrong time to haul your surfboard to these shores. In midsummer, the surf is nearly nonexistent, though the beaches are no less enticing: This is also terrain populated by the most beautiful humans on the planet—male and female—with the bikinis on the latter coming in just three sizes: teeny, teenier and teeniest.

As you swing along the north shore, you might stick your head into the huge Hyatt Kuilima Resort, beside Kahuku Point, not a bad place for a civilized lunch. Although the golf course here is only ordinary, it's just about the least crowded layout on the island.

There's even more to marvel at as you swing down Oahu's east coast (the windward side of the island), and one of the bits of island lore you'll discover is the weather pattern that's prevalent on every Hawaiian atoll. That is, when you begin to see lush landscape and deep-green mountainsides, you can be sure you're on the rainy side of the island. This is very important data to have for Hawaiian holiday planning, since nothing so dampens a vacation as a gift from Jupiter Pluvius. But don't despair if you run into precipitation: it's usually short-lived; and if it does persist, you're only a short drive from the leeward side of the island, where the sun is almost always shining brightly.

The Polynesian Cultural Center, down the road at Laie, is worth a visit, for the Mormons have created a baker's half dozen of Pacific island-village replicas to dramatize Hawaiian history. Though a little contrived (and too much like a stage setting), they do give a very dramatic view of the forebears of the modern Hawaiian population.

The east coast is chockablock with public beach parks (there are more than 50 on the island of Oahu alone), and the beaches at the foot of the Koolauloa hills offer a very pleasant contrast to the tourists-only strands directly across the island. The beaches here (Punaluu is a good example) are full of vans, and the local citizens fish in groups. If you want to see a little local color on Oahu, this is not a bad place to take notes.

Kaneohe and Kailua are the major towns of windward Oahu, and it's hard to tell where one ends and the other begins. This is also not a bad place to make a short inland detour, through the Pali Tunnel, for a panoramic view of much of the island at Nuuanuu Pali. It's becoming an obligatory stop for the tour buses, but its scenic lookout is still the best natural viewing point in these hills.

Heading back to the east coast to continue the circuit around Oahu, you're in the part of the island that seems to be most popular with the islanders themselves. If you can get your eyeballs open early enough in the morning, you should absolutely make the run to Makapuu Point (and Makapuu Beach) just about at dawn, to see hang gliding at its most breath-taking. Hawaiian sunrises are the sort of stuff that drives writers back to their thesauri, and the sight of a multicolor kite rising up into the thermals as the sun sneaks over the far rim of the Pacific will keep you staring. As a matter of fact, dawn is not a bad time to see Waikiki as well, since most of the tourist minions are still tucked under their polyester blankets, and it's a chance to get a sense of this fabulous beach front as it once was. The hours between dawn and the time the sun reaches the tops of the palm trees are the very best ones to walk Waikiki's sands.

There are a couple of other noteworthy beach fronts along the southern shore of Oahu, and Sandy Beach has good surf even in summer. The locals consider it the best body-surfing beach on the island, but it's for experienced hands (or torsos) only. And I suppose you ought to see the Halona Blowhole (to get a sense of the power of the Pacific surf) and make the obligatory pilgrimage to the great beach at Hanauma Bay. After all, you wouldn't want to miss the site where Elvis made *Blue Hawaii*.

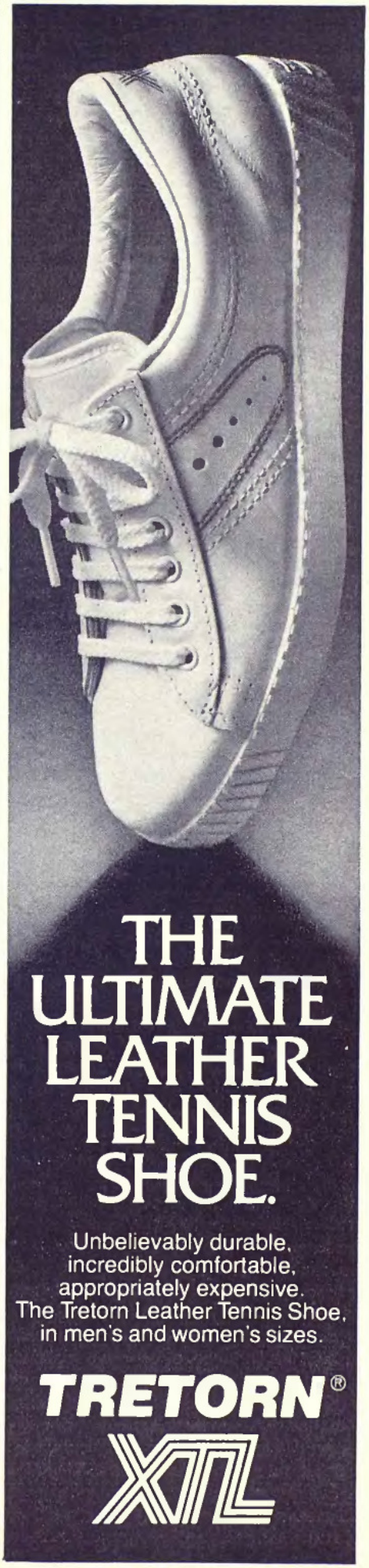
•

They don't call Oahu The Gathering Place for nothing, and even if you get out of Honolulu, you are still sharing Oahu with about 75 percent of all the residents of the state—to say nothing of the bulk of almost 3,500,000 annual visitors. So it may be that the best way to discover the Hawaii for which people cross the Pacific is to get off Oahu entirely. Fortunately, that is made very easy and economically appealing by the existence of subsidized flights to the outer islands on Hawaiian or Aloha airlines. For visitors holding a return ticket to the mainland, these so-called common-fare flights are short and inexpensive ($27 per island leg). The islands of Maui, Kauai and the Big Island of Hawaii will delight you in the extreme and show you a face of Hawaii that's hard to find on Oahu.

MAUI

There are lots of reasons people visit Maui. Some say the scenery is the most verdant in the islands; others carry on about the isolated stretches of beach where no other human hoofprint is visible, while still others nod dreamily in anticipation of the potent strain of *pakalolo* (pot) that grows among the cane fields. Frankly, I go for the potato chips.

As a matter of fact, an island odyssey that begins at the airport in Kahului can be so constructed that your fingers never need be far from the Kitch'n Cook'd brand that are the only Maui potato chips worth nibbling. Wise Maui



sojourners climb into their cars in the airport parking lot and immediately motor the couple of blocks down to Dewey Kobayashi's chip works. Since Kobayashi's appearance on the front page of *The Wall Street Journal*, many imitators have attempted to grab a piece of his Maui market, but there's no need to subject yourself to the threat of bogus goodies. Buy your bags—better yet, buy a case—the minute you hit the island and assure adequate sustenance during your stay.

Once you've said *mahalo* for the potato chips, head directly east on the so-called Hana Highway, driving first through about 40,000 acres of prime sugar-cane land. All this fertile turf is owned by Alexander & Baldwin, one of the half-dozen commercial enterprises that dominate island life. Lovers of exotic engineering might be interested to know that these fields are irrigated by water brought 70 miles or more from the slopes of the Haleakala volcano, via tunnels and ditches (they work on gravity flow) built in the early 20th Century. Descendants of the early builders—most of Portuguese extraction—still maintain these extraordinary conduits.

While the Hana road remains conventionally passable, take a look at old Paia town, with its contrast of old plantation storefronts and at least one well-stocked surfboard store. But once you reach the 20-mile mark, be prepared for some hair-raising hairpins on a road that literally has been left unimproved to discourage tourists.

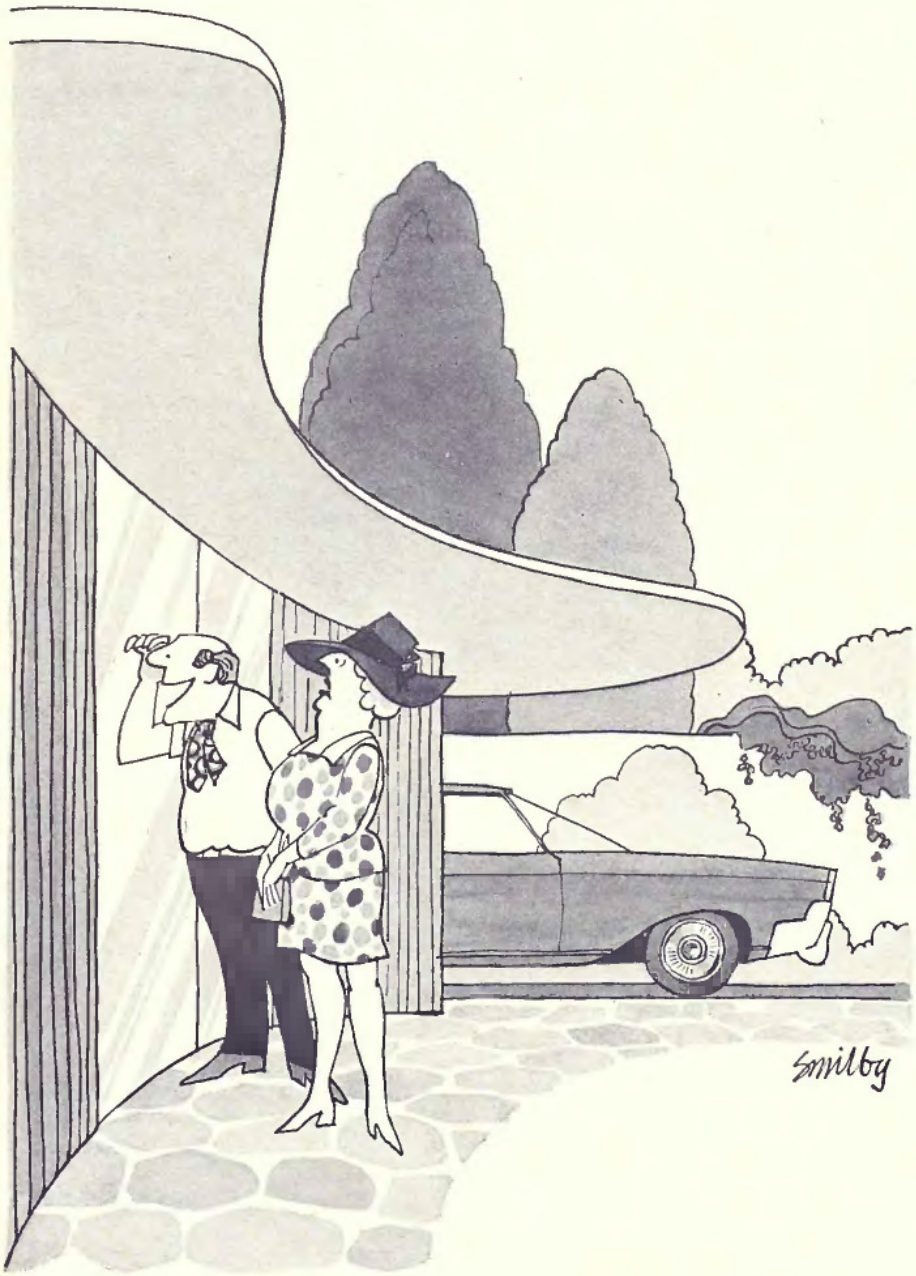
For the bold driver, however, the sharply twisting turns also offer the kind of scenery of which island dreams are made. It often seems that every turn reveals another bright waterfall cascading down into one of those solitary mountain pools you thought existed only in airline ads. There are so many idyllic oases that it's silly to single out any special site, so you should stop wherever and whenever the spirit moves you, or where the resident population of a particular pool proves irresistible.

The hillsides are full of African tulip trees and orange blossoms, and the yellow-and-white wild-ginger blossoms that make the most fragrant leis. Every once in a while, you'll spot a cookie-and-juice stand, set up by a youthful entrepreneur, and you might stop and encourage free enterprise—especially if you're getting tired of a steady potato-chip diet. Norfolk and Cook pines—those loony-looking trees that seem to be growing upside down—are everywhere; and if you happen to make your trip at Christmastime, you'll find them decorated much the same as mainlanders mess with indigenous evergreens.

For those with no real driving spirit, there's a small airport at Hana that actually has scheduled (if erratic) flights, but not to drive is to miss all the anticipation that makes your ultimate arrival such a significant accomplishment. The main focus of tourist life in Hana is the Hotel Hana-Maui, which looks like the white-bread capital of the planet and conducts itself accordingly. The buffet lunch here is worth a stop, and you'll surely get a giggle out of reading the activities list posted in the hotel lobby. When I was last there, the day's schedule read as follows: "9:30 A.M.—Feed the Fish; 1:00 P.M.—Kite Flying; 1:30 P.M.—Lei Making; 3:30 P.M.—Rock Painting." I guess you get the picture.

If you can't handle the assemblage of guests all wearing apple-green pants and Gucci loafers (with no socks), head for the Hasegawa General Store—now famous in song and story. The area around the cash register is the local headquarters for shuckin' and jivin', and you're sure to come up with a companion with whom to head down to the gray-black sands of Hamoa Beach.

They separate the men from the boys on Maui by discovering what road you took leaving Hana. Mere mortals just retrace their steps, but those with a greater sense of adventure (read mindless about personal safety and uncaring that their auto insurance becomes null and void if they head south) opt for the



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JS&A has never offered a pulse meter. And for good reason.

If you've ever used one, you'll quickly discover that your heart does not beat like a clock. It's irregular. It might beat at 40 beats per minute for one instant and at 120 the next. Since most pulse meters measure each beat as it occurs, you never feel confident that you're getting a very good reading.

We also considered size. Each pulse meter we examined was large or cumbersome and awkward to carry or store.

WE WAITED

We waited a few years. In the meantime, we discovered three ways your heart (through your pulse) helps you monitor your health.

Pulse Rate Your pulse rate can tell you if you are getting enough oxygen throughout your body. A high pulse rate indicates that your heart must pump faster to supply that oxygen and may indicate poor physical condition.

Target Zone Your pulse can tell you if your heart is beating fast enough during exercise. There's an area called the "Target Zone." Below this level, you're not exercising hard enough to do your heart or respiratory system any good. Above this level, you can be dangerously over-exerting yourself.

Cardiac Recovery Time The time it takes for your pulse rate to return to normal after you've exercised is the real measure of whether or not your exercise program is doing you any good. This time can be as healthy as one minute or as poor as several minutes.

The three things we learned convinced us that the ideal pulse meter must have the following features:

1. It must measure a series of heart beats and simultaneously compute the average to avoid the strange readings from irregular heart beats.

2. It must be small enough to use while exercising.

3. It should have a timing capability to determine the Cardiac Recovery Time.

It wasn't until a small Utah medical electronic instrument company created what we feel not only provides the capabilities listed above, but excels in other areas too.

FITS ON FINGER

The unit is called the Pulsetach, and it fits right over your finger. It weighs less than an ounce and can be worn easily during most exercise programs.

The large liquid crystal display can easily be seen in normal room lighting or in bright sunlight, and because liquid crystal displays consume very little power, the readily-available watch batteries will last for years. The Pulsetach automatically turns itself off in five minutes if you forget.

The heart of the system is a powerful microcomputer CMOS semi-conductor integrated circuit that will take up to 4 pulse beats, compute an average pulse rate, and then flash that rate on the liquid crystal display.

FINGERTIP SCANNER

The sensor consists of a Gallium Arsenide infrared light-emitting diode which scans your fingertip hundreds of times a second to determine your pulse rate. This new system is one of the most accurate and is also used in sophisticated hospital systems.

The unit also contains a quartz-controlled timing circuit which will accurately time either your exercise period or your Cardiac Recovery Time. And you can switch back and forth between the pulse and chronograph mode while you are exercising.

We realize that the Pulsetach sounds like a very sophisticated unit. And it is. But as sophisticated as it is internally, it's an extremely easy unit to operate. There are just two buttons to press which operate the pulse reading and the chronograph timing circuit. A third button engages the audio circuit.

The Pulsetach system fits comfortably on your finger while it monitors your heart and determines your Cardiac Recovery Time.

HEAR YOUR PULSE

The audio circuit simply beeps every time your pulse beeps. This feature lets you monitor your pulse by hearing it as you run or exercise and it can be shut off by pressing the button a second time. The timing circuit is quartz-controlled and extremely accurate.

The Pulsetach not only has combined all of the most advanced technology in an extremely small size, but it costs less than many other systems lacking its advanced features.

The Pulsetach can be used for joggers, athletes, all forms of exercise and even cardiac recovery patients, as it operates quite effectively with pacemakers.

REAL WORKOUT

We suggest you order a Pulsetach for our 30-day no-obligation trial. When you receive your unit, give it a real workout. Notice how simple it is to operate and how easily you can read your pulse rate. Use it to stay in your Target Zone and to determine and then improve your Cardiac Recovery Time.

Monitor your Cardiac Recovery Time. Determine your Target Zone and see if you're really exercising in that area. Then use the Pulsetach to watch those important signs slowly improve thanks to the accuracy and information you get from the unit.

By knowing the important factors that help you monitor your health, you'll feel better, exercise more effectively, and many doctors feel you'll live longer.

TWO UNITS AVAILABLE

To order your Pulsetach pulse meter, send your check for **$119.95** plus $2.50 postage and handling (Illinois residents add 6% sales tax) to the address below. (Allow 20 days for personal checks to clear.) Credit card buyers may call our toll-free number below.

You can also order the more expensive hospital unit that averages 16 beats and has all the features including the small size of the previous unit. It costs **$169.95**.

We'll send your Pulsetach pulse meter complete with 90-day limited warranty and instructions which include information on determining your Target Zone, Cardiac Recovery Time and other helpful information.

Then after your test, if you're not fully convinced that the Pulsetach is the best unit of its kind, the most convenient, and the greatest value, return it within 30 days for a prompt and courteous refund including the $2.50 charge for postage and handling. You can't lose.

Your Pulsetach is totally solid-state so service should never be required, but if it is, the manufacturer has a national service-by-mail facility backing each unit. JS&A is America's largest single source of space-age products – further assurance that your Pulsetach is backed by a substantial company.

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2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry should be mailed separately to: Pinch "Great Shapes Sweepstakes." P.O. Box 2789, Westbury, New York 11591. Entries must be received by July 31, 1980.

3. Grand Prize: A two-week trip for two to all four of the "Great Shape" countries; Second Prize: A one-week trip for two to any one of the "Great Shape" countries; Third Prize: 400 Safari Jackets; Fourth Prize: 1,000 Canvas Belts with Pinch buckles.

4. Winners will be determined in a random drawing from all correct entries by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Prizes are non-transferable. There is no substitution for prizes as offered. All prizes will be awarded and winners notified by mail. Winners may be required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release. Taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the winners. Only one prize per family or household.

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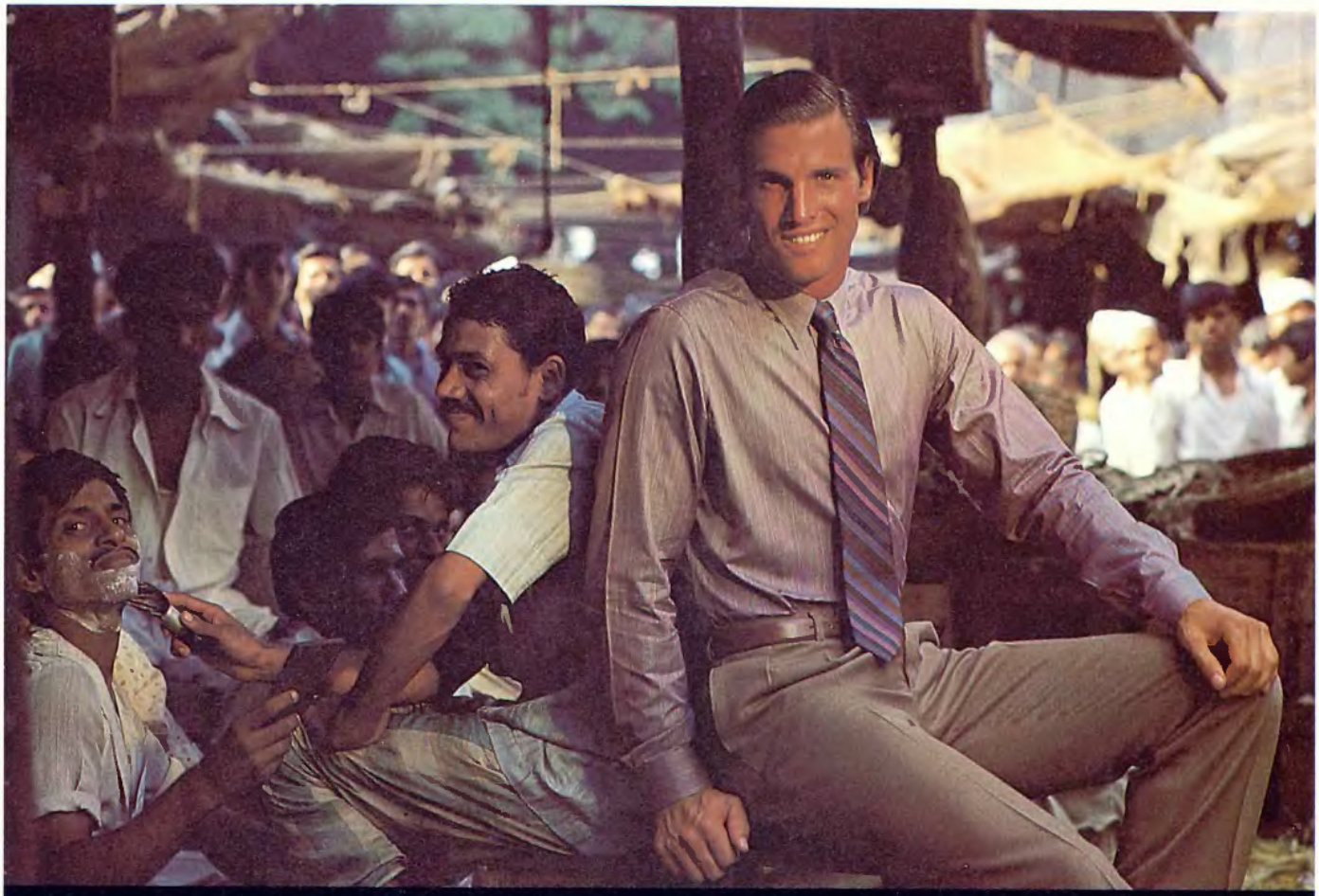

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complete circuit around east Maui. It's a little hairy, and pavement is often an unknown commodity, but we pushed a '74 Ford around last summer and came out with springs, oil pan, suspension and transmission all intact. More important, what we found was worth every bit of the bouncing.

You don't run out of road immediately, though there are some not-so-subtle hints that you aren't exactly heading for a turnpike. First comes the sign that says, CAUTION: BABY PIGS CROSSING. Then there is a trio of successively more narrow (and more rickety) bridges that moved me to ask my native companion if they had names. He said the first one was called the Near-Hana Bridge, the second was known as the Not-So-Near-Hana Bridge and the last was known as the Where-the-Hell-Is-Hana Bridge.

Just beyond the last of these is a relatively well-known series of swimming holes that are officially known as the Seven Sacred Pools. I suspect that the Hawaiian Visitors Bureau didn't think it would entice too many tourists with its legit moniker—Oheo Gulch—and though nobody knows exactly what's so sacred about the pools, the wahines we saw splashing around could certainly qualify as heavenly.

Just beyond is the grave of Charles Lindbergh; but if you're planning to pay your respects, be aware that access to the site is unmarked and that you should look for two green gates that mark the pathway in.

It's just about here that the going gets really bumpy, and a warning sign says (accurately enough), ROUGH ROAD: 7 MILES. That may be the single greatest understatement in the whole state. Hang onto the wheel with both hands and go slowly, and keep remembering that there is a succession of isolated coves up ahead that are void of other humans. You also get the chance to stick your head into such seldom-seen sights as the Kaupo Store and the Huiloha Church, which are worth the price of a black-and-blue butt. And, to tell the truth, the nonroad doesn't really last all that long; the pavement picks up again at Nuu Landing. There the surrounding scene suddenly changes from verdant rain forest to lunar-looking landscape as you make your way from the windward (wet) to the leeward (dry) side of the island.

The ride from Hana to the center of the Ulupalakua Ranch is only 37 miles, so be sure to stop at the Tedeschi Winery. Emil and Joanne can tell you their plans for a Maui wine industry anchored on these volcanic slopes, though you may be more struck by the ranch activity all around. This is real range land, staffed by real cowboys, and the coolish breezes suggest that the idea of growing fine wine grapes here is not totally insane. Yet it will be a while before the vines mature enough for even the first tentative vintages to be tested; so, for the most part, the local libations have been limited to the creation of a rather cloying pineapple wine. It's not destined to be a staple of mainland barrooms, but somehow sitting and sipping this odd concoction—while nibbling on Maui potato chips, Maui onions, Maui shrimps and Maui avocados—is not a bad way to watch the sun set between the islands of Kahoolawe and Lanai.

The eastern half of Maui—actually, more than three quarters of the total island land mass—is the least developed part of the island, and the enormous resort complex around Wailea is the class of this end of the island. There are two first-class hotels—the Inter-Continental Maui (by the Pan Am hotels division) and the slightly tonier Wailea Beach Hotel (run by United Airlines' Western International hotel division). The major phenomenon hereabouts, however, has been the incredible growth in the value of island condominiums—a two-bedroom unit that sold for slightly less than $100,000 a few years ago is presently bringing as much as half a million bucks. Even better is the opportunity to rent one of these lush igloos through a central rental system that puts you into a two-bedroom unit for around $150 a day (including daily maid service). Shared by a couple of couples, this is a hell of a bargain.

There are two other reasons to stay awhile at Wailea: The resort itself includes fine golf and tennis and other sports activities, and it's a perfect point from which to launch an assault on the Haleakala Crater. If you're pressed for time, you can elect to make a helicopter assault on the summit and enjoy a brief flight around a crater larger than the island of Manhattan. But if you'd rather try to understand a bit more about the soul of Hawaii, leave a wake-up call for four o'clock one morning and drive up near the crater rim before dawn. This is almost a Maui ritual, and the experience of seeing the sun rise over the Pacific from this unique vantage point is well worth the loss of a little sleep.

As will become quickly obvious, I'm not a major fan of West Maui, where substantial resort development has sent at least part of this coast line on its way to becoming an out-island Waikiki. Once upon a time, the restoration of Lahaina was justly considered the Williamsburg of Hawaii, and this former whaling capital of the world—whale oil from Lahaina lit 19th Century lamps as far away as Massachusetts—held real allure for visitors interested in Hawaii's heritage. The careful restoration of the storefronts and buildings remains, but they are mostly filled with "shoppes" of the "Apparels of Pauline" mentality, and the most popular local souvenir seems to be a T-shirt announcing, I GOT LEI'D IN HAWAII. That the major refreshment stand is Gary Burghoff's (Radar in TV's *M*A*S*H*) frozen-yogurt stand gives you further insight into the level of local commerce. It's not that the city's all bad—see it at sunset to see it at its best—it's just that you have to be very selective about how you manage to block out the tackiest of the tourist incursions.

Just up the road is the Kaanapali Coast, where the most concentrated of Maui's development has produced a platoon of concrete towers by the sea. A huge new Hyatt opened last April (and a new Marriott installation will debut soon), and this is the place where tourists come to rub up against other tourists.

A bit beyond Kaanapali is the crescent of Kapalua Beach, which is now the site of the sole Rockresorts enclave in the islands. Since selling Mauna Kea Beach (on the Big Island) to Western International, the Rockresorts organization has set up camp on Maui and produced a hotel with its classic chic and style. Prices are high, but this is the premier pad on the island, and even if you can't afford a long stay, don't miss the buffet lunch. It makes the wedding scene in *Goodbye, Columbus* look like a bread line.

And, just as at Wailea, there is a host of posh condominiums for rent all around the hotel, and the price for those posh digs is among the best island bargains. The golf here is also top-notch.

If you have managed to make your way all around East Maui, you may want to tempt the insurance furies further by trying the even more treacherous West Maui circuit as well. In certain sections, the route is not just an unpaved road, it's no road at all, and the long slope down to Kahakuloa Head will test every bit of your nerve. It's best navigated in a small car, and the sights are worth the perspiration. Lots of surf crashing against high cliffs and desolate beach coves available to those willing to climb down (and up again) the steep paths. It's not a place you'll find many other Maui visitors.

THE BIG ISLAND

Let me try to resolve the geographic confusion first. Tourists coming to Hawaii generally land in Honolulu, which is on the island of Oahu. So when you ask them if they've been to Hawaii, they routinely answer in the affirmative. The truth is, they've been in the *state* of Hawaii but not on the *island* of that name. The island of Hawaii is the largest and most southern of the Hawaiian

group, and to keep this identity crisis from becoming chronic, natives refer to it simply as the Big Island.

It's too bad that visitors seldom see what's best on the Big Island. Most of the interisland air traffic arrives at Kona Airport at Kailua, and dedicated sun worshipers seldom conquer their inertia long enough to hoist anchor off the Kona Coast. The result is that listening to one of those sedentary visitors describe the Big Island is a lot like hearing a blind man describe an elephant. They've seen nothing beyond the unlovely lunar landscape that stretches almost the full length of the Big Island's west coast, and while the terrain and climate may be great for growing coffee, aside from half a dozen prime beach sites, the best of the Big Island is elsewhere.

You'll find that many frequent visitors to Hawaii gravitate toward the Big Island because its topographical variety is nearly infinite and its people the friendliest of all Hawaiians. Two huge volcanoes dominate the scenery: Mauna Kea (13,796 feet) to the north and Mauna Loa (13,680 feet) to the south. And these volcanoes do more than just dominate the landscape: Mauna Loa in particular is a seething volcanic mass that's more active than even the local residents care to admit. As a matter of fact, it's not a mistake to make a beeline for Hawaii Volcanoes National Park, where your nerve may be tested by the distance you care to keep between you and one of the still-steaming fire pits. And, remember, the last major eruption on the Big Island took place as recently as 1977.

The park headquarters in the middle of Volcanoes Park has as much data on lava flows and eruptions as exists anywhere, and it even shows a movie every hour of the most dramatic recent fireworks. It's a little incongruous that a Sheraton outpost called Volcano House sits right on the rim of the Kilauea *caldera* and has become a favorite watering spot for the white-hair-and-Wedgie set. They nibble on lunch as they look out onto the vast crater. A much better idea, however, is to leave the hotelniks behind and head out (on Crater Rim Drive) to the far end of the Halemaumau fire pit. When we last stood beside the roadside, the damn thing was spitting steam, and it's more than a little disconcerting to realize that an eruption wouldn't surprise anyone.

Beyond Volcanoes Park is the windward (remember, that's the wet side) coast of the Big Island, including the Olaa rain forest and some orchid and anthurium gardens that'll knock your socks off. These picture-postcard backgrounds are as colorful as you could wish.

Hilo is the only important city on the Big Island, and although direct air service from the mainland has been reduced, it's still possible to fly directly to Hilo from the West Coast. So many sophisticated travelers adjust their schedules to go directly to the Big Island, avoiding all the noise and nuisance of Honolulu.

Hilo looks like a town out of the Southwest during the Depression: a lazy place that appears to be only half awake. Pedestrians seem equally divided between those *wearing* shoes and those *carrying* them, and the town is almost the perfect evocation of mellow and laid back.

North of Hilo is the Hamakua Coast, as green and lush as the Kona Coast is barren and uninviting. Nearly every bend in the road sticks your nose up a rift of mountain valley that promises cascading springs and some lovely, lonely river swimming. Any one of them makes a superb detour.

On a first pass around the island, turn west at Honokaa, where you're likely to come in contact with the biggest surprise of your Big Island visit. You're about to discover that this is some of the richest cattle-grazing ranch land in the U. S., and the incongruity of seeing cowpunchers in the midst of a Polynesian paradise will not escape you. It's also a little tough to describe your first peek at a typical Hawaiian ranch hand, all decked out in leather chaps, ten-gallon hat and *aloha* shirt.

But ranching is serious business on the Big Island, and the Parker Ranch here is second in size in the U. S. only to the King Ranch in Texas. And as you traverse the northern tip of the island, you might swing south (below Waimea/Kamuela) to see if there's any action going on at the rodeo ring on Route 190.

At the end of the northernmost cross-island road, turn south for a short distance to the marvelous crescent of beach called Mauna Kea. Not only is this the best beach front on the Big Island, but it's also the site of the best hotel, the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel. The golf course is a nearly legendary layout that makes maximum use of both ocean scenery and the Mauna Kea crater looming in the background, and it takes a real act of will to keep your head down on those links. I'm not sure it's worth the effort.

This hotel was originally the inspired work of Laurance Rockefeller's Rockresorts organization, and it's among the most notable examples of resort architecture in the world. It's not so much that the concrete configuration is so special—though the breezy hallways and open atria rate special praise. More spectacular is the collection of priceless Pacific art and historic artifacts that decorate the walls, fill the hallways and make the corridors of the hotel more a museum than a mere nesting place.

Once upon a time, the food at Mauna Kea was the equal of the architecture, but the Western International management hasn't managed to keep up that level. Allowing busloads of tourists to stop just for lunch has not benefited the formerly opulent midday buffet, and the Kapalua Bay kitchen (on Maui) is now a far better example of noontime excess.

When you read about the Hawaiian Islands, the last thing you expect to see is stuff about skiing—at least of the snow-and-slush variety. But more than one Hawaiian Islands visitor has marveled at the ability of the Ski Shop Hawaii folks to haul dedicated schussers up to the often snowy cone atop Mauna Kea for one of skiing's most unusual runs.

And even when snow is absent from the crater, the ride from Waimea to Hilo (on the Saddle Road) is well worth a visitor's time. There's a detour at Humuula onto the Mauna Kea Summit Road, and we got up to the 11,000-foot mark in a standard rental car. We literally were above the clouds, and it was the kind of scene that made the word heavenly seem more than mere hyperbole.

KAUAI

The incredible lure of Kauai is very real and not entirely unknown. It's not for nothing that Kauai is called the Garden Island, and its reputation as the Bali Ha'i of Hawaii was duly enhanced when it was used as the background of the film version of *South Pacific*.

It's an island of nearly infinite contrasts—the world's wettest spot is on Mt. Waialeale, while the beach at Poipu hardly ever is sullied by a shower. But the contrasts on Kauai are much deeper than the differences between wet and dry. The habitable tourist oases circling the eastern end of the island are more than balanced by the wildly inaccessible canyons and coast line of the wild West. And the *aloha*-shirt set of Lihue and environs almost never meets the near-naked squatters of the Kalalau Valley who grow the stuff called Kauai electric.

It's probably a good idea to get the civilized segment of your visit behind you so you can devote your total concentration and energy to the far reaches of Kauai later on. So if you're heavily into sun worship, your route out of Lihue should be nearly due west. Maluhia ("serenity") Road runs through a wonderful tunnel of towering eucalyptus trees on the way to Koloa, and this route gives you a sense of what virtually every town on Kauai once looked like. And Poipu Beach at sunset is also not a bad place from which to contemplate the Hawaii of long ago. Remember, too, that this is the oldest island of the Hawaiian chain and that when the first Polynesians dropped anchor here about 12 centuries ago, they were greeted with tales of the Menehune, Hawaii's "little people." This ancient tribe is supposed to have been particularly talented at creating

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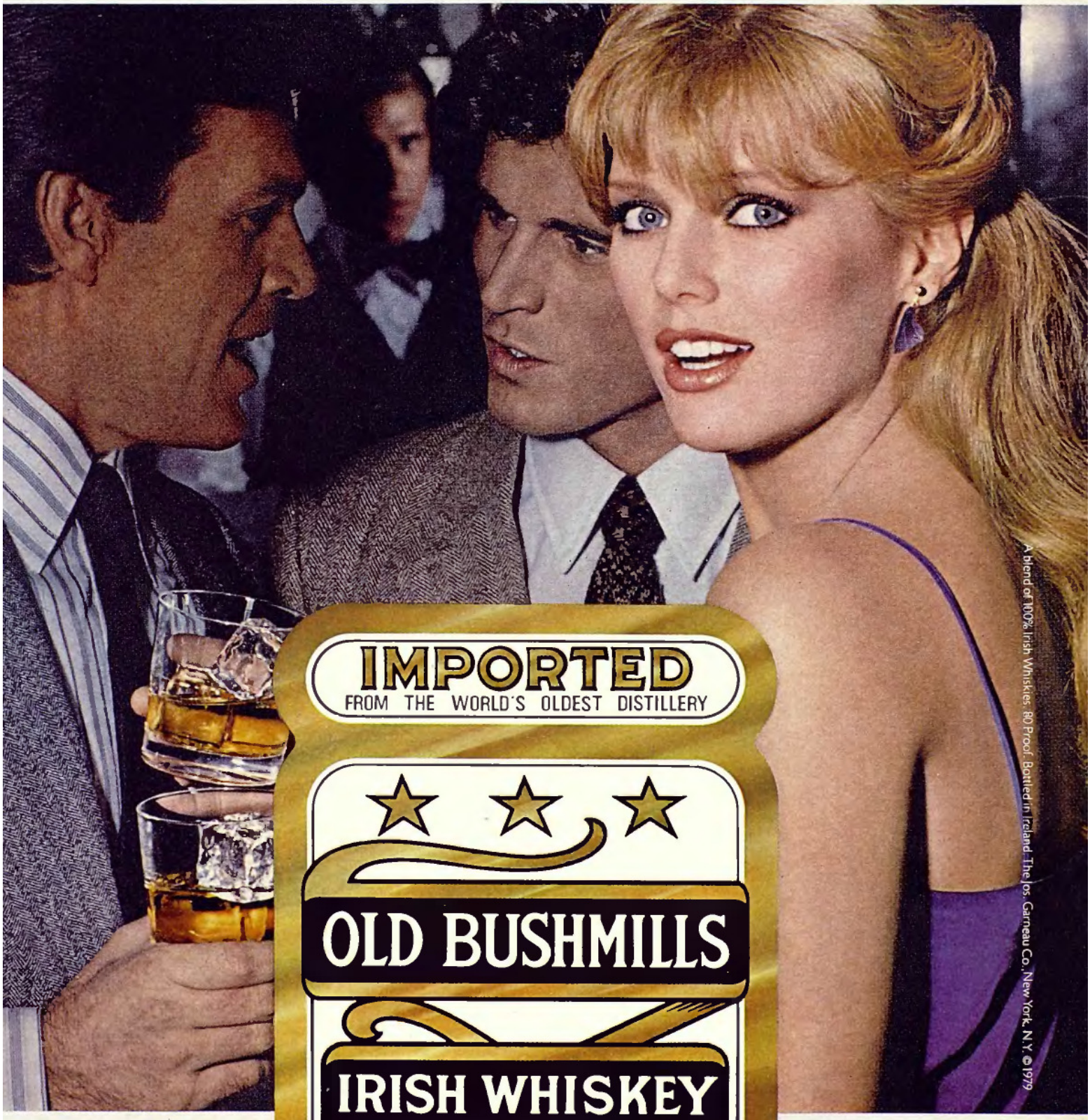

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stone structures, and that may account for the existence of old stone ruins on Kauai and few other places in these islands.

While exploring Kauai's south coast, you may want to stop in Hanapepe, the so-called "Biggest little town on Kauai," but you're more likely to be guided toward the detour (along Highway 543) to the ultracalm beach beside some ancient salt ponds. There are lots more potential beach stops on the road to Mana Point, though the fine beach at Barking Sands is off limits (something about its being a missile-testing range). Then, when you've had your fill of rays, turn north at Waimea and prepare yourself for some scenery that just doesn't exist anywhere else. Mark Twain called the Waimea Canyon the Grand Canyon of the Pacific, and you'll have no reason to disagree with his assessment. Wear your hiking shoes, because you're going to want to do as much rambling around as you have time to do. The Waipoo Falls alone (which drop 600 feet over a sheer cliff) are a magnet for trekkers.

Furthermore, if you'd like to get together with the leading "heads" of Hawaii, you'll have to plan a several-day hike into the Kalalau Valley. It was initially immortalized by Jack London but has become far more famous as the only remaining hippie stronghold in the islands. Kalalau runs up from the Na Pali coast line, but it's far more common for visitors to walk in from the east.

This wild, fertile land not only provides sustenance for the most potent marijuana seed in the islands but is also home to a whole community of crazies who cultivate the stuff and live in the caves that dot the hillsides. The local rangers use helicopters and jeeps and sophisticated spotting devices to try to spook these squatters, but so far, the terrain has proved too wild for them to have widespread success.

If you turn your back on Kalalau from the Waimea Lookout, you're looking up at Mt. Waialeale, which boasts nearly 500 inches of annual rainfall. This is an obligatory stop only for lovers of mildew, and you'd do better to head back to Lihue for a run along the alternate route around the island.

The north-shore beaches on Kauai were the ones used for the *South Pacific* filming, though before you get to these sands, make a stop in Kapaa to check out the wonderful weather-beaten façades. Just up the Kealia Road is the Waipahee Slide, where you can (if you dare) shoot over a natural volcanic-rock sluiceway into a pool of ice-cold water 18 feet below. This is not, however, a detour to take when the roads are muddy.

The most opulent of the Kauai resorts is at Princeville, just east of Hanalei, and the fine facilities here (including 27 holes of golf) have received much deserved publicity. The problem is that it rains a lot, and it's tough to tee up when the squalls are blowing in from the Pacific. There also used to be a Club Med enclave here, but that folded in the face of poorly maintained premises and excessive dew.

Whatever the weather, make sure to make it to Hanalei. Despite the fact that it sits in the middle of the north-shore rain belt, the city is dry through most of the summer and retains its allure even in the middle of a downpour. Hanalei had a brief moment in the sun when it served as one of the prime hiding places for Liz and Dick (remember them?), but it's got a lot more going for it than that. Most noteworthy is the fact that it serves as dual headquarters for both members of the youthful counterculture and more privileged (read rich) escapists.

Hanalei itself is virtually a living museum, and just walking through its streets is reason enough to make the trip. Swimming in Hanalei Bay is also not too shabby, though if you're not a strong swimmer, make sure to stay near the old pier, where the undertow is least clawing.

Lumahai Beach is just beyond Hanalei, and this is where Mitzi Gaynor washed Rossano Brazzi out of her hair. Swimming is safe here only in the summertime, and there's no swimming whatever at Haena Beach Park. That is no great hardship, however, since you're heading for the most striking

coast line in the islands, the staggeringly beautiful cliffs and coves of the Na Pali Coast.

It's appropriate that the road ends just beyond Haena, for it would be a crime to have vehicles interrupt the most dramatic and otherworldly scenes on this globe. It makes access a bit strenuous, but the effort required to get to the most compelling reaches of Na Pali only increases a visitor's appreciation once he gets here.

There are also helicopter flights available out of Hanalei (at about $80 an hour), and they're a worthwhile alternative if time is tight. Swooping into the steep, sheer canyons is pretty breath-taking business, though it's very much a second choice to walking in to explore this nonpareil region.

There are countless trails into and through the coast line and canyons, and at the very least, plan to walk the two miles from road's end to the beach called Hanakapiai. Not only is the natural scenery spectacular but the human sort is only marginally less so, and nude bathing here is more the rule than the exception.

Save for Alaska's Aleutian archipelago, this area is the westernmost outpost of America. Most of the time, it looks just as lonely as it is, and there's an irresistible feeling of disconnection from the world. If you can spend a few days hiking through this area, take the time to camp in the canyons. It's a treacherous, unforgiving place (especially for the unfit), but if you've got the will to do some fairly strenuous wandering, there's no better place on earth to invest your energy.

THE OTHER ISLANDS

There are at least four more islands in the Hawaiian group that legitimately qualify as "major," though they are of sharply diminished visitor interest. Of these, **Molokai** offers the most promise of a pleasant tourist reception, but that is more accurate in anticipation than in fact. There's a Sheraton hotel on the island, and that just about sums up the spectrum of tourism development. Under certain circumstances, that could be considered a significant boon, except that a group of determined native Hawaiians have settled in the western region of Molokai and have promised to greet any incursion by visitors with gunfire. The island does have some lush beach settings, but they are probably more appropriate as backdrops for pictures of pretty girls than as destinations.

The historic leper colony at Kalaupapa is of more than passing interest, though even that somber haven has been commercialized to the extent that there's now a rent-a-mule trek to take visitors down the mountain to the once tragic settlement. It's hardly a sojourn designed to set your spirits soaring, though it does provide a telling insight into a very sad chapter in Hawaii's history.

Lanai is far less forbidding, though it has suffered from a fairly negative reputation. There's a seldom refuted feeling that the island is paved with pineapples from coast to coast and that it's a salutary environment only for wild goats. With very few paved roads, access is hard, though campers find that the major appeal of the island.

The two other Hawaiian Islands of note are **Niihau** and **Kahoolawe.** The former is owned by a single family and it's maintained as a strictly private province where the local population maintains historic Hawaiian ways and converses only in native Hawaiian. It may be the most intriguing of the whole Hawaiian group, but it's strictly off limits to visitors.

The same is true of Kahoolawe, though for a sharply different reason: The island is used for artillery practice by U. S. Navy warships.

So, for all the overdevelopment and the hordes of tourists, it turns out that Hawaii is more paradise than population center. In fact, there's so much here that's spectacular that all you really have to do is get off your duff and go find it.

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First-Class Stowaway

(continued from page 166)

"We finished the Dom Perignon '71, and each wrote a private message before recorking the bottle."

was known as the *giornalista americano* and I made sure everyone knew I had recently interviewed a series of film stars. My identity became accepted gossip in first class. The trick, I learned, was to keep active.

The one place that remained dangerous and off limits for me was the dining room. Each evening, I told Ellen I thought it was better for me to go back to the tourist dining room, since my horrendously boring tablemates might wonder if something had happened to me. Although Ellen's complaints about a slightly overdone beef Wellington tended to make me wince and salivate, starvation was no longer imminent. I had discovered a midnight buffet in the bar—roast beef, turkey, cheeses—at which I became a regular. Whenever I was invited into someone's cabin for a drink, I was able, between sentences, to devour the remains of *bon voyage* fruit.

Life as a stowaway was working out pretty well. After four days, the sun and sea and Ellen had made a new man out of me, almost as pleased with life as the character I had created. No one suspected a thing. Or at least almost no one. One couple who stayed pretty much to themselves seemed to be staring at me whenever I saw them. To a temporary con man, that can be nerve-shattering. I began to wonder if liners carried undercover detectives to watch for stowaways or drug dealers. Finally, I went over to them and introduced myself, figuring to force them out into the open. To my surprise, it turned out that they were simply intrigued by me. Andreas Raab was a photographer from Austria and his wife, Lucia, an Italian aristocrat. When I told them about my luggage disaster, Andreas immediately offered to lend me clothes. He was about my size, and I like to think his taste was what mine would be if I had the kind of money he obviously had. When Lucia and I would take walks, she would introduce me to the senior officers. Everybody seemed to know her.

This whole escapade was unfolding as if I had written the script myself. Each day, I became more a part of my stolen world, and each day, I was nautical miles closer to "the other side."

Ellen grew tamer and more sensuous. We swam, talked, made love through the afternoons. Most of our nights were spent drinking champagne with the Raabs. One evening, I learned that we were about to arrive precisely at the midway point of the Atlantic Ocean, an event that occurs all too seldom in a young man's life. Naturally, that called for a celebration. In Ellen's cabin, we finished a bottle of her Dom Perignon '71, and we each wrote a private message to the sea before recorking the empty green bottle. I went after Ellen and declared myself to Neptune. I felt almost superhuman when I saw my statement on paper. "My name is Peter Dallas and I am a stowaway on board this ship." As I hurled the bottle into the rolling, endless water, I felt incredibly lucky to have started out on the impulsive adventure.

•

Now that I had access to more formal clothes, Ellen kept on reminding me how tired she was of dining alone and how tedious it was to constantly fend off operatic young officers. If there were any difference in price to be made up, she assured me she'd take care of it. I consented to join her. She phoned ahead to ask the staff to prepare an extra place at her table that night.

Entering the dining room that evening, dressed in a white-linen jacket and slightly short gray slacks, courtesy of Andreas, I noticed at once that only the one place was set, and I knew something was wrong.

A waiter approached, stared through me and said loudly to Ellen, "We have orders. No one allowed to change tables."

"That's utterly ridic——"

"Ellen," I whispered, hoping not to let this confrontation develop, "it's not that important."

"Of course it is, Peter, they'll set a place for you immediately."

We were joined by the head of the dining room himself, a swarthy character with all the physical charm of Dracula. "He is not first-class passenger. He does not belong here!" With the magnificent gesture of a third-rate actor, he pointed toward the main doors.

"I beg your pardon!" cried Ellen. "He is with *me*."

"He has broken rules," boomed the maitre de.

"I would have thought," said Ellen archly, "that rules were for waiters." She turned to me. "Perhaps, Peter, when you interview the captain tomorrow, you should mention the manners of his crew." The maitre de scowled gigantically, wheeled and stalked away.

After a tense five-minute wait, we were served our dinner, by a waiter surely hoping I would choke on a shrimp. I drank vodka martinis and fine

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Bordeaux alternately until it no longer mattered that 300 other diners were staring at me.

The next morning, I was seated in my usual corner of the library, making an entry in my diary, when an announcement came over the loud-speaker instructing all passengers to remain in their class accommodations unless they had written permission from the purser's office. There was no doubt who *that* was meant for.

By nightfall, my confidence was totally shot. To get myself out of a gloomy downward spiral, I considered what I'd already accomplished and how I had accomplished it. The secret had been in theater, and that was how I'd finish out the trip, as an actor so in tune with his part that the audience suspended disbelief. Since Ellen had mentioned an interview with the captain, an interview with the captain I would have. I wrote out a formal request and gave it to the first officer I saw the next morning.

By afternoon, notebook and pen at the ready, I sat amid the teak splendor of Captain Francesco Pescarolo's cabin. Captain Francesco Pescarolo was an imposing figure, his crisp gray hair and tan complemented so perfectly by the white and gold of his uniform that he might have been designed by an interior decorator. His absolute power at sea seemed to hover around him like an aura. I began to wonder if I had gone too far.

"Ah," he said, after I introduced myself, "*Il giornalista americano.* I have been waiting to meet you."

Was there a threat implied? Did the captain know all about me? I reminded myself that there was really no reason for anyone to suspect me of being anything other than I appeared to be—a well-connected, high-living writer. I conducted a reasonably good interview, talking of the great days of ocean liners and the sad state of the future without them.

With a mad leap, just as I was closing my notebook, I asked the captain if he'd ever had anyone stow away on one of his ships. Yes, he answered, he'd arrested a man just a couple of years ago.

"What became of him?" I asked, with journalistic interest.

"He was put ashore on the Azores," the captain said. "When last I heard, he was still there."

The interview went so well that the captain gave me a tour of the bridge. As I left, he shook my hand and told me that he was happy that we had talked. He smiled paternally at his officers and down onto the gaiety of the upper decks.

"This great ship deserves to have its last chapter well told. We will reach Gibraltar tomorrow and Naples two days later. If you are in a hurry with your story and I can help you get through the immigration authorities more quickly, do not hesitate to let me know."

Naples! Somehow, in the course of my heady play-acting, my success with such a discriminating audience, I had managed to forget the inevitable end of the drama: There would come a moment to debark, and I had no passport! I suddenly had no idea what I would do; but with 48 hours left before Armageddon, I had some confessing to do. Unsure of how she'd react, I had never taken Ellen into my confidence, despite several happy postcoital temptations to tell all. The time, however, had obviously come.

Ellen was delighted with the success of my interview with the captain.

"Imagine the color he would have turned," I said, "if he'd realized he was being interviewed by a stowaway."

Ellen stared at me for about ten seconds before bursting into laughter. "This is the most incredible thing I've ever heard," she said. "It's unbelievable! Fabulous!"

Later that afternoon, drinking Dom Perignon in Andreas and Lucia's cabin, I revealed my secret to them.

"*Che romantico! Che favoloso!*" was Lucia's immediate reaction as the tears of delight streamed down her face. "You must be so hungry! Andreas, quick, call

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for some food." And then Lucia proceeded to ease my anxieties with some unexpected information.

"It's very lucky," she said, "that you have come to us with your secret. We can help you. Any trouble you can get into in Italy, my family can get you out of. I am a Caracciolo—not a princess, as you call me, but at least a countess. I am going to telegraph the press to meet the Leonardo when it docks in Naples. I will fix it so that you will be a hero in Italy." Lucia went on to explain that her family were partners in the Italian Line, of which the Leonardo da Vinci was a part, which explained the special treatment she got from all the officers, the deferential recognition whenever we went walking. I think I was more surprised to learn of her identity than she was to learn of mine.

Together, we worked out a strategy to shape inevitable events to my advantage. Andreas pointed out that being caught by immigration types would be ignominious and might lead to the bureaucratic hell of Neapolitan jails and the endless foul-ups of the Italian court system. No, the only way to end a stylish adventure was stylishly. That evening, a gala ball was scheduled for first class, and it was mutually agreed that the festive dinner and dance was the perfect setting for my exposure.

I was certain my nemesis the maître de would be there and in the inevitable row over my arrogant return to first class, the curtain would fall on my memorable final performance, as I admitted everything. Ellen allowed that she might even slap my face in outrage when I confessed, a final touch I wasn't sure I liked all that much.

In my tennis shoes and red polo shirt, topped by Andreas' blazer and pink ascot, I cut quite a dashing figure among the gowned and dinner-jacketed gentry at the gala (though not half as flamboyant as Lucia, who outdid everyone in an evening gown that can only be described as frontless, the black-lace netting hardly obscuring her ample breasts). The ship's photographer snapped away in ecstasy as he circled our party. Ironically, though, the villainous maître de was nowhere in sight. Everyone else in the hall knew me so well by then, my presence was accepted as entirely natural; so, despite my best effort to get myself dramatically captured, I succeeded only in enjoying thoroughly the ship's most impressive social event.

My next move, the following morning, within sight of the Portuguese coast, was a written confession. I prepared a letter that I gave Ellen to give to the captain. I told her I'd be waiting on the top deck and that's where she could tell the captain's men to find me. By two P.M., I stood waiting, facing the bow, hair whipping cinematically in the wind. In surrendering I would be dignified, with perhaps just the trace of a smile on my roughhewn visage.

When two curious officers finally came for me at five P.M., I was a nervous wreck. The ship had arrived at Gibraltar, and in the commotion of docking, I was afraid I'd been forgotten.

"You are the man who interviewed the captain, no?"

"No. I mean, yes, I am."

"Come this way, please."

It was all very polite. But the interrogation that followed would have done justice to any World War Two spy movie. I was led into the office of the Leonardo's chief purser, a portly man sweating profusely despite the breeze coming through his portholes. He flung papers in my face, including a Xerox copy of my letter of confession and a color photograph of Ellen and me at last night's gala.

"Do you know this woman?" he demanded. It seemed a strange question. There she was, after all, in living color, with her arms around my neck. Three men who turned out to be plainclothes security guards began to throw questions at me from every side.

Finally, I interrupted the purser as he raised his voice in yet another question.

"*Signore*, I don't know why you're

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going through all this, since I've already confessed. But may I say you do it no less well than everything else is done on the Da Vinci?"

Suddenly, we were all laughing. Somewhat apologetically, the purser explained that, under international maritime law, I must be put in the brig. I assured him that I wanted no special treatment, that part of my karma was surely to experience the process of arrest and imprisonment. Everyone seemed to like that touch. One of the security guards handed me a pack of Marlboros, shook my hand, and then I was led down . . . down . . . down. . . . The brig was a metal room down among the humming turbines, with no windows and walls that slanted with the lower hull of the ship.

After a day of staring at my gray walls, wondering what Ellen was doing, I felt the engines stop and realized we'd arrived in Naples. I waited to be summoned above deck. When, after an indeterminate time, we began to move again, I panicked. Was I to be left here to starve? Half an hour later, a crew member appeared at my door.

"What happened?" I demanded. "Where are we?"

"American consul no show," he said. "But you are free to go. Captain's orders."

"Go where?"

"Back to first class, until we return to Italy."

The crew member escorted me to the dining room, where the passengers were having lunch. As I entered, they gave me a tremendous ovation. I found Ellen, Lucia and Andreas and joined them at the table, but the meal was interrupted every five minutes by autograph seekers who invariably asked me to append "stowaway" to my signature.

Ellen was frantic. "We didn't know if you were still on the ship or not," she said. "We were at the pier in full force—TV cameras, radio stations and all the Italian newspapers. Then Lucia stormed back into the captain's office and demanded that you get better treatment. She was formidable. 'I forbid you to treat him like this. He is not a prisoner, he is a gentleman.' And, you see, the captain obliged."

Nevertheless, I knew I was in a precarious situation. I had arrived in a foreign country without a passport, or even identification. I had no way of proving who I was or that I was an American citizen. From what Lucia could learn, I would probably be put in intensive security, where there was little she or her family could do for me. The captain had told her that the U. S. consul was not amused by my adventure and might be slow to help me establish my identity. And, finally, Richard had probably sent my passport to Naples, but the ship's next stop was Cannes, and then Genoa.

After hearing the possible extent of my plight, Ellen decided to disembark at Cannes and take the first plane back to the States, to help me straighten things out with the State Department in Washington.

"But what about your fiancé?" I asked, not really caring about him.

"George won't have to know. I'll take a plane to Africa and I won't even lose a day. One way or another," she promised recklessly, "I'll be at the airport in New York when you return, with a silver limousine."

"And a brass band?"

"And a blind chauffeur," she swore, with a smile that almost made me believe she *would* be there.

When we reached Genoa, just before I was escorted back to the purser's office, I bade farewell to Andreas and Lucia. "We'll drink champagne together in Rome and in New York," said the countess, kissing me on both cheeks.

I spent the next few days in hysterically intense prayer. I forswore strong drink, loose women, tight pants, vile language, littering, jaywalking, cutting in lines, even slamming down phone receivers. Eventually, the door to the brig was yanked open and an excited crewman led me up on deck, where the captain, the purser and a line of ship's officers shook my hand. Then a squad of uniformed police, shouting at one another all at once, hustled me off the Leonardo. On the pier, a mob comprised entirely of prepubescent girls chanted my name like cheerleaders, while *paparazzi* pushed through the crowds, popping flashbulbs. Someone handed me a newspaper with my picture on the front page. Thanks to Lucia's brilliant advance work, I had apparently become a glamorous outlaw to Italians anxious to take their minds off terrorism and inflation.

I was immediately taken to a civil-court room, where I was handed what seemed like 1,000,000 papers to sign, one of which committed me to paying back the $1500 I owed to the Italian Line—half my passage over and $600 for the armed guards who had shuttled me around. My next and last stop in Europe was the airport in Milan.

After all this, dear reader, you and I deserve a happy ending, and we shall have it. Outside the International Arrivals Building at Kennedy Airport, the silver limo was waiting, with Ellen inside. Her good old George was still waiting in Africa, and may be waiting there even now. The driver was not blind, as promised, but his rearview mirror had been taped over by my foresighted, soft and silky first-class angel.

AIRLINE SAFETY *(continued from page 150)*

"At this writing, there are seven airlines operating over water without life rafts."

fuel left when he decided to turn toward the airport. But suddenly the gauges read empty and the engines started flaming out. Here are excerpts from the cockpit voice recorder. At the time, the only thing the crew knew was that the landing gear would buckle on them when they landed. The passengers had been alerted that the landing might not be normal. The engineer speaking didn't know that in about five minutes he would be dead. The pilot and the copilot would survive.

CAPTAIN: OK—how are the people?

ENGINEER: Well, they're pretty calm and cool—ah, some of 'em are obviously nervous—ah, but for the most part, they're taking it in stride—they—I, ah, stopped and reassured a couple of them; they seemed a little bit more—more anxious than some of the others.

CAPTAIN: OK, well, about two minutes before landing—that will be about four miles out—just pick up the mike, the P.A., and say, "Assume the brace position."

ENGINEER: OK.

A few minutes later, the controller called:

United one seven three heavy, if you could, ah, give me souls on board and amount of fuel.

COPILOT: I think he wants souls on board, he wants crew members and everything.

CAPTAIN: OK, we're going to go in now, we should be landing in about five minutes.

ENGINEER: I think you just lost number four [engine], buddy, you——

COPILOT: Better get some cross-feeds open there or something.

ENGINEER: OK.

COPILOT: We're going to lose an engine, buddy.

CAPTAIN: Why?

COPILOT: We're losing an engine.

CAPTAIN: Why?

COPILOT: Fuel. Open the cross-feeds, man.

CAPTAIN: Open the cross-feeds there or something. Showing a thousand [pounds] or better.

COPILOT: I don't think it's in there. It's flamed out.

ENGINEER: We're going to lose number three in a minute, too. It's showing zero.

CAPTAIN: You got a thousand pounds.

ENGINEER: Five thousand in there, buddy, but we lost it.

CAPTAIN: All right.

ENGINEER: Are you getting it back?

COPILOT: No, number four, you got that cross-feed open?

ENGINEER: No, I haven't got it open.

CAPTAIN: Open 'em both, [expletive] get some fuel in there.

COPILOT: It's going to be [expletive] on approach, though.

CAPTAIN: You gotta keep 'em running, Frostie.

ENGINEER: Yes, sir.

COPILOT: Get this [expletive] on the ground.

ENGINEER: Yeah.

At that point, they called to say they were going in. The controller told them they were "18 flying miles" from the field.

ENGINEER: Boy, that fuel sure went to hell all of a sudden.

CAPTAIN: There's, ah, kind of an interstate-highway-type thing along that bank on the river in case we're short.

COPILOT: Let's take the shortest route to the airport.

ENGINEER: We've lost two engines, guys.

CONTROLLER: United one seventy three heavy, contact Portland tower.

COPILOT: OK.

CONTROLLER: Have a good one.

CAPTAIN: They're all going. We can't make Troutdale.

COPILOT: We can't make anything.

CAPTAIN: OK, declare a mayday.

COPILOT: Portland tower, United one seventy three heavy, mayday, we're—the engines are flaming out, we're going down, we're not going to be able to make the airport.

TOWER: United one——

(Impact with transmission lines, as derived from tower tape.)

United Airlines did it again on June 4, 1979, but that time luck was with the people on board the DC-8, flight 398 from San Francisco to Seattle. The plane landed in Portland, out of fuel. When it touched down, the engines flamed out. The plane had to be towed to the gate.

In October 1979, a Pan Am 747 was going into New York's Kennedy International and had to hold for an hour. The pilot shot the approach but couldn't land because of weather. He went to his alternate airport, Newark. When he

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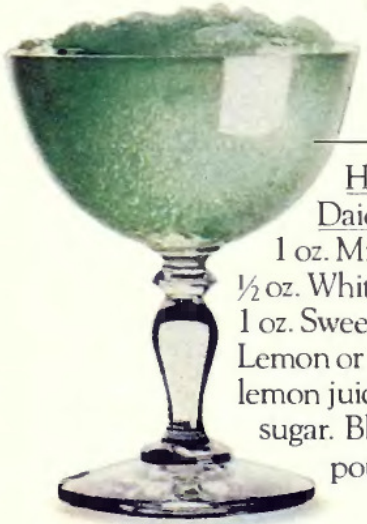

Honeydew Daiquiri: 1 oz. Midori, ½ oz. White Rum, 1 oz. Sweet & Sour Lemon or fresh lemon juice with sugar. Blend and pour.

Midori Rocks: Pour Midori over crushed ice and add a squeeze of lime.

Melon Margarita: 1½ oz. Tequila, 1 oz. Midori, 1 oz. Sweet & Sour Lemon. Blend and pour into salted glass.

Midori Sour: 2 oz. Sweet & Sour mix 1 oz. Midori. Blend and strain.

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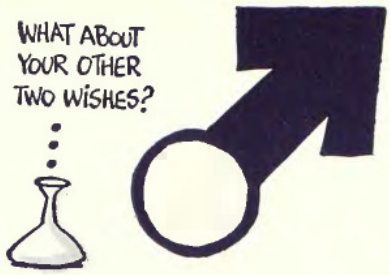
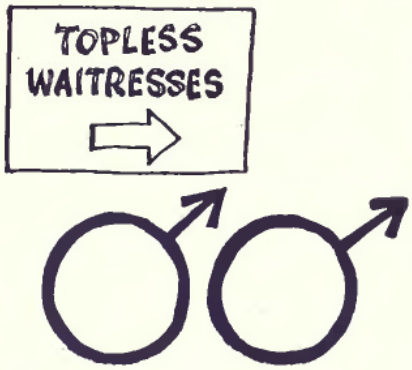
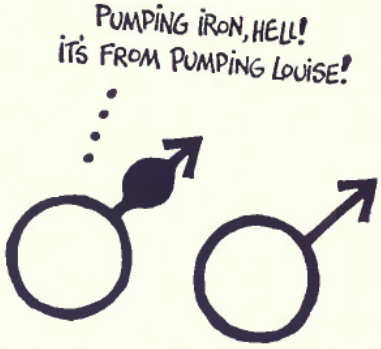


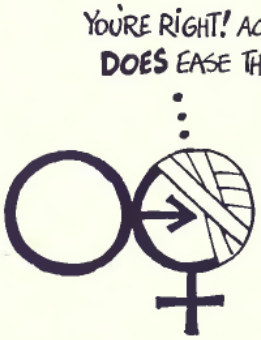
SYMBOLIC SEX

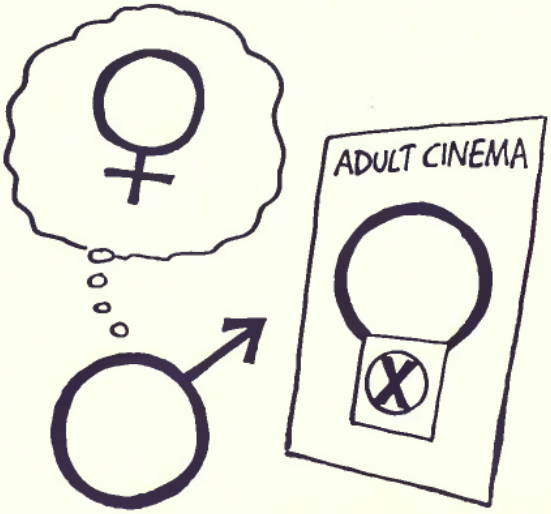
more sprightly spoofings of the signs of our times

humor By DON ADDIS









touched down, he hit the thrust reversers and two engines quit. A third quit as he pulled off the runway. He was out of fuel. As Galipault says, "Walking that last mile isn't the way to get to the airport." You will be surprised at how little money airlines are saving by risking your life that way. A DC-10 from Chicago to Los Angeles, for example, might carry 80,000 pounds of fuel. It costs roughly $1000 to carry that fuel, since the DC-10 uses about 12 percent of its fuel to carry fuel.

Another example of aviation economics at work concerns the so-called flotation device. At this writing, there are seven airlines operating over water without life rafts. The FAA finds that acceptable and has, in fact, proposed a rule to allow all airlines to fly even longer distances over water without rafts.

Wayne E. Williams, who runs the Florida-based Nova University Institute for Survival Technology, has conducted sea-survival courses for the military and others and is a recognized expert in his field. If you are lucky enough to have a life vest under your seat when you get on an airplane, you might want to try it on before leaving the gate—Williams has demonstrated that those devices are "extremely difficult to locate, extract, unpack, don, attach and inflate." In tests, even trained crew members have been unable to do it. Further, says Williams, "most have insufficient buoyancy and will allow head immersion in fairly light sea conditions."

You've seen the signs on board an airliner that say the seat cushions are good for flotation. According to Williams, the Coast Guard considers those seat cushions "not suitable for nonswimmers and children." They should be used "only where you have other boating activity (implying a rapid recovery) and should not be used where you will encounter hypothermia [subnormal body temperature]." Since most of the large bodies of water around and within the United States have temperatures between 32 and 40 degrees Fahrenheit most of the year, and since the human body can lose heat as much as 30 times faster in water than in air, passengers should expect rapid hypothermia if an airliner lands in water.

"The FAA justifications for deleting rafts are defective," says Williams. "They can only serve the airlines' economic interests, not safety. . . . A DC-3 accident might involve 30 people; today's air crashes can kill ten times that. The increase in numbers is critical, because the very size of the group makes its recovery from the water impossible within life-expectancy times.

"In each major terminal area, the Coast Guard has one helicopter on 30-minute alert. It can pick up 20 persons, at the rate of one per minute, under ideal conditions. Conditions will not be ideal. [The pilot] will have problems locating the group. When he does, they will be widely dispersed. If they're in vests, they will have small lights visible less than one half mile. With cushions, no lights. But all those will be academic problems. They will all be dead before he arrives."

The FAA's logic in allowing airliners to operate over water without life rafts goes like this: "No scheduled U. S. air carrier has ever ditched a turbojet aircraft." That's a quote from R. L. Collie, then–acting chief, Air Carrier Division of the Flight Standards Service of the FAA. He was writing in response to an October 20, 1978, complaint from Patricia Robertson Miller, at that time president of the Association of Flight Attendants. What Collie doesn't mention is that turbojet aircraft *do* land in water, even if the landings can't be classified as ditchings, and that the FAA has no official definition of ditching.

In 1961, a 707 splashed down off Long Island. That same year, a 720 overshot into the water at Boston. In 1962, another 707 got dunked at Kennedy. In 1964, a DC-8 at New Orleans and again that year, another 707 at Kennedy; 1968, a DC-8 at San Francisco; 1969, another DC-8 at LAX; 1970, a DC-9 near St. Croix; and in 1978, that National pilot flew his 727 into Escambia Bay. According to the Air Line Pilots Association (A.L.P.A.), there were 42 no-notice water impacts of jetliners between 1959 and 1979, 15 in the U. S. An official of the NTSB recently told Williams that that type of accident will continue to happen.

"There are no 'proper' life vests," Williams says. If you find a vest under your seat, take it out and look at it. If you were in the Service in World War Two, you may recognize it. It costs about $25; a 30-man raft costs $2000. Compare that with the $40,000,000 price tag of, say, a DC-10 or an L-1011. If your car costs you $10,000 and you refuse to put 50 cents into it to save some lives, the comparison is mathematically the same.

•

Look at the airline business long enough and you stop seeing guardian angels and begin seeing accountants. Safety is a statistical pastime. The real issue is profit, which can literally jeopardize the safety of any flight. The airplane brings

"What a pity. We were so hoping you were bisexual."

in money only when it flies. The maintenance base, then, is designed not to keep the plane in perfect condition but to get it back into the air as quickly as possible within the limits of the law. And the law does not regulate safety—it merely sets out minimums, the barebones basics, below which your chances of survival get so poor that lawmaking becomes necessary. The law is not meant to be a standard. How much should be done on each plane is a judgment call and a matter of great debate.

The DC-10 crash of American flight 191 in Chicago in May 1979 was caused in part by slipshod maintenance, which focused a great deal of attention on how the airlines service their planes. The resulting Congressional study concluded, simply, that maintenance problems come from two sources, the first being a heartfelt desire to save money.

The second is more subtle. Modern aircraft are designed according to a concept called fail-safe. An FAA report describes it this way:

> This principle contemplates that, while each critical component or system element is required to perform functions within the design envelope of the aircraft, its failure will nevertheless be assumed . . . appropriate analyses and tests are required to insure that sufficient redundancy exists so that after a single failure, redistribution of functions will occur to other components . . . capable of assuming them safely.

Maintenance departments within airlines, showing their great faith in the fail-safe principle, will frequently defer maintenance in the belief that nothing serious will happen if something breaks. There are so many backup systems, the plane's bound to fly.

"It's all redundancy," a TWA mechanic told me. "That's what's between you and a crash. And, anyway, if I don't catch it, my boss will, and if he don't, the next guy down the line will, and so on." The real danger in that attitude is that, in effect, it reduces—even removes—the element of redundancy. If you have one primary system and one backup system, and if the primary goes out and you use the backup, you have eliminated the redundancy. If the backup fails, you're out of the game.

I spoke with a pilot who said of the DC-10, "When we saw that this airplane was coming down the pike, we had some input. We insisted on pneumatically operated air speed and altimeters, and they were installed. They work independent of all electrical power on the airplane. A lot of airlines don't have this. All the instruments that are on those flight panels are electrically powered. And if you crap up the electrical, you've got yourself a real bucket."

So much for redundancy.

Even if the aircraft has genuinely redundant systems, the maintenance is not always working hand in hand with the fail-safe principle. When a modern jetliner can produce something on the order of $50,000 a day in gross revenue, it's difficult to keep it on the ground because you can't get a $50 component to fit it. Or because someone put on the wrong fuel-pressure gauge or happened to install the thrust-reverser bolts backward or because the tires are slick or there's a dent in the wing.

Airplanes with each of those problems have been sent out into service—real airplanes with real passengers—by Braniff, Northwest, Frontier, Pan Am, Piedmont, United and others. If the carrier knows that the FAA probably won't catch the violation, and if it does may then only impose a $1000 fine, what's the reason to worry?

In the fall of 1978, the House of Representatives asked the United States Comptroller General to look into how the FAA manages safety problems. The report issued this year says that the FAA does not have:

- effective systems for identifying safety hazards,
- a comprehensive planning process to address safety issues,
- an adequate system for planning and approving individual safety programs,
- a proper system of controls to govern the implementation phase of safety projects, or
- sufficient evaluation of safety programs and projects.

The report further states that within the Government body charged with ensuring aviation safety, "no single individual or office has been responsible for hazard identification, and organizational conflicts have existed between FAA and the [NTSB]."

Since it is the FAA's responsibility to crack down on airlines that refuse to maintain planes in an airworthy condition, and since the FAA has traditionally failed to do so, it is encouraging to see what could be a new attitude developing. Last year, the FAA asked Braniff to pay $1,500,000 for maintenance violations. PSA was charged with $385,000 and Prinair with $166,000. American has already paid $500,000 for DC-10 mismanagement in connection with the Chicago crash. Continental paid $100,000 for similar infractions. While $500,000 hardly seems like a stiff penalty in light of the 273 people killed as a result of American's haphazard maintenance program, it may help other airlines take this business more seriously.

I spoke with Langhorne Bond about it and he admitted there was a lot of room for improvement of the FAA–airline relationship. "We've been too much coach and not enough cop," he told me. "We're trying to get our people back into the cop mode." He said that the last time the FAA was really as tough as it should always be was when Pete Quesada was in charge, which was under Eisenhower. Now, Bond promised, things are going to change. Indeed, the Comptroller General's report admits, "A new climate . . . appeared to exist in FAA," though the report hastens to add, " . . . we have some reservations about FAA's ability to see the effort through. . . ."

Unlike many students of air safety, I regard Bond as a reasonably honest administrator, trying to do a decent job in an impossibly tough position. Any FAA Administrator is going to draw the heaviest fire possible—it goes with the territory. The next few years will tell if Bond *is* good, but he seems to have made some advances. For one thing, the regulatory function appears more open to public scrutiny. He says he wants "to ventilate the place a little bit. The FAA is in transition. Business in the past has been more secretive. We have not handled it very gracefully. But a new generation of people is coming in."

•

Given all the variables that economics can produce in the airline industry, we are finally forced to ask, Could economics alone produce an airplane that would not fly? Or one that, flying ever so regularly, was marginal when it came to safety? Could the entire process break down to the point that, under no direct Government or regulatory control, the industry could produce a plane that would be the most economically successful machine flying and yet not live up to standards we just assume exist? And having been so conceived, could such a plane then be inspected, approved and certificated by the Federal Government?

J. P. Hann, director of flight operations and laboratory tests at McDonnell Douglas in Long Beach, told me that as far as safety went, the limits had just about been reached. The last area they were closing in on now was the human factor. I don't think anyone will disagree that the weakest component in the system is sometimes the guy in the left seat (or in front of the radar scope or holding the wrench), but what Hann said bothered me because it did not seem to include the Ph.D. who had designed the aircraft. He seemed to be saying that the monumentally complex system of aircraft design, certification and manufacture worked logically, the way we might expect it to work: You build on the knowledge and experience of decades, you learn from mistakes, you evolve safer and safer aircraft and systems. When a mistake or a flaw is found, you eliminate it from the system and move on. It bothered me even further because it did not admit to the economic pressures

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that exist during design of an aircraft.

Airplanes crash for a variety of reasons. There have been more 707 and 727 crashes than DC-10 crashes, but people don't go around calling Boeing planes defective. The 707 and the 727 have never had their type certificates revoked on an emergency basis. The NTSB has never said of those planes, as it said of the DC-10, "The deficiencies raise concerns about aircraft design and certification."

There would never have been a question about DC-10 design if it had not fallen out of the sky of its own accord so many times, if it had not literally fallen apart in mid-air. And while it may be *understandable* that the human is the weakest component of the system, that fact only complicates the problem. When the guy in the left seat blunders in a big way, he does not defend his mistake. Generally, he is buried with it. When a designer fluffs it, however, he goes before a group of peers and is allowed to present evidence to prove how good his mistake is. If he is clever and wishes to keep his job, he can convince his employer and even the FAA that his mistake is actually a design innovation. And it will go on the airplane. Especially if it weighs less or costs less or takes up less space. Often, the best design from an economic standpoint is the worst thing for safety.

Immediately after the American Airlines crash of the DC-10 at Chicago, I called McDonnell Douglas. Spokesmen there were not interested in talking. They didn't exactly say "Go away," but they didn't return phone calls and didn't encourage contact. A reporter knows when he's being brushed off. Months later, the public-relations firm of Carl Byoir and Associates, one of the largest in the world (it represented Howard Hughes, for example), called me, saying Douglas was eager to talk. For the next few weeks, I received calls from Byoir representatives at least twice a week until I flew out to Long Beach to visit the Douglas facility, where the DC-10 is built. They had just hired a new PR executive to assist with the foundering DC-10 image. He told me of plans to take a large group of reporters up in a DC-10 ("go up and do stalls and stuff"), to show a prepared film explaining how safe the Ten really is. And while I didn't take the ride, the visit was eye opening.

Wandering around inside the McDonnell Douglas plant is like walking through a Lewis Carroll dream after taking the pill that makes you small: Everything is 40 times bigger than normal. By golf cart, a Douglas executive and I glided along among the clean brown-and-tan-colored buildings, buildings so large their size doesn't even register until you drive inside one and see, as you pass from sunlight to fluorescent shade, the sign warning, IT TAKES SIX MINUTES TO OPEN OR CLOSE THIS DOOR, a door like no other you are ever likely to see.

I stood in a room—a single room—that contained ten entire DC-10s. That is but one room in a complex in which the workers travel in some cases from one desk to another by bicycle and in which others can be seen hitchhiking at lunch hour to get to another part of the plant. Some of those are third-generation employees of Douglas, where planes have been built without interruption since 1923—which cannot be said of either Boeing or Lockheed.

The DC-10 is built in stages and takes 18 months from start to finish. Some parts are made elsewhere by other companies, some are fabricated right there, but eventually the whole plane emerges on the Douglas flight line at the Long Beach Airport and one day John Brizendine, president of Douglas, simply hands over the keys to a pilot—literally. I watched the press watch Laker Airways take delivery on December 13, 1979. The stunning, snow-white DC-10 had a Christmas bow around its entire 62-foot girth and Brizendine stood on an elevated ceremonial platform and held forth on the notion that this was a benefit to all mankind, this craft. He wished for peace on earth and then, in the Douglas tradition, handed over the gold key and cut off the pilot's necktie.

In another building, we watched a section of fuselage arrive on a special vehicle one might call a truck. It was a piece of midsection that would be fitted with a cockpit and a nose assembly, a perfect cylinder of aluminum skin and skeleton still painted with yellow-green bichromate corrosion inhibitor. Apparently, even the employees are not used to the remarkable enormity of those operations. Workers all over the area stopped to watch when the safety horn sounded, signaling that the great crane was lifting the object and moving it a few meters to its cradle at the end of a long line of partially finished fuselages.

After two days in the Douglas plant, I had no doubt that the men and women there are as dedicated and sincere, as talented and well trained as any group in aviation. Douglas is no more rapacious than Hughes Aircraft, Bell Helicopter or Bell Telephone. It is multinational business at its finest.

At the time of my visit, McDonnell Douglas had three quarters of a billion dollars in *cash*. Sales in 1978 were 4.1 billion dollars, making the company 63rd on the Fortune 500 list. These people have to be doing something right—a *lot* of things right, come to think of it. The Douglas DC-3 was the first aircraft ever to show a profit by carrying passengers. It doubled as the C-47, a proven, versatile military airplane that did remarkable duty in Vietnam as Puff the Magic Dragon, a gunship that could put a round into

every square inch of a football field in 60 seconds.

And out there in the Long Beach sun, in the spick-and-span, designer-toned atmosphere of the Douglas plant, watching the workers assemble the infinitely, unimaginably complex DC-10 airplane, it was difficult to imagine that sleek bird doing anything but flying off to greater glory. Difficult, that is, if you hadn't already seen it rolled into a smoldering ball off the departure end of a runway, and seen the grisly suggestion that there had once been humans in there, eagerly awaiting that first cocktail, wrapped inside 100 miles of wire and an aluminum skin. For a grisly suggestion is all that remains when that noble concept becomes a reality—and then fails at its one designated task.

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Realizing that the Douglas family mourns, too, when another DC-10 goes down does not make it any easier to deal with the fundamental problems of that airplane. I found it perfectly natural for Douglas to defend its product in ways that disagree with explanations found outside the Douglas family, explanations voiced by experts who have good reason to believe that if the world of modern jet aircraft was destined, sooner or later, to produce a genuine dog, McDonnell Douglas drew the short straw, for whatever reasons.

And if the DC-10 continues to be one of the most popular airliners in service, having logged nearly 6,000,000,000 passenger miles, carrying some 150,000 people a day, there are still increasing numbers of people, including pilots, airline mechanics, stewardesses and aviation professionals, who have coolheadedly allowed that flying itself carries sufficient risk without doing it in a questionable aircraft.

"I don't fly it anymore," said a DC-10 captain with 31,000 hours of flying experience, a man steeped in aircraft systems, accident investigation for a major airline and airplane engineering. I was shocked. That happens to be one of the highest-paying jobs for an airline pilot today. "Yeah," he said sadly, "but I looked at how they were reacting to its deficiencies and I left the airplane. Because I think it is not a sound airplane. A number of pilots have downgraded."

He put a finer point on it: Stepping down from the Ten to the 707 or the 727 represents an estimated $1000-to-$2000-a-month pay cut. "Flight attendants, too," he continued. "You wouldn't believe the flip-over of people who have that same opinion. Even passengers are starting to do it. Somebody's going to be stuck on it, though. So there are some opportunities for junior people to fly the Ten, because a guy like myself isn't doing it."

"What is the biggest problem with the DC-10?" I asked.

"The fact is," he said, "the DC-10 can roll over and play dead on any take-off."

In the executive offices at McDonnell Douglas, I met with the senior engineer on the DC-10 project, Bob Hornburg, who had prepared an elaborate briefing for me that showed the DC-10 to be as safe and reliable as any plane flying. The Ten had been his life for years and he just couldn't get over it; his energy and faith in the machine were truly remarkable as he insisted that previous problems (that's what he called the worst crashes in world and U. S. history, "problems") with the plane had not been design flaws, they had been the result of mishandling of the aircraft.

The language of defense for the DC-10 struck me as rather odd. It has flown more passenger miles with fewer deaths than any other aircraft. Its "dispatch reliability" is among the best in the country. But those are economic terms, used to measure profitability. They have nothing to do with safety. Without knowing it, Hornburg was telling me that the DC-10 was a profitable, popular airplane, which no one will deny. And he fervently believed that fact made the plane acceptable. It was a bit frightening.

He told me that certification had not been rushed, a charge frequently leveled at Douglas. The story is complicated, but a group of reporters from the London *Sunday Times* described it succinctly:

> The DC-10 was born out of one of the most savage marketing conflicts in civil aviation history. In the Sixties, it became clear that big fan-jet engines would make possible a new generation of "wide-bodied" air buses. Boeing established a commanding lead in the long-haul section of that market with the remarkable 747. Two ailing firms were left to struggle for the medium-haul business: Lockheed, which was trying to return to the civil market after years of overdependence on defense, and Douglas, once the world's greatest builders of commercial aircraft, reduced to chaos and penury by the eccentricities of its founding family.
>
> Douglas was taken over by the aggressive military-aircraft builders McDonnell and, late in 1967, the new McDonnell Douglas Corporation announced that it was going to try to catch up on the lead of nearly one year that Lockheed had established in the race to get orders for a three-engined air bus. This was a contest of "paper aircraft," in which both sides made larger and larger promises. . . . What nobody really expected—or wanted—was that both paper planes would actually be built.

Hornburg told me that that version of history was preposterous, that Douglas

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was virtually paying no attention to what Lockheed was doing. Douglas had come up with the DC-10 design completely on its own. And as far as rushing it into production, he said certification took 43 months. I didn't know what to make of that figure. That's only three and a half years. He said 18,000,000 man-hours had gone into engineering the plane, "the equivalent of 1000 people working for nine years." They are fond of analogies at Douglas. And that one doesn't seem to hang together. Try another: If you had to have open-heart surgery, would you choose a physician who had trained for nine years or one who had crammed "the equivalent" into three and a half years?

Douglas emphasizes that "the DC-10, when properly maintained and inspected, is completely airworthy." To understand that statement, you have to read between the lines. The position is the one discussed earlier: no blame. There is a nasty legal battle brewing out of the American Airlines DC-10 crash in Chicago. An engine fell off and a lot of people died.

Douglas' position on the Chicago crash is that American Airlines wasted a perfectly good airplane. And it certainly seems true that American broke the engine mount during maintenance. The briefing given to me by Hornburg at Douglas contained this statement: "The recent problems with DC-10 developed only when unauthorized and improper maintenance procedures were used. Different design techniques might have prevented those problems, but the problems would also have been prevented if ground crews had followed the manufacturer's instructions." So even Douglas itself is not 100 percent emphatic about the design of the pylon, other than to say it is a good, workable design and has been mishandled. The point, however, is that other aircraft are built so that they can't be mishandled that way.

The DC-10 is a machine with many tricks up its sleeve, and the spherical bearing—a component of the pylon holding the engine to the wing—that started the chain of events that killed 273 people is only one. The NTSB said of the Ten, "The design of the aircraft's systems apparently failed to account for the possibility that a single event could simultaneously render critical portions of the flight control, hydraulic and electrical systems inoperative."

The DC-10 captain I interviewed said of the plane, "It's a house of cards." We laid out the engineering drawings and operating manual for the Ten and went through them, system by system. A large jet's hydraulic system is its life line, driving the control surfaces that make the plane speed up or slow down, turn and bank. The other jumbo jets have four hydraulic systems, separate from one another, to drive flight controls. If one hydraulic system goes down, it may not affect the outcome of the flight.

In the DC-10, there are only three systems and they are questionable. For one thing, they can be interconnected. The fluid from one cannot flow to another, but there are two pumps—called reversible motor pumps—that connect the systems. The 1-3 pump connects systems one and three, the 2-3 pump connects two and three. If the number-one system, for example, loses pressure, this 1-3 reversible motor pump will start up, allowing the number-three system to pressurize the number-one system. It's the same with the 2-3 pump.

But what if number one actually springs a leak? The number-three system is then faced—through the reversible motor pump—with the task of trying to pressurize a system with a hole in it. That's like trying to blow up a punctured balloon. "It's going to be pumping fluid like mad," the DC-10 captain said, "expending an awful lot of its own pressure trying to pressurize the other system that can't be pressurized."

What he says is not just speculation. He has had firsthand experience with that hydraulic house of cards. Once, on take-off, one of his systems sprang a leak. The reversible motor pump got into the act as described. When the captain

pulled up the landing gear, the airplane's controls began to fail. Fortunately, this captain was familiar enough with the quirks of this plane's hydraulics that he turned off those reversible motor pumps. His controls came back when he'd once again isolated the three systems. The reason the landing gear triggered the loss of control effectiveness is because lifting those huge wheels takes a lot of hydraulic power. And in the plane's degraded condition, with a reversible motor pump going "open-ended," there wasn't that much power.

Douglas claims that what the DC-10 captain experienced can't happen. There is, for example, a low-level regulator that senses when a system has lost its fluid. It is true that that cutoff switch exists in each system, but it reads only below the one-gallon level. Each system holds 35–40 gallons of fluid. Douglas further says that there is a flowmeter that, sensing an abnormally fast flow, would shut off the reversible motor pumps. But those "hydraulic fuses" are not located in the main lines, and in service they have failed to shut off the pumps, according to reports. So (the DC-10 captain's theory goes) if the number-one system is being helped by the number-three system, number three is degraded and then number two comes along to help *it*. Since it cannot help the open-ended system, it, too, begins to lose pressure. Then all three systems are involved in this futile effort. Vital hydraulic power is being wasted.

It should be pointed out that Lockheed's design also has similar mechanical connection of hydraulic systems. It calls its reversible motor pumps Power Transfer Units (P.T.U.). The key, however, is that Lockheed's instructions call for keeping those turned off, especially in the event of a leak. Some pilots are now flying DC-10s with the switches in the off position, in violation of the DC-10 manual, because they consider it safer.

•

The next time you are on a jetliner, sit over a wing and watch the leading- and trailing-edge devices—the slats and flaps. Before take-off, they will extend from the wing outward. As the airborne plane picks up speed, they will retract, because they are designed to provide high lift at lower speeds. If, with slats extended, you can take off in a DC-10 at 153 knots, you had better be very sure they are going to *stay* extended—because without them, you may need 170 knots.

Unfortunately, the DC-10, unlike other jets, has no such guarantee. The slats can fold up without warning, putting the plane below its flying speed and causing it to drop out of the air.

The DC-10 slats are not actuated by the hydraulic system: Instead, they are actuated by a series of cables routed around a drum, which in turn is run by a hydraulic cylinder. I asked Hornburg why it had been designed in that unnecessarily complicated fashion. He seemed to take offense and said it wasn't unusual at all. "How would you do it?" he asked. Since I wasn't in the business of doing it at all, I didn't know what to say.

But I did ask Boeing and the DC-10 pilot I was interviewing and they both said the same thing. In the words of the pilot, "No other aircraft [except Douglas'] are set up on a cable-actuation system. The strange thing is that the Ten does not have any preventive device to keep the slats from folding up when the power comes off suddenly." On Boeing planes, the slats are extended by ball-jack screws and locked out; no matter what happens, they won't retract.

The slat system is significant in the context of the Chicago DC-10 crash, because when an engine tore lose, the left-wing slats retracted, causing that wing to stop flying. Since the right wing was still flying, the aircraft rolled over to the left. In fact, it went to a partially inverted position before hitting the ground. The argument has been made that in simulator tests, the plane was flyable in that configuration. The argument can also be made that in the only nonsimulated test of that configuration, the plane was demonstrably not flyable.

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an aerodynamic stall. In flight 191, the left wing stalled—that is, it didn't produce enough lift. By Federal law, any aircraft certificated in the U. S. must have adequate stall-onset buffet. Though stalling an airplane is a simple, common maneuver, practiced by all pilots during training, it is very difficult to explain to those who don't fly. First of all, the term stall is unfortunate because it makes people think of their car stalling. An aerodynamic stall has nothing whatsoever to do with engines. You can stall a glider, which has no engine. The force that causes an airplane to go up is called lift. Lift is produced by a wing when air flows smoothly over it. If you run the plane through the air fast enough, eventually the wings will produce so much lift that it will overcome the weight of the plane. At that point, the plane will leave the ground. Suppose you are sitting in the driver's seat of an airplane, cruising along, and you start gradually pulling the nose up, pointing it toward the sky at a steeper and steeper angle. Eventually, you will reach an angle at which the smooth flow of air over the wings breaks up, burbles off the wings and ceases to produce lift sufficient to hold the airplane up. The airplane will then start going down. If you watch someone landing a plane, you can see this happen (or nearly happen). As the plane nears the ground, the pilot will pull the nose up, higher and higher, and finally the plane will simply squat on the runway, no longer flying. That—more or less—is a stall.

As the plane approaches this stalled condition, the turbulent, burbling airflow over the wings moves rearward as the plane moves forward. The turbulent air hits the tail, which shakes the plane. This shaking is called stall-onset buffet. It's a signal to the pilot that he is going to stall. If the pilot doesn't want to stall, then he can put the nose down. If he does want to stall, he can continue to pull the nose up. Further complicating matters, one wing can stall before the other, causing the plane to roll or spin.

Asked to describe the stall characteristics of the DC-10, the captain said, "It was sharp, quite sharp. When she went, it was at a far lower speed than I thought it was going to be and when it did go, why, it was just blooey! A shake, and down we started." He is not the first airline pilot I talked with who complained of the Ten's stall characteristics. I met one at the NTSB hearings and asked him what it was like stalling the DC-10. He thought for a moment and then said, "It's like driving over a cliff."

At Douglas, I was told that the DC-10 stall characteristics were fine. They were normal, gentle, benign and, in fact, the prestall buffet was considered too pronounced. J. P. Hann said that because of that, the autoslat extend mechanism was devised to put the plane farther away from the stall. When you approach stall in the Ten, the slats automatically go out, giving you a margin over the stall speed that you would not have with slats retracted. Then the buffet stops, because you're no longer near the stall.

On the other hand, down the hall, Bob Hornburg told me, "The buffet warning is very, very light." He said the autoslat extend mechanism would make it more pronounced. There seems to be an alarming variety of opinion about how this airplane really behaves.

Whatever the buffet is really like, there is an additional stall warning device, electrically powered. Captain Dale Leppard of the National Accident Investigation Board of A.L.P.A. refers to it as "what appears to be a Russian-roulette type of system."

And Donald Armstrong, chief of the FAA's Western Region Flight Test Branch (and the pilot who flew the DC-10 for its original certification), says, "You will run out of roll control, if you will, prior to reaching the angle of attack at which aerodynamic buffet would be experienced. . . . In the American flight 191 configuration, all evidence indicates that there was no significant aerodynamic warning in the form of buffet down to the point where the roll-off occurred." In

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other words, the plane will roll irreversibly over on its back with no warning. Which is what it did.

Probably the best-known design flaw in the DC-10 is the aft cargo door. Early in the design of the Ten, it was found that you could blow that door off if you weren't very careful with it. The loss of a door might not be important to flight, but when the cabin experiences what is called explosive decompression, another fault raises its ugly head: The cabin floor collapses, whereupon yet another flaw shows up. The vital control cables are routed through the floor. When those lines are severed, you've got—as the DC-10 captain put it—"a misguided missile."

The real problem with that door has never been adequately explained. There are two basic types of doors on planes, plug doors and latch doors. The plug door opens inward. When it is closed, the air pressure within the plane makes it impossible for that door to open in flight. If you make a plug-type cargo door, however, you reduce your cargo space. The door has to have space inside the plane to open inward. The DC-9 has a latch-type cargo door, but it is not subject to the problem of the DC-10 cargo door. The DC-9 door is closed hydraulically. If it's not latched properly, the pressure inside the plane will cause the hydraulic closing device to back off, letting air escape slowly. The captain will see that his plane is not pressurizing and return to correct the problem.

In the DC-10, it was decided to use an electrical door-closing mechanism, which is not capable of backing off to let air escape. It holds the door shut, that is, until the plane has gotten high enough to build sufficient pressure to blow the door off. Whereupon *another* design defect comes to light: The DC-10 floor can withstand only three pounds of pressure per square inch. When that door blows off, the pressure is far beyond that range and the floor collapses, because the cargo door was put below deck.

Douglas saw that problem coming and added a vent door to the cargo door to prevent the airplane from being pressurized if the cargo door weren't latched correctly. But that didn't work, either. It was then possible to latch the door improperly *and* to close the vent door so the cabin would pressurize, leading the crew to think everything was secure. The aircraft was certificated by the FAA that way and went into service. In 1972, less than one year after delivery of the first one, an American Airlines DC-10 climbed out over Windsor, Ontario, and popped the door at 12,000 feet. The floor collapsed, as predicted.

The DC-10 captain says he and his fellow pilots told Douglas to get designs—steal them from Boeing, if they had to—necessary to make the doors stay closed. At Douglas, the attitude was that the door was a good design—it just wasn't foolproof.

"So," says Hornburg, "we Murphy-proofed it." But not every plane was reworked immediately. Turkish Airlines had a DC-10 with the unimproved door on it in March 1974 when a baggage handler tried to close it. It closed all right. At least it *looked* closed. The plane climbed out to about 12,000 feet and again the door let go. When the floor collapsed, the control lines were cut. People were sucked out through the gaping hole. It rained people that day and the world was up in arms about the door. The plane crashed into a forest, scattering people over half a mile.

Two weeks before the Turkish crash, Douglas had told the FAA that installation of blowout panels in the DC-10 floor to prevent collapse was fiscally not feasible—it was just too expensive. After the crash, Douglas said it had already installed blowout panels on some Japan Airlines planes. It turned out that JAL wouldn't accept the planes without the panels. It also turned out that not only did those panels cost a mere $125,000 per plane, Douglas charged JAL with half the price.

The doors and floors have been modified and remodified now, and Douglas tells me they are fixed. Maybe the plane is fixed, but I'm not going to be the one to test it.

•

No matter how airworthy a plane is, it appears that there will continue to be crashes. Some pilot is going to come up short or some airline will skimp on fuel and the plane will go down and the NTSB boys will don their blue jump suits and scratch their heads and pick through the pieces, declaring the crash "survivable." And we will ask, Then how come so few survived? And they will say, "Thermal trauma" and "Severe thoracic deformation," and so on.

I sat down with Gilbert Haas, director of protective services for Lee County, Florida. He has the look of one who has seen the action. He has stood in many a field, shaking his head and wondering how it all came this far. We were talking about a concept called crashworthiness. He sighed. "If you went to your local building inspector and said, 'I'm going to build a night club and it's going to be 182 feet long, with eight-foot ceilings; it'll have six exits measuring 76 by 42 inches, and I'm going to serve drinks, allow smoking and show movies, and there will be 325 people there every night, and the aisles will be 19 inches wide,' what do you think he'd say about giving you a building permit?" Haas smiled. "He'd throw you into the street. Yet the airlines have done just that. In addition, they have 80,000 pounds of kerosene in the basement."

There are numerous changes that could be made in airliners that would improve chances of survival in a crash. The seats, for example, could be mounted so that they wouldn't break loose. There are virtually no fatal jetliner crashes in which the seats don't come loose, injuring or killing people. Douglas

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assured me that its seats were mounted just as strong as they needed to be, stressed to nine *gs*. On the other hand, Langhorne Bond told me, "Nine *gs* is less than for automobiles. The possibility of a change is real." He has asked the FAA to determine what could or should be done to strengthen seats.

In April 1975, Richard F. Chandler of the Civil Aeromedical Institute's Protection and Survival Laboratory presented material explaining how he had strengthened general-aircraft seats to make them more crashworthy, "with a weight increase of only a few ounces. These simple changes increased the failure level of the seat to in excess of 40 *gs*." His paper further notes, "The pioneering work of [John J.] Swearingen and [A. Howard] Hasbrook . . . formed the basis for many principles in aircraft crashworthiness that are generally accepted today. As early as 1954, Hasbrook stated ten 'crash survival design recommendations' that remain generally applicable to this day." For a quarter of a century, then, there has been at least some knowledge about increasing survivability in air crashes. Virtually none of that knowledge has been applied in modern jetliners.

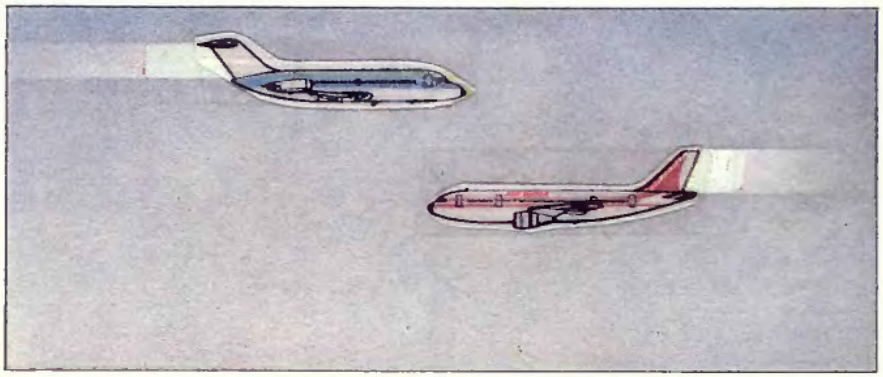
Seat belts in airliners are inadequate. The single lap belt is recognized as marginal protection. Cars are required to have shoulder belts. Pilots must wear shoulder belts by Federal law. But not airline passengers. The reason is simple. People don't want to *see* shoulder belts. If the average passenger got on an airplane and saw a proper seat with proper restraints, it would probably look like something in the cockpit of an F-4 Phantom jet. And the passenger would say, "Thank you very much," and walk right out and get on a train.

But suppose you do survive the impact. Suppose the belt holds and doesn't rupture your spleen and fracture your pelvic saddle. What, then, will be your chances of getting out of the plane? The answer is disheartening. It would be nice to tell you to sit by an exit door—and, by all means, do, if you can—but don't count on its opening. Most passengers are not aware of how easy it is to jam an airliner door, jam it so that it cannot be opened even with pneumatic or hydraulic override systems. It does not take a crash to jam a door. Long airplanes are flexible. They twist and torque and bend in flight. The 60-below-zero temperatures at altitude and the high temperatures on the ground contract and expand the metal. What does that do to the doors?

Hubert I. Bennett, former president of Teledyne McCormick Selph, noted that "after landing and taxi, the aircraft must sometimes be aligned by pulling the nose wheel in a perfectly straight line of 20 feet or more in order to allow easy manual opening of cargo doors . . . excessive ground braking of the Boeing

THE COUNTERFEIT-PARTS GAME

an airplane is no more than the sum of its parts — certified or otherwise



Did you ever stop to wonder where you get spare parts for a 200-ton jet? When the mechanic stands on the ramp, watching Skydrol hydraulic fluid pour out of his spit-polished L-1011, where does he go to find a seven-dollar hydraulic fitting to get the beast aloft once more? The answer is not simple, but it is a clearly defined process. Air World Publications, for example, puts out a book called *Military Standards*. It contains drawings for certain types of parts. You take the part off the airplane and look at the numbers on it. Then you look up the numbers in that book. You'll find a drawing of the part and a decoding of the markings on the part, which tell such things as the type and strength of the material used in making it so that it won't melt or crack in flight. Listed there, also, is a "procurement specification." You look up the procurement spec and learn such things as the criteria of quality for the part. And then there is the Qualified Products List (Q.P.L.). That tells you which companies have been certified to make that part and sell it for installation on aircraft. It may look like an ordinary fitting you could buy in a hardware store—same size, same color, same threads. But it's not. It's special. It's supposed to fly.

After all that, you call one of the certified companies and it sends over the part. You are back in business. But of course, it doesn't always work that way. Documentary evidence, sworn testimony in court cases and numerous interviews with aircraft-parts makers and suppliers, as well as with police and Government officials, point to an industry-wide practice of supplying airlines, aircraft manufacturers and even the U. S. military with parts that are counterfeit, substandard, nonconforming, used or just plain scrap metal.

It does sound odd: Counterfeit a seven-dollar aircraft component? But it involves a viciously competitive business in which millions of dollars are at stake and in which profit margins can range into the 3000 percent bracket ("We buy fittings for aircraft by the carload," a Lockheed spokesman told me). I walked into Rockwell International and bought for $1.10 junk aircraft fittings that would sell for about $25 new. And the receipt I got tells the story: "Buy surplus 'As Is' Save $."

Apparently, this is a wide-open business. The only one left in the dark about it is the passenger. The FAA has an advisory circular stating:

> Salvaged parts, appliances or components which have come from aircraft that have been involved in accidents, and rejected parts sold by the manufacturer as scrap metal, are available to industry as replacements. Such items may have been subjected to forces or environments which would render them permanently unairworthy. . . . It has come to our attention that many reproduced parts and components, particularly instruments which have been manufactured by persons other than the original manufacturers, are available for purchase and installation on U. S. certificated aircraft. Often, an original part is used as a sample to produce duplicates. The reproduced

parts appear to be as good as the original part; however, there are many unknown factors to be considered that may not be readily apparent to the purchaser; i.e., heat treating, plating, inspections, tests and calibrations. All too often, the faulty part is not discovered until a malfunction or an accident occurs.

The word being side-stepped here is counterfeit. That's what it's called when samples are used to produce duplicates.

•

United Supply is an aircraft-parts company near Los Angeles' Watts district. The following is sworn testimony from a court case involving a former United Supply employee, Peter Friedman. "During the period of my employment, it was the practice to stock both commercial fittings and aircraft fittings." By commercial fittings, Friedman means ordinary plumbing, such as you might buy in a hardware store. "Since many of these items are interchangeable, and since the differences, usually in metallurgical composition, cannot be detected by the naked eye, the Seattle division of Boeing Aircraft Corporation refused to deal with us because the paper certifications and warranties of conformity and compliance could not be supported due to the abundance of surplus aircraft fittings and industrial fittings in inventory.

"Shortly before I quit, I sold a substantial order to Dassault, in France [Dassault is one of the largest aircraft manufacturers in France and makes the Falcon jet and the Mirage fighter plane]. When I was at the Paris Air Show this year [1971], the administrative director of Dassault, Mr. André Simon, showed me the items shipped by [United Supply]. Instead of being newly manufactured fittings, [United Supply] had shipped *used* aircraft fittings."

In an interview, Friedman described the scene at the Paris Air Show. He thought he was representing a company that dealt in new, high-quality aircraft parts, and he fully expected United Supply to ship such parts to Dassault, a very distinguished firm with which one does not trifle. Simon and the grand heads of Dassault summoned Friedman to a table they had set up in the open air. They then emptied onto the table before him a container from the shipment he had sold them. It was an assortment of scrap metal—parts that had not even been dignified by a scrubbing. Some were covered with grease and still had the used rubber O rings on them.

Lockheed confirmed that United Supply was involved in counterfeiting parts made by a legitimate manufacturer, Globe Aerospace, as well as other manufacturers. A Lockheed spokesman described fittings that "had been altered or misrepresented. Logos had been changed and they were putting them on blanks beforehand. United Supply used this device to sell them." Harry Guss, owner of United Supply, hired a metal shop to make up raw stock with the Globe imprint on it. From that stock, United Supply manufactured a counterfeit part—but anyone buying it would see the Globe imprint and assume it was real. The part was identified as STSPB312F0606 and described by Friedman in sworn testimony as "a highly critical item . . . only a few companies are qualified to make this part and they are listed right on the Lockheed drawing." The part was being used on Lockheed aircraft. When asked to respond to those charges, Guss, reached by phone at his United Supply office, hung up.

The Los Angeles district attorney investigated the case. His file states:

> According to FAA rules and regulations, no part, fitting or item may be used in the manufacture of an airplane unless [it] has been certified by its manufacturer as meeting certain standards; i.e., type and quality of material used, tolerances, heat treating, coatings or platings, inspections and packaging. . . . Supplier must furnish a certificate of certification. This certificate certifies that the supplier is able to certify that the purchased items meet either FAA or military standards. Any part that cannot be so certified cannot be legally installed on any airplane manufactured by a manufacturing company, regardless of its quality.

The muddled author of that is trying to say that parts have to come from qualified sources directly, no matter what the condition of the parts may be. Installing any other parts on aircraft is illegal.

Lockheed issued 168 separate purchase orders for the material, totaling $62,000—apparently, $18,000 more than it would have cost Lockheed to place its orders with Deutsch, the approved manufacturer of the parts, with whom Lockheed had a corporate purchase agreement. When Lockheed learned the parts were not qualified, it spent another $100,000 to test and inspect them.

In this case, the charges were never made formally, but there was a lot of questioning of how Lockheed buyers could be making purchases costing them an unnecessary $118,000. Ultimately, the D.A.'s suspicion of kickbacks to Lockheed buyers could not be proved and the case was closed September 11, 1973. Lockheed confirms the basic facts of the case, adding that today United Supply is still in business, is much larger and has actually obtained the Q.P.L. listing for certain parts. Lockheed refuses to do business with United Supply, even though that company continues to supply a large amount of hardware to the industry. Although Lockheed was reluctant to admit publicly that its buyers were involved as the D.A. suspected, it gave me this statement: "This improper procurement activity resulted in the dismissal of the two principal fitting buyers for cause." Incidentally, the parts in question were impounded. "We locked them up in a room," a Lockheed spokesman told me. Eventually, they were sent to the Lockheed labs for testing. "The parts were not found to be faulty." So they were used in building airplanes.

There are no figures on how widespread the bogus-parts phenomenon is. In fact, it is not even under investigation, as far as we know, though every source consulted on the matter in the Government, among manufacturers and within the airline companies agreed that it is a problem. In 1972, United Airlines was informed that it had been buying unqualified parts from Faber Enterprises and took its contract away from that company. As a spot check, we obtained sales records from Faber. They show that Faber was purchasing fittings from, among others, Essex, a manufacturer of commercial fittings. I called Essex and was assured that the company had never made fittings that could qualify for use on aircraft. A Faber spokesman denied knowledge of any such transactions, but Faber's records revealed sales to the following: Braniff International, American Airlines, KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, National Airlines, Western Airlines, Delta Air Lines, Bell Helicopter, Grumman, Douglas, Northrop, Sundstrand, Beech, Cessna, Piper and Boeing. The Boeing case is worth noting. Faber bought the parts listed on the sales record for 12 and a half cents each from "Boeing Lot"—presumably as scrap. Faber sold the parts to Boeing four months later for 30 cents each. —LAURENCE GONZALES

747 has contributed to jamming some exits."

One 1969 study of emergency evacuation done by the Flight Safety Foundation covering the period of 1957–1967 said, according to Bennett, "that there was no really reliable means of emergency egress from our modern jet aircraft. This is also true today." In 26 accidents included in that data, where such details were available, "it was found that of the 215 exits available, only 53 were used, or a percent usage of 24.7. . . . There are logical reasons why 75.3 percent of doors and exits are not used in a postcrash situation. After impact, fuselages are torqued and the resultant effect is jammed doors and exits . . . making them completely inoperable or impossible to open."

Hasbrook wrote a paper in 1962 that attempted to deal with those problems. "In the past," he said, "the aviation industry . . . has paid major attention to the problem of providing rapid emergency escape facilities for occupants of transport aircraft, particularly in high-density tourist compartments.

"Why, then, did 16 of 122 occupants of a modern jet airliner perish while attempting to evacuate a virtually intact—but smoke-filled—aircraft at Denver, Colorado, on July 11, 1961?" He went on to note "that decelerative forces were extremely low throughout the accident, and no impact injuries of any consequence occurred within the aircraft." But "soon after the aircraft came to rest, two major fire areas developed."

Captain B. V. Hewes, chairman of the Rescue and Fire Committee of A.L.P.A., has said, "Testing by competent world authorities has determined that 50 feet either side of the fuselage is the critical control area, since any fire in this area will melt the skin of an aluminum fuselage." He also noted, "Previous history of aircraft crash fires has shown that survival times of more than four minutes are rare. . . . Of course, it is understood that if the fuselage has been seriously ruptured, survival times can be reduced considerably."

Hasbrook, in reference to the Denver crash, stated, "The width of the aisle between the rows of triple seats in the tourist section was 15.5 inches. . . . It was virtually impossible, due to the narrow aisle width, for . . . attendants in the tourist section to go forward and accelerate the passengers toward the rear exit."

Nineteen sixty-one is a long time ago. However, the new DC-9 Super 80, not even off the line as we go to press, has an aisle width of only 19 inches; the new Boeing 767 has two 19-inch aisles. While it is clear that there are too many people being jammed onto planes, modern jet travel is not cost effective any other way.

What about fire, though? Is it inevitable that fire will break out when an airliner crashes? With our current jets, assuming the plane is not out of fuel, you can pretty much count on a big fire that will erupt rapidly, burn intensely and result in many deaths if the people don't get out with haste.

That does not have to be so, of course. If there were an incentive to design a crashworthy plane, it would be designed rapidly. The research has been going on for decades. The British recently developed a fuel additive that prevents the massive fireballs we generally see when planes crash. A company called Vulcan Industrial Packaging has developed a fuel-tank insert that disperses heat and prevents fuel explosions. But aircraft manufacturers regard people doing such research the way a tolerant parent regards the eccentric doodlings of a child—with a gentle smile, a pat on the head, a kind word. And then they go back to making the same airplanes.

Worse, the passenger is not being warned what to expect during a crash. He has no access to information that might be crucial someday. It is well known among accident investigators that many passengers would be alive today if they had known how to act after the crash took place. Most passengers don't even know that what they wear can affect their chances for survival in a crash. Double-knit materials, for example, melt and adhere to human skin, radically increasing the severity of burns.

Once a fire starts, getting burned is not the only problem you face. Aircraft interiors are decorated with materials that, when heated, emit smoke or poisonous gases or both, further increasing the risk of incapacitation or death. (Since hot smoke and gases rise, you should know that the more breathable air will be closest to the floor.)

Yes, there are many things we could do to make airliners more crashworthy and, yes, there are technologies to reduce the chance of postcrash fire and to reduce the toxic gases given off by aircraft interiors; but, well, they aren't being used, I'm not sure why. You can go around and around in this industry—talk with the Army, even visit the National Aviation Facilities Experimental Center in New Jersey, where those wonderful crashworthiness innovations that won't be put on airplanes are developed; ask the engineers, the pilots, the rule makers and the accident investigators, and you still may not have the answer. More than likely, though, you'll hear, "It's too new," or, "Those data are exaggerated," or, "We're looking into that area," or, "Not feasible on the current generation of aircraft. . . ."

The litany goes on and on, and at the end of the song, you always find the passenger, popping a crisp, green American Express card onto the counter with a cocky grin and saying, "Well, when my number's up, my number's up."

And when the number comes up, you find the passenger once again. Only this time you find him here and there in a field. And standing over him, you find a group of men, like preachers in blue jump suits, shaking their heads and writing in their notebooks, "Thermal trauma" and "Multiple impact injuries" and "Severely fragmented" and other phrases that once more make it appear as if the event has done nothing more serious than invalidate a widely accepted theory.

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CAN'T STOP THE MUSE *(continued from page 108)*

"'I have not the mentality of the Frenchman with the little beret, smoking cigarettes in a movie.'"

subconscious desire to reinvest in his new homeland the glitzy Hollywood myths and glossy Americana that inundated his poor Parisian childhood. Morali says that although he may have been born on the Fourth of July, the assumption is way off base.

Actually, Morali's talent, timing, quick mind and perseverance all come wrapped in a pervasive belief in good, old American textbook capitalism. Plain and simple. By devouring biographies of successful people as a child, he learned never to hesitate to invest the maximum amount of effort for the maximum return. He has followed the dictum to the letter and now thinks it "only fair that I reap the fruits of my passion."

It goes even further than a Scrooge-like love of greenbacks. Morali's father, he says, was an Algerian Jew with a penchant for gambling and women. He left the family in hock when Morali was five. Then Morali's stepfather went bankrupt. The son wants to avoid a hat trick. His real goals are the traditional intangibles. He wants security more than riches but knows himself well enough to understand there is no security without career longevity, hard work, money and a little bit of notoriety. Still, he does not covet a place next to the Village People in some future wax museum.

"I have not the mentality of the Frenchman with the little beret, smoking cigarettes in a movie," he is fond of saying. "I knew very early that my cock was different from the cocks of the other boys at school. I am a Jew and I know, but I am not ashamed."

Long before his success, Morali dreamed of a musical career. He served as personal secretary to a French singing star, toiled in his older brother's Pigalle music store and, in 1968, even recorded an album of his own pop songs. He quickly discovered, however, that he belonged behind the controls and not in front of a microphone.

In 1972, while working as a producer and publicist for Polydor Records in Paris, Morali began composing music for the Crazy Horse Saloon revue, thanks to a girlfriend who told owner Alain Bernardin she would work for him only if Morali could write the music for her act. Bernardin recalls Morali as young, thin and partial to black-leather jackets studded with badges. But he was impressed with his professionalism. Bernardin also served as a surrogate father to the young composer; now, even with his present commitments, Morali responds by continuing to compose for the Crazy Horse under exclusive contract.

Morali also formed Can't Stop Productions with Henri Belolo, a suave, darkly handsome former record-company president turned music publisher. They began making regular trips to the States while Morali laid siege to the infant American disco market. In 1975, he recorded *Brazil*. Three years of hustling later, the Village People were born.

•

The afternoon was waning fast, while Manhattan still sweltered outside Morali's apartment window. And he was growing impatient for his limo driver's arrival, so he could go shopping. Morali likes the perks of the good life, the luxury. "I prefer to wear silk rather than polyester," he smiled. "I am no dummy." Yet he is also surprisingly offhand about material attachments. "Dining, theater, films, travel and shopping" may be the "things of life," but Morali insists there is nothing he has today that he must keep if he lost everything tomorrow. "Even if the Village People were gone, I would still be happy." Diamonds or rhinestones. Expensive living or cheap hotels. Caviar or hamburger (he never eats all his vegetables). It's probably true. "I am a very strong person with his feet on the ground. And I will always have my desire to work."

If Morali responds to life instinctively, at least he has been able to manifest his intuitions well. He has built self-confidence out of learning to trust himself. And while raw intuition is too pat an explanation for his current regal status, it has helped him make enough money

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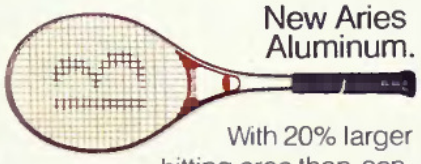

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to quit the 18-hour days and spend the rest of his life dining out with friends.

But he won't—Morali is driven by a need to be challenged. He does not want to succumb to the demons inherent in being too pampered, too rich and too comfortable. He also doesn't want to get bored. He always has a new project or idea in the wings. That impulsion is, if one were to hazard a guess, largely behind any alleged sexual adventurism. His proclivities probably have very little to do with Freudian underpinnings. If there were a third and fourth sex, Morali would get there eventually. As such, his life is carefully balanced between work and work-oriented play. In discos, he will stand in dark corners, watching what pulls people onto the dance floor and what sends them to their seats. At Disney World, he was most taken by the speedboats. He fears earthquakes. He finds the Manson Family grotesquely fascinating. He can dissect the French health-care system with precision. He thinks Cheryl Ladd is the ideal American woman ("even without make-up"). His sense of humor in English is still blossoming, but his social persona, often mistaken for naïveté, is fun to be around. If he seems like one hell of a guy, it's pretty much true.

"If you take this last year of Jacques Morali," he said, "it has been the richest of my life."

Sometimes Morali is, as he so often exhorts others to be, realistic.

The buzzer rang, and he sprang off the couch to answer. The limo had finally arrived. He brightened at the thought of ending our interview. His lack of command of English makes him uncomfortable.

When we were settled in the long blue Cadillac, Morali directed the driver to my hotel, then pushed a cassette into the tape player. A funky, upbeat rhythm instantly filled the car. It was a basic track for a *Can't Stop the Music* tune. Morali punched the volume higher and bounced on the seat, singing the lyrics in an uninhibited falsetto: "Milk shake, milk shake . . . drink your milk shake, milk shake." It was a portrait in dimples.

As we pulled up to the hotel, I mentioned to him how I'd found it curious that after interviewing more than two dozen people about him, few could describe him beyond the usual clichés of "wonderful guy" and "musical genius." Not one could say why he was a successful stranger in a strange land. "This is true," said Morali. He looked for an instant like a little boy with a big secret. "In the end, they know me only by how much money I make for them."

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PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

HOT FOR THE WILDERNESS

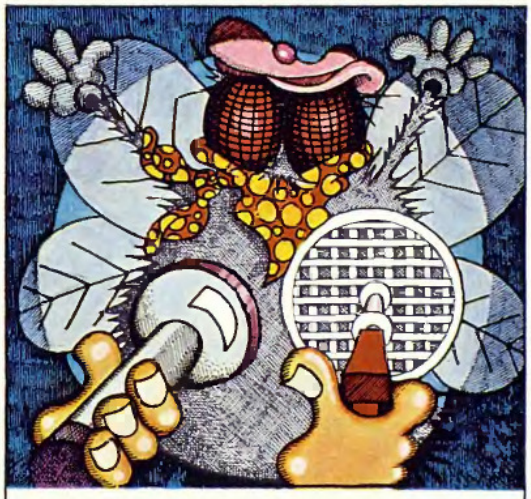
There's a long, long trail awinding into the spectacular back country of Yellowstone Park, but backpacking there is only half the fun, because hidden in the wilderness are at least three natural hot springs that only you and the folks who run Yellowstone Wilderness Guides, P.O. Box 446, Red Lodge, Montana 59068, will know the location of. Eight days of hiking in August or September costs $440 to $520 (plus air fare), depending on the size of your group (maximum of six), and, of course, that includes all provisions. Bathing suits are optional.

CHOCOLATE CHEW

Chocolate News, "the first publication devoted to the chocolate lover," is rolling off the press; and after scanning issue one of the newsletter, we can confirm that all the news that's zits to print is right there in chocolate-scented type. A year's subscription (six issues) is only $9.95 ($12.95 outside the U. S.) sent to *Chocolate News*, P.O. Box 5090, F.D.R. Station, New York, New York 10022. After you've read it, you'll want to lick your fingers.

SHORT STOPPERS

The old saying "When you've got it, flaunt it" could very well apply to girls who squeeze their posteriors into Show-Off Shorts; sexy, stretch Lycra supershort pro-football-type pants available in a variety of shiny colors, including red, green, silver, white, burgundy and black. To order one for a shapely friend, send her size (petite, small or medium), plus the color selection and $15.95, to Viking Fashions International, P.O. Box 348, Yonkers, New York 10710. No fatties need apply.



FLYING RIGHT

The fly is one of the fastest-flying insects there is and one pair can produce billions of those disease-toting buzzers in one season. If that's not reason enough to arm yourself with a Flyshooter bug gun, then think of the fly as sport, with just you and your trusty plastic pistol stalking an elusive prey. The price for a red, yellow or blue Flyshooter is only $3 sent to Daddy's Toys, P.O. Box 5338, Concord, California 94524. Draw!

WILD KINGDOM

Do you spend evenings staring into the eyes of your poodle? Is the last pussy you stroked a neighbor's cat? Then listen up, lonely animal fanciers, because Single Pet Lovers, an agency operating out of P.O. Box 487, La Guardia, New York 11371, may give you a new leash on life. After filling out S.P.L.'s application form (and attaching a check for $25), you'll begin receiving bimonthly descriptions of members. The rest is up to you. There's no guarantee, however, that whoever you decide to date won't be a dog.

SHADY BUSINESS

The tiltable contraption our model's wearing on her head is called a Spot of Shade, but protecting her from the rays of Old Sol isn't its only function. Each Spot has been sprayed with a special paint so you can chalk any message you like on its blackboard-type surface. Nice, eh? And the price of $6, postpaid, sent to Spot of Shade, P.O. Box 27728, Tempe, Arizona 85282, is easy to take, too. We'll be glad to stay and help erase her blackboard.

PLENTY OF PULL

Herbert Allen is a man with a mission; after years of retrieving crumbled and broken corks from the 6000 vintage wines he keeps in his cellar, Allen decided to invent a foolproof corkscrew. The result is the Screwpull—a deceptively simple heavy plastic device with a Teflon-coated extra-long screw that grips the most recalcitrant cork and slides it like butter from the bottle. Screwpulls are available from Schaefer's,' 9965 Gross Point Road, Skokie, Illinois 60076, for $13.50 each, postpaid. They're a real uncorker.

READ 'EM, COWBOY

As we all know, boots and saddles no longer belong in just the old corral. Cowboy clothes and gear have come off the range and into our everyday lives with a vengeance: boots are being paired with business suits and wild and woolly snap-front yolk-shouldered shirts are showing up under $300 sports jackets. To help you keep on top of this thundering herd of styles, Sandra Kauffman has just written *The Cowboy Catalog* (Clarkson N. Potter's the publisher) that's available in hard- ($22.50) and softcover ($10). Saddle up, pardner, and read.

GETTING CREAMED

If you're seeking homemade ice cream at any price, there's the Minigel, an Italian-made machine that cranks out a quart of creamy-smooth ice cream, fresh-fruit sorbet or sherbet in about 15 minutes without the hassle of ice cubes or salt. Now for the bad news: A Minigel costs $675 sent to Williams-Sonoma, P.O. Box 3792, San Francisco, California 94119, a purveyor of expensive culinary goodies. They also have a catalog—at least *it's* free.

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A FINANCIAL STRATEGY

(continued from page 120)

Walter O. Habermeier, treasurer of the International Monetary Fund (I.M.F.), understates it.

A series of meetings aimed at setting up a new monetary system is now underway. The truth is that we have no system now. A great meeting at Bretton Woods at the end of World War Two set up a plan of fixed exchange rates that made the prosperity of the Fifties and Sixties possible. But the gradual corrections that countries were supposed to make in those rates were resisted and ignored, so the whole thing blew up. Ever since then, we have been living with "floating rates," which are world anarchy in the financial sense, and it's a wonder that we have done as well as we have.

The new meeting to set up another system may be labeled Bretton Woods II. Eventually, the exchange rates between various currencies will be fixed again—though loosely, allowing much more leeway than before. But the main innovation will be an I.M.F. operation to be called the substitution account. This will allow governments that have more dollars than they want to turn in part of them to the I.M.F. and to receive a sort of world money in return. This is officially known as Special Drawing Rights—a mingling of dollars, marks, francs, yen and many other currencies. Governments that get these S.D.R.s will earn interest on them, and they'll have their money diversified, not all concentrated in dollars. By sopping up some of the excess dollars, it will ease the explosive pressure to swap them for other things.

This won't cure the problem—have no illusions about that. The U. S. Government will still be responsible for our outstanding money and will still owe billions in interest on it each year. But it will buy more time to see whether or not we can learn to control our inflation.

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What does all this tell you to do with your own money? Not to run with the mob, that's for sure. And not merely to copy what worked best before. Never allow yourself to be convinced that performance in the past few years proves what any kind of asset will do in the future. A high price tag need not be a stop sign, but it is certainly a caution light. The Eighties will see a new ball game, calling for a fresh approach. The main elements are these:

• *Avoid having much in cash savings.* Unless inflation recedes dramatically, you will suffer a steady erosion of value. Savings accounts, certificates of deposit, money-market funds—all are OK only as temporary parking places for cash until you find somewhere attractive to go with it. Earning interest at 14 percent or 15

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percent is no gain at all when the value of the money falls by that much, because the Government then charges taxes on the interest. So you really get only seven or eight percent net, while losing twice that much.

• *Don't count on real estate to keep zooming.* If inflation weakens, so will home and apartment prices. If they don't, higher interest rates and credit controls will hurt the resale market. It's fine to own your home or condominium, but as a secure place to live, not as a profit maker.

• *Do own some gold* as a solid way to protect against dollar woes. The short-term swings make big profits—or losses—only for the quick speculators. For those who buy a little at a time and hold it, leveling out high and low prices, gold will keep buying power steady. So it is a good hedge. But don't plunge deeply, because gold is already expensive.

• *The same goes for silver*, especially silver coins. They will trend higher and they may outperform gold. In case of economic disaster, having 15 percent or so of your wealth in precious metals would make up for losses elsewhere.

• *Consider buying land*, especially fine farm land and very desirable getaway properties. It is somewhat like precious metals, because there is no more where that came from. But it usually involves a bigger investment, mortgage and tax payments, and it takes longer to resell in case of need. So move in more cautiously. And bear in mind that good land, too, is already on the expensive list.

But making real money needs a new Eighties strategy—going after something cheap that nobody else wants at the moment. And what *is* cheap these days?

• *Good common stocks are the outstanding bargain.* Stocks have been held down by some psychological factors—foreign crises, Government scandals, and so on—but most of all by high interest rates that have attracted cash to savings certificates and money-market funds to assured earnings of 12 percent, 14 percent and more. That has been overdone, even by very sophisticated money managers. They have left stocks lying on the bargain counter—ownership chunks of the greatest growth companies. If our system were going out of style, the stocks wouldn't be much good; but then, what would be?

Assuming that the system is not about to collapse, the stocks that now sell for seven and eight times their annual earnings will be twice that high before we get far into the Eighties.

The belief that the Seventies proved stocks are not a good inflation hedge is a myth. Statistics that use the early Seventies as a starting point don't look good, because stocks were already overpriced and had a correction. But investors who bought and held on and kept plowing back the dividends got close to 20 percent annual returns—well ahead of inflation—even in the last half of the Seventies. And stocks bought at bargain levels will do a lot better than that over the next five years.

Net, the strategy for winning tomorrow's financial contest is not the cautious, fear-oriented one of the past decade. This is a new world in some ways. Even government has learned a lot about what makes an economy work. The old labels liberal and conservative have been bleached out in the wash. Younger lawmakers in Congress, regardless of party, are pragmatic. They see what has almost scuttled our currency and they want to make things click a lot better. So they realize you have to give people incentives to save, invest and make money. Getting rich is no longer an ugly concept.

"If you really want to help the poor, help the rich. They'll build factories and create jobs"—that's the amazing kind of talk you hear on Capitol Hill these days. So the penalizing of companies and profits is, if not over with, sharply reduced. That is going to start a whole new cycle of expansion in which the stockholders will share the most, if. . . .

If the dollar is saved from a disastrous plunge. Reread the last part of this article and you will see that there are ways to bet on the happier outcome without giving up the safety net of precious metals that can protect against even an overwhelming currency crisis.

This definite lean in favor of a surviving dollar and a rebounding economy doesn't come from chronic optimists. It reflects the views of persons—myself included—who have been pessimistic about the dollar and keen on gold over the past two decades. There is still enough danger to warrant keeping about 15 percent of your assets in the metals that shielded some investors so well in the Seventies. But the world runs in cycles, and the next decade is seldom like the last.

Two main facts about the Eighties will be totally new:

- The return of gold as an anchor for money, which will eventually give currencies a credibility they have lacked for 20 years.
- The new pro-business mood of people who make policies in most major countries.

For the smart investor, those add up to an early signal to abandon the overcaution of the past, to stop being content with illusory fixed-interest earnings and to put cash to work more creatively. The time to get in on the ground floor of an exciting new cycle is just before it starts.

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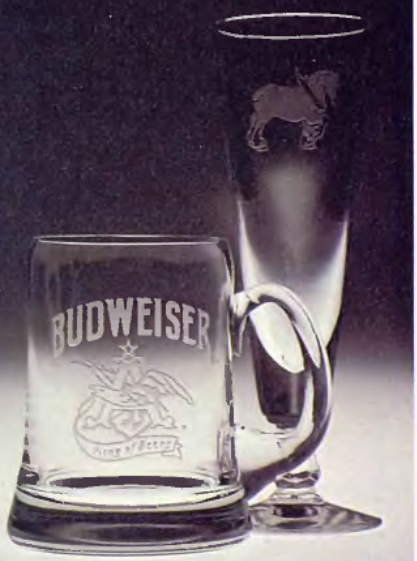

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THE PERFECT 10

(continued from page 152)

about it properly. We were not disappointed. Says Dudley:

"I must tell you straight off that a large part of me disapproves strongly of all this 10 rating business. However, the small part of me that is left over after the large part has had its say admits to a gleeful and insatiable interest. One drawback to the system seems to be that one man's 10 is another's 8½, though it is clear that in the realm of feminine aesthetics (or, as it is known in the profession, T & A), male assessments tend to converge. It may be wiser to rely for a 10 body on a Pommard '59. However, on those all-too-frequent occasions when the geometry of the female form beckons in the mind's eye and aches to be filled out with flesh in the space immediately abutting the body, the call must be acknowledged. So if and when you decide willy-nilly to go on this shallow quest, you should obey a few basic rules: In preparation for the pursuit of the perfect 10, never let a 10's sublime beauty make you unduly nervous. Drooling is acceptable, as are panting, sweating, hives and various sneezing reactions; but weeping in the nude at her feet is not recommended. Remember, beauty is only skin-deep, which, in most cases, is a millimeter or less. Think about how she looks underneath that lovely soft skin—all bones and organs and disgusting squidgy things that we all have in common. Think not of her perfectly formed breasts, her silky thighs, her rosy nipples. Think instead of her liver, or her pancreas, or her incipient gallstones, her blocked colon. This will take a lot of the pressure off and make you thoroughly nauseated, a feeling not unlike love in some of its more subtle aspects. And, lastly, never have root-canal work done immediately prior to your first date. Thank you and good luck."

"No, I don't need an honest man. What I'm trying to find now is a reliable dentist."

APOTHEOSIS OF MYRA

(continued from page 100)

doing things by herself when she could. By the time she was standing, she was smiling again. As he came around to her side of the jeep, he saw her casually emptying her drink on the ground at her feet, where it made several pools in the obsidian. She set the glass in the jeep.

They walked forward slowly. Both wore gum-rubber soles on their shoes, but the surface could be treacherous. She appeared to have recovered from the pain in the jeep; her walking was as certain as his own. Possibly steadier. "Myra," he said, "I think you're getting better." His voice was flat.

Abruptly, she stopped and turned to him. Her face, lighted by the rings in the sky, was radiant. "Edward," she said, "I think I may be getting *well*." She felt of her elbows, squeezed them. "I haven't told you this before. I wasn't sure. But I've cut my Endolin in half over the past month. And I feel better than ever." Suddenly and impulsively, she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. It was all he could do to pretend a slight responsiveness; he was appalled by the whole thing.

"It would be really something, Edward, not just to be a sick rich girl. To be able to do something besides lie around and take pills and try to get around the pain. It would be great to *work*."

"Work?" he said. "At what?"

"I don't know," she said. "At anything. I could learn to be a pilot, or a librarian. You know, Edward, I'm not terribly smart. I think I could be very happy doing housework. Having children. Just being *busy* for the rest of my life, instead of living in my mind all the time."

"It's good to see you thinking about it," he said. But it wasn't. He hated the whole idea. A sick Myra was bad enough; he did not want this chipper, nearly well one around to clutter up his life.

And the more well she became, the harder it would be to kill her and to blame her death on the arthritis.

He looked toward the orchid observation platform. There was another couple standing there, and as they came closer, Edward could see that the man was an engineer named Strang—one of the steadier, more reliable people from the plant. The girl was somebody from Accounting.

And it began to shape up for him then. The situation was really good. He had long suspected that the orchid cliffs were the best place for it. And here were the perfect witnesses. It was dark and everyone knew the orchid cliffs

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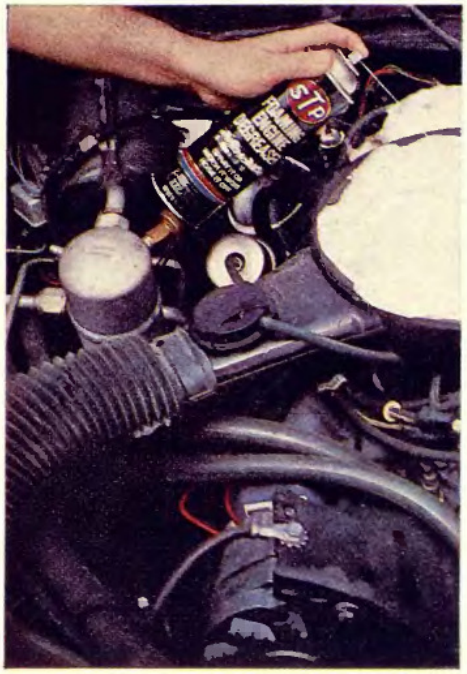
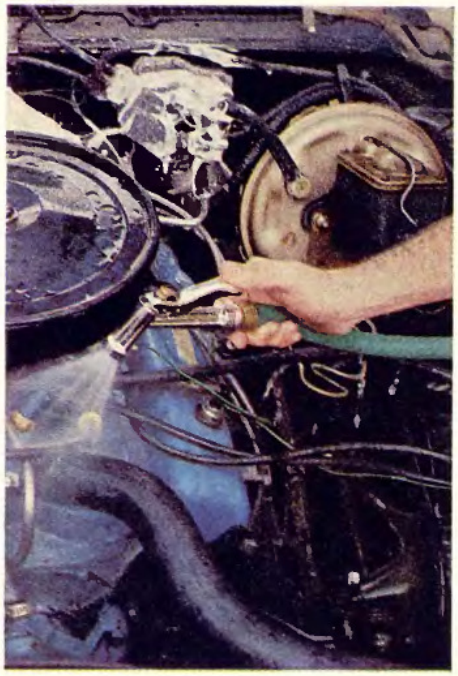

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were dangerous at night. Myra had been drinking; the autopsy would show that.

It began to click off for him the way things did sometimes. He embellished it. As they approached the other couple enough to be overheard, he said, "Myra, it's really strange of you to want to come out here like this. Maybe we shouldn't go to the cliffs. We can come back in daylight tomorrow. . . ."

She laughed in a way that he hoped would sound drunken and said, "Oh, come on, Edward. I feel marvelous."

"OK, darling. Anything you say." He spoke to her lovingly and then looked up to greet the other couple.

"Nice seeing you, Mr. MacDonnel," the engineer said. "The orchids are really fine by ringlight."

"I'd still rather be in bed," Edward said amiably. "But Mrs. MacDonnel wanted to come out here. She says she could dance till dawn."

Myra beamed at Strang and Strang and his girl nodded politely at her. Myra never saw people on Belsin. Arthritis had made her life sedentary, and even though Endolin had relieved the pain greatly, she had never learned to be sociable. Most of her time was spent reading, listening to music or puttering around the house.

"More power to you, Mrs. MacDonnel," Strang said. And then, as they went out on the ledge toward the staircase, "Careful out there, you two!"

There was a meandering walkway, partly carved from obsidian, partly constructed from moonwood, that ran along the cliff face toward a high waterfall. The steps were lighted by hidden electric lights and there was still ringlight from above. There was a safety rail, too, of heavy moonwood, waist high. But it was only a handrail and a person could slip under it. The thing could have been done better, but there was only so much human labor available on the planet for projects of that kind.

The two of them went slowly along the staircase, still in view of Strang and his girl. The light on the orchids was gorgeous. They could hear the sound of the waterfall. It was very cool. Myra was becoming excited. "My God," she said, "Belsin is really a lovely place. With the grass that sings and the orchids." She looked up at the sky. "And those rings."

"Watch your step," he said. He looked back at Strang and waved. Then they went around the edge of a cliff and along a wet obsidian wall where the light glared off the wetness and was for a moment almost blinding and for an instant he thought of pushing her off there. But they were too close to Strang; if there were a struggle, it might be heard. They walked along a level place for a while. Myra would look

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across at the orchids on the other side, with their fans gently changing color in the night air, and would gasp at the beauty of them. Sometimes she squeezed his arm strongly or hugged him in her excitement. He knew it was all beautiful, but it had never really touched him and it certainly wasn't touching him now. He was thinking coolly of the best way to kill Myra. And some part of him was second-guessing, thinking that it might not be bad to go on living with Myra if she got well, that it was cruel to think of killing her just when she was beginning to enjoy her life. But then he thought of her dumbness, of her innocence. He thought of her money.

Suddenly, they came round a turn in the walkway and there was the waterfall. Part of it reflected the colors of the rings above. There was spray on his face. He looked down. Just ahead of them was a place where the obsidian was wet. The moonwood railing had been doubled at that point, but there was still a distance of at least two feet from the bottom where a person could easily slip under. He looked farther down—straight down. The chasm was half a mile—the highest drop on Belsin.

He looked behind him. They could not be seen. OK, he thought. Best to be quick about it.

He took her firmly by the arm, put his free arm around her waist.

She turned and looked at his face. Hers was calm, open. "You're going to kill me, Aren't you, Edward?" she said.

"That's right," he said. "I didn't think you knew."

"Oh, I knew, all right," she said.

For a moment, he was frightened. "Have you told anyone? Written anyone?"

"No."

"That's stupid of you. To tell me that. You could have lied."

"Maybe," she said. "But, Edward, a part of me has always wanted to die. My kind of life is hardly worth the effort. I'm not sure that getting well would change that, either."

They stood there like that by the waterfall for a full several minutes. He had her gripped firmly. It would be only a matter of putting one of his feet behind hers, tripping her and pushing her under the railing. She looked very calm and yet not passive. Her heart was beating furiously. His skin seemed extraordinarily sensitive; he felt each drop of spray as it hit. The waterfall sounded very loud.

He stared down at her. She looked pathetic. "Aren't you frightened?" he said.

She did not speak for a moment. Then she said, "Yes, I'm frightened, Edward. But I'm not terrified."

He had to admit that she was taking it very well. "Would you rather jump?" he said. He could let go of her. There was no way she could outrun him. And he wanted no bruises from his hands on her arms, no mark of his shoe on her legs. Her body—what was left of her body—would be studied by the best criminologists from Earth; he could be sure her family would see to that. She'd be kept frozen in orbit until the experts got there.

Thinking of that, he looked up toward the sky. The rings had begun to fade. "No," Myra said. "I can't jump. It's too frightening. You'll have to push me."

"All right," he said, looking back to her.

"Edward," she said, "please don't hurt me. I've always hated pain."

Those were her last words. She did not fight back. When he pushed her off, she fell silently, in the low gravity, for a long, long time before smashing herself on the obsidian at the bottom of the chasm.

As he looked up, the rings appeared again, but only for a moment.

•

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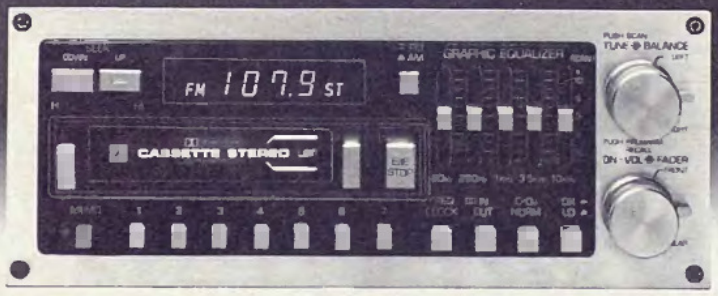

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and then making the statement and getting Strang and his girl to make their statements took all night. There was no police force and no law as such on Belsin, but the factory manager was acting magistrate and took testimony. Everyone appeared to believe Edward's story—that Myra was drunk and slipped—and condolences were given. Her body was put in a plastic capsule from a supply that had sat idle for years; she was the first person ever to die on Belsin.

Edward drove back at daybreak. His fatigue was enormous, but his mind was calm. He had almost begun to believe the story himself.

As he approached the now-empty house across the broad plain, a remarkable thing happened: The grass began to sing again. Belsin grass was only known to sing in the evening. Never at dawn. But there it was, singing as the first of the planet's two suns was coming up. And somehow—perhaps because of the clarity in the fatigue he felt—it seemed to him that the grass's song was almost comprehensible. It seemed to be singing to him alone.

•

He spent half the next day sleeping and the other half sitting in various rooms of the house, drinking gin. He did not miss Myra, nor did he feel guilty, nor apprehensive.

He thought for a while, half-drunkenly, about what he would do, back on Earth, as a rich, single man. He was still under 40; if he were lucky, he would begin to inherit some of Myra's millions within a year.

There were still a few things to decide upon now and as he drank, he thought about them from time to time: Should he continue running the Endolin plant while waiting for the inquest into Myra's death and for the ship that would take him back to Earth? If not, there was very little else to do on Belsin. He could spend some time exploring down south, where the obsidian was a light gray and where no Endolin had been found. He could sit around the house, drinking, listen to some of Myra's records, watch TV from the tape library, work out in the basement gym. None of it really appealed to him and he began to fear the dullness of the wait. He wanted to be on Earth right now, at the heart of things, with bright lights and variety and speed and money. He wanted his life to start moving fast. He wanted travel: loose and easy nights on gamier planets with well-dressed women, guitars playing. He wanted to buy new clothes on Earth, take an apartment in Venice, go to the races in the Bois de Boulogne. Then see the galaxy in style.

And then, as twilight came, he moved

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out onto the terrace to watch the setting of the second of Belsin's two small suns, and realized that the grass was singing again. Its sound was very faint; at first, he thought it was only a ringing in his ears. He walked, drink in hand, to the railing at the end of the big moonwood terrace, walking softly in bare feet across the silvery surface, cool as always to the touch. Belsin, bare and nearly devoid of life as it was, could be—as Myra would say—lovely. He remembered Myra's falling, then, as in a dream. At one half Earth gravity, her body had fallen away from him slowly, slowly decreasing its size as it had lazily spun. She had not screamed. Her dress had fluttered upward in his direction as he stood there with his hands lightly on the wet railing of the orchid chasm.

Suddenly and surprisingly, he began to see it from her falling-away point of view; looking up at himself standing there, diminishing in size, seeing his own set features, his tan-cotton shirt, his blue jeans, his rumpled brown hair. His cold, unblinking eyes looking down on himself, falling.

The grass was not really singing. It was talking. Whispering. For a shocked moment, it seemed to him that it whispered, "Edward. Edward." And then, as he turned to go back into the house for another drink, "Myra is here. Edward, Myra is here."

Another very strong drink put him to sleep. He dreamed of himself in lines of people, waiting. Long, confusing lines at a cafeteria or a theater, with silent people and he among them also silent, impatient, trapped in an endless waiting. And he awoke sweating, wide-awake in the middle of the Belsin night. Before his open eyes, Myra fell, at a great distance from him now, slowly spinning. He could hear the sound of the waterfall. He sat up. He was still wearing his blue jeans.

It was not the waterfall; what he heard was the grass, whispering to him.

He pushed open the bedroom window. The grass was clearer now. Its voice was clearly speaking his name: "Edward," it said. "Edward. Edward."

Into his mind leaped the words from the old poem, studied in college:

Why does your sword so drip wi' blood Edward, Edward?

The fuzziness of liquor had left him. His head was preternaturally clear. "What do you want?" he said.

"I want to talk," the grass said. Its voice was lazy, sleepy.

"Can't you be heard everywhere?"

"Do you fear overhearing?" The voice was fairly clear, though soft.

"Yes."

"I'm speaking only near the house." That was what he thought it said. The words were a bit blurred toward the end of the sentence.

"Near the house?" He pulled the window open wider. Moved closer. Then he sat on the edge of the bed by the window and leaned out into the night. Two small moons were up and he could see the grass. It seemed to be rippling, as though a slight thin-aired wind were stroking it. The grass grew about two feet high and was normally a pale brown. The moonlight was like Earth moonlight; it made it look silver, the color of moonwood. He sat with his hands on his upper thighs, his bare feet on the floor carpeting, listening to the grass.

"Near the house, Edward," the grass said.

"And you're Myra?"

"Oh, yes, I'm Myra." There was a tone of gaiety in this, a hushed joyfulness in the whispering. "I'm Myra and I'm Belsin. I've become this planet, Edward."

"Jesus Christ!" he said. "I need a drink. And a cigarette."

"The cigarettes are in the kitchen cabinet," the grass

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said. "Come out on the terrace when you get them. I want to see you."

"See me?" he said.

"I can see with my rings," the voice said. Myra said.

He got up and padded into the kitchen. Strangely, he did not feel agitated. He was on some ledge somewhere in the middle of the quiet night, hung over and a wife murderer, yet his soul was calm. He found the cigarettes easily, opened them, took one out and lit it. He poured a small amount of gin into a glass, filled it the rest of the way with orange juice, thinking as he did so of how great a distance from California that juice had come, to be drunk by him here in this steel kitchen in the middle of the night on a planet where the grass had become his wife. The whole planet was his wife. His ex-wife. He took a swallow from the glass, after swishing it around to mix the gin. The glow from it in his stomach was warm and mystical. He walked slowly, carrying his glass and his cigarette, out to the terrace.

"Ooooh!" the grass said. "I can see you now."

He looked up to the sky. "I don't see the rings," he said. "Your rings."

And then they appeared. Glowing pink and lavender, clearly outlined against the dim-lit sky. They disappeared.

"I'm only learning to show my rings," Myra said. "I have to thicken the air in the right place, so the light bends downward toward you." There was silence for a while. The grass had become clearer when it last spoke. It spoke again finally and was clearer still, so that it almost seemed as if Myra were sitting on the terrace next to him, her soft voice perfectly audible in the silent night. "There's a lot to learn, Edward."

He drank again. "How did it happen?" And then, almost blurting it out, "Are you going to tell people about what I did?"

"Goodness, Edward, I hadn't thought about that." The voice paused. "Right now, I don't know."

He felt relieved. Myra had always been goodhearted, despite the self-pity. She usually gave the benefit of the doubt.

He sat silent for a while, looking at the vast plain in front of his eyes, concentrating on his drink. Then he said, "You didn't answer me, Myra. About how it happened."

"I know," the grass said. "I know I didn't. Edward, I'm not only Myra, I'm Belsin, too. I am this planet and I'm learning to be what I have become." There was no self-pity in that, no

complaint. She was speaking to him clearly, trying to tell him something.

"What I know is that Belsin wanted an ego. Belsin wanted someone to die here. Before I died and was . . . was taken in, Belsin could not speak in English. My grass could only speak to the feelings of people, not to their minds."

"The singing?" he said.

"Yes. I learned singing when Captain Belsin first landed. He carried a little tape player with him as he explored and played music on it. The grass learned . . . *I* learned to sing. He had headaches and took aspirin for them and I learned to make Endolin for him. But he never used it. Never discovered it." The voice was wistful, remembering something unpleasant. "I couldn't talk then. I could only feel some of the things that people felt. I could feel what happened to Captain Belsin's headache when he took aspirin and I knew how to improve on it. But I couldn't tell him to use it. That was found out later." The grass rippled and was still. It was darker now; one of the moons had set while they were talking.

"Can you bring up some more moons? So I can see you better? See the grass?" There were four moons.

"I'll try," Myra said. There was silence. Nothing happened. Finally, she said, "No, I can't. I can't change their orbits."

"Thanks for trying," he said dryly. "The first person to die here would become the planet? Or merge with its mind? Is that it?"

"I think so," Myra said. He thought he could see a faint ripple on the word think. "I became reincarnated as Belsin. Remember the rings' lighting after you pushed me over?"

"Yes."

"I was waking up then. It was really splendid for me. To wake into this body. Edward," she said, "I'm so alive now, and vigorous. *And nothing about me hurts.*"

He looked away, back toward the silent house. Then he finished his drink. Myra's voice had been strong, cheerful. He had been calm—or had been *acting* calm—but something in his deep self was disturbed. He was becoming uneasy about all this. Talking with the grass did not disturb him. He was a realist and if grass could talk to him in the voice of his dead wife, he would hold conversation with grass. And Myra, clearly, wasn't dead—though her old, arthritic body certainly was. He had seen it as they brought it in from the helicopter; even in low gravity, falling

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onto jagged obsidian could lacerate and spatter.

"Do you hate me for what I did?" he said, fishing.

"No, Edward. Not at all. I feel . . . removed from you. But then, I really always did. I always knew that you allowed only a small part of yourself to touch my life. And now," she said, "my life is bigger and more exciting. And I need only a small part of you."

That troubled him, sent a little line of fear across a ridge somewhere in his stomach. It took him a moment to realize that it was her word need that had frightened him.

"Why do you need me, Myra?" he said, carefully.

"To read to me."

He stared. "To read to you?"

"Yes, Edward. I want you to read from our library." They had brought several thousand books on microfilm with them. "And I'll want you to play records for me."

"My God!" he said. "Doesn't a whole planet have better things to do?"

The grass seemed to laugh. "Of course. Of course I have things to do. Just getting to know this body of mine. And I can sense that I am in touch with others—others like the Belsin part of me. Now that I have an ego—Myra's ego—I can converse with them. Feel their feelings."

"Well, then," he said, somewhat relieved.

"Yes," she said. "But I'm still Myra, too. And I want to read. And I want music—honest, old-fashioned Earth music. I have this wonderful new body, Edward, but I don't have hands. I can't turn pages or change records. And I'll need you to talk to, from time to time. As long as I remain human. Or half human."

Jesus Christ! he thought. But then he began to think that if she had no hands, needed him even to run microfilm, that she could not stop him from leaving. She was only a voice, and rings, and ripples in the grass. What could she do? She couldn't alter the orbits of her moons.

"What about the other people here on Belsin?" he said, still careful with his words. "One of them might want to read to you. A younger man, maybe. . . ."

This time, her laughter was clearly laughter. "Oh, no, Edward," she said. "I don't want them. It's you I want." There was silence for several long moments. Then she continued, "They'll be going back to Earth in a few months, anyway. I've stopped making Endolin."

"Stopped . . . ?"

"When you were asleep. I was planning things then. I realized that if I stopped making Endolin, they would all go away."

"What about all those people on Earth who need it?" he said, trying to play on her sympathies. He did not give a damn, himself, for the pains of other people. That was why living with Myra had not really been difficult for him.

"They'll be making it synthetically before the supplies run out," she said. "It's difficult, but they'll learn. It would make people rich to find out how. Money motivates some people strongly."

He said nothing to that except "Excuse me" and got up and went into the kitchen for another drink. The sky was lightening; the first little sun would be up soon. He had never known Myra to think as clearly as she could think now. He shuddered and poured himself a bigger drink. Then, through the terrace doors, he heard her voice, "Come on back out, Edward."

"Oh, shut up!" he said, and went over and slammed the doors shut and locked them. It was triply thick glass and the room became silent. He walked into the living room, with its brown-enameled steel walls and brown carpet and the oil paintings and Shaker furniture. He could hear the grass from the windows in there, so he closed them and pulled the thick curtains over them. It was silent. "Christ!" he said aloud, and sat down with his drink to think about it.

Myra kept several antique plates on little shelves over the television set. They were beginning to vibrate. And then, shockingly, he heard a deep bass rumbling and the plates fell to the floor and broke. The rumbling continued for a moment before he realized that it had been an earthquake. He was suddenly furious and he hung on to the fury, covering up the fear that had come with it. He got up and went through the kitchen to the terrace doors, flung them open into the still night. "For Christ's sake, Myra," he said, "what are you trying to do?"

"That was a selective tremor," the grass said. There was a hint of coyness in its tone. "I pushed magma toward the house and let a fissure fall. Just a tiny bit, Edward. Hardly any at all."

"It could have fallen farther?" he said, trying to keep the anger and the sternness in his voice.

"Lord, yes," Myra said. "That was only about a half on the Richter scale." He suddenly remembered that Myra had studied geology at Ohio State; she was well prepared to become a planet. "I'm pretty sure I could go past ten. With hardly any practice."

"Are you threatening to earthquake

"And you, you stupid bastard, show a little tenderness."

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me into submission?"

She didn't answer for a minute. Then she said, pleasantly, "I want to keep you here with me, Edward. We're married. And I need you."

The earthquake had been frightening. But he thought of the supply ships and of the ship that would be bringing the people for the inquest. All he would have to do would be to lie to her, act submissive, and then somehow get on board the ship and away from Belsin before she earthquaked.

"And you want me to read aloud? Or run the microfilm for you?"

"Aloud, Edward," she said. "I'll let the others leave, but I want you to stay here. Here in the house."

"I'll have to get out every now and then."

"No, you won't," Myra said.

"I'll need food."

"I'm already growing it for you. The trees will be up in a few days. And the vegetables: carrots and potatoes and beans and lettuce. Even tobacco, Edward. But no liquor. You'll have to do without liquor once the supply is gone. But this place will be *lovely*. I'll have a lake for you and groves of fruit trees. I can grow anything—the way I grew Endolin before. This will be a beautiful place for you, Edward. A real Eden. And you'll have it all to yourself."

He thought crazily of Venice, of women, guitar music. Venice and Rome. Panicked suddenly, he said, "I can run away with the others. You can't earthquake us all to death. That would be cruel. . . ."

"That's true enough," Myra said. "But if you leave this house, I'll open a fissure under you and down you'll go." She paused a long moment. "Just like I did, Edward. Down and down."

He began to talk faster, louder. "What if they come to take me away, to force me to go back to Earth?"

"Oh, come on, Edward. Quit it. I won't let them ever get to the house. They'll go away eventually. And I'll never let anyone land again. Just swallow them up if they try it."

He felt terribly weary. He walked out onto the terrace and slumped onto the moonwood bench. Myra remained silent. He had nothing to say. He sipped his drink, letting his mind go blank. He sat there alone for a half hour. Or not really alone. It was beginning to dawn on him that he might never be alone again.

Then Myra spoke again, softly. "I know you're tired, Edward. But I don't sleep. Not anymore. I wonder if you would read to me a while. I was in the

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middle of *The King's Mistress*. If you'll switch the microfilm machine on, you'll find my page."

"Christ!" he said, startled. "You can't *make* me read." There was something petulant in his voice. He could hear it and it disturbed him. Something of the sound of a small boy trying to defy his mother. "I want to have another drink and go back to bed."

"You know I don't like insisting," Myra said. "And you're perfectly right, Edward. I can't make you read. But I can shake the house and keep you awake." Abruptly, the house shook from another tremor, probably a quarter of a point on the Richter scale. "And," Myra said, "I can grow food for you or not grow food for you. And I can give you what you want to eat or not give you what you want. I could feed you nothing but persimmons for a few months. And make the water taste terrible."

"Jesus Christ!" he said. "I'm *tired*."

"It'll only be a couple of chapters," Myra said. "And then maybe a couple of old songs on the player, and I'll go back to contemplating my interior and the other planets around here."

He didn't move.

"You'll be wanting me to grow tobacco for you. There are only a few cartons of cigarettes left." Edward smoked three packs a day. Three packs in a short Belsin day.

He still didn't move.

"Well," Myra said, conciliatory now. "I think I could synthesize a little ethyl alcohol. If I could do Endolin, I suppose I could do that, too. Maybe a quart or so every now and then. A hundred ninety proof."

He stood up. He was terribly weary. "*The King's Mistress*?" he said.

"That's right!" the grass said, sweetly, joyfully. "I've always liked your voice, Edward. It'll be good to hear you read."

And then, before he turned to go into the house, to the big console that held thousands of books—thousands of dumb, gothic novels and books on gardening and cooking and self-improvement and a few technical books on geology, he saw everything get suddenly much lighter and looked up to see that the great rings of Belsin were now fully visible, bright as bands of sunlight in the abruptly brightened sky above his head. They glowed in full realization of themselves, illuminating the whole, nearly empty planet.

And Myra's voice came sighing joyfully in a great, horizon-wide ripple of grass. "*Oooooh!*" it said happily. "*Oooooh!*"

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GEORGE HAMILTON (continued from page 163)

"It's absurd to love someone and then hate her. It shows your lack of judgment and taste."

to the point where I tell them I don't have time to waste on a stormy relationship. You can't do what I do and go home to a depressed woman. I will not even date a depressed woman. I want to have fun; I want to be happy. Usually, the girl I'm interested in is special or on the verge of being special. I have this Professor Higgins thing. I like to bring out their potential.

12.

PLAYBOY: As you did with Lynda Bird Johnson. After you orchestrated her Hollywood make-over, *Women's Wear Daily* wrote, "George Hamilton may never go to Vietnam, but he's done his part for his country."

HAMILTON: I've tried to contribute to everyone I've been involved with. I've given and gotten in return.

13.

PLAYBOY: In many ways, you are the epitome of the PLAYBOY man, in that you possess the great masculine graces. Do you have any tips on being a bachelor with style?

HAMILTON: Well, the hard thing is to be married with style. Being single is a breeze. Nowadays, you can have a head-on collision on Sunset Boulevard and end up going home with the girl you hit. The biggest problem facing men is being too laid back. Men now are shunning money, sex, responsibility. They're laying back and saying, I'd like to have children, but I don't want to say they're mine, or I'll admit it, but I don't want to marry the girl. Meanwhile, women are saying, Someone has to make a decision, so it better be me. If I'm not going to find Mr. Right on Friday night, I better go to the office on Monday morning and make a life there. This, to me, is a terrible shift. Since cave days, men have been the protectors, and I'm a throwback to male chauvinism. If I go out with a woman, I open the door. Here are my tips to young men. I don't see a woman unless I'm taking her to dinner, I ask her what she wants and then I order it for her. I don't like a woman saying, "Well, let's eat at Nick's tonight, and then dancing afterward...." I'll say, "You want to see this car make a U turn? This car makes beautiful U turns. I've made reservations somewhere else. If you invited me to dinner in your home, would I bring a steak and say I didn't want your chicken? Would I tell you I want to eat on the terrace instead of the patio?" If that makes me a chauvinist pig, OK.

14.

PLAYBOY: How about getting divorced with style? When your wife Alana divorced you and took up with Rod Stewart, you handled the situation with charm and friendly remarks. How did you manage that?

HAMILTON: You have to spend a lot of nights alone with yourself when a relationship ends and you realize no man ever takes a woman away from another man. The relationship was over before that man arrived. It's absurd to love someone and then hate her. It shows your lack of judgment and taste. Now, my ex-wife Alana is the kind of person who could stand on a street corner and there'd be a party in 15 minutes. If she drives your car, there's an accident. She's a catalyst. She could take people to Delores' Drive-in on skates and everybody would think he *lived* that night. But before I met her, she was negative. If it rained, it rained only on her, as though she were God's personal guinea pig and He had opened His laboratory of tricks on her. I told her she could have anything she wanted. She just had to decide what it was, take a deep breath and, without stepping on anyone, go out and get it. I see something in a woman, not so much what she is but what she could be, and I try to bring

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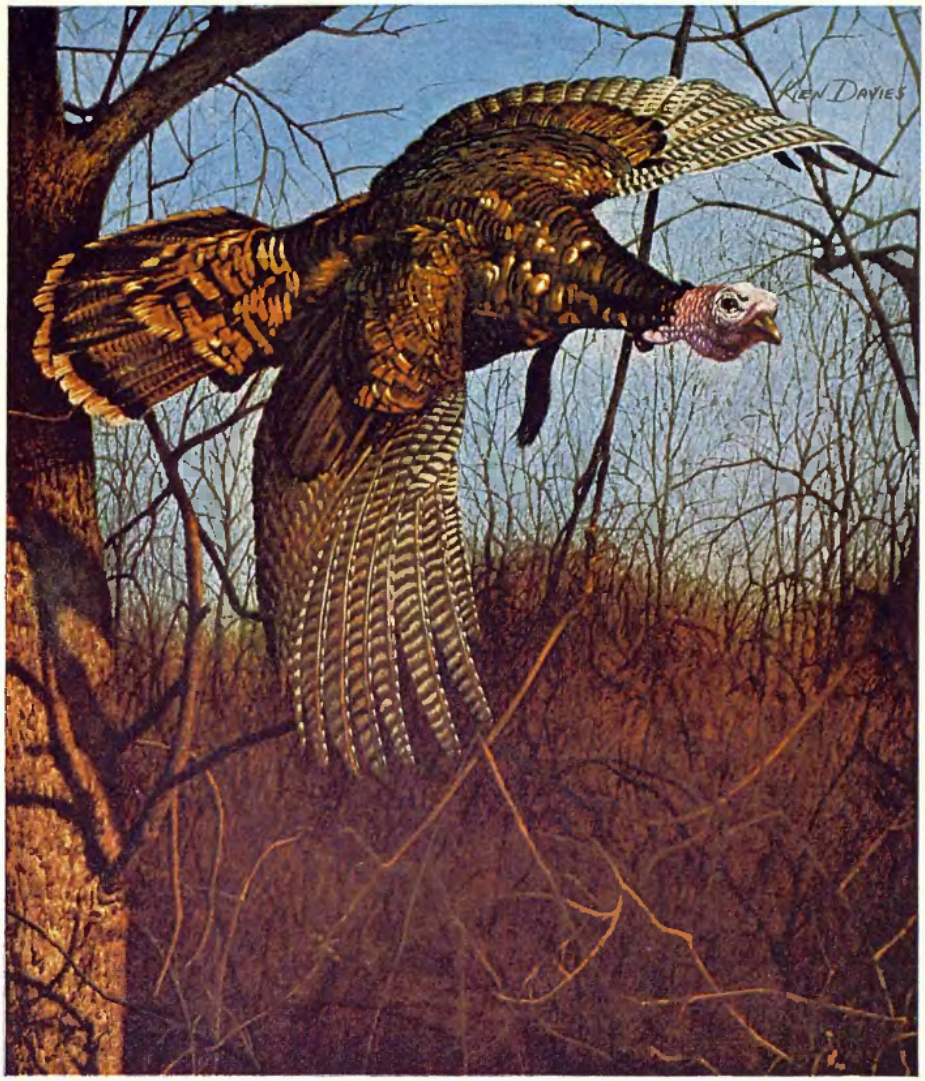

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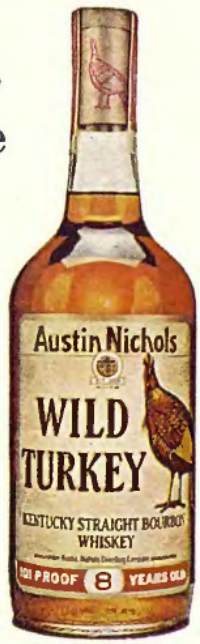

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that out. Now, when other men discover it, it doesn't make me unhappy. I knew it all along.

15.

PLAYBOY: What is the worst thing that can happen to a man?

HAMILTON: Hearing someone committed suicide over you or ended up a drunk.

16.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you get your blood "cleaned," or was that hype for the Dracula film?

HAMILTON: It's true. You get an antitoxin shot and it cleans out all the impurities, like an oil filter in a car. The big problem of life is not a major organ failing. It's the stress put on the other organs when it fails. People would live longer if the ailing organ were detected early and supported by the right diet, blood cleansing—whatever means available. Diet has so much to do with it. I follow Pritikin's method: no fats, high carbohydrates and lots of jogging. The worst drug today is not smack or pot; it's refined sugar. Sugar kills.

17.

PLAYBOY: How many cars and homes do you own?

HAMILTON: Cars? I'm down to almost nothing. Sold the Porsche Turbo Carrera and the Rolls Corniche yesterday—I like to keep my assets liquid; I'll sell anything on any day. So I have a station wagon and a truck in Mississippi, a jeep in Aspen—that's about it. Homes? Let's see, I have six in Mississippi and two plantations and I sold a few mansions in Beverly Hills. I don't think California real estate is a safe investment anymore. Too many foreign investors who want a secure political situation. If these speculators decide to dump, the market will be glutted. I'm going to sit it out in Mississippi. *Gone with the Wind* plantations are still standing there, because after the Civil War, no one had the money to modernize them. Their value can only increase.

18.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever dress down? Do you ever wear, say, ripped jeans?

HAMILTON: In Aspen, I lived ripped, in jeans.

19.

PLAYBOY: How many suits do you own?

HAMILTON: Enough to fill the Polo Lounge. Hundreds. I make a deal with the studios: I keep the suits. I get doubles, triples. Sometimes I rent them back for pictures. I've kept everything from the day I started. Sixties stuff. And I've had guys who wanted to buy it, too; they say they've never seen such a "period" wardrobe.

20.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a philosophy of dressing?

HAMILTON: Yes. Everyone looks better in black tie.

"And now, by virtue of the authority vested in me as captain, I unmarry us."

17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
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Satisfaction, Camel Filters style.
Some men taste it all: Rich warm flavor. Smooth even taste. Solid satisfaction.
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

PLAYBOY ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

STYLE

STATUS LIDS TO FLIP

The hottest news for the summer is that adjustable baseball-type caps sporting a multitude of logos have become the status lids to own. True, they may be emblazoned with someone else's company name, but people usually sport a cap that also says something about their own prowess or interests. Some caps you can buy, some you have to trade for and some are so rare that you'll probably have to steal one off a lucky owner's head. The ladies flip for these lids, too.

Above left: Cummins diesel engines can be obtained at any Cummins distributorship. Rocky Mtn. Tree Experts is available to company employees. San Marco Ski Boots is sold at most ski shops; so is the Atomic Ski cap. Canadian Mountain Holidays in Banff, Alberta, sells the Monashees Heli-Skiing Ltd. Left below: Check A Racer's Edge ski shop in Breckenridge, Colorado, for that lid. Maxim's is from the casino in Las Vegas. Iowa State is sold at the school stores in Ames. Delta was sold through the airlines inflight catalog. The Bell 222 cap costs $1,235,000—but you get a helicopter thrown in free. All other caps are priced at three to seven dollars.

ALL CAPS COURTESY OF THE JACK RENARD/TERY SHEPHERD COLLECTION, COPPER MOUNTAIN, COLORADO.

RICHARD IZUI

PLAY TIME!

In the paradoxical manner that frequently characterizes the movements of fashion, a sense of high-spiritedness has emerged at a time when economic circumstances would seem to dictate otherwise. In fact, a whole new men's (or at least young men's) category of fashion has appeared that might be called play clothes. Just as nearly everyone is dancing, skating and partying like there's no tomorrow, so have designers come up with outrageous styles to satisfy our fantasies. Fashion pundits who would have us dressing for success (usually in styles similar to what an undertaker recommends for the laying out) consider such play clothes as dressing for excess. Fortunately, wit, humor, comfort and ease are proving irrepressible elements in at least a part of our wardrobes. Besides, you might be picked to appear on *American Bandstand*.

—DAVID PLATT

Left: The gang's all here and the fun has just begun—especially for our live-it-up lead-off man, who's striped for action in a striped cotton short-sleeved shirt featuring front-yoke detail and a squared-off bottom, $44, worn with cotton chintz five-pocket Western baggy jeans, $42, both by Americanino, and a reversible canvas belt, by The French American Group, $8. Our madcap middleman mugs it up in a cotton U.S. Navy–type summer flying suit, $70, and a flight-deck helmet, $16.50, both by Aeronautica; and a cotton regatta shirt, by Ron Chereskin for State of Maine, $23.50. The third man's fashion theme is equally far out—cotton twill baggy overalls, about $70, worn over a boat-neck shirt, about $28, both from 8asco Sportswear by Gene Pressman.

STEVE EWERT

Above: This guy is hell-bent for funky leather duds (and with the kind of action he's attracted, we can't blame him), including a leather jacket with zip closure, standup collar with stitched trim, cap sleeves, side-entry pockets and snap cuffs, $450, worn with matching leather pegged pants with a contour waistband and on-seam side-entry pockets, $350, plus a suede open crew-neck shirt with cap sleeves, $260, all by Andrew Fezza.

DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

There are occasions when you really don't need to wear a tie, yet appearing in a wide-open collared shirt leaves you coming on a little too much like John Travolta—and buttoning the shirt up to the top without a tie looks like the way convicts dress in prison films. With the introduction of smaller collars, some shirtmakers have added a button just below the top, so that the collar can be worn slightly open while remaining neatly under the jacket.

•

Alas, no more 15-1/2 x 34? We regret to report that more and more stores are switching to the inventory-saving average-sleeve-length dress shirt. (Sport shirts have been available only in average lengths for years.) Short of a massive boycott, anyone with unusually long or stubby arms will have to shop more carefully for his shirts—or have them custom-made.

•

Some years ago, when wide-flared slacks were in style, cuffs were abandoned because the look was too clumsy. Now that trousers have become more tapered, cuffs are reappearing.

•

In a related point, we've noticed that many tailors still angle the trouser bottom on cuffless slacks. It would be wiser to insist that they be finished straight across, with the front resting on the shoe, so that there is a slight break, with the back extending just to the top of the heel.

•

Another note: When buying slacks, try to have on the type of shoes that you'll wear most with the trousers. Unfortunately, the cuff length you select will not work with every style of shoe or boot in today's diversified market.

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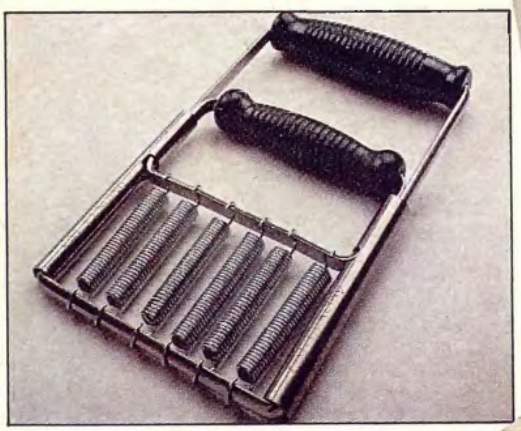
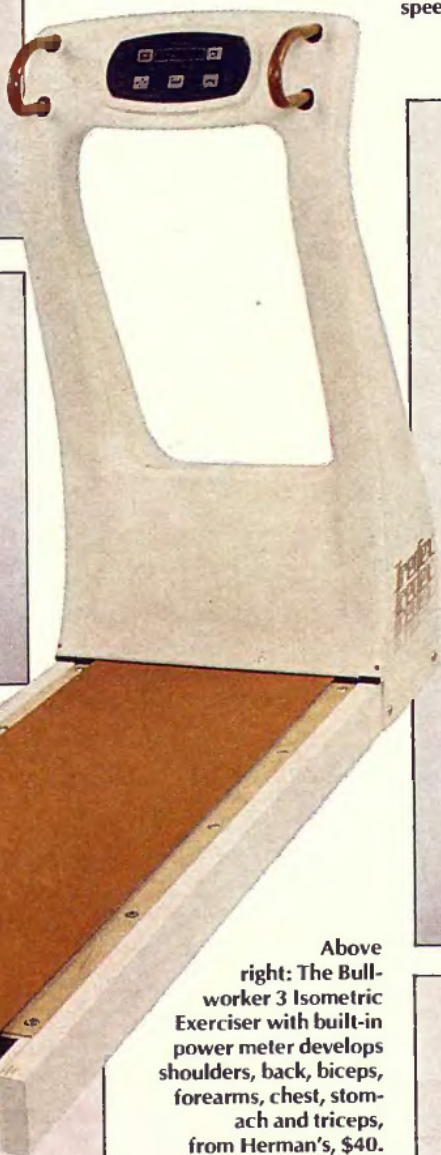
That's the spirit!

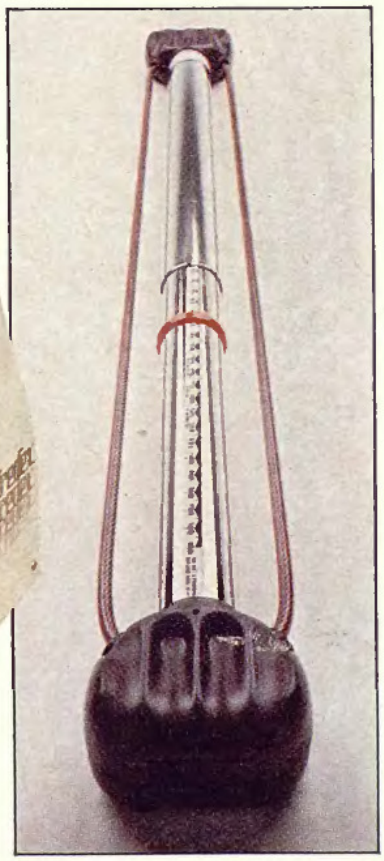
Booth's London Dry Gin has caught the spirit of the moment since 1740. It's 90 Proof, and ever-so-compatible, so it can turn any common occurrence into an occasion. Its crisp, dry taste turns any gin drink into sheer delight. Get to know Booth's 90 Proof. And get to know the spirit of quality.

OUT OF THE CLOSET, MUSCLES!

Sure, you can jog for miles or join a health club to stay in shape for the beach, but many guys prefer to keep trim at home using equipment that can quickly be stashed out of sight in a closet. (Who wants his pad to look like Vic Tanny's?) And having exercise/body-building apparatus on hand makes it easier to establish a routine—say, early in the morning or just after getting home from the office—in familiar surroundings, where you can work out to TV or music, if you choose. Of course, once you've purchased some stashable exercise gear, such as what's pictured here, you'll probably want to invite someone over who's into keeping *her* body in great shape, too. Who knows? Neither of you may ever make it to the beach.

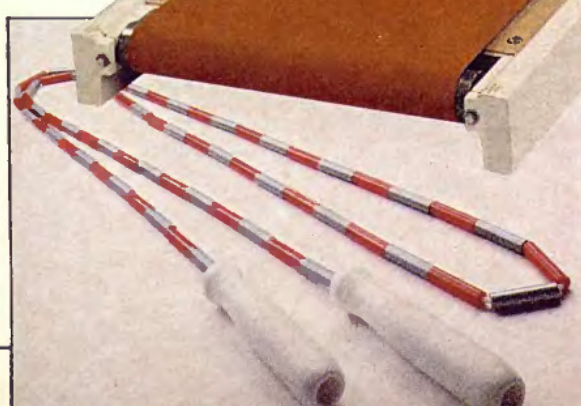




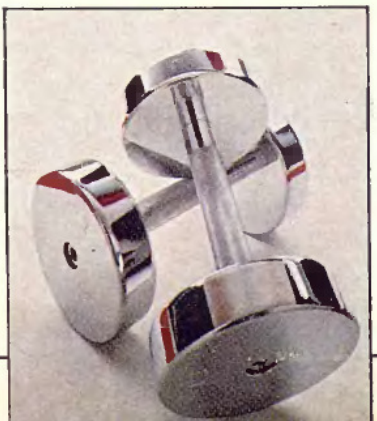


Left: The Power Pack Exerciser, a completely portable home gym with a fold-away self-contained handle, features a Strength Dial, which lets you increase resistance from 0 to 200 pounds as you build up your bod, by Superstretch, $169.95. Left, below: The AMF Whitely power grip can be used with two to six springs, from Herman's, Chicago, $5.50. Below: For jogging in the great indoors, try the Tredex, a nifty machine on which you can walk, run or jog from zero to eight miles per hour; while you're exercising your legs off, a digital-display panel alternately flashes speed, distance, time and heart rate, by American Tredex, $1795.

Below: Go jump—with a Bobby Hinds weighted adjustable jump rope that comes with an instruction booklet, by Lifeline Production & Marketing, $4.95. Not shown is the Bobby Hinds portable isokinetics exerciser, $19.95.



Above right: The Bullworker 3 Isometric Exerciser with built-in power meter develops shoulders, back, biceps, forearms, chest, stomach and triceps, from Herman's, $40. Right: Classy chrome-plated steel 15-pound dumbbells just like those used in health clubs, from Gem Sporting Goods, New York, $120 a pair.



DON AZUMA

Boobs Tube

Her teeth are white, her hair is blonde and she's the winner of our celebrity breast award this month. You'll find LONI ANDERSON on a Quasar or any other TV set every week on *WKRP in Cincinnati*.

CHIU / MICHELSON AGENCY

BETTY BURKE GALELLA

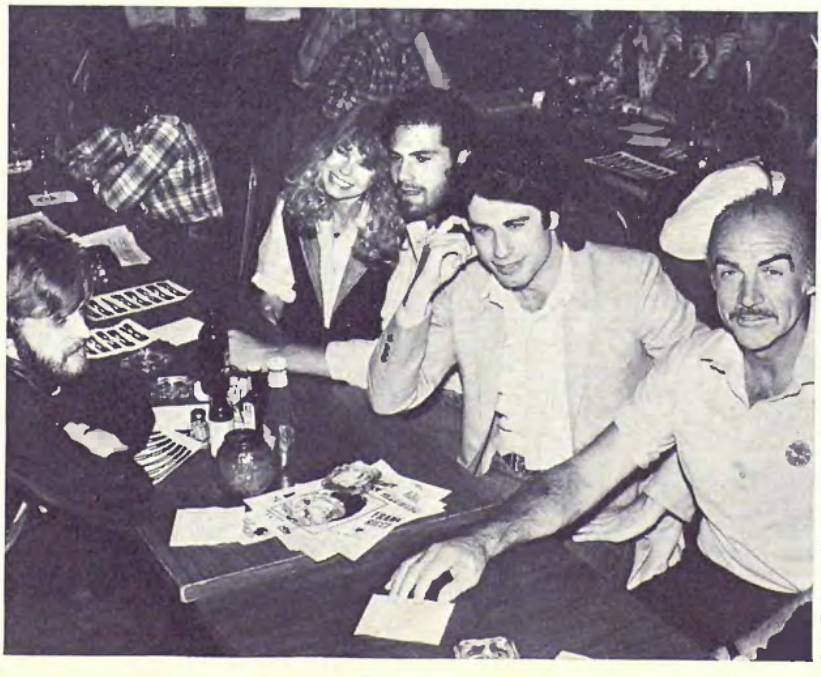
The Best from *Your Show of Shows*

Although we don't live in California, we're sure people don't go into hot tubs dressed as SID CAESAR is here for a stint on the NBC show *Pink Lady*. We're sorry to say that these aren't the bee's knees.

A. ACE BURGESS / ACE'S ANGELS

Strange Barfellows

You won't see MIKHAIL BARYSHNIKOV, JOHN TRAVOLTA and SEAN CONNERY hanging out together every day. Travolta invited friends to hear Mickey Gilley sing at an L.A. club. Gilley's Texas saloon is the site of John's movie *Urban Cowboy*.



SAM EMERSON / CALIFORNIA FEATURES INT'L.

Praise the Lord and Pass the Grammys

Born-again BOB was spotted recently sharing the good news with RICKIE LEE JONES, who had some of her own: They were both Grammy winners this year. Rickie Lee's *Chuck E.* looks in on Dylan's old constituency—the marginal types—while Bob gets comfy with his new teeth and his tux. The times, they are certainly a-changin'.

LONDON NEWS SERVICE / TRANSWORLD

No Ring Around the Collar

Even Gloria Vanderbilt can't fit a pair of jeans this snugly. After Ivory Snow dropped MARILYN CHAMBERS, she decided to give up the laundromat altogether by getting painted into her clothes at a recent manufacturers' exhibit in London.

LARRY COYNE

Tennis Balls

This may not be the textbook way to return a serve, but it's guaranteed to unnerve even the toughest opponent. We're not sure if tennis ace JIMMY CONNORS is shouting with joy or pain, but he did manage to get hold of himself in time.

Where Have All the Rhinestones Gone?

This report just in from the fashion trenches: The Eighties are not shaping up at all. We have proof when the two titans of glitter, ELTON JOHN and ROD STEWART (with wife ALANA), hang up their rock-'n'-roll shoes for basic black.

© 1980 RON GALELLA

FEMALE ORGASM, WHERE ARE YOU?

Sex researchers have long and without much resolution debated the female orgasm. Can vaginal orgasm be distinguished from clitoral orgasm or are they one and the same? Now a monkey wrench has been introduced to the controversy—the uterine orgasm. Researchers, including Masters and Johnson, more than a decade ago, recorded contractions in women's uteruses during sexual activity but assumed that the uterus responded to clitoral stimulation. Now, doctors in Vermont think they've found evidence that the uterine orgasm is a phenomenon distinct from the clitoral or vaginal orgasm. They claim the uterus has its own arousal spot that can be reached only during coital or digital penetration. By outfitting women with two probes, the experimenters were able to monitor uterine contractions while they kept track of muscular contractions in the vagina. Results showed that the uterine orgasm was not necessarily accompanied by vaginal contractions, implying that there may be three types of orgasm. Researchers Dr. John Perry, a psychologist, and Beverly Whipple, a nursing instructor and sex counselor, found that 49 of the 50 women studied possessed a specific arousal spot that led to the uterine contractions. The spot, which Dr. Perry calls the Grafenberg spot, after a Fifties sex researcher, is located about halfway between the pubic bone and the cervix. As for ejaculation, Perry found that women he studied actually experienced a urethral discharge during sex. The ejaculation-like emission seems to be triggered by arousal of the Grafenberg spot.

© 1979 CRAIG HARMON, A.S.M.P.

Here's our hot shot for July. Some people think this guy *ought* to be shot. He was voted least likely to succeed at the costume party where this photo-flash picture was taken.

HAVEN'T THESE PEOPLE HEARD OF GERITOL?

The *China Sports News* recently advised readers that too much sexual activity is dangerous. It is likely, it said, to result in a weakened body and even partial paralysis. Chinese were urged to check their sexual desire if they felt tired or listless or if they experienced backache after sex. The sports paper conceded that sex is a normal, healthy activity but that it takes energy. Presumably, that energy is to be reserved for some other means of production. The recommended sexual dosage is once, possibly twice a week for younger people and once or twice a month for the middle-aged or elderly. We think they're just being pessimistic. These, after all, are the same people who survived The Long March. To paraphrase the immortal words of the Chairman, "Dare to snuggle, dare to win!"

WHO SAID NOTHING HAPPENED IN THE SEVENTIES?

If the Seventies seemed quiet on college campuses, it might be because the students didn't need bullhorns to do what they were doing that decade. And we don't mean studying. Take these recently compiled statistics. In the early Seventies, only about 50 percent of male and female college students engaged in sex while undergrads. But by the end of the decade, the figures had climbed to 78 percent for men and 72 percent for women. Also, of the sexually active women reporting at the end of the decade, 67 percent said they found their current sexual relationships highly satisfying, while slightly fewer men (61 percent) reported similar content. That difference may derive from women's self-awareness—or from the introduction of the Prelude 2 vibrator.

RICHARD KLEIN

It's that season again—let the sun kiss your, uh, buns, your rolls, your elbows. Be sure to baste with the appropriate oils. For more tips on sun fun, see *Solar Power* on page 101. For the beach towel and bag, contact Private Lives, 14 East Pearson, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The set costs $36.

AS SHE PASSES, EACH ONE SHE PASSES GOES ZZZZZZ

What remains titillating when a society openly accepts public nudity? On the beaches of Sydney, Australia, women frequently sun-bathe topless. Don't pack your bags for Sydney yet—there's more. Fearing that men had developed a certain ennui where nude women were concerned, a newspaper photographer there staged an experiment. After hiring a well-endowed model to parade bare-breasted during a beachside surf carnival, he recorded reactions among the men. The results? Nobody gave her a second glance. Dejected, the photographer announced his fears for the virility of Australian men, while a local columnist concluded they were obviously all "leg fanciers." Can it be that the blokes know a good thing when they've got it? After all, nothing would send a carefree young beauty to the cabana faster than a gapers' block. Then again, maybe the fellows were speechless with delight.

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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.

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WE BUILD MORE INTO ECONOMY CARS THAN JUST ECONOMY.

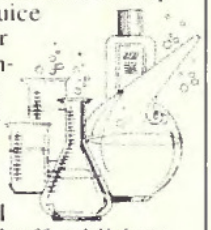
STAYING ON TOP

Soap, Rainwater, Lemons, and Science

Do you know anyone who shampoos with soap? Used to be, everybody did—but it left the hair dull-looking. Seems that tap water and soap form salts that cling to the hair. After a few shampoos, the hair felt heavy and sticky.

Rainwater worked better. It didn't interact with soap, so it left the hair soft and shiny. But who wants to collect rainwater?

Then somebody discovered that mild acid could remove soap film—and lemon juice became a popular rinse. Today, scientifically-prepared shampoos contain more than a dozen elements: cleansing agents, conditioners, pH control agents, anti-dandruff additives, fragrance and more. All of which prompts the question, "How do I choose the right shampoo for me?"



Simple. See an expert—a Roffler stylist. He or she will not only style your hair in the most current and flattering fashion but will recommend exactly the right shampoo, conditioner and spray. Because Roffler stylists are constantly updated in hair care chemistry. Visit one of America's 5000 Roffler Styling Centers—for a great style and products to help you keep it that way.

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DEREK

HAWAIIANS

FOOTBALL

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"FANNY, BEING THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE ADVENTURES OF FANNY HACKABOUT-JONES"—WHAT WOULD *FANNY HILL* HAVE BEEN LIKE IF FANNY HERSELF HAD WRITTEN IT FROM A FEMINIST VIEWPOINT? GREAT FUN, JUDGING FROM THIS NEW NOVEL, A SURPRISING DEPARTURE FOR **ERICA JONG**

"PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW"—BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, IT'LL BE TIME TO PLACE YOUR BETS FOR THE SUPER BOWL. **ANSON MOUNT** TELLS YOU WHO'LL BE THERE

"WAHINES OF HAWAII"—THIS MONTH, WE TELL YOU WHERE TO GO IN THE ISLANDS. NEXT MONTH, WE SHOW YOU SOME OF THE LADIES WITH WHOM YOU'D LIKE TO SPEND YOUR SUMMER VACATION IN THE 50TH STATE

"THE VERY PERSONAL PLANE"—THIS MAY BE THE EPITOME OF THE DO-IT-YOURSELF MOVEMENT: KITS WITH WHICH TO BUILD YOUR OWN AIRCRAFT—BY **RALPH SEELEY**

"TEN KINDS OF WOMEN TO AVOID AT ALL COSTS"—DON'T SAY WE DIDN'T WARN YOU, GUYS: NEVER DATE A WOMAN WHO DECORATES WITH SNOOPY PICTURES, AND OTHER USEFUL TIPS FOR AVOIDING HEARTACHE—BY **HARRY STEIN**

"BODACIOUSLY BO"—YOU SAW HER IN *PLAYBOY* FIRST. NOW COME MORE PICTURES OF THE FABULOUS **BO DEREK,** BY HER PHOTOGRAPHER HUSBAND, **JOHN**

"THE DOOBIE BROTHERS: WHERE ROCK HAS ROLLED"—LIKE OTHER REBELS OF THE SIXTIES, THE BOYS HAVE GROWN UP AND GONE STRAIGHT—BY **JOHN ESKOW**

WILLIAM SHOCKLEY, THE NOBEL PRIZE–WINNING SCIENTIST, DEFENDS HIS CONTROVERSIAL (TO SAY THE LEAST) THEORIES ON RACIAL SUPERIORITY AND SPERM BANKS IN AN INFLAMMATORY **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

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Now San Francisco may be a visual delight but it's murder on car stereo reception.

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The 10 experts voted Magi-Tune FM nine wins and one tie. We won hands down.

John Coyle of Marin Auto Stereo & Alarm found that, *"Clarion locked on to a signal and held it better."*

Fred Favero at Peter's Auto Radio said, *"Clarion was best in selectivity of stations."*

And so it went, proving conclusively that Magi-Tune FM is unparalleled quality.

So flawless, in fact, that you forget everything except the music.

Clarion
QUALITY FOR THE MAGIC IN MUSIC

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.
LIGHTS: 13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, LIGHT 100's: 13 mg. "tar", 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '79.
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