

# PLAYBOY

A woman with blonde, curly hair is the central figure. She is wearing a brown fedora-style hat, a bright red jacket with white piping on the collar and cuffs, and black leather riding boots. She is sitting on a horse, which is partially visible. The background is dark and textured.

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OCTOBER 1980 • \$2.50

## THE GIRLS OF CANADA

TWELVE PAGES OF  
NORTHERN DELIGHTS

A TOUGH, SIZZLING  
INTERVIEW WITH  
G. GORDON LIDDY

DEATH IN THE  
SOUTH—THE  
FBI ON TRIAL

PLAYBOY'S  
OFF-SEASON  
TRAVEL PLANNER

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E. L. DOCTOROW,  
AUTHOR OF "RAGTIME"

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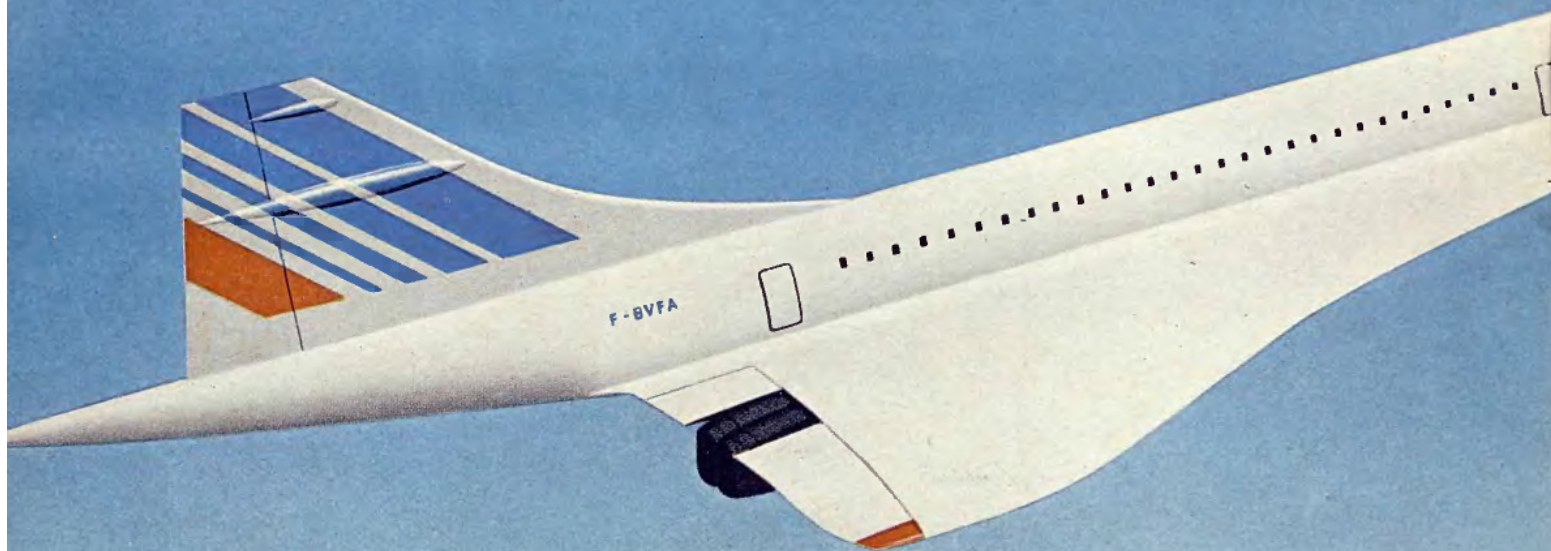


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2. All entries must be postmarked by Dec. 15, 1980 and received by Dec. 31, 1980.
3. Sweepstakes open to all residents of the United States who are of LEGAL DRINKING AGE in the State included in their address on the entry blank as of the postmark date on the entry. Sweepstakes void wherever prohibited by Federal, State and Local Laws and Regulations. Employees and the families of Calvert Distillers Company, their affiliated companies and agencies, wholesalers and retailers are NOT ELIGIBLE.
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A




B



C



D



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Place letter shown next to each crest  
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The image shows a man and a woman in blue shirts smiling. The man is holding a Minolta XG-1 camera. They are holding several Polaroid photos: one of two people playing basketball, one of two people sitting on the grass, and one of a person with a surprised expression. The Minolta logo is visible on the camera and at the bottom of the image.

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# PLAYBILL

SOME SAY the ultra-macho man has become an anachronism, a dying breed we can do without. And if that's so, it explains why **G. Gordon Liddy**, the subject of this month's *Playboy Interview*, seems like a man out of phase with the rest of the world. **PLAYBOY** interviewer **Eric Norden** says, "There's something about Liddy that's like a Japanese soldier in the jungle of an island in the South Pacific who doesn't realize that the war's been over for 30 years. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that Liddy is a man waiting for the next war." Norden, who spent a month and a half trailing Liddy while he toured the nation to promote his book *Will*, says, "Liddy has the psychology of a soldier of fortune, or perhaps a samurai. He can talk about assassinating someone one moment and tell a joke the next, without skipping a beat." Norden's new novel, *Scorpion*, will be published by Richard Marek this winter.

Before we leave the grisly topic of assassination, **Johnny Greene** spent months investigating the historic murder of a white civil rights worker in Alabama during the Selma marches of 1965, and the evidence he turned up justifies the title of his article: *Did the FBI Kill Viola Liuzzo?* Greene's story, illustrated by **John Collier**, describes the efforts of the murdered woman's children to bring the FBI's chief Klan informant to trial for the crime. It also raises some ugly questions that the FBI must answer if it ever hopes to wash away the stains of the J. Edgar Hoover dynasty.

Speaking of dynasties reminds us of kingdoms, particularly the heavenly variety. There are several evangelists out there who, through the miracle of television, are making millions of dollars by promising faithful viewers a free pass (including all rides) to that great big Jesus World in the sky. Well, not exactly a free pass. You'll have to send them some money. You say you want to know more before you zip off your check? You're in luck. Assistant Editor **Kate Nolan** and writer **James McKinley** teamed up to bring you *Heavenly Hosts: A Beginner's Guide to Television Evangelists*. The Word has never been so funny. If you think that selling God on TV is a religious carnival, you might change your mind when you read *Loon Lake* (illustrated by **John Kurtz**). This first look at the new novel by *Ragtime* author **E. L. Doctorow**, which Random House is publishing in September, was adapted by Doctorow especially for **PLAYBOY** and features a carnival of a very different and more sinister kind. **John Gordon** also ran into a rather unsettling side show of sorts when he attended a Women's Energy Weekend at an Eastern college. Gordon put his reactions to the encounter into a thought-provoking Reporter's Notebook called *Women Against Sex*.

With the baseball season winding down to a finish, and the football season beginning, it's a great time of year to get out on the back lot and play pickup games of either sport. If you do, you might be lucky and experience, at least once, the indescribable satisfaction of a perfectly slugged baseball, or a perfectly aimed pass. **John Jerome** writes about that moment of pure satisfaction in *The Sweet Spot in Time*, an article that both the professional athlete and the duffer can appreciate. It's an excerpt from Jerome's forthcoming book of the same title to be published by Summit Books.

To round out the issue, we have *Playboy's Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast*, by **David Platt**; *It's Not So Much Where as When You Go*, by Travel Editor **Stephen Birnbaum** (illustrated by **Kinuko Y. Craft**); an illustrated trip to North Africa with our resident fine artist **LeRoy Neiman** in the *LeRoy Neiman Sketchbook: A Modern Mavrakesh Moor*; and *Girls of Canada*, plus a delicious French-Canadian Playmate of the Month, **Mardi Jacquet**, photographed by Staff Photographer **Richard Fegley**. Until next month, happy reading.



NORDEN



GREENE



COLLIER



NOLAN



MC KINLEY



DOCTOROW



KURTZ



JEROME



NEIMAN



PLATT



BIRNBAUM



FEGLEY



CRAFT

# PLAYBOY®

vol. 27, no. 10—october, 1980

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



Loon Lake P. 86



Body Beautiful P. 103



Off-Season Travel P. 110



Canadian Girls P. 140



Fashion Forecast P. 90

PLAYBILL .....	5
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY .....	11
DEAR PLAYBOY .....	15
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS .....	21
TELEVISION .....	24
What to look for on the tube in the coming season.	
CHECKING IN .....	30
An unbelievable conversation with the irrepressible Ted Nugent.	
MUSIC .....	32
Grotesque Dead resurrected; eors of the stors.	
BOOKS .....	38
Previews of fall reading; yet another hot number from Stephen King.	
MOVIES .....	42
Sellers plays a dual role in <i>Fu Manchu</i> ; other films provide loughs, shivers.	
COMING ATTRACTIONS .....	44
It's back to the screen for James Garner, Richard Dreyfuss—Orson Welles?	
PLAYBOY'S TRAVEL GUIDE .....	STEPHEN BIRNBAUM 47
If it's imoginative—and penny-squeezing—service you're looking for, perhaps you'd better do it yourself.	
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR .....	49
THE PLAYBOY FORUM .....	53
WOMEN AGAINST SEX—a reporter's notebook .....	JOHN GORDON 60
A few kind words about old-fashioned lust.	
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: G. GORDON LIDDY—candid conversation .....	65
The "sphinx" of Watergate, who finolly opened up in his book <i>Will</i> , talks about politics, power, ossassination ond the personal drives that hove led him to do things few people would even consider.	
LOON LAKE—fiction .....	E. L. DOCTOROW 86
In a special odaptotio for PLAYBOY, the author of <i>Ragtime</i> tells the story of a boy coming to monhood amid the freak-filled world of an evil carnival.	
PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST—attire .....	DAVID PLATT 90
With cooler weather ahead, it's time to put together o warm wordrobe.	
DID THE FBI KILL VIOLA LIUZZO?—article .....	JOHNNY GREENE 100
At the peak of the Sixties' civil rights movement, she was shot on o rood outside Selma. At the time, it looked as if the K.K.K. had done it. Now the trail is getting closer and closer to the FBI.	

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**COVER STORY**

Fellows, meet Fellowes. S. J. Fellowes, that is, popular Canadian fashion model. S.J. is placing you under arrest for speeding eyeballs. Since not all Canadian Mounted Police come this pretty, we know you'll go quietly. S.J. was photographed by Executive Art Director Tom Staebler and her make-up was done by Pat Tomlinson. S.J. is here to remind you that we have the *Girls of Canada* inside, starting on page 140.

**BODY BEAUTIFUL—pictorial** ..... 103  
If body-building champ Lisa Lyon is an indication of what iron pumping will do for its thousands of new female practitioners, bring on the bar belles!

**IT'S NOT SO MUCH WHERE AS WHEN YOU GO** ..STEPHEN BIRNBAUM 110  
Saving money and having more privacy are only two of the advantages in planning your vacation for less "fashionable" months.

**SPICE FROM THE EAST—food** .....EMANUEL GREENBERG 115  
Got a yen for something from the Orient that'll blow your mind and make you weep with ecstasy? Try those Thai, Korean and Vietnamese dishes.

**DESERT FOX—playboy's playmate of the month** ..... 116  
Mardi Jacquet lives in Arizona, where there's enough open space for her to live life at full tilt.

**PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor** ..... 128

**PROVOCATIVE PERIOD PIECES—pictorial** ..... 131  
So you want to invest in collectibles, but stamps bore you? Charles Martignette's antique erotica is not only a good investment, it's entertaining, too.

**THE SWEET SPOT IN TIME—sports** .....JOHN JEROME 136  
There is a delicious moment for every athlete when time seems to stand still and, for once, he does everything perfectly.

**GIRLS OF CANADA—pictorial** ..... 140  
Once you've seen these ladies, you'll wonder how our northern neighbor ever became so famous for her fishing.

**THE WONDER-WORKING HAND—ribald classic** ..... 153

**HEAVENLY HOSTS:  
A BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO TELEVISION EVANGELISTS—article** ..... 157  
Selling Jesus is big business these days, thanks to the tube.

**LE ROY NEIMAN SKETCHBOOK—pictorial** ..... 165

**PLAYBOY FUNNIES—humor** ..... 167

**PLAYBOY'S PIPELINE** ..... 173  
How to deal with a decorator.

**PLAYBOY POTPOURRI** ..... 214

**PLAYBOY'S NEW AGE PRIMER** ..... 225  
Dowsing for profit, neutrinos and creation.

**PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE** ..... 241  
Gadgets, new Rovers and Peugeots, cowboy boots, Grapevine and Sex News.



Heavenly Hosts P. 157



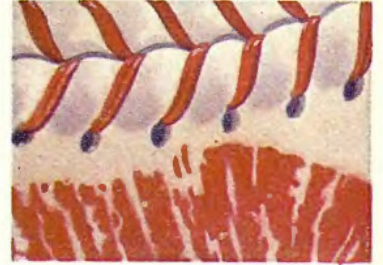
Eastern Spices P. 115



Viola Liuzzo P. 100



Desert Fox P. 116



Sweet Spot P. 136

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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*

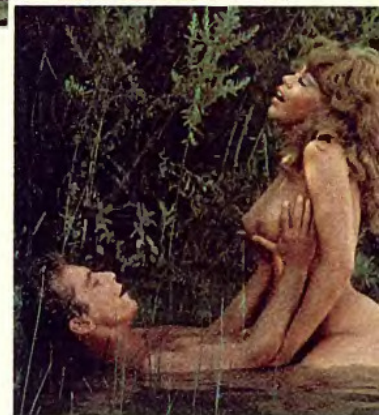
## HEF RACKS UP FOR TRACY CLINIC

At Playboy Mansion West's annual Tennis and Crumpet Tournament, Hugh Hefner cuddles the clinic's 1980 poster child, Megan Dodson, surrounded by (from left) Pat Harrington, Bruce Jenner, Dino Martin and Desi Arnaz, Jr.



## OK, KITTEN, SHAPE UP OR SHIP OUT

The A team warms up for Hef's Memorial Day Madcap Marathon at Mansion West. Kitten Natividad, center, teaches Harry Reems and model Ciri her famous hip-thrust play. For more of Kitten, we reprise this shot of her with Steve Tracy from *Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens* (right).



## QUICK AS A BUNNY

Chicago Bunny Morgan (above) finishes first atop Calypso Cajun during an exhibition race featuring thoroughbreds ridden by Bunnies at Arlington Park. Below, jockeys-for-a-day Sue, Lizabeth, Mel and Regina share the winner's circle with Bunny Morgan and real-life jockey Vince Amato.



## THEY REALLY BUY IT FOR THE ARTICLES

Last April, we showed you The Ramones ogling a centerfold. Creem magazine caught America's premier punk rockers in a more intellectual mood, perhaps pondering Alvin Toffler's view of the Eighties.

EXCLUSIVE: Secret Rock Against the guys recent bio!

# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY



## SCHOOL'S OUT FOR VICKI

PLAYBOY's Phi Beta Kappa Playmate Vicki McCarty (September 1979) hangs on to her new law degree from Hastings College after she and husband, Adam Englund (Cloris Leachman's son), graduated.

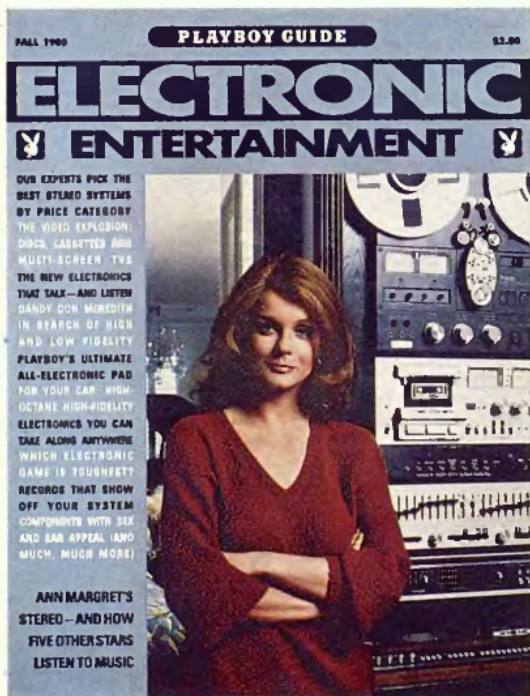
## TALL TEXAN

Why is Larry L. King grinning wide as the Peder-nales in spring? Maybe because his 1974 PLAYBOY article, *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*, grew up to be a Broadway hit and new film. Here he and his wife, agent Barbara Blaine (right), chat with PLAYBOY staffer Susan Margolis-Winter at a Chicago Playboy Mansion party for the American Booksellers Association.



## CHECKING IN ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Playboy's Lake Geneva Resort hosted reps from all eight foreign editions. Above: Brazil's Sylvian Mifano and Mario de Andrade flank International Publishing Vice-President Lee Hall. Left: Japan's Ken Tsukamoto and Tsumomu Nakagi.



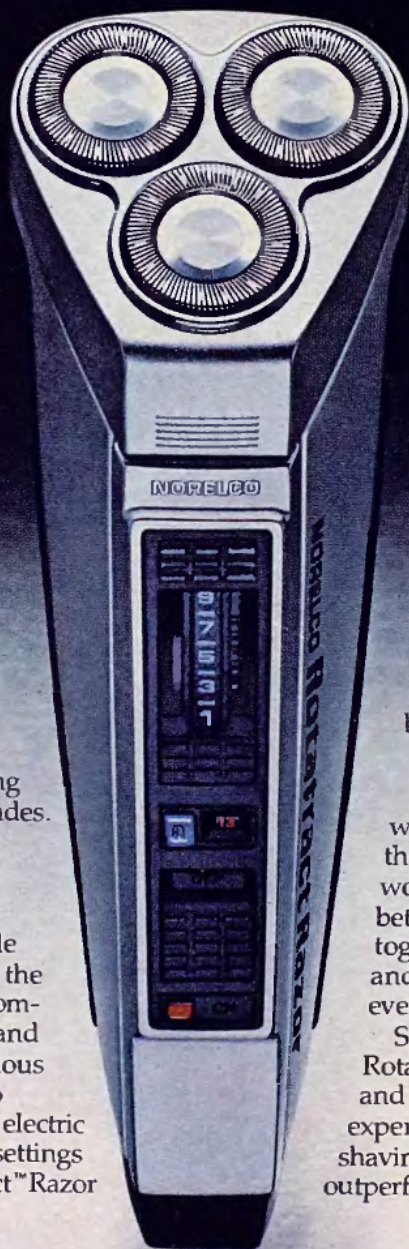
## PLUGGING INTO THE EIGHTIES

That's warm, soft Ann-Margret up against a cold, hard wall of sound on the cover of *Playboy Guide to Electronic Entertainment*. At right: Guide Editor Mort Persky, Executive Editor John Rezek and Publisher Christie Helner as they appeared on Tom Snyder's *Prime Time Saturday* feature on Christie.





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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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### KEEP 'EM FLYING

As to your two-part article by Laurence Gonzales on *Airline Safety* (PLAYBOY, June and July, 1980), only one word describes it—excellent! I have covered major plane crashes myself as an aerial photographer and I know for a fact that Gonzales wrote exactly what he saw. I also know how pervasive the "get it flying or else" syndrome is, and I'm happy that a major national magazine has given the problem press.

Jay C. Williams  
Anchorage, Alaska

Why, I wonder, didn't Gonzales ask FAA Administrator Langhorne Bond what has happened to the 3.5 billion dollars locked away in the Airport and Airways Trust Fund? Funds earmarked for vital safety improvements. Safety improvements like new instrument-landing systems, better weather radar and improved runway aids. More and improved hardware will be the answer to these sorts of accidents in the foreseeable future, at least until human-factors research finds ways to circumvent or artificially improve the natural limitations of pilots and controllers. Instead of flying the tough mission, Gonzales apparently felt compelled to impugn the honor of some damn fine pilots and men. Men who paid the ultimate price for proving in one instant of time and space that they were, in fact, mortal.

William N. Broocke, Airline Pilot  
Marietta, Georgia

As one who is retired from an aviation career, I extend my congratulations to Laurence Gonzales for his excellent reporting on airline safety (or lack thereof). It is too bad, however, that he had to limit himself to two articles. Had he concentrated solely on the FAA, no fewer than ten such articles would have been required to expose its nefarious

deeds. My disgust is with the administrators, supervisors and inspectors, of whom I have yet to meet even one who exhibits competence. Congress should establish a new agency, with clear and specific guidelines to protect the public interests in all areas of aviation. A new organization without deadwood and featherbedding could provide supervision and enforcement of public aviation safety with fewer personnel. Of course, the chances of Santa's bringing me the Playmate of the Year are far greater than the actual realization of the above suggestion.

(Name and address  
withheld by request)

I really appreciate the concern you show for human life in your recent two-part article on airline safety. According to National Transportation Safety Board figures, during 1979, while 353 people lost their lives in airline crashes, 8090 pedestrians were killed. I eagerly anticipate your forthcoming 22-part article on the hazards of walking—or were you just sensationalizing?

Bill Beck  
Atlanta, Georgia

*Sensationalism wasn't our intent, Bill. But, frankly, we'd be more likely to do a follow-up article on drunken drivers or the perils of comparing apples and oranges.*

I found the two-part article by Laurence Gonzales very intriguing. In my view, most of the points he raises and examines are valid. However, I feel he's giving the Boeing 707 and 727 a bum rap in the second part when he says their certificates have never been revoked, even though more 707s and 727s have crashed than DC-10s. What Gonzales neglects to point out is that there are almost one and a half times as many 707s flying as DC-10s, and seven times

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as many 727s flying as DC-10s. Gonzales should have examined the industry's standard criteria in this matter—the crash rate measured in fatal number of crashes per 100,000 hours of flying time. Had he taken the trouble to do that, he would have discovered that the crash rate of all three aircraft is virtually the same, and is quite low. Mind you, it's not low enough, but it is low.

W. F. Marshall  
Toronto, Ontario

*Somehow, your calculations don't make us feel any better than Gonzales'.*

### THE GOLDEN NEST EGG

Compared with the drivel usually written about money, Charles A. Cerami's July article, *A Financial Strategy for the Eighties*, is refreshingly honest. He correctly concludes that the 11th hour is past, that printing money is the same as taxation and that only gold is real money. People who have things of value exchange those things for money because they expect to be able to exchange that money for other things of value. It follows that society, in order to avoid money panics, should use for money things that have those characteristics that most foster confidence in future exchangeability. Gold meets all those requirements. It's scarce, durable and transportable, and can always be sold to electrical-parts manufacturers and jewelers. Even if there is no market for electrical components, fear not for the jewelry market. Human vanity is one of the world's few constants.

W. Bevis Schock  
St. Louis, Missouri

### MYSTERY 10

Your July pictorial *Ten Ways to Find a Perfect 10* with Dudley Moore is great. The women are all beautiful, but one really stands out from the rest. Who is the woman on page 157 sitting next to Moore in the girls' steam room? She is absolutely the most beautiful hunk of woman I have ever seen.

L. Barry  
Chicopec, Missouri

*For all you readers who wrote similar letters, that particular 10 is model Joyce Mandell.*

### TERI'S TOPS

I had been putting off my subscription renewal, but viewing July Playmate Teri Peterson was the clincher. It is obvious she is the most splendid Playmate to appear in some time. The check is on its way.

Steve Endres  
Minnetonka, Minnesota

I love Teri's tan lines. You know, the way there aren't any.

Marv Miller  
South Bend, Indiana

Phillip Dixon's photographs of Teri on pages 130 and 131 of the July issue are absolutely devastating! Your magazine has impeccable taste in very attractive women.

Stephen Schlager  
Elm Grove, Wisconsin

What's the story? Are Teri's eyes, indeed, big, bewitching and brown, as your text states, or are they big, bewitching and blue/green, as they look? I think I'll need to see another picture to make an accurate decision!

Ken Baptista  
Union City, California

*They're sort of hazel with brown flecks, depending on the light, Ken. You*



*can't see them very well in the picture we've provided, but we don't think you'll mind.*

### BEACH-BLANKET BINGO

Really enjoyed your beach feature, *Solar Power*, in the July issue. So far this summer, I've used many of your facts as opening lines on my local stretch of sand with phenomenal success. Got any more?

Peter Jones  
Benton Harbor, Michigan

*Glad you're such a satisfied customer, Peter. For more information, you can use one of the same sources we used, writer Philip Kopper. His book "The Wild Edge," available from New York Times Books, can keep you in fascinating beach facts and opening lines for many summers to come. We had intended to include a credit for Kopper in a bibliography that got bumped in favor of a swimsuit photo. It was another case of instant gratification versus lasting value.*

### PENNY-WISE ISN'T FUELISH

In this age of high energy costs and dwindling resources, how can you condone wasting upwards of 50 gallons of

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hot water to steam the wrinkles out of one suit, as you suggest in July's *Playboy's Pipeline*, "How to Pack a Suitcase"?

R. C. Baldwin  
Tampa, Florida

According to our local gas company, it costs approximately 16 cents to heat 50 gallons of water. If you had the hotel laundry do the pressing, that amount wouldn't even cover the bell-boy's tip—and you probably wouldn't see the suit again for two days.

#### TREASURE HUNT

Stephen Birnbaum's article *Hawaii's Hidden Treasures* in the July *PLAYBOY* is terrific. I have been to Hawaii as the typical tourist Birnbaum describes: only having enjoyed Oahu (with a brief stop at the Hilo Airport en route home to Dallas). I'm sure I've missed quite a lot of the unexpected pleasures that await the adventurer. When and if the money becomes available, I intend to spend the time necessary to follow Birnbaum's tracks to the letter, using my copy of *PLAYBOY* as a guide when I arrive on the islands.

Gary A. Click  
Dallas, Texas

Most articles about our 50th state are so full of window dressing to sell tourism it makes you sick. Birnbaum knows his stuff. The beaches he talks about are beautiful. The sad thing is that so many people have found them that to really get away from it all, you have

#### MISSING PLAYMATES BUREAU



I was surprised and, frankly, disappointed to open your April issue and find there had been a great effort made to locate all the Playmates for a big party and reunion. Disappointed because your staff apparently couldn't find me. I would have loved to have heard from you and been invited to the party. If some future roundup is planned, please count me in. Here's a picture

to go where there are no roads or trails. Kalalau Valley on Kauai is one such place. In the early Seventies, articles began to appear about it in mainland newspapers. People started to flock there and paradise was lost. I like to remember Hanakapiai, Kalalau and Honopu valleys as they were in the old days. Then you had to swim in or go by boat. My wife and I swam into Honopu in the early days, lived off the land and sea. No dope, no booze and, best of all, no people, just a natural high from simply being there. Well, time marches on, but the pictures are great and they bring back memories of living and loving as they used to be. Aloha.

Deane Gonzalez  
Honolulu, Hawaii

#### PHALLUS WITHOUT MALICE

Praise and gratitude to Lynda Schor (*Some Perspectives on the Penis*, *PLAYBOY*, July) for her tenderness, insight and funny affection for men. She shows an unbounded willingness to listen to the echoes of men's hearts in the throbbing of their penises; to know that what the best of them want is to create a happy concord with their mates by pleasing and being pleased. It inspires ecstatic optimism to know that some women recognize the penis as a symbol of man's love, even if he doesn't always brandish it that way.

Michael G. Wilson  
Upperville, Virginia

Schor's article reflects some good, pene-

trating, in-depth research and study. But, seriously, it is the most unbiased, uncritical treatment of this touchy subject that I've ever read. Please advise Schor that should she need a research assistant for future articles, I'm available.

W. A. Cunningham  
Tulsa, Oklahoma

#### FREE FLOATER

I just finished reading . . . no, savoring . . . no, experiencing via osmosis—with a disconcerting amount of envy, I might add—the memoir *I Was a First-Class Stowaway*, by Peter Dallas, in your typically excellent July issue. Please assure me every word of it is true. Not since Mann's *Confessions of Felix Krull* have I felt such mirth and puerile joy radiating from a tale. The innate desire to perpetrate a victimless romantic ruse stays safely hidden beneath layers of propriety in all our imaginations. But given the chance, who among us wouldn't relish the opportunity to have a stuffy society dowager dote on our every word at some important state dinner, because she believed some impressive (albeit inauthentic) credentials we'd given ourselves? Keep us informed, Peter. You've undoubtedly been responsible for a multitude of impish grins, among the largest of which, I'm sure, is your own.

Dan Bush  
Riverdale, New York

Another month enriched with *PLAYBOY*. Peter Dallas' outrageous memoir is as beautiful as the girls in your luscious pictorials. I'm ready to hop on an ocean liner, beautiful Ellen or not. Thanks again for the beauty and the quality.

Ross A. Sheely  
Fort Collins, Colorado

#### DRESSING DOWN

July's *Playboy's Pipeline* article on proper attire for the job suggests the rule "Dress like your boss." Well, if I dressed like my boss, I wouldn't have much of a future. My boss is a woman.

George Stickle  
Kearny, New Jersey

*Count your blessings, George. Our boss wears pajamas all the time. Try that during a New Jersey winter.*

I applaud the inflation-fighting efforts of *PLAYBOY*. However, "clothing" July Playmate Teri Peterson and cover girl/actress Sandra Dumas with the same pair of shoes does seem to be another case of too little, too late.

Keith Caserio  
Albuquerque, New Mexico

*Thanks for writing, Keith. Maybe now when we go to our accountant for our models' "wardrobe" expenses, he won't fall out of his chair laughing.*



as I am today.

Dolores J. Mack  
March 1954 Playmate

*We were disappointed, too, Dolores. We would surely have included you in the festivities had we been able to locate you. Now that we've found each other again, please stay in touch. And that goes for the rest of you Playmates out there, too.*

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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## SETTING A GOOD EXAMPLE

In a new teaching assistants' handbook, the University of Oregon plagiarized a section devoted to plagiarism from a similar handbook published by Stanford University. University of Oregon officials apologized and said they would revise their guidebook. Reportedly, the next version will be called either *Robert's Rules* or *Crime and Punishment*.

## HAPPY ENDING

*Every Cloud Must Have a Silver Lining Department:* Congrats to Wallace Spencer, 41, on his marriage to Sheila McCoy, 17, a former roommate of his daughter, Brenda. You might remember Brenda. She's currently serving 25 years to life for the murders of an elementary school principal and a custodian that occurred when she opened fire on a San Diego school because, in Brenda's words, "I don't like Mondays." Well, Sheila, Brenda's new stepmom, was the girl's cellmate in juvenile hall. Spencer met his bride-to-be while visiting his daughter in stir before she was shipped to the big house. Everyone seems quite pleased with this unexpected development . . . except assistant D.A. William Kennedy, who has ordered an investigation of the circumstances surrounding the wedding. Geez. He's probably just miffed because he didn't get to spring, er, give away the bride.

## HOT HOUSE

Well, it seemed like a good idea at the time. The El Dorado, Arkansas, Fire Department and the state Fire Training Academy got together to give a demonstration of arson techniques. They were given permission to torch an abandoned building owned by John Henry

Williams, who really didn't care about his property. The only hitch in the plan came about when John couldn't remember the exact address of his building and accidentally gave the fire department the number of the house across the street. And so, with the eyes of the world watching, the fire fighters gutted a house owned by Nathaniel Lark. Lark was quite burned up over the incident—but not half as much as his house was.

## BOY INNA BOX

Who said progressive education is a thing of the past? In West Virginia, six-year-old Richard Robbins, who was diagnosed as hyperactive, took part in a peculiar experiment in modern education. For five months, Richie was forced to sit in a four-foot-square, five-foot-high box during classes by his first-grade



teacher, who wanted the boy to "concentrate on his own work." Richie toughed it out for half the school year, even when his classmates would toss grass into his cubicle "to feed the animal in the box." Finally, Richie spilled the beans to his parents, who hit the ceiling and went right to Forest Edge Elementary School's principal, Sue L. Williamson. Sue didn't see anything horrible about the cardboarded kid, stating that the technique was common in her school. "This is a very accepted practice," she explained. "The unfortunate part of this was that the teacher never called it a study carrel. She called it a box." Sue, want to try a synonym for the word idiot?

## HOME IS WHERE THE DEGREE IS

Move over, Gloria Steinem. Whites Creek, Tennessee's, own Harry Eugene Martin was awarded a bachelor's degree at Kansas State University this year. What made his graduation so special was the fact that Harry is 63 years old and the degree he picked up, in home economics, was denied him 40 years ago because of his sex. Harry, now a real-estate businessman and cattle breeder, was never told why the degree was deep-sixed. "The poor man was discriminated against by other *men*," said present dean Ruth Hoeflin, who admitted that the 1940 college administration invented a rule to bar the degree out of sheer orneriness. Maybe now Betty Crocker can get that lumberjack job she's always wanted.

## SUIT UP

The latest in executive fashion is something called rent-a-suit. The Haas Tailoring Company, a Baltimore clothing manufacturer that originated the suit-leasing idea, reports a "fantastic response"

from executive suites around the country.

According to a company spokesman, Haas consultants who have "intensively researched" business clothing will analyze the dress habits of a firm's executives and recommend new custom-tailored suits calculated to boost the corporate image. The rentals themselves are arranged through a Haas subsidiary.

Suit leasing is touted as a fringe benefit tailored to executives in high tax brackets. Haas's consulting fee (about 40 percent of the total; there's a \$5000 minimum order) is fully tax-deductible, so a \$400 suit has a taxable value of only \$240. The "tenant" must report that as earned income. That means \$120 in extra income tax if he's in the 50 percent bracket; but when the lease is spread over two years, as Haas recommends, that \$400 suit can be worn for just \$60 per year. No executive should become too attached to his threads, though. Suits must be returned at the end of the lease period.

Suit leasing appeals to employers because it's a way to ease executives into conservative, company-approved attire. Does that mean that young execs will be issued classier duds as they climb the corporate ladder? "Keep up the good work and you'll be out of plaids and into pinstripes in no time." And what about those who don't make the grade? That dressing down from the boss could be a real bitch.

#### WELL-TRAINED BUILDING

Looking for a good deal on a house? There's an apartment complex in Los Angeles that probably can be picked up right now if you have the patience. Seems the building was being moved to a new location by a crew of construction workers, and its route crossed a railroad track—where it was rammed by a freight train and demolished. At least now its residents don't have to worry about its going condo.

Well, it sounds good; we're just not sure it will look good on us: *Visitors East* magazine ran an ad for Dunhill Tailors that claimed: "Our own suits, sports jackets, overcoats, dinner suits and slacks . . . reflect the good taste of our clients."

#### A DRAINING EXPERIENCE

Jo Ann Temple, a Colorado resident, is suing a restaurant for \$20,000 for serving her drain cleaner instead of salad dressing. Miss Temple said that the cleaner had made her ill and caused her to lose her sense of taste for more than five months—not to mention her sense of humor. We have always recommended not ordering the Chef's Surprise, Jo.

#### QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Overheard in a hot tub: "Money is the long hair of the Eighties."

## THE BRAVE NEW TV SEASON

*What the networks will program if current trends prevail*

#### THE LITTLE HOUSE ON THE PRAIRIE

Walnut Grove's new sex-education teacher (Xoviera Hollonder) drives the peaceable Charles Ingalls (Michael Landon) to violence when it becomes clear that she is not going to use baby talk to describe parts of the body.

#### B.A.B.E.

**Premiere:** Morgoux Hemingway stars as an operative for B.A.B.E. (Braless Agents Bottling Evil), a crack team of ex-models who have been personally

assigned by the President to go abroad and keep abreast. In the first episode, Sleozette (Margoux) must find a way out when she is captured by Red Chinese agents and placed in a slowly contracting wet T-shirt.

#### THE YOUNG VOYEURS

**Premiere:** Subjective camera angles highlight this series, which stars Arnold Schwarzenegger and Gory Coleman as two shy but girl-crazy astronomers who misuse the telescope at Mount Palomar.

#### BUMP AND GRIND

**Premiere:** Susan Anton is Patrolwoman Aphrodite Bump. Lola Falana is Patrolwoman Cleopatra Grind. And you can ask anybody in their neighborhood—they're two cops with a beat. Tonight: To help sharpen their techniques, Captain Onan (Alex Cord) orders the officers to frisk him 500 times.

#### DO BLACK PATENT LEATHER SHOES REALLY REFLECT UP?—An ABC Special

Frank Reynolds and Peter Jennings went on unchaperoned dates with more than 1000 nice Catholic girls in an attempt to get an in-depth look and separate fact from fiction surrounding this controversial question. The reporters will take viewers inside a black-patent-leather-shoe factory and discuss what the shoemaking process tells us about Americans in the Eighties. Also explored: a mother's occupation that the black-patent-leather-shoe industry was created and is to this day controlled by young Catholic boys.

#### THE BO DEREK SHOW

**Premiere:** The multitolerated Bo is showcased in this one-woman variety hour, which consists of a very slow pon from



the tips of her toes to the top of her head.

#### CHARLIE'S ANGELS

When the Angels miss their monthlies, Charlie threatens to have Bosley "fixed."

#### GREAT PERFORMANCES

Dancer Mikhail Baryshnikov discusses his three latest sexual encounters.

#### KATE LOVES A MYSTERY

Kate (Kate Mulgrew) joins a health club to probe a series of grisly murders by a cunning monic

who sneaks up and snops a towel against the backsides of his victims until they are inflamed beyond recognition.

#### POLICE STRUMPET

**Premiere:** She's Solly Field, shedding her Goody Two-shoes image once and for all as Detective Sergeant Chippy Debuchelson, a street-wise hooker turned cop for the N.Y.V.D. (New York Vice Department). "She's been on her back, so she knows where it's at," says her commanding officer. Each week, Chippy lures conventioners and other easily aroused types into the loving arms of the law with the help of her partner, a pimp turned cop who beats her up when she doesn't make enough arrests.

#### MAKE ME ORGASM

**Premiere:** Tune in the game show on which contestants almost always see stars. Richard Gere, Ryon O'Neal and Warren Beatty are among the celebrity studs who present their grand prizes to contestants chosen on the basis of need from among the studio audience.

#### THE BEVY AND THE BRAIN

**Premiere:** In this new comedy, set at the zony Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton in the Thirties, Albert Einstein (Tony Orlando) finds himself continually distracted by the electrodynamics of moving bodies when he is assigned as a Ph.D. advisor to a trio of voluptuous grad students interested in fusion. In the series opener, Einstein invites the girls to come to his study to do equations by candlelight but is forced to admit, when opportunity knocks, that he has neither the energy nor the mass.—SCOTT FIVELSON

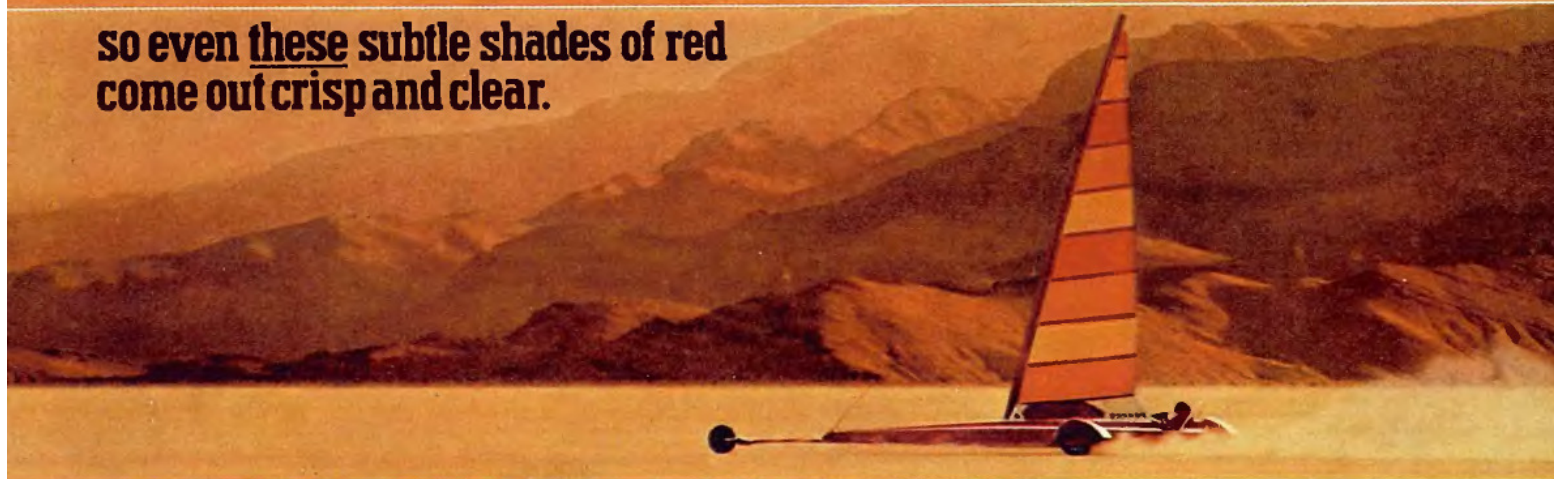
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# TELEVISION

**P**reviews: Checking out the fall line-up of new dramatic and comedy series is somewhat like perusing a Biblical family tree—lots of begats, otherwise known as spin-offs. Also plenty of outright imitations hoping to duplicate the success of, say, *Soap* or *Dallas* or the big hit movies of yesteryear. When the new-season premieres begin in September, all three major networks will try their luck at moving cinema onto the home screen. ABC Television has *Breaking Away* (Saturdays), with Shaun Cassidy in the leading role as an Indiana boy who lives in a college town but doesn't go to college. What I have seen of it looks OK but almost identical to the Oscar-nominated movie. Only Barbara Barrie, as Mom, and Jackie Earle Haley, as Moocher, repeat their movie roles, though the film's Academy Award-winning screenwriter Steve Tesich is still around to assure some quality control if he can maintain his own pace. CBS-TV's crossover property is *Freebie and the Bean* (Saturdays), co-starring Tom Mason and Hector Elizondo as a promising team of San Francisco police sergeants whose unorthodox methods of gang-busting ought to be good for laughs. In the search for a viable answer to the phenomenal *Dallas*, NBC has reached all the way back to a 1949 Joan Crawford movie, *Flamingo Road* (Tuesdays). Cristina Raines takes Crawford's role as a tough-minded working girl named Lane Ballou, who fights the snobs and bigots in an oversexed Southern town. It's steamy adult stuff, full of scandals and nasty little secrets, belted out by a first-rate cast. Stella Stevens, Mark Harmon, John Beck, Morgan Fairchild (yummy), Barbara Rush and Howard Duff have prominent roles, and five'll get you ten that next year at this time there will be hell to pay if one of them, like J.R. of *Dallas*, is felled by a mysterious assailant. NBC's *Harper Valley P.T.A.* was a hit song first, then a top-rated movie on TV, now returning (Tuesdays) as a series, with Barbara Eden playing another bold young woman waging her private war against small-town hypocrisy. Shorter was better. I'd rather replay the record than watch Miss Eden—blonde, bouffant and badly dressed—getting even again and again.

Don't go away. CBS itself has another adult prime-time soap opera in *Secrets of Midland Heights* (Saturdays). Plenty of beautiful boys and girls doing the things everyone did in *Peyton Place*, with Lorenzo Lamas (son of Fernando Lamas and Arlene Dahl) as one of the more obvious future pinups in a cast that seems full of subjects for hot-selling posters.

Although television generally seems to be cluttered with interchangeable blondes—Cheryl Ladd clones, and no



*Flamingo Road*: more Southern soap.

Coming up on the tube:  
recycled film classics,  
some superlative specials.



*Shogun*'s Shimada, Chamberlain.

one will convince me otherwise—there's one blonde to remember in ABC's *It's a Living* (Thursdays). Her name is Ann Jillian, sprung from Broadway's *Sugar Babies* to adorn this sassy new comedy series about five waitresses and sex and success and sex and family and sex and men and sex—brought to you by the creators of *Soap*, who obviously know what they're doing.

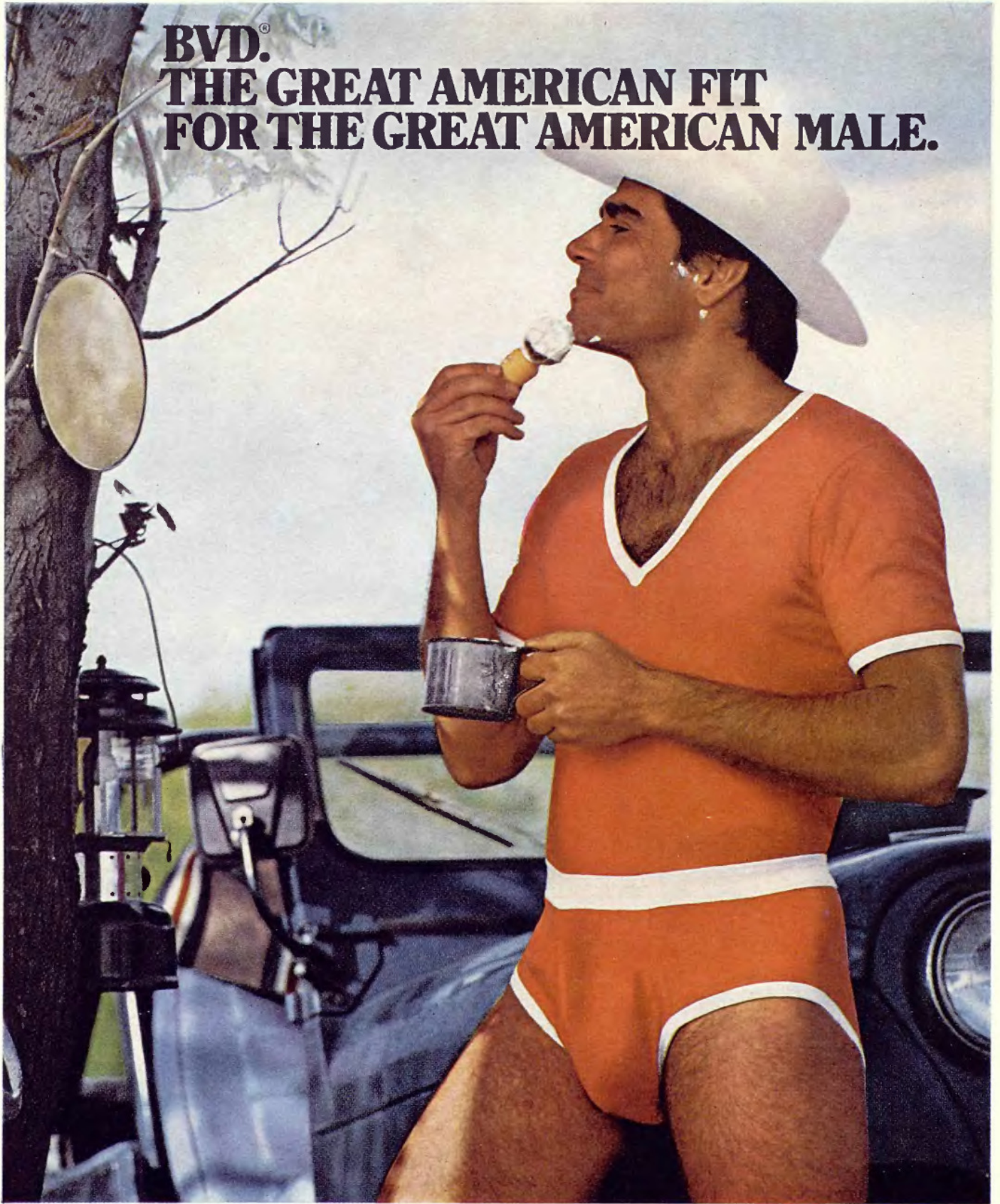
Overall, ABC's line-up of new programs is the most consistent in conception and performance. The three half-hour comedies filling out its fall slate are *Too Close for Comfort* (Tuesdays), with the delightful Ted Knight and

Nancy Dussault as a pair of overprotective parents whose swinging-single daughters live just downstairs; *Bosom Buddies* (Thursdays), co-starring Peter Scolari and Tom Hanks in an amiable, unlikely farce about two young Chicago ad-men who move into a hotel for women and have to go home in drag (shades of *Some Like It Hot*); and *But I'm a Big Girl Now* (Fridays), in which Danny Thomas and Diana Canova play a scrappy father and daughter who have both been bruised by divorce. They are not half as much fun as Ted Knight.

Cops and robbers, in one form or another, dominate the new crop of programs from CBS. *Enos* (Wednesdays) stars Sonny Shroyer, the bumpkin deputy from the *Dukes of Hazzard*, off on sabbatical to bungle in the big time with the Los Angeles Police Department. Shroyer's dumb, engaging innocence and computerized grin cannot support a whole show without strain. *Enos* is outclassed by *Magnum, P.I.* (Thursdays), with Tom Selleck as Magnum, a private investigator who might pass for a macho Marlboro man. Based in Hawaii, he's ex-Navy, easygoing, fond of fast cars and fancy ladies. Haven't we met this cat before? A new breed is represented by Lawrence Pressman in *Ladies' Man* (Mondays). Like a low-key, junior Gene Hackman, Pressman plays the only male writer employed by a women's magazine where the last word is liberation. The idea sounds contrived, but there's some evidence here of a viable series about an average guy in a nest of feminists Gloria Steinem would deplore.

Among the imminent autumn specials, NBC-TV's *Shogun* is the most imposing and ambitious. The 12-hour miniseries based on James Clavell's epic novel will be shown for six consecutive nights starting September 14, with segments varying in length from one to three hours. Such a schedule may well try the patience of viewers, though in this case patience will be rewarded by a spectacle quite unlike the standard TV pap. Although never especially deep, *Shogun* is stirring and exotic adventure on the grand scale—judged by a peek at the initial three-hour episode, without all the finer finishing touches. Richard Chamberlain, the former TV pretty-boy who fought his way up from *Dr. Kildare* to challenging classical roles, plays the shipwrecked English navigator Blackthorne, thrust into the thick of a samurai power struggle in 17th Century Japan. Chamberlain looks both human and heroic, even vis-à-vis Japanese superstar Toshiro Mifune as the war lord Toranaga. Romance enters on tiptoe in the delicate beauty of Yoko Shimada as Mariko, whose devotion

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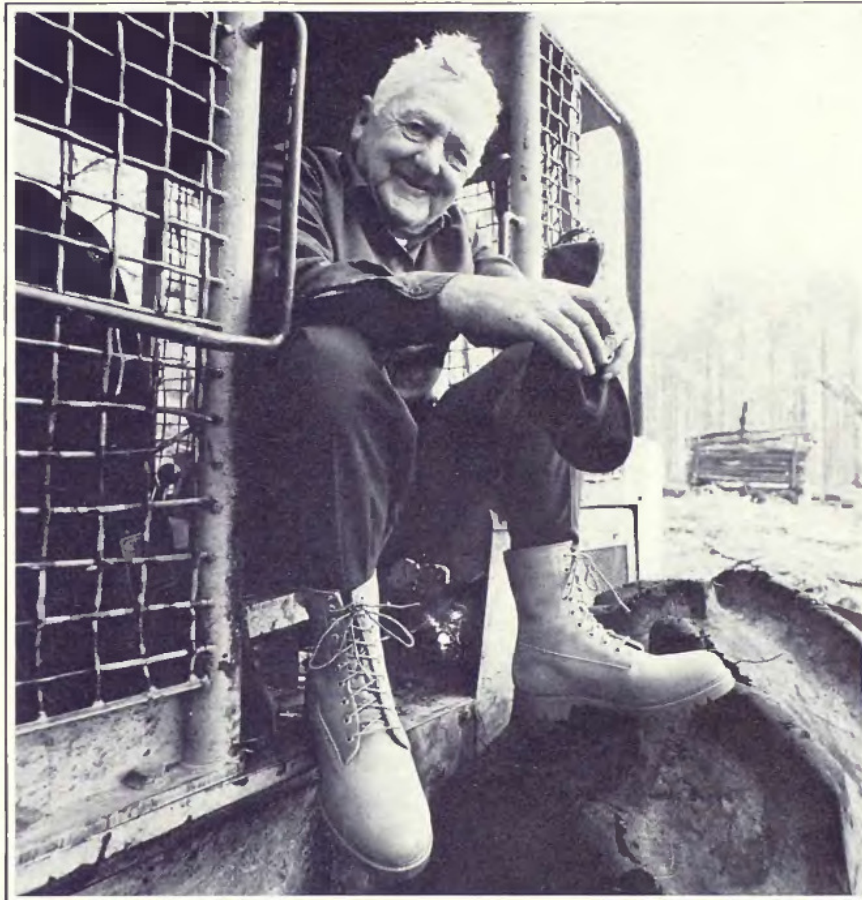
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to Blackthorne seals his fate. There's action aplenty—one man beheaded, one man boiled and the hero pissed upon while the story is just getting under way. Filmed on location, *Shogun's* seascapes, landscapes and narrow escapes are the stuff of legend, adapted and directed to achieve the TV equivalent of a book you can't put down.

I'm not sure that anyone ought to encounter a truly great novel for the first time on a television screen. Once you are familiar with it, though, there's a special pleasure in seeing the classics revisited by various actors, directors and adapters. Fyodor Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* opens the new *Masterpiece Theatre* season on PBS on September 28, with a four-part dramatization imported from BBC 2. The production is superb, starring John Hurt as Raskolnikov, the impoverished student who almost convinces himself that murdering a miserly old woman for her money may be a rational act, above the law. Hurt is like a younger, craggier Peter O'Toole, cerebral but crumbling from within, and more believably unstrung than any Raskolnikov I've ever seen. Catch his act, by all means.

Alec Guinness portrays wry, retired secret agent George Smiley in John le Carré's *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*, another BBC production imported for the PBS *Great Performances* series. The detail is delicious and Sir Alec is, as usual, a one-man show worth your complete attention if he did nothing but read the tide tables. He does a good deal more in *Tinker, Tailor*, though the production overall is slow, stately, literate and so doggedly, harrumphingly *English* that the rooting out of a Red rat in the very bosom of the British Secret Service often seems to be a mere case of office politics. It's also occasionally hard to follow, despite its six-hour running time (one hour per week, beginning September 29). Keep a copy of Le Carré's book handy to explain the plot. Or maybe you'd rather just read, and order your Guinness by the glass.

NBC seeks the common touch and finds it again in *Hill Street Blues* (Saturdays), a corrosive adult drama that just happens to be set in a big-city precinct station. It's clearly a high-crime area, where drug abuse and home sweet homicide are everyone's daily bread. "This is a war zone," we're told. But between skirmishes, which involve a sprawling, colorful cast, police captain Furillo (Daniel Travanti) dodges his embittered wife to find comfort with a statuesque lady lawyer (Veronica Hamel). *Hill Street's* gallows humor is never cutesy, and the show as a whole projects street-smart spontaneity and a real sense of danger.

—BRUCE WILLIAMSON



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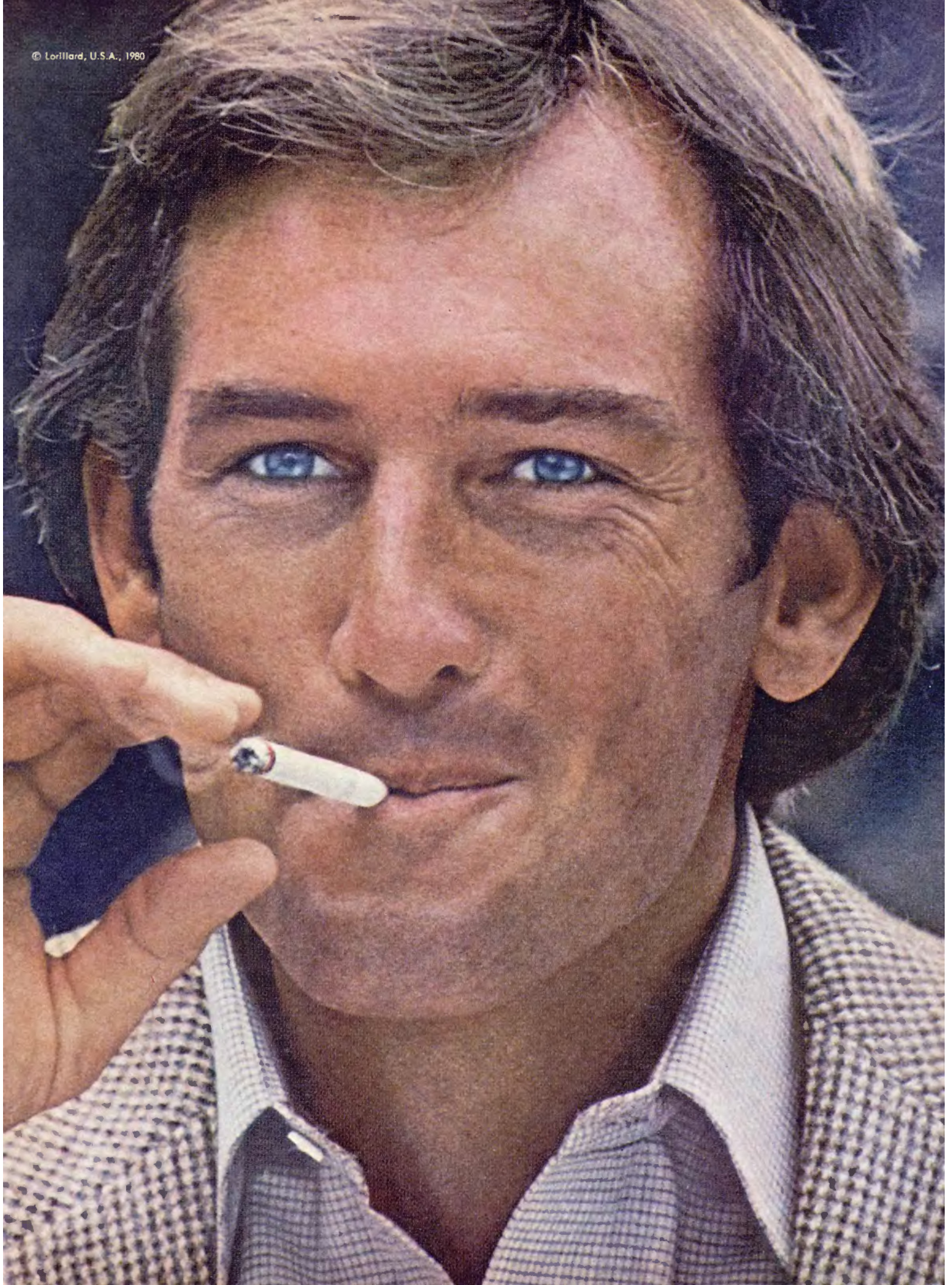


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# CHECKING IN

**D**avid Rensin calls us and tells us jokes that sometimes aren't very funny. As punishment, we sent him to interview Ted Nugent—the animal of rock 'n' roll. His report: "I arrived at feeding time."

**PLAYBOY:** Do people make fun of your eating habits?

**NUGENT:** What? No! If they do, I just chow down on them. Sometimes they ask me to remove my hat in restaurants, but I tell them to take a flying lip lock on the dog outside the door. If it interferes with my eating process, I'll remove it.

**PLAYBOY:** Where'd you learn to talk so fast?

**NUGENT:** It's astounding, isn't it? Basically, it's how I drive. It rubs off on other attitudes.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you get a lot of tickets?

**NUGENT:** I used to, but since I got two FuzzBusters and a C.B. radio that's guaranteed to melt antennas at 50 miles, I no longer get them. Besides, I've got a Lamborghini with seven forward gears. I do 75 in seconds. If a cop tells me to pull over, I put it into third and I'm halfway to the next town before he can clock me.

**PLAYBOY:** What's in your refrigerator?

**NUGENT:** Vermin debris, a category consisting of moose meat, deer meat—no cow meat or domestic slaughter victims. Strictly animals I got on their own terms.

**PLAYBOY:** You eat nothing unless you got it on its own terms?

**NUGENT:** True, unless I'm waiting for a little girl outside the junior high.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, how can a little girl ingratiate herself—

**NUGENT:** Into my refrigerator? Keep herself firm. Firmatazoa. I'm sure you've heard of that. Firm and available.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you like raw meat?

**NUGENT:** Not at all. It's just a rumor.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you do about rumors?

**NUGENT:** I dig them. I perpetuate them. The raw-meat one is my favorite.

**PLAYBOY:** Do people often lie about you?

**NUGENT:** Yes, they repeatedly misinterpret my unique lifestyle.

**PLAYBOY:** Why are you unique?

**NUGENT:** I know the difference between right and wrong.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you know anyone as intense as you?

**NUGENT:** No, but a Cape buffalo I killed in Africa came close on sheer audacity.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you like Africa?

**NUGENT:** Yes. I had a great time. I killed 18 head of big game. I had a crazy time.

**PLAYBOY:** Any close calls?

**NUGENT:** Very close. I'm lucky to be here. Rain season came early and wiped us out of our camp. In the process of getting to higher ground, we had to abandon lots of equipment and for four days we were completely out of meat. The animals were way ahead of us. We

couldn't find anyone who could shoot at long ranges, so I ended up killing two animals at 400 yards with my rifle.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of rifle?



Ted Nugent on life, love, firearms, the coming holocaust and his own unique lifestyle.

**NUGENT:** Browning Safari-grade bolt action, seven-millimeter Remington magnum with a variable scope. Guaranteed to rupture a sparrow at a mile.

**PLAYBOY:** How many guns do you have?

**NUGENT:** A number. That's as close as I can tell you.

**PLAYBOY:** How much money do you have wrapped up in firearms, then?

**NUGENT:** Beyond. No more info about guns. I just really appreciate modern machinery in an efficient, useful form. I enjoy target practice, competitive shooting and hunting. I also prefer to protect myself from fucking assholes.

**PLAYBOY:** Ever kill anyone?

**NUGENT:** Not yet.

**PLAYBOY:** Ever want to?

**NUGENT:** Yes, but luckily, I was able to quell it. I had a gun with me, too.

**PLAYBOY:** Ever been shot?

**NUGENT:** I caught the fringe of a charge of bird shot in a minor hunting accident, but my skull stopped the sucker.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you mad?

**NUGENT:** No. I acknowledged the stupidity and inefficiency of the basic human and realized it sometimes happens. In fucking Italy, 600 people are killed every hunting season. In America, even more die each year.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever read Nietzsche?

**NUGENT:** No. I don't like anything you've got to spend much time with. I don't read much except outdoor magazines—and my songs. They're the greatest reading ever. But I've written three books on hunting and survival.

**PLAYBOY:** Have they been published?

**NUGENT:** No, the world's not ready.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you serve in the Army?

**NUGENT:** No. I got out by rupturing my whole physical being. Specifically, I shit in my pants, pissed in my pants, puked on myself for about three weeks, then went down to the board like a molested hippie and got out on pure stink.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think things are getting worse?

**NUGENT:** On earth? Unquestionably. Absolutely, and the ultimate result is that Mother Nature is going to kick our ass real good with storms, floods, tornadoes and basic land openings that will engulf all these saps.

**PLAYBOY:** Won't you go down with them?

**NUGENT:** No. I've got a four-wheel-drive truck. I can climb right out of that fucker.

**PLAYBOY:** Tell us, does a man of culture fuck a woman up the ass?

**NUGENT:** That's the rumor, but I wouldn't myself.

**PLAYBOY:** So what kind of pussy do you like?

**NUGENT:** I dig cleansed puddles of delight, but if you've got a dirty freight train, then it don't matter.

**PLAYBOY:** What attracts you to women?

**NUGENT:** The valley of the fumes. You'd better get that right. If I'm misquoted, it's your life. F-U-M-E-S.

**PLAYBOY:** Is smell 90 percent of sex?

**NUGENT:** I couldn't give it a percentage. Listen: "I just returned from the valley of fumes, dried blood on my mustache/

They screamed and they shouted when they saw your I.D., that surely our ages would clash/Sure the ship's sinking, but don't ride my dinghy. . . ."

**PLAYBOY:** Ted. Ted. Do you like sex when women are bleeding?

**NUGENT:** No, but I like to cause it.

**PLAYBOY:** What's with all this violence?

**NUGENT:** I firmly believe that this world would be a lot safer if everyone carried a gun. Right now, only the criminals and assholes have them and a good person has no recourse.

**PLAYBOY:** How big is your microphone?

**NUGENT:** Ha! It's beyond.

**PLAYBOY:** Does it scare people?

**NUGENT:** No, it's perfect. Such a fine tone. Firmatazoa. Know what I mean?

**PLAYBOY:** Would you do a panty-hose commercial?

**NUGENT:** I think the stuff is great for thieves. Sure, but I wouldn't wear them, I'd sniff 'em.

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**ON THE DEAD BEAT:** "It's worth it to stick to it, because special shit happens after 15 years." —JERRY GARCIA

In Boulder, Colorado's Folsom Field, 20,000 Grateful Dead fans trade joints, coke and psilocybin-mushroom sandwiches. The Grateful Dead, the rock group that took over the rearing of the baby-boom generation where Dr. Spock left off, is onstage in what has been advertised as its 15th-anniversary concert. Boulder's city parks are checkered with vans and ratty-looking bedrolls; Dead Head faithful have blown in or flown in from everywhere—Boston, Toronto, San Francisco, Albuquerque.

As drummer Bill Kreutzmann's father arrives backstage wearing a GRATEFUL DEAD T-shirt, there's a kind of hippie class reunion going on in the stands. A barefoot boy dances a wild fandango as the cleavage of his buttocks peeks out from harem pants the Hare Krishna shade of apricot. A bell-capped court jester shimmies between two boys wearing ass-length hair and body paint. Dead-eye faces stare in druggie allegiance to the stage. Dead Head tattoos bounce along agitated biceps. Outfitted in the sparest of bikinis, a blissed-out

Lolita renders the music momentarily irrelevant to a pack of male teenagers who have fixated on her spasmodic ballet. The crowd is a living fresco of the Sixties, yet it's firmly planted in 1980—75 percent of the audience's feet sport running shoes.

Like their fans, the Grateful Dead have moved along with the times. They used to travel with a gypsy camp of hippies, bikers and other advocates of free love. Now everyone on the Dead tour actually has a job to do. To manage this date, the Dead even hired a *Republican*—John Barlow, co-writer of songs (with the Dead's Bob Weir) and vice-chairman of the Republican Organization of Sublette County, Wyoming, where he operates a 7000-acre ranch.

The Dead used to surprise their fans by showing up early for concerts and then playing for seven hours or so. Now they play a reasonable four-hour concert, plus break. Maybe one member of the Boulder audience got it right when she croaked through the eye of a Puste Fix bubble blower, "They're probably tired of it all, but there's nothing like a Grateful Dead concert."



Looking as benign and lovable as Benji behind his graying beard and bushy hair, singer-guitarist Jerry Garcia agrees, at least with the second half of that assessment. "We do something that is more or less a public service—something that definitely wants to happen between people and live music."

What exactly is the appeal? "We're a dance band," says drummer Mickey Hart, trying to explain the Dead's jump-up-and-boogie concert success, "in the tradition of Basic and Ellington." From the beginning, the Dead have freely assimilated most forms of American music—from jug band to jazz band. It's no wonder that a 35-year-old lawyer in the Boulder audience swore that if you've got the Dead, "you won't need anyone else."

The band hadn't given much thought to the 15th-anniversary idea, which was a concert promoter's angle. Bassist Phil Lesh figured it was the 15th anniversary of the day he signed on, completing the original line-up of Garcia, Weir, Ron "Pigpen" McKernan (now dead) and Kreutzmann. Hart joined in 1968, and last year Brent Mydland replaced Keith and Donna Godchaux, who had been with the band several years. All things considered, it's a surprisingly intact ensemble.

In concert, the guitar licks from Garcia and Weir reflect the moxie and restraint of experience. A horse trainer might call it tact. Fifteen years ago, music aficionados would say they admired the Dead's spirit, if not the Dead's music. In Boulder, they could close their eyes and hear the timeless good taste of, say, Charlie Christian—if Carl Perkins had been his guitar teacher.

Fifteen years or 15 minutes into the show, the Dead *do* seem to be making the impossible possible: A father and his 13-year-old son knock off a joint together to *Ramblin' Rose*, the son bouncing at the knee, a gesture clearly inherited from his dad. Fat women nuzzle musclemen. Skinny fellows wriggle



## Question: What have you been listening to lately?

### FREDDIE HUBBARD:

1. Chick Corea, Herbie Hancock, Keith Jarrett & McCoy Tyner—an album by McCoy Tyner.
2. George Cables / *Cables' Vision*.
3. Sonny Rollins / *Now's the Time!*
4. Sarah Vaughan / *Duke Ellington Song Book One*.
5. Al Jarreau / *This Time*.



### KENNY ROGERS:

1. The Eagles / *The Long Run*.
2. The Bee Gees / *Spirits Having Flown*.
3. Kenny Loggins / *Keep the Fire*.
4. Dr. Hook.
5. The Commodores.



### ENGELBERT:

1. Fleetwood Mac / *Tusk*.
2. Michael Jackson / *Off the Wall*.
3. Frank Sinatra / *Trilogy*.
4. Donna Summer / *On the Radio*.
5. Supertramp / *Breakfast in America*.



### GRAHAM PARKER:

1. *Compilations LP*.
2. Fleetwood Mac / *Then Play On*.
3. The Rolling Stones / *Exile on Main Street*.
4. Bob Dylan / *Blood on the Tracks*.
5. Otis Redding / *Otis Blue*.



against tanned amazons. An air force of hang gliders commits the ultimate gate crash, as in succession they soar over Folsom Field like, so help me, buzzards over the dead. The crowd cheers for the magic. A woman who runs a health clinic for a living pays her tribute: "It's just like Christmas."

—KATE NOLAN

## REVIEWS


The fleet-fingered exuberance of Oscar Peterson and the world-wise reticence of Count Basie mesh perfectly on *Night Rider* (Pablo) as the two keyboardists—backed by the stalwart rhythms of drummer Louie Bellson and bassist John Heard—trade licks on a variety of standards and blues; special treats are Basie's organ playing on *Memories of You* and Peterson's electric-piano work on *Blues for Pamela*.

Not everyone in Nashville, thankfully, is busy trying to revive Fifties rock or Sixties soul tunes. **Ed Bruce** (MCA) is an unabashed, unhurried country balladeer who uses a well-tempered baritone to mourn the passing of the old West (*The Last Cowboy Song*), celebrate Nashville's renegade pickers (*The Outlaw and the Stranger*) and sneak around with *Diane*. Meanwhile, on *Habits Old and New* (Elektra), Hank Williams, Jr., continues to spice the traditional country-and-western song forms with ironic new meanings as he puts down discos (*Dinosaur*) and the white-collar set (*The American Way*); he also updates a couple of his father's biggest hits (*Kaw-Liga* and *Move It On Over*).

The mainstream of rock has both a hard edge and a soft one—and, despite continuing predictions of its demise, neither has begun to curl. **Robbie Dupree** (Elektra) is quality soft rock, with strains of soul and disco, by a newcomer who's pretty slick with both melodies and lyrics. Not that he doesn't groove; but his work has a smoothness that makes it all go down easy. At the other end of the spectrum is Rocky Burnette, *The Son of Rock and Roll* (EMI America)—or, at least, the son of Johnny Burnette, who helped get rock started. This is rougher and wilder stuff, with rock-a-billy roots that get exposed on occasion, and it charges ahead as if there were no tomorrow; even when Rocky hits a sour note or two, his enthusiasm is enough to pat him across. This time, anyway.

Maybe the good die young in rock 'n' roll; in jazz they don't just get older, they get better. Singer Alberta Hunter, at the age of 85, is a marvelous case in point. A living compendium of Twenties and Thirties jazz, vaudeville, Gospel



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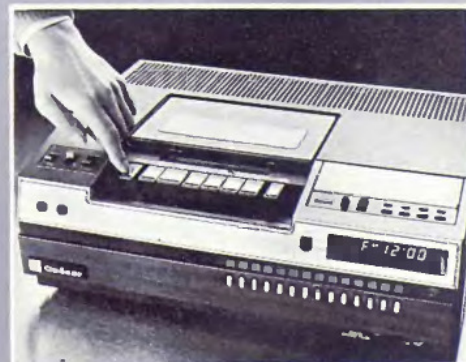


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and Tin-Pan Alley, on *Amtrak Blues* (Columbia) Alberta sings the blues as if she'd invented them. Romping through her versions of classics such as *Sweet Georgia Brown* ("Fellers she can't get/are fellers she ain't met"), *A Good Man Is Hard to Find* and a downright lascivious version of *My Handyman Ain't Handy No More*, backed by a spirited group of veteran jazzmen, Alberta is in her element.

## SHORT CUTS

**Black Russian** (Motown): The first pop group to defect from the U.S.S.R. sounds a bit like Tchaikovsky with drums.

**Ran Blake / Film Noir** (Arista Novus): The Third Stream pianist and colleagues evoke the spirits of selected movies in an avant-garde tour de force.

**The Nighthawks** (Mercury): Blue-eyed blues and rock with a hard-bitten sound, and a persona to match.

**Neil Sedaka / In the Pocket** (Elektra): He's back, folks—with no more going for him than he had in the first place.

**Frankie Miller / Easy Money** (Chrysalis): Solid rock and soul by a spirited Scot who's immersed himself in American music and come up with his own style.

**Oregon in Performance** (Elektra): Group improvisation that's eclectic but clean.

**Gene Chandler / '80** (Chi-Sound): Mellow soul from a doo-wopper who made it back on heels of disco.

**Warren Bernhardt / Manhattan Update** (Arista Novus): Eclectic jazz/fusion that runs both shallow and deep.

**Chuck Willis / My Story** (Columbia): The King of the Stroll died in 1958, but these early sides just go to prove that you can't stop the bop.

**Max Roach / Freedom Suite Now** (Columbia) and **Charles Mingus / Portrait** (Prestige): Two jazz masterpieces (the Mingus disc contains the legendary Town Hall Concert, with Eric Dolphy) reissued at last. Be there or be square.

**Ron Carter / Pick 'Em** (Milestone): He can, and does.

**Irakere / Irakere II** (Columbia): Fine, if misguided, Cuban jazzmen demonstrating that even revolutionary communism isn't immune to that ol' debbil disco.

**Magazine / The Correct Use of Soap** (Virgin): Bland New Wave group offering up absolutely nothing to get into a lather over.

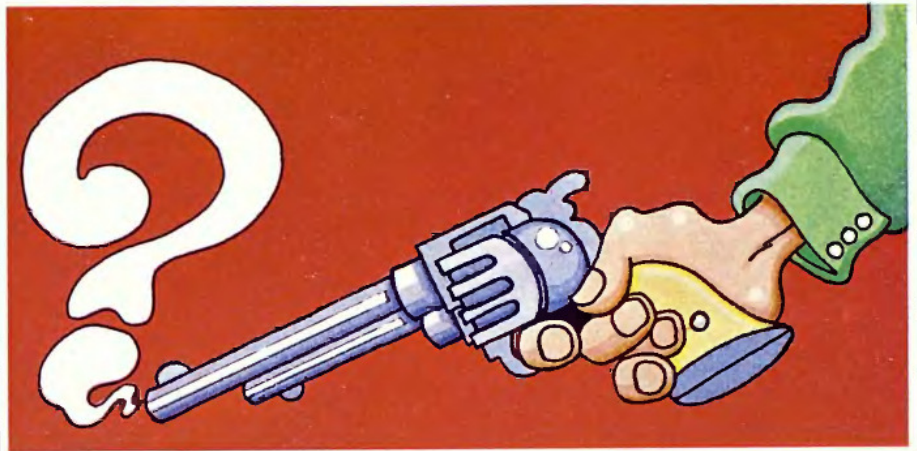
**Los Angeles** (Slash): Great West Coast punk music with a version of *Soul Kitchen* that must have Jim Morrison rockin' in his grave.

**Cats** (Elektra): Pussy rock lacking any gut at all. Pass the litter, please.

**Random Hold / Etceteraville** (Passport): Futuristic tunes that give all the pleasure of being on the receiving end of a well-applied full nelson.

**Marseille** (RCA): Heavy Cheap Trick with a bit too much accent on the Cheap and not enough on the Trick.

## FAST TRACKS



**DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS:** After a summer of rumors and counterrumors, we're about to find out, finally, what really happened to J. R. While we're waiting to learn what the scriptwriters decided, Ovation Records has Gary Burbank's spoof *45 Who Shot J. R.?* all over the radio. As for us, we're rooting for Miss Ellie.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** Carole Bayer Sager, whose lyrics are known to all, is branching out. She's working on an original screenplay of a contemporary comedy called *Just for Now*. . . . **George Harrison** is financing another **Monty Python** production called *Time Bandits*, starring **Sean Connery**, **Shelley Duvall**, **Ruth Gordon** and **Pythons Michael Palin** and **John Cleese**. Harrison is doing the music. . . . A movie on the life of **Mama Cass Elliot** is being put together by her sister, **Leah Kunkel**. . . . **Cheech and Chong** are already at work on movie number three, *Riding High*. . . . The *No-Nukes* film has hit a few snags. **Tom Petty** has refused to allow the movie's producers to include footage of his performance, because it wasn't up to his usual standards. Petty's pull-out leaves **Bruce Springsteen** as the only "name" artist in the film.

**RANDOM RUMORS:** **Peter Criss** is definitely leaving **Kiss** (but not music; he's working on a solo album), and the search is on for a drummer who isn't allergic to make-up. . . . **Mick** says that the **Stones** will probably tour the U. S. this fall and play smaller places (from his lips to the promoter's ear) before **Bill Wyman** finally makes good on his plans to retire. . . . The *New York Daily News* reported that **John Lennon** is trying to sell his one-fourth interest in Apple Records. Wife **Yoko** said after they sell out, they'll sail out, on their 63-foot boat. . . . We hear that **Alice Cooper** has been frustrated in his attempt to buy a set of the former Nixon Administration White House guards' uniforms for his stage crew. Apparently, Cooper, an avowed Nixon buff, said, "I just wanted to pay a

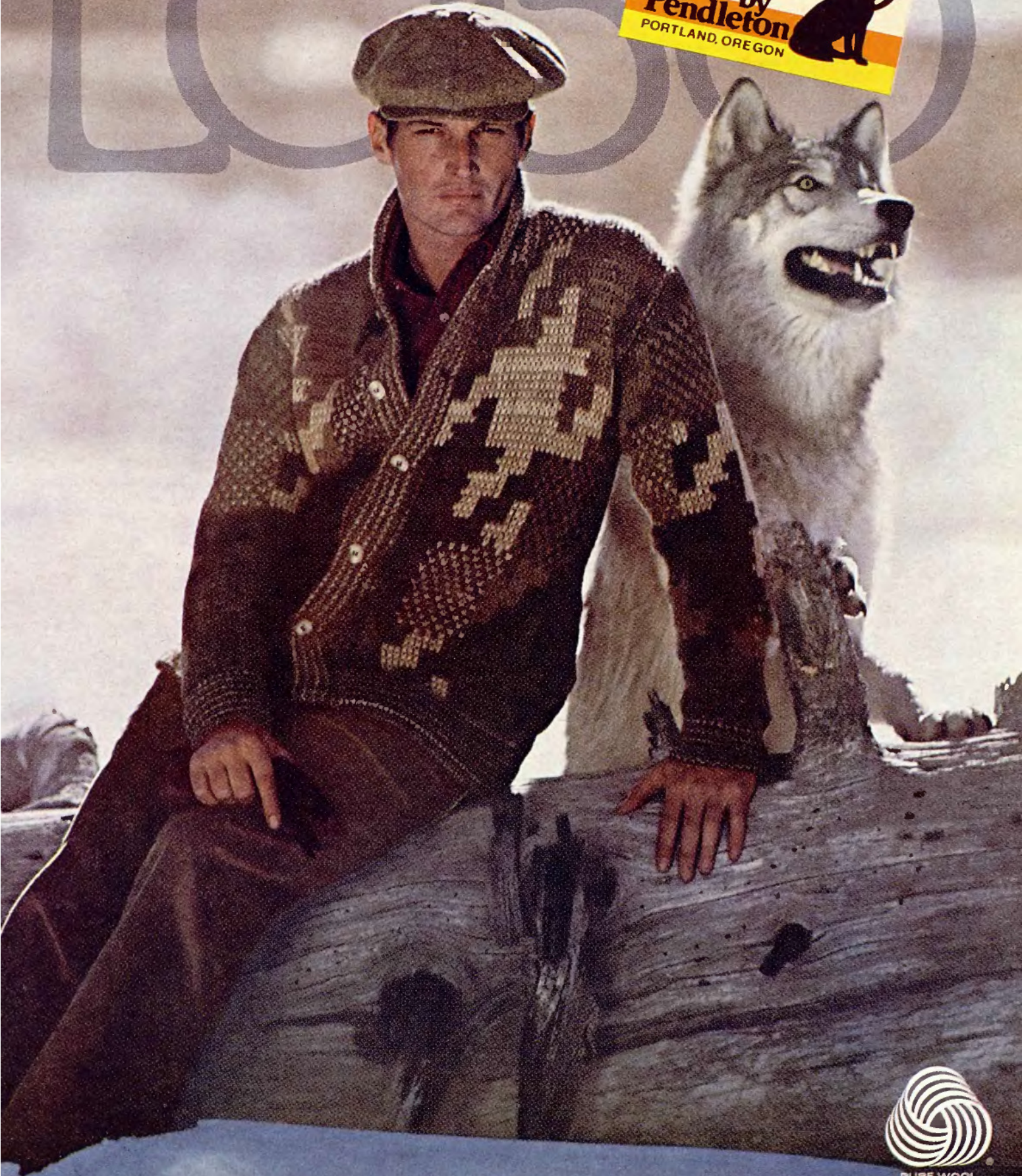
harmless tribute to my roadies and the former President." . . . Although **Donna Summer** records are banned in the U.S.S.R. for being "immoral in tone and comment," they are bringing top ruble on the black market. . . . Who Can Keep Up? Department: **Paul McCartney** is smoking dope again.

**NEWSBREAKS:** Speaking of McCartney, Japanese fans will get the chance, in a nationwide raffle, to obtain the 50-page color programs that were designed for his ill-fated tour. . . . Something for purists to groan over: Last summer's Montreux International Jazz Festival, considered by many to be a very prestigious event, welcomed **Elvis Costello** to its stage. . . . **Lou Reed** is for **John Anderson**. When asked by us if he thought Anderson had a chance, Lou said, "Yeah. But he's gotta keep Keke in a box. Who wants a President with a wife named Keke? We just got done with Rosalynn." Remember: You heard it here first. . . . **Bernie Taupin** and **Elton** just collaborated on three songs for Elton's new album, *Twenty-One at Thirty-Three*. . . . A perfect L.A. hustle story: When composer **Allan Katz** was sentenced to 15 weekends in jail and fined \$3000 for defrauding an insurance company, part of the evidence used against him was a record of his own song. Katz was found guilty of conspiring to stage a car accident and then collect. Unfortunately for him, a friend had recorded *The Scammer's Theme Song* and the caper was up. That's showbiz, folks. . . . A division of RCA Records in Australia plans to compile the most complete **Elvis** collection yet, a four-volume, 48-album set called *Elvis—The Legend* at \$400.—BARBARA NELLIS



LOBO

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PURE WOOL

**P**reviews: We hope you'll forgive a moment of smugness from us. Since the American Booksellers Association Convention was held in Chicago last spring, we're feeling on top of the fall list—after all, it had its debut right here. Under the category of nonfiction are these riches: *David O. Selznick's Hollywood* (Knopf), by Ronald Haver; Carl Sagan's *Cosmos* (Random House), based on his 13-part TV series; *The Next Whole Earth Catalog: Access to Tools* (Random House), edited by Stewart Brand and expanded and updated; *Private Power: Multinational Corporations and the Survival of Our Planet* (Morrow), by Axel Madsen; *Independent Journey: The Life of William O. Douglas* (Harper & Row), by James F. Simon; and, finally, *The Light on Synanon: How a Country Weekly Exposed a Corporate Cult—and Won the Pulitzer Prize* (Seaview), by Dave and Cathy Mitchell and Richard J. Ofshe, Ph.D. There's plenty of exciting fiction to look forward to, as well: *Congo* (Knopf), by Michael Crichton, who also wrote *The Great Train Robbery*; a major and definitive collection, *The Stories of Ray Bradbury* (Knopf); *Earthly Powers* (Simon & Schuster), a new novel by Anthony Burgess; *Fault Lines* (Little, Brown), by James Carroll, the author of *Mortal Friends*; and Garson Kanin's latest, *Smash* (Viking), about the making of a Broadway musical. So get cozy near the fireplace and read up!

With his novel *The Shining* not only a best seller but a big new movie, Stephen King is hot, and so is his latest novel of the supernatural, *Firestarter* (Viking). Two college kids volunteer for an experiment. They are given a psychedelic drug that alters their genes, and when he gets into her jeans, the result is a child with supernatural powers—specifically, the ability to start fires. The mother is killed when the kid is abducted by a supersecret Government agency. The father gets his daughter back, goes on the lam and is caught. The Feds want to study the kid for possible use at state barbecues. The experiment back—uh—fires, and the kid wipes out half of Virginia. It wasn't until we had finished the book—about three nonstop hours after we picked it up—that we realized the plot (ESP, spies, violent revenge) bore a striking similarity to that of *The Fury*, a movie whose only distinguishing characteristic was that Andrew Stevens, who played the telekinetic, later married Kate Jackson, the smart one on *Charlie's Angels*. King does this genre better than anyone else out there.

David S. Broder is a really nice guy, as we all know from seeing his kind face on those TV quiz shows where, if



*Firestarter*: a scorcher.

Stephen King serves up a new sizzler; Broder pens a brown-nose book.



*Guard*: profiles in PR.

you win, you get to be President, and this book, *Changing of the Guard* (Simon & Schuster), is the kind of book that sounds really nice, especially when it's by a reporter who is noted for his objectivity,

when it's billed as a study of the new people in politics and has as its thesis that "the next ones who will take power—the babies born between 1930 and 1955—were shaped in a very different time." That is a nice perception and the book is done so nicely that you can hardly stand it, because it consists of a lot of interviews with people who sound supernice, and David Broder takes down what they say and hands it over to us in clear print without doing anything unnice, such as interpreting or investigating the nice self-description. When you stop to think about it, you suddenly realize that, in a funny way, Broder has embarked on a very nice cause: ingratiating himself with the next generation of leaders, all wrapped here like so many Easter eggs, all able to sermonize without cross-examination. How nice that must be for Broder: some sources for the future who will feel he has treated them nicely.

Who else but Peter De Vries could take a household item (nasal decongestant) and work it into a discussion of the origins of the universe, producing an image of our ancestors shambling through the primordial slime and the Primatene mists? *Consenting Adults, or The Duchess Will Be Furious* (Little, Brown) is a nuclear stew about teenage sex, nihilism, jive prophets and family politics. It is language unleashed from plot, or, for that matter, from any of the things one normally expects from a novel. You have to pay close attention. Characters wander onstage muttering delightful notions and/or apocalyptic revelations: "And the Lord will consume your house, he will burn it down with a fire starting in the smoke-alarm system. How do you like them apples? saith the Lord." We like them, as will any fan of De Vries.

We've got mixed feelings about *No Hard Feelings* (Viking), by Marty Bell. The book's hero is a columnist for a men's magazine who spills his guts out once a month in an attempt to explain what a man goes through in this day and age. That's not a bad idea for a column. Men need to start talking to each other, about each other. Eddie Egg, 28-year-old bachelor, writes: "I am living the old myth of the well-to-do bachelor in a new world where sex is more accessible than ever before. . . . This makes me a source of envy and fear, of titillation and fantasy, of gossip and innuendo. Well . . . I am sorry to have to disappoint you, but this life is not as much fun as it appears to be. . . . I would characterize my social life as usually disappointing, frequently humiliating, and always lonely. Women may be all

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we know of paradise on earth. But dating them is hell." The book reads like Woody Allen without one-liners, or, more accurately, like the letters to *The Playboy Advisor* without, if you'll excuse our conceit, the answers.

B. Traven, the author of *Treasure of Sierra Madre* and many other novels and short stories, went to incredible—and successful—lengths to hide his true identity from the world. What was his real name? Was he an American from Chicago, as he sometimes claimed? An illegitimate son of Kaiser Wilhelm II? Did he really have all those hair-raising Mexican experiences that fill his books? Had he really been an anarchist agitator and actor called Ret Marut before showing up in Mexico in 1923? Was he the man calling himself Hal Croves who worked as "technical advisor" for John Huston during the filming of *Sierra Madre*? Or had he died many years ago, and were a small group of conspirators writing the so-called B. Traven novels? All these possibilities and a bushel basket more were believed by various Traven buffs—until Will Wyatt decided to make a BBC television documentary about Traven and got on the trail. Unlike everyone before him, Wyatt managed to unravel the mystery—and this book is his account of a chase that took him to many countries and back into the late 19th Century to Traven's birthplace and family. *The Secret of the Sierra Madre* (Doubleday) reads more like an engaging mystery novel than literary biography, not a who-done-it but a who-was-it, and it's fascinating whether you've read all of Traven's novels or just seen Bogart in *Sierra Madre* on the all-night tube.

The Bible—specifically, the Tenth Commandment—seems to have contributed a lot to the best-seller list this year. You know, the one that says thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his Porsche, nor his teenaged baby sitter. Gay Talese copped a title from it, and now Lawrence Sanders has borrowed an entire cast of characters for *The Tenth Commandment* (Putnam's). The book is not a sequel to Sanders' *The Sixth Commandment*, nor, for that matter, to *The First Deadly Sin* or *The Second Deadly Sin*. This one features a 5'3 $\frac{3}{8}$ " legal investigator named Joshua Bigg who uncovers a lot of covetous creatures while investigating two probate cases—one the product of a suicide, the other of a disappearance of a husband. The hero discovers the likely suspect early on—the book then proceeds in a documentary fashion to detail his attempts to get hard evidence and, when that fails, to break one of the members of the scheme. A good read, but then, Sanders could probably base a best seller on the Beatitudes.

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**Walter Melvin, architect**

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# MOVIES

Two fabled diamonds and essence of mummy must be pilfered to activate *The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu*, which offers the late Peter Sellers twice over lightly: He's predictably droll in brocade and wrinkles as Sax Rohmer's archvillain who circa 1933 has attained the ripe age of 168 and needs the stolen treasures to concoct a restorative elixir; he's even more deliciously dry as Fu's nemesis, Nayland Smith, one of England's "top authorities on Chink crime." Smith's cases are apt to involve poison orchids and blowguns. Although director Piers Haggard receives sole screen credit, parts of the film were reportedly reshot by Sellers himself, usually a sign of trouble. There's bound to be trouble in a comedy so careless about talent that Sid Caesar, as an FBI man named Capone, stands around with nothing to do. *Fu's* primary handicap is not its stately pace so much as an overworked but under-inspired scenario weighed down with notions that reach too far to be really funny. For example, giving the cerebral Smith an English cottage that's hoisted aloft by a giant balloon is to put the diabolical inventions appropriate for Fu Manchu in the wrong hands. Sellers as Smith, or as Fu doing a vintage musical duet with Helen Mirren (an unwilling English rose who can play the saxophone or a Cockney), keeps *The Fiendish Plot* afloat. ♪

Carrying a full payload of good cheap laughs, *Airplane!* leaves no cliché untouched. This exuberantly sophomoric spoof of every in-flight disaster drama since *The High and the Mighty* is, in fact, a direct send-up of *Zero Hour*, a less than memorable Fifties melodrama about a plane full of passengers and crew afflicted with ptomaine poisoning. If you think that's funny, you will be fair game for the people behind *Airplane!* They're the same madcaps who made *The Kentucky Fried Movie*, and once again they stop at nothing that might provoke a snicker. *Airplane!* has a dying child en route to a heart transplant, a former fighter pilot (Robert Hays) who's afraid to fly, the stewardess (Julie Hagerty) who loves him aloft or grounded, a lewd pilot (Peter Graves) with a penchant for corrupting young boys, a copilot who does better at basketball (played by Kareem Abdul-Jabbar of the L.A. Lakers) and an inflatable automatic pilot for whom happiness is—you guessed it—a blow job. Need I add that *Airplane!* is lowbrow, vaguely licentious, stretched thin, probably powered by spitballs and rubber bands and uproariously funny despite a tendency to buckle in the second half? Jointly



Sellers, Mirren plotting.

*Fu Manchu* proves a last act for Sellers; *Airplane!* is high-flying slapstick.



Dillon and girls in *Bodyguard*.

writing and directing like a three-headed Mel Brooks, Jim Abrahams, David Zucker and his brother Jerry push parody to its outer limits with an aerobatty comedy that just won't stay down. ♪

Set in a tough Chicago high school, *My Bodyguard* is a kind of *minimacho* fantasy about the turned worm who learns to stand up for himself against an organized gang of bullies. Chris Makepeace (aptly named) plays the quiet, resourceful victim, previously enrolled in private schools by his father (Martin Mull) but determined not to snivel. Hiring a tall, fearsome loner to protect him is the lad's out, and *My Bodyguard* introduces lanky Adam Baldwin in the title role, his first movie job and one well done. Teenage matinee idol Matt Dillon plays the school bully, a swaggering tough with a custard center—a nice switch from his appearance as the dreamboat of *Little Darlings*. Chalk this one

up as a pleasant minor work that's a talent showcase, as well as a promising directorial debut for producer-actor Tony Bill. *My Bodyguard*, on its small canvas, combines honorable intentions, wry humor and savvy showmanship. ♪

Scary as the devil, Brian De Palma's *Dressed to Kill* gets off to a dandy hair-raising start with Angie Dickinson—one of film's sexiest ladies—in a star turn that conjures memories of Janet Leigh during the first reel or so of *Psycho*. Let's not dwell on the film's surprises. There are few of them following Angie's exit, unfortunately, though De Palma offers compensation in the form of a strong performance by Michael Caine as resident psychiatrist and an even stronger one by Nancy Allen (Mrs. De Palma offscreen) as a callgirl who has the bad luck to witness a murder while turning a trick. Although *Dressed to Kill* has suspense to spare, its last-reel revelations are so transparent that any semicompetent armchair detective will know all there is to know at least an hour too soon. So ogle Angie, squirm a little and let it go at that. ♪

Paul Mazursky's *Willie & Phil* is such a warm, personal, goodhearted movie that I kept expecting to fall in love with it, and finally had to settle for just being friends. Some of the cop-out cleverness of *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* colors the Mazurskyish story about two Greenwich Village chums who are so crazy about each other that they even fall for the same girl. Understandable, since Margot Kidder makes the free-spirited Jeanette a damnably attractive down-home embodiment of Seventies feminism without man-eating ferocity. Willie (Michael Ontkean), the English teacher who wants to be a concert pianist, marries her, has a child with her, then goes off to the Far East to find himself in an ashram. Phil (Ray Sharkey) is the New York Italian photographer who yearns to be a Jewish intellectual. Instead, he becomes successful and moves to Malibu, taking Jeanette and her child with him. Then Willie comes back.

Mazursky certainly intended to show us the way we were during the late Seventies, and he often makes this mixed-up *ménage à trois* very agreeable, with marvelous cinematography by Sven Nykvist to render guilt-edged memories golden. But I wish Mazursky hadn't used voice-over narration (his own voice, in fact) to underscore the obvious. And I wish he hadn't reminded us, sometimes with borrowed theme music, that Willie and Phil are his answer to François Truffaut's memorable *Jules and Jim*. Finally, he's even compelled to assure

the audience that Willie and Phil are straight, by God, *not* homosexual. Both solid actors, Ontkean and Sharkey needed no certification of their masculinity, yet *Willie & Phil* is too appealing a fable to be spoiled by a final fillip of puritanism. The movie as is belongs to Kidder, who reads between the lines. **YYY**

At the age of 50, Steve McQueen is looking good in *The Hunter*, which strikes me as an inspired idea for a McQueen movie—and it's been a while since we have had a good one. Based on the exploits of a real-life contemporary bounty hunter named Ralph "Papa" Thorson, who apprehends bail jumpers and other fugitives from justice, *The Hunter* has pace, humor, humanity and reel after reel of pure physical excitement. It's the story of a man born to live in a frontier world that no longer exists, so he takes a gig chasing crooks around Chicago. Then he flies home exhausted to L.A. to play chess and enjoy classical music and the company of his pregnant live-in lady (Kathryn Harrold), who tames his venturesome spirit by dragging him off to Lamaze classes in natural childbirth. His profession has taught Thorson to be skeptical. "You gotta be crazy to bring a kid into this garbage-can world" more or less sums up his view.

*The Hunter's* chief plot gimmick is that the hunter is being hunted by one of the homicidal maniacs he sent back to jail. At times there seems to be more going on in this movie than director Buzz Kulik can comfortably handle, though he manages, and McQueen's stabilizing presence from episode to episode helps a lot. McQueen is what you mean when you call a man cool, yet *The Hunter* has some charmingly unheroic human touches. I especially liked his ineptitude behind the wheel of a car—he's not a very good parker—and the sort of shambling lifestyle shown without comment by the fact that his house always seems to be full of poker players who look enough at home to drink up the beer in the fridge and burn holes in the rug. **YYY**

Like certain delicate wines, most French comedies don't travel well. Best of the current lot is Philippe de Broca's lightweight *Practice Makes Perfect*, with Jean Rochefort starred in a stylish, trifling and spicy fable about a man who has a collection of delightful women to complicate his life. Annie Girardot, Danielle Darrieux, Nicole Garcia and winsome Catherine Alric top the list of past and present wives, mistresses or what have you. They are creatures who'd fill the bill for any man's romantic fantasies, which helps make *Practice* as typically French and savory as a languid afternoon of girl watching in a sidewalk café. **YY**

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by bruce williamson

**Airplane!** (Reviewed this month) A send-up, high and mighty. **YYY**

**The Big Red One** Four foot soldiers and Lee Marvin slog through Sam Fuller's World War Two combat diary. **YY**

**The Blue Lagoon** A child's garden of erotica on a tropic isle, with Brooke Shields and Chris Atkins as innocent as the birds and the bees. **YYY**

**The Blues Brothers** Belushi, Aykroyd on a comic collision course. **YY**

**Bronco Billy** Clint Eastwood digs his spurs into a wry comedy about a traveling wild West show. **YYY**

**Brubaker** Robert Redford on prison reform. **YY**

**Dressed to Kill** (Reviewed this month) Scary, but no *Carrie*. **YY**

**The Empire Strikes Back** Let's hear it for Luke and Darth and R2-D2. **YYYY**

**Fame** Socko grades for some high school kids who major in the performing arts. **YYY**

**The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu** (Reviewed this month) Sellers meets Sax Rohmer. **YY**

**How to Beat the High Cost of Living** Suburban wives (Jane Curtin among them) steal as a hedge against inflation. **YY**

**The Hunter** (Reviewed this month) Steve McQueen on target. **YYY**

**La Cage aux Folles** A hilarious French farce about two old fairy queens trying to refurbish their closet. **YYYY**

**My Bodyguard** (Reviewed this month) School days are tough in Chicago. **YY**

**Nijinsky** Dance-crazy. With Alan Bates as the impresario who's mad about boys. **YYY**

**Practice Makes Perfect** (Reviewed this month) *Beaucoup de femmes*, with French dressing. **YY**

**The Return of the Secaucus Seven** A Sixties class reunion perceptively handled by director John Sayles. **YYY**

**Roadie** Music and Meat Loaf. **YY**

**Rough Cut** Burt Reynolds, Lesley-Anne Down and stolen stones. **YY**

**The Shining** Jack Nicholson goes for broke in Stanley Kubrick's superb thriller based on the novel by Stephen King. **YYYY**

**Twinkle, Twinkle, "Killer" Kane** Weird and wordy, but well done. **YY**

**Urban Cowboy** Not *Saturday Night Fever*, but bullish for Travolta. **YYY**

**Wholly Moses!** Less with Moore. **Y**

**Willie & Phil** (Reviewed this month) The Americanization of *Jules and Jim à la Mazursky*. **YYY**

**YYYY** Don't miss      **YY** Worth a look

**YYY** Good show      **Y** Forget it

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A race that can't stay still;  
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,  
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# ★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

**DOL GOSSIP:** According to those who've seen the rushes, **Lauren Bacall** and **James Garner** really heat up the screen in *The Fan*, based on **Bob Randall's** 1977 best seller. A suspense-thriller centering on the glamorous world of the New York theater, the flick co-stars **Maureen Stapleton**, **Hector Elizondo** and newcomer **Michael Biehn** as the letter-writing fan whose adoration turns to vengeance. Bacall plays an actress making a comeback in a Broadway musical and Garner plays her ex-husband, a Hollywood film maker, who returns to New York to find his former spouse trying to cope with both the pressures of her new role and an obsessed fan's violent threats. Executive producer **Kevin McCormick** says the film "is a chilling dramatization of the flip side of the adoration fans offer their stars." . . . Opera star **Luciano Pavarotti** will make his motion-picture debut in MGM's *Yes, Giorgio*, a romantic comedy featuring Pavarotti as an Italian music professor visiting the United States. Says Pavarotti about his new career, "If I succeed, I don't think it will change my attitude. And more



Bacall                      Garner

than everything, I hope I will not lose my sense of humor." . . . **John (Rocky) Avildsen** has been signed to direct the **Zanuck-Brown** production of **Thomas Berger's** latest novel, *Neighbors*. Shooting is tentatively scheduled to begin before the end of the year. . . . **Barbra Streisand** has taken the role formerly held by **Lisa Eichhorn** in Universal's *All Night Long*, a romantic comedy co-starring **Gene Hackman**. The film is scheduled to be completed in time for Streisand to begin her own project, *Yentl*, which she will both star in and direct.

**BLACK COMEDY:** Starring **George Segal**, **Susan Saint James**, **Jack Warden** and newcomer **Denzel Washington**, *Carbon Copy*, shot in and around Los Angeles, is the story of a successful well-to-do executive (Segal) who one day discovers that he has a 17-year-old black son (Washington). Seems he had a serious affair with a black girl in college but knew nothing about the offspring. Needless to say, the news changes his life—his wife (Saint James) tosses him out of

the house and his boss (Warden) fires him, since Segal chooses to follow his conscience and assume responsibility for



Washington                      Segal

the kid. The ensuing developments are the basis of the story, which I'm told is a "comedy with meaningful undertones." **Michael (Car Wash) Schultz** directed from a screenplay by Oscar winner **Stanley (Pillow Talk) Shapiro**.

**FILM DEAL OF THE MONTH:** **Orson Welles**, who has not directed a feature for a Hollywood production company in 22 years, recently signed to do two pictures for Los Angeles-based **Northstar International**. First will be *The Dreamers*, a romance based on stories by **Isak Dinesen** set in 19th Century Europe and concerning the life and loves of one **Pellegrina Leoni**, known as "the greatest singer in the world." Budgeted at \$6,000,000, the film will be produced by **Andrew Braunsberg** and **Hal Ashby**. Says Welles, who, in addition to directing and writing the script, will play one of the leading roles, "*The Dreamers* will be my most important picture."

**WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?** Hollywood, in its desperate search for new material, is once again reviving an old classic—the **Lone Ranger** saga. Set for a Christmas 1980 release, *The Legend of the Lone Ranger*, as this one is called, is being filmed entirely on location in New Mexico and stars two relative unknowns—30-year-old **Klinton Spilsbury** as the masked man and **Michael Horse** as his



Horse                                      Spilsbury

faithful side-kick, **Tonto**. Producers of the film are confident they have a major box-office smash in the making, so be prepared, come December, for a big

publicity push contrived to make the two newcomer-stars overnight sex symbols. For both, this is their first major motion-picture break. Says **Spilsbury**, "Hell, this is my first major anything." The man who plays his side-kick is a bit more laid back. Says **Horse**, "I'm a silversmith and sculptor by trade, so if this doesn't work out, I can always go back to that." How are the film makers treating the story? Explains producer **Walter Coblenz**, a former Oscar nominee: "We're doing this picture straight. This is not high camp or comedy. Rather, we are making a movie that's a simple story, with old-fashioned values, that's going to make people feel good."

**WHEREFORE ART THOU? DEPARTMENT:** The fact that **Richard Dreyfuss** hasn't been turning out as many films as he used to (1978's *The Big Fix* was his last) has prompted many of his fans to wonder what has happened to him. Well, since last February, Dreyfuss has been busy shooting Columbia's *The Competition* in San Francisco. Set for a Christmas release, the film focuses on two young classical pianists (Dreyfuss and co-star



Dreyfuss                                      Irving

**Amy Irving**) who fall in love and then must compete for the same prize in an international piano competition. Classical-music buffs will find the film refreshing, since screenwriter/director **Joel Oliansky** plans to use it throughout.

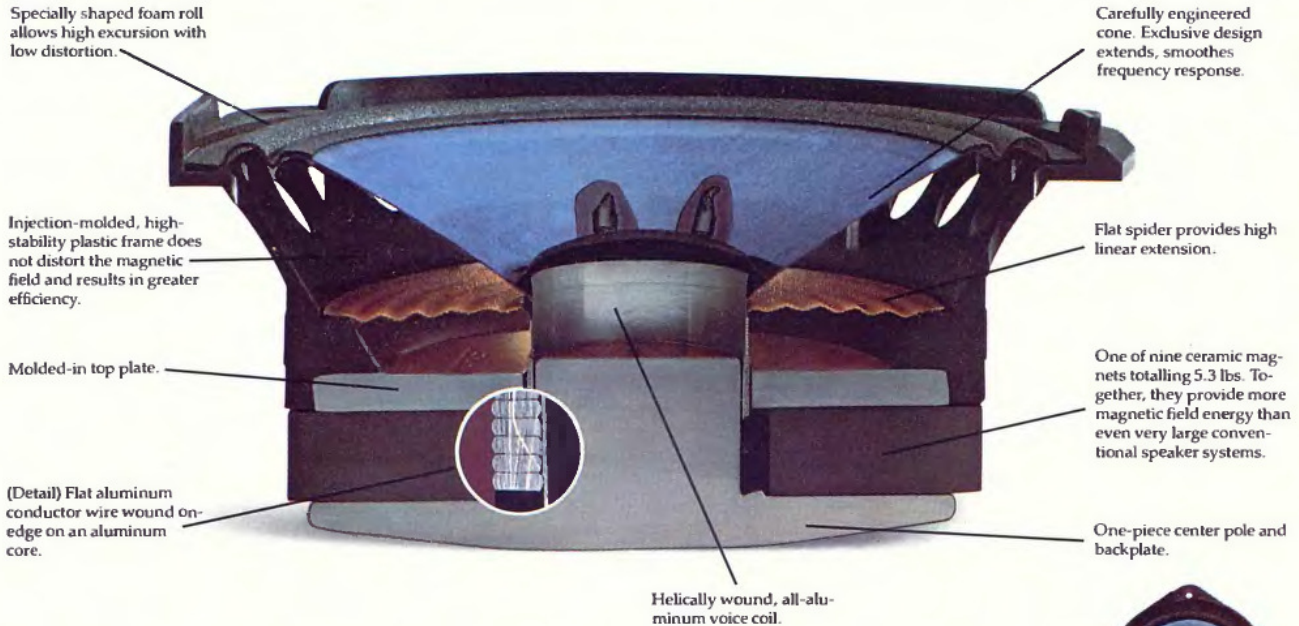
**GRUNTS:** As mentioned in previous columns, **Ringo Starr** plays the dinosaur-slaying **Atouk** in *Caveman*, a so-called prehistoric comedy. But one little detail that has just come to my attention is the fact that *Caveman* is practically a silent movie. There are, apparently, only about 15 words of dialog up to the end of the film, and you won't find any of those words in an English dictionary—they're all Stone Age lingo meant to convey various emotions such as fear, love, etc. **Barbara Bach**, **Dennis Quaid**, **Avery Schreiber**, **Jack Gilford** and big **John Matuszak** co-star in the film, due out early in 1981.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL





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# PLAYBOY'S TRAVEL GUIDE

## By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

THE QUESTION IS: What can a travel agent really do for you? It's a pretty good question, and one that has at least a couple of good answers.

First the good news: Travel agents are absolutely first-class at executing travel requests where the requester knows where he is going, when he wants to leave and return and has a fair idea about the sorts of accommodations in which he'd like to stay. Business travelers, in particular, are extraordinarily well served by travel agents, who efficiently carry out their orders and deliver tickets—at no extra cost.

The bad news is that a somewhat less definite traveler, one who has a measure of freedom and flexibility regarding his travel options—and especially one with a bit of a budget problem—is likely to get far less satisfactory treatment. In part, that is a by-product of the economics of travel agency, where the ongoing deep discounting of air fares and the continually more complex rate structures have meant that agents have to spend more and more time unraveling confusing tariffs to earn less income. It's no wonder that they have increased their concentration on the commercial traveler.

To see for ourselves just what the situation was for an economy-minded international sojourner, we did a little primary research this past summer. In both New York and Los Angeles, we chose three travel agents at random—one large independent, one chain operation and one small neighborhood agency—and had a researcher visit each of them with the same request: to provide the most economical way to get to London and some equally economical (under \$50 for a room per night) places in London to stay. They also asked for the least expensive way to get from London to Athens and back on a side trip, all to take place during October.

From the response that we got in virtually every case, you might have thought we had asked for passage to the moon. I guess the most surprising phenomenon was how little interest the travel agents seemed to have in even *trying* to satisfy our requests. One agent in Westwood even tried to sell us a tour package, though the last departure date for the proffered tour was September 19, to return September 28. So much for an October trip. When we pointed out the unacceptable dates and our request to graft on an Athens leg, the only response was a distracted "Oh."

When we asked specifically about stand-by air fares, we were told (by two



### TESTING THE AGENTS

If economy's your aim,  
a travel agent may  
not have the answers.

travel agents of the three in Los Angeles; ditto in New York) that they had been discontinued. For the information of those agents, TWA currently offers stand-by service to London from both Los Angeles and New York.

Furthermore, not one agent among the six we queried even mentioned Laker's Skytrain service (standard service New York to London, \$374 round trip; Los Angeles to London, \$506 round trip; from October 15 to May 14, 1980).

Getting us accommodations proved even thornier. Oh, we got lots of suggestions about very pricy Sheratons, Inter-Continental and Hiltons International, but the best bargain suggestion offered was a Holiday Inn. In no case was the price for any room offered to us even close to our requested budget.

This was especially odd, since some weeks before, we'd clipped an article from one of the travel trade magazines that announced a new toll-free number for a hotel-rep organization set up to help Americans reserve bargain (under \$20 per night per person) accommodations in London. As a matter of fact, the article noted one number especially for travel agents and another for consumers who wanted to call direct (800-424-2862).

Originally, we had added the London-Athens leg to our inquiries because we thought it was information that would require some digging on the part of the agents, and it would provide a fair test of "service" after the fairly simple (we thought) transatlantic transportation request and a not terribly testing question about inexpensive accommodations. Yet each agent merely

flipped open the current edition of the *Official Airline Guide* and read out the published fare between London and Athens—approximately \$968 round trip. "Isn't there some less expensive way of doing this trip?" our researchers asked. In every case, the agent didn't know one.

Well, most Europeans and lots of savvy Americans do. They know that intra-European air fares on the scheduled carriers are among the most expensive on this planet, so non-expense-account European vacationers routinely make their way around Europe via some form of package tour.

Just one example of these is a huge London-based tour operator by the name of Thomson Holidays, which boasts 20 of its own jet aircraft and flies hundreds of thousands of travelers all over the globe every year. If one merely steps into one of its offices in London, it's possible to purchase a seven-day package tour from London to Athens, including hotel room (which is admittedly "Spartan") and breakfast each morning, for only about \$260. But even if you took the meal vouchers and hotel chits and immediately flipped them into the nearest trash can, just the transportation savings would be sufficient to pay for far better accommodations at a smarter hotel.

I've only begun to scratch the surface of the specific information about travel to, in and from London that the travel agents we queried either did not have or were unprepared to provide to our researchers. Admittedly, the six agencies canvassed hardly represent a majority of the nearly 17,000 U.S. travel agents, but our past research suggests that this experience is not atypical. So the moral seems clear: If your travel requirements are relatively simple and straightforward (and especially if you are a business traveler whose company transacts a sufficiently large volume of travel business to command full attention), chances are your travel agent can provide more than adequate assistance. If, however, you are not a frequent travel-agency customer—and especially if your travel bias runs toward the budget end of the price spectrum—you are likely to have to depend on your own devices.

The underlying economics of this equation are hardly obscure. A travel agent is in business to make money, and responds with greatest zeal to that client who provides the greatest portion of his or her livelihood. So the budget traveler is largely left to do research on his own, and how well or how poorly he does depends to a great extent on the individual effort expended.



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In fact, each bottle is so important, it bears its own lot number. It's expensive, yes. But it's also exceptional. And isn't that what matters to somebody who appreciates fine Bourbon most of all?



## OLD GRAND-DAD SPECIAL SELECTION. The most expensive Bourbon in the world.

# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**O**ne of my friends is getting a divorce. I was the best man at his wedding and feel that I ought to offer some kind of moral support during the current crisis. One of the guys at work suggested that we get together and throw a born-again-bachelor party. What do you think?—D. S., Cleveland, Ohio.

*Sounds like a great idea. We have always considered the basic bachelor party a monument to bad taste and bad timing. The groom is forced to consume near-toxic quantities of alcohol and/or dangerous drugs. When available, films of an adult nature are shown for educational reasons. A woman of low repute but extraordinary athletic ability is asked to perform certain quaint acts to celebrate the impending loss of freedom. The ritual usually leaves the groom in no shape to face the actual ceremony, let alone the commitment to a mature relationship. However, those same ingredients might make a terrific celebration of a new freedom and keep your friend from feeling isolated. Camaraderie is a good cure for crisis.*

**H**aving purchased my first three-piece suit, I have a question about the belt in the back of the vest. If I leave it loose, the vest billows in front like a cowcatcher on a locomotive. If I pull it tight, the material gathers until I look like a sack of potatoes. What's the proper way to wear it?—R. D., San Francisco, California.

*The proper way is to wear it as an ornament, which it is. A vest should fit snugly with or without the belt. The same holds true if it has elastic instead of the belt. Often, a store tailor, in order to avoid work and the cost, will adjust the belt during a fitting rather than tailor the vest. Do not allow that; tell him you want the vest tailored. And don't expect the suit to fit perfectly after the first tailoring. Buying a suit is an investment that gets more expensive all the time. It could take a couple of fittings before you get your money's worth.*

**M**y girlfriend has decided to have her I.U.D. removed. We are currently debating what form of birth control to use. We've discussed the diaphragm, but all the women she has talked with say that they hate the thing, both because they have to stop sex to insert the rubber cap, and because the use of the spermicidal foam eliminates the attractiveness of oral sex. The other method we have in mind—one of the



newer forms of the rhythm method, in which a woman takes her temperature and studies her mucous secretions to determine when she's ovulating—bothers me because it means we have to abstain for seven or so days. What do you recommend?—P. M., Dallas, Texas.

*The pill spoiled everyone—we could make love and fall asleep. We didn't have to think about birth control. As a result, we've gotten out of practice. Of thinking, that is. There is no reason that a rhythm method demands seven days of abstinence. How do you think Greek Week got its name? Or, if you aren't into anal sex, how about a week of oral sex? Probably the best solution is to combine the methods—and use the diaphragm and/or condoms during the peak fertility period. As for the diaphragm's interfering with the momentum of the sex act and eliminating cunnilingus—nonsense. The liberated couples we know simply engage in a few preliminary rounds of sex in various attitudes, and then, when everyone finally comes up for air, or for a postorgasm cigarette, a few minutes are set aside to prepare for the title bout. The point we are trying to make is that you should not let anxiety about your birth-control method interfere with your pleasure.*

**N**ow and then, I see a picture in a newspaper that I think would be great to own. For example, the NASA shots of Saturn, or the earth-rise shot taken from one of the Apollo missions. I recall that *The New York Times* ran a motor-driven sequence that showed Dr. J making that incredible shot in the N.B.A. playoffs last spring. It seems to me that be-

sides looking great in the den, such prints might have collector's value. Is it possible to obtain copies of A.P. and U.P.I. pictures?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

*Not a bad idea. A sequence of Mount St. Helens' eruption might look good on the walls of your bedroom. You are in luck. Both A.P. and U.P.I. have commercial outlets for wire photos. If you crave an A.P. shot, send a photocopy or a tear sheet (for identification) to Wide World Photos, 50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10020. For \$15, it will send you an 8 x 10 black-and-white for your personal use. (Larger prints are available for slightly higher costs.) For U.P.I. prints, send \$20 and a photocopy to U.P.I., 220 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017. For the best deal on space photographs, deal directly with NASA. The NASA files contain over a quarter of a million shots documenting the U.S. space program since 1958. Check with your local library for a current index to the photographs, or write to Space Photographs, P.O. Box 486, Bladensburg, Maryland 20710, for a price list and a condensed index to the most asked for shots. An 8 x 10 color print costs a mere six dollars—easily the best buy in the galaxy.*

**C**an you tell me what *feuille de rose* means? I came across the phrase in a short story. At first, I thought it might be a wine, but the French dictionary defines it as "rose leaf." In the story, a guy asks a girl if she has ever enjoyed some *feuille de rose*, and she follows him up to his apartment. If it's not wine, it must be a sexual act. Am I on the right track?—J. R., Boston, Massachusetts.

*The phrase refers to lingual stimulation of the perineum, making it a brief layover on the sexual act known as "around the world." If it feels good, a Frenchman has a word for it.*

**O**ver the past few months, I've noticed that a lot of my old girlfriends and female co-workers are beginning to date younger men. One of them explained that this is a trend, that women are interested in finding "unscarred companions." Another said that young guys grew up in a liberated era and are more inclined toward an egalitarian relationship, free of male-chauvinist hassles. In other words, they help with the dishes. Another woman said that she is keeping a 23-year-old at her house in the Hamptons, just for the fun of it. If that keeps up, I'm going to have trouble finding dates my own age. Not

that that's important. I'm currently going out with a girl five years my junior. But I'm interested in your reaction to this trend. Is this sudden interest in younger men widespread?—E. R., New York, New York.

*We don't know if the phenomenon has reached the proportions of a national trend, but it has prompted at least one book, "The Age Factor," by Jack LaPatra. The author points out that chronological age is an invisible taboo. We are called upon to act our age, to date people our age—without details on what age really means. In a study of age-different relationships, LaPatra found a pattern that he describes as a natural, instinctive union: "Two people are attracted to each other, in a romantic or friendly way, by a sense of liking bolstered by the perception that each has things to offer that the other wants. The attraction begins the relationship, but the exchange of needs sustains it. The quality of the mutual gratification depends on the development of the individuals involved." And that development has little to do with age. Actress Jeanne Moreau is even more eloquent on the subject: "There's a magic about numbers. Thirty, 40, 50 . . . it's been imposed by the culture. All those rules about who you can love and who you can't love and how. Since I was a little girl, I've been violently opposed to rules. Why should I deprive myself of my adventure, which is my life, of going through something for the first time because perhaps I am not 20 anymore? Why should I defer to society in that way?" With older ladies like her, we're happy to be younger men.*

**T**hinking to impress some friends at a dinner party, I took a bottle of fairly expensive champagne. Unfortunately, they were not impressed when I opened it and it gushed forth onto their new carpeting. I thought only cheap champagnes did that. What's the scoop?—R. P., Phoenix, Arizona.

*The force of the gush has nothing to do with the quality of the champagne. Either it was warm or you shook it up on the way to the party. You should have allowed it to sit in a bucket of ice water for 30 to 45 minutes before opening. A gusher of champagne is great fun for the movies but a disaster at home. If you suspect an eruption, wrap the bottle in a towel before opening.*

**I**'m 20 years old and love my husband very much, but I can't seem to get any kind of sexual satisfaction. I've never had an orgasm. Instead, I put on a good act in bed while we're making love, and my husband thinks I'm satisfied. I feel like I'm missing out on something in life. Having never masturbated, I'm not even sure what I'm miss-

ing. A couple of friends who are bisexual have often invited me over to get better acquainted. I don't want to seem overeager, but they are women and they know what women need for sexual satisfaction. I've mentioned the invitations to my husband, and he thinks it's a great idea. It would fulfill his fantasies of being in bed with two women. I kind of like the idea, but not with my friends. Should I find some other women on my own? Or, if that fails, should I go out with other men? Does this situation justify an extramarital affair?—Mrs. T. R., Madison, Wisconsin.

*Faking orgasm is a felony offense that carries with it its own punishment: You get the sex you deserve. We don't think it's a good idea to experiment with bisexuality or to have affairs with other men simply because you've been unable to get sexual satisfaction from your husband. Why do you think a bisexual friend would help? You are a woman, and you haven't figured out what is sexually satisfying for yourself. Strangers probably won't do any better. Why don't you try to get to know your own body better before letting others attempt to do so, especially since you are uncomfortable with the idea of being in bed with your friends? You might pick up a copy of "Homosexuality in Perspective," by Masters and Johnson. They found that when women make love to women, they are gentler, take more time and generally devote themselves to the other person's pleasure. None of those tactics are beyond the grasp of heterosexuals. Do some homework and compare notes with your husband. When you've gotten your act together—then you can think about taking it on the road.*

**B**ecause the air around here is often laden with dirt from the nearby steel mills, I have to be extra-careful in cleaning my records. Despite my care and frequent changes of styluses, I still find deterioration is pretty rapid. Is there anything else I can do?—B. P., Harvey, Illinois.

*You're doing two of the three things you should do to prolong record life where the needle meets the disc. The third, stylus cleaning, is just as important. In fact, we suspect you can save on stylus expense by better maintenance. One small bit of dirt dragged around a record by the stylus can distort and widen the grooves beyond the point of easy listening. There are several commercial kits available that will do the cleaning job. Basically, they contain a brush with closely spaced fine hairs and a solution to dissolve the dirt and wash it away. Use it often. Do not try to substitute tap water if either that solution or your record-cleaning solution should run out. Tap water usually contains minerals*

*that translate into boulders once the water evaporates. At the very least, use distilled water for that purpose.*

**A**las. I have apparently acquired a case of herpes virus. Does that mean the end of my sex life? How do I go about telling someone that I have this dreaded social disease?—C. E., San Francisco, California.

*We have heard of a lot of ways. One guy in Colorado wanted to manufacture battle ribbons for singles to wear. The color code would impart information such as "I do not have herpes," or "It's been two years since my last recurrence." The folks who publish "The Helper," a herpes newsletter, have more sensible advice. They found certain guidelines that seemed to ease the anxiety of telling prospective bed partners. Choosing the right time and place are high on the list. Don't try to bring up the topic at a crowded party, while having dinner for the first time at his or her parents' house or after having made love for the 16th time. Don't assume that your partner knows all about herpes, and don't try to disguise the topic in half-truths or complex medical vocabulary. Do stress that herpes is preventable, if precautions are taken. Attitude makes a big difference. Don't describe it as a nightmare or a terrible thing. "The Helper" stresses this point: "Never use the word incurable when explaining herpes to another person. Not only does this word have unfortunate connotations and imagery attached to it but it is descriptively inaccurate. Herpes is very curable—as a matter of fact, your body cures you again and again, each time a recurrence goes away. Unfortunately, the virus has the ability to hide out and escape the otherwise lethal effect of your immune system, and, therefore, the potential for recurrences exists. A better way to describe what is going on might be to refer to herpes as an intermittent, self-limiting condition that comes and goes more or less on its own, isn't particularly dangerous and can be dealt with by the body, unassisted by drugs of any sort. Sounds better—and it's more accurate." For more facts, contact HELP/ASHA, 260 Sheridan Avenue, Palo Alto, California 94306. For six dollars, you can order a set of the 1979 newsletters.*

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





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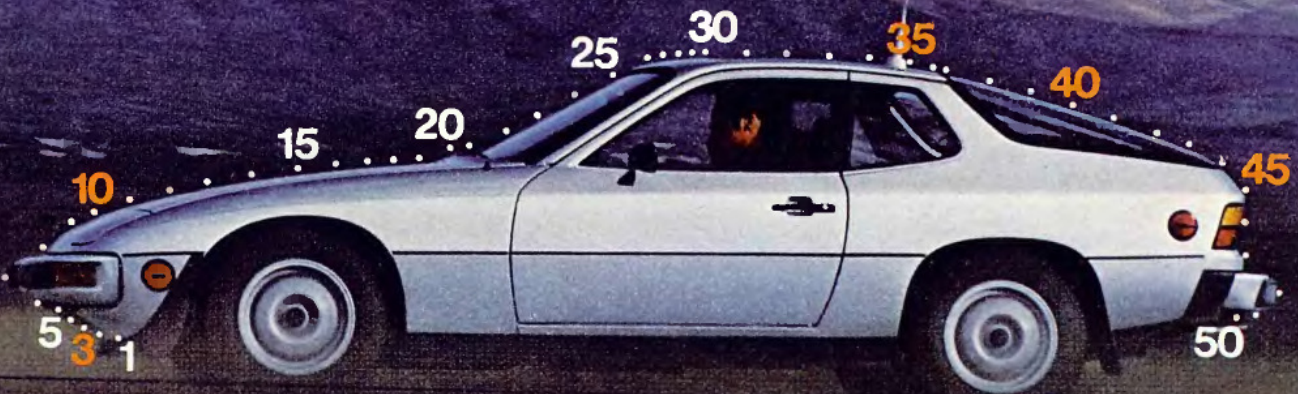
For the name of a formal wear specialist near you who features After Six, write 22nd & Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103. For color swatches to help coordinate your wedding, specify colors desired and send 25¢ for each. Include 50¢ more for the informative guide, "For the Marrying Kind."

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Air resists the movement of a vehicle passing through it. Resistance increases with the square of the vehicle's speed: twice the speed produces 4 times the resistance. The engine power required to overcome this drag increases with the cube of the vehicle's speed: twice the speed requires 8 times higher power. Thus, even a small reduction in drag can result in a large increase in fuel economy. Dr. Ferdinand Porsche was among the first to reduce drag through body design. The Porsche 924 benefits from 70 years of Porsche aerodynamic development. Its drag coefficient is a low 0.36. And it requires only 15 hp to cruise at 55 mph.



Air does not impact uniformly on a moving vehicle. In fact, air-flow creates zones of high and low pressure on a vehicle's surface. The 924 is designed to take advantage of this phenomenon. (See diagram below and corresponding numbers on car above.)

For example, the air that passes beneath a moving vehicle tends to collect, compress, and build a cushion between the vehicle and the ground, contributing to lift.

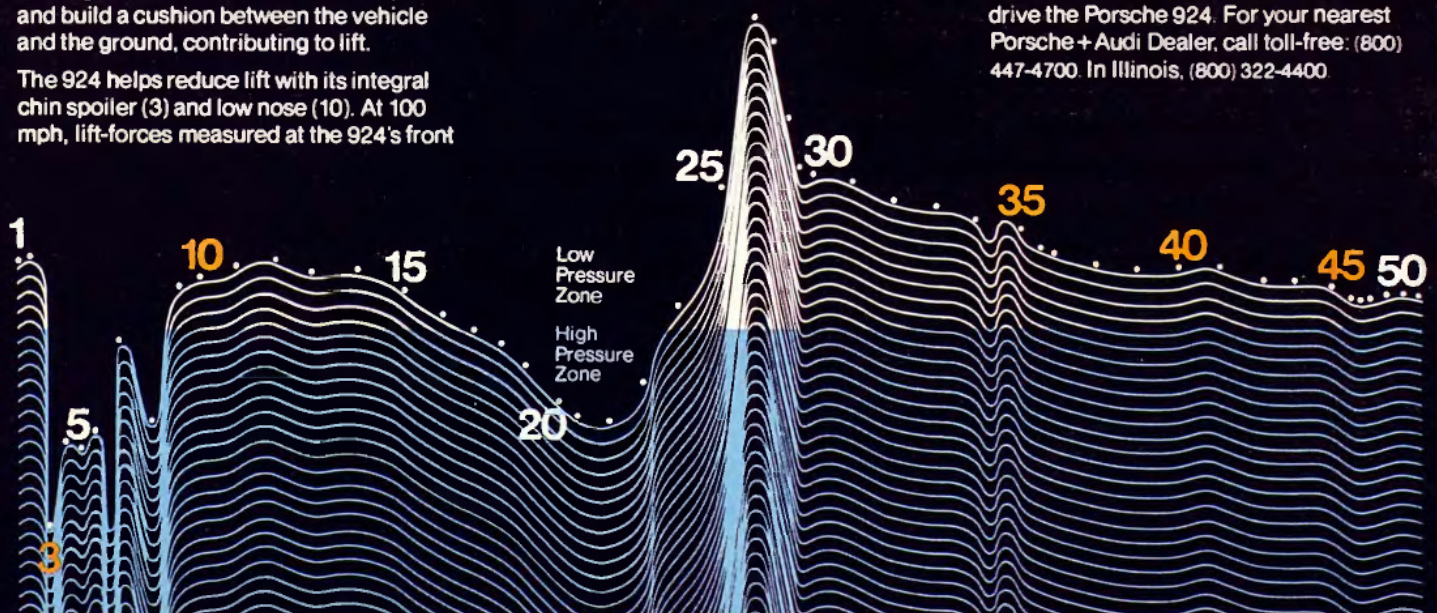
The 924 helps reduce lift with its integral chin spoiler (3) and low nose (10). At 100 mph, lift-forces measured at the 924's front

and rear wheels are only 46 and 105 lbs., respectively.

Crosswinds can affect a vehicle's directional control at high speeds. Reaction to crosswinds is determined largely by the relative location of the vehicle's center of aerodynamic pressure to its center of gravity.

The elevated rear deck (35-45) places the 924's center of aerodynamic pressure slightly behind its center of gravity. Thus, sidewinds tend to bring the 924's nose into the wind, in a self-correcting motion.

Many of the 924's aerodynamic features are apparent in its clean styling. But their true merit shows best in actual driving. Test drive the Porsche 924. For your nearest Porsche + Audi Dealer, call toll-free: (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, (800) 322-4400





# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers*

## VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Let us now lay to rest the myth so widely promulgated by the so-called Right-to-Lifers that abortion was legalized in 1973 at the whim of some godless Supreme Court Justices, contrary to the moral beliefs of most Americans. At last the issue has been put to a vote. In Toledo, a proposed anti-abortion ordinance was placed on the June primary election ballot and defeated by an impressive two-to-one margin, 40,000 to 20,000. This in spite of a powerful advertising campaign by abortion opponents who even succeeded in disguising the proposal as a "Maternal Health Ordinance." The ordinance did not even prohibit abortions but proposed such bureaucratic obstacles as a waiting period, notification of spouse, the showing of pictures of dead fetuses to the woman and various administrative procedures.

We can only hope that this demonstration of voter approval of legal abortion and of free choice reassures public officeholders that the flood of anti-abortion mail they continuously receive is the work of an inspired fanatical minority and does not represent the feelings of the general public.

Jayne Adkins  
Cleveland, Ohio

## PRIVATE PARTS

According to the June *Forum Newsfront*, the Arizona Supreme Court "ruled that female breasts do not constitute 'private parts' under state law."

If a female's breasts are *not* her private parts, then they must be her public parts. Since the court has taken this stand, I must assume that it is now legal in Arizona to walk around in public bare-breasted. I must also assume that the court has now made it legal for men (or women, for that matter) to fondle any woman's breasts, anywhere, any time, at any age.

My opinion is that the judges who made this ruling ought to have their private parts kicked in public.

Linda Maxwell  
Mountlake Terrace, Washington

## COITUS INTERRUPTUS

My main hobby is amateur radio and the club I belong to annually sponsors a marathon field day and DX contest. DX is radio talk for long distance, and the idea is to have a big camp-out, with everybody working day and night to see

how many other hams they can contact using portable equipment, emergency power sources and jury-rigged antennas. The ostensible purpose is to encourage ham operators to maintain good emergency-communications capabilities; but the real fun is simply the big social get-together with lots of beer and good bullshit.

So, anyway, I talked my girlfriend into joining me for a weekend of this activity and when I could see that she was getting bored out of her mind, I closed down about two A.M. and we

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*"My girlfriend, normally uninhibited, wasn't nearly so amused. . . ."*

---

retired to our camper for some private social activity. Screwing, I think it's generally called.

Apparently, we were too obvious, because all the other hamsters who were still up, talking and partying, took it upon themselves to start calling me in Morse code, hammering out my call letters on their car horns. Once I noticed all the honking and recognized my call, my dick began to wilt. It's very hard to laugh and screw at the same time, especially when you're onstage. I tried



to be a good sport. I took a six-foot section of aluminum tubing (part of my antenna equipment), attached my white boxer shorts to the end of it and began waving it out the back of the van as a signal of surrender. That stopped the honking but not the laughter.

My girlfriend, normally uninhibited, wasn't nearly so amused and now refuses to fuck except in her own apartment with the door locked.

(Name and address withheld by request)

*There needs to be a Morse code Q signal for "This station is temporarily closed for servicing."*

## LEGAL POINT

How clever of the Wisconsin homosexual to avoid the legal hassles of same-sex marriage and inheritance by adopting his lover as his son (*Forum Newsfront*, June). My first thought was, Is nothing sacred? Then another thought came to me: Isn't there a law against incest?

Don Merritt  
Jensen Beach, Florida

## SHORT CHANGE

Poor Susan B. Anthony! Her debut on the new, economy-size silver dollar has somewhat tarnished her otherwise sterling reputation. Why should she be the only one to suffer? Since all our currency is fast becoming funny money, thanks to inflation and Arab slavery, I hereby suggest the minting of:

The Richard Nixon wooden nickel.  
The Jimmy Carter one thin dime.  
The Gloria Steinem gold piece.  
The Bunky Hunt 25-cent silver dollar.  
The G. Gordon Liddy .38-caliber slug.  
Terry Green  
Chicago, Illinois

## POPULAR PORN

The idea that pornography leads to sex crime has been contradicted by many respected studies in this country and in Europe, and considerable evidence suggests that the availability of pornography may actually reduce some kinds of sex offenses, particularly those against children. Pornographic violence may or may not be found so harmless; research on that is only now beginning. But no one should confuse pornography with violence just because the depicted violence happens to involve nudity or sexual acts.

Regrettably, some militant feminists are doing just that, and a few are going

so far as to brand virtually all sexually explicit material obscene and socially harmful. This not only invites the return of antisexual puritanism but jeopardizes the substantial progress that the women have made toward achieving equal social and legal rights.

Feminists who advocate the suppression of pornography—in a word, censorship—are allying themselves with their own worst enemies: those who oppose the Equal Rights Amendment; those who find all sexual materials offensive; those who would outlaw abortions, ban sex education from schools, restrict the availability of contraceptives and, in general, restore the climate of oppression that began to lift in this country only in the past decade.

Of course, PLAYBOY itself is sexually oriented. But the sexual images it presents are positive, and to the extent that its graphics stimulate erotic feelings, they are healthy heterosexual feelings with no implications of aggressiveness or hostility. This kind of erotica is the strongest antidote to the perversion and brutality that I and most other specialists in the field of mental health believe spring not from sexual openness but from sexual repression.

(Name withheld by request)  
Baltimore, Maryland

#### PIRACY AND PORN

The FBI's recent crackdown on videotape piracy has led agents to overextend themselves in a related but extremely sensitive area: pornographic video. Acting at the request of the beleaguered videotape industry, which loses millions of dollars each year to video pirates, the overzealous investigators are confiscating X-rated materials from retailers as well, and therein lies the problem. U. S. courts have yet to clearly define what may or may not be considered video porn and to set limits on its manufacture and sale.

Video retailers find themselves caught in a double bind. They want video pirates stopped but are uneasy at the prospect of FBI interference in the lucrative X-rated video industry. They reason, sensibly, that X-rated video tapes, legally manufactured and sold to adults for private viewing, are none of the FBI's business. It's hard to tell the bureau that.

(Name withheld by request)  
Los Angeles, California

#### MILLER REMEMBERED

Henry Miller, the celebrated author of *Tropic of Cancer*, died in June at the age of 88, leaving a body of work that still has the power to be controversial. *Tropic* was first published in France in 1935; it was Miller's fifth book. He described its writing as "an act of desperation. I had little hope of ever seeing it published." Banned in all English-speaking countries, it had to wait nearly 30

# FORUM NEWSFRONT

*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

#### OUT OF THE CLEAR BLUE

SYDNEY—Australian authorities had to check out the rulebook when an inmate released on a one-day pass met the deadline for returning by parachuting into the yard of the prison farm—with his girlfriend. The officials finally



decided he had done the right thing. "It was an unusual way to return to prison but quite within regulations," said a corrective-services spokesman. As for the girlfriend, that was not only correct but required. She was his sponsor for the day's leave and was therefore required to return to the prison with him.

#### REQUEST DENIED

BONN—Prison officials in West Germany reluctantly turned down a request from an unmarried prisoner to be granted "an escorted leave to a brothel." A special legal board expressed "deep human understanding" of the inmate's problem but denied the request on the grounds that any escorting officers "would have to supervise to the fullest degree any sexual activity" and, since the prisoner would be handcuffed, might be "called on to render assistance." The board further noted that "the inmate's long continence would probably reduce the whole procedure to a few seconds."

#### SEX LAWS VOIDED

PHILADELPHIA—The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has declared the state's voluntary deviate-sexual-intercourse law unconstitutional because it discriminates against single people. The case

involved the arrest of two women dancers accused of performing unnatural sex acts with patrons at a downtown Pittsburgh theater. The court held that the 1972 statute denied equal rights by exempting married couples.

In New York, the state's court of appeals struck down a law that prohibited topless entertainment in bars licensed by the State Liquor Authority. The court said, "The state's power to control and regulate the sale of alcoholic beverages is designed to protect the public from abuses related to alcohol consumption," and added: "On the record before us, there is nothing which would rationally support a conclusion that in this state it is dangerous to mix alcohol and topless dancing."

#### CRIMINAL CONVERSATION

BALTIMORE—Maryland's "criminal conversation" law, which allowed husbands to collect damages from wives' lovers, has been declared unconstitutional by the state's highest court. A five-judge panel of the Maryland Court of Appeals called the law a "vestige of the past" and said it violated the state's Equal Rights Amendment, though a 1976 ruling held that the law also could be used by women. In its decision, the court noted that the law often was employed merely to obtain higher divorce settlements and that it was "notorious for affording a fertile field for blackmail and extortion because it involves an accusation of sexual misbehavior."

#### WAR ON DRUGS

HEIDELBERG, WEST GERMANY—The U. S. Army and West German police arrested 8875 American soldiers on drug charges in 1979, according to an Army spokesman. The arrests netted 1395 pounds of marijuana and hashish and 165 pounds of heroin, with an estimated street value of \$67,000,000. Most of the drugs were confiscated from Turkish and other dealers of Middle Eastern origin who were caught in "sting" operations, officials said, and most of the arrested GIs were pot and hash smokers who had bought the drugs for their own use.

#### POWER TO PEEK

OTTAWA—The Canadian government is seeking authority for its customs agents and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police to open first-class mail suspected of containing drugs. Under present law, such mail cannot be

opened without permission of the recipient and can only be returned to the sender if the addressee refuses permission. Canada's solicitor general said that the mail-inspection bill would probably go before parliament this year as part of an effort to combat the smuggling of cocaine and heroin.

#### PUPPY LOVE

DANBURY, CONNECTICUT—The owners of a dog named Tony were ordered to pay for a canine abortion after their pet was found to have impregnated Frosty, a dog belonging to a neighbor. A small-claims court decided Tony either seduced or raped Frosty and ordered the operation, which costs \$116. Tony's owners complained that "there was absolutely no biological proof of responsibility here. . . . And don't we have rights as grandparents?"

In Ohio, however, a similar paternity suit was dismissed after a small-claims court decided that the owner of a pedigree German shepherd did not provide enough proof that the father of his dog's 16 puppies was a next-door mutt named Max. The judge noted that he had no reports of Max's "having a reputation for loose behavior."

#### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

LONDON—A British socialite who wasn't sure which boyfriend fathered her baby invited six men to the christening and named the infant after all of them. According to a genealogist who attended the baptism, the woman is the daughter of a British peer, in her



20s, attractive and "wayward." The six men were described as young, eligible bachelors, each of whom agreed to become a godfather of the child. The genealogist did not identify the people involved and said he was reporting the event to show how social standards are changing.

#### GAYS IN THE MILITARY

MILWAUKEE—The Army may not discharge a soldier solely because he or she is homosexual, a U. S. district court has ruled. Present regulations permit the discharge of military personnel who exhibit "homosexual tendencies, desire or interest," and the Federal judge declared that that violates the First, Fifth and Ninth amendments to the Constitution. The issue arose in the case of a woman Army Reserve sergeant who allegedly admitted her homosexuality to fellow reservists, in an interview with a reporter for a military newspaper and during a class she taught for drill sergeants when the topic of prejudice was discussed. The court ordered her reinstated.

Elsewhere:

- At Long Beach, California, 16 of the 61 women sailors aboard the U.S.S. Norton Sound missile ship are reportedly undergoing psychological examinations as part of a homosexuality investigation.

- In San Francisco, the American Civil Liberties Union has brought a \$20,000 damage suit against the Army for revoking the security clearance of a 41-year-old homosexual civilian employed by a private firm working on military contracts. The civil rights complaint alleges that the "revocation was based solely on plaintiff's admission that he had engaged in homosexual relations, which bears no relationship to plaintiff's continued fitness to possess [top secret] access."

- A 29-year-old Australian tourist has been admitted to the U.S. on "immigration parole" after admitting to Customs agents in Hawaii that he was a homosexual. The agents questioned him because he was wearing a gold earring and was carrying a business card from a gay disco in Melbourne.

#### PILL FOUND SAFE

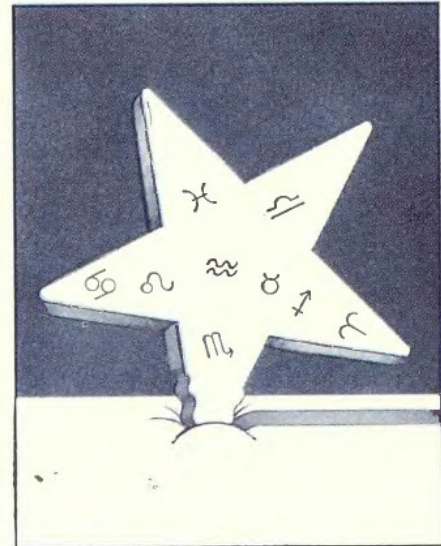
SAN FRANCISCO—A decade-long study of 16,000 California women has found no link between the pill and heart disease, contradicting earlier research. The study found that the pill may cause some increase in blood clotting and some slight elevation in blood pressure, but both were described as minimal.

#### INSULT TO INJURY

LOS ANGELES—A 40-year-old woman truck driver, raped and beaten by three men when her rig broke down on a lonely road, has filed a \$5,000,000 suit against her employer for firing her "for her own good." The suit charges discrimination, because male employees who were victims of other crimes kept their jobs, while she was made to resign.

#### OBJECTION

FORT LAUDERDALE—In a rape-and-robbery case, a Florida circuit judge rejected a defense based on astrology and asked prosecutors to investigate whether or not the defendant's attorney was trying to "make a circus" of the judicial system. The lawyer claimed that the position of the stars at the time of his client's birth caused him to walk into a home 23 years later, knife a man, rape a woman and leave wearing a brassiere on his head. Asserting that the world



had recently entered an "age of Aquarius," the lawyer had asked the judge to "follow the flow into the brotherhood of man" in considering the evidence, which was to include several popular songs, some Spider-Man and Marvel comic books, an apple, poker chips and two Shakespearean plays. The songs included "The Secret Life of Plants" and "When You Wish upon a Star."

#### ANOTHER FIRST

SACRAMENTO—The 33-year-old Californian who made medical history in 1977 by receiving the first testicle transplant has done it again by becoming the father of a baby boy. The man was born without testicles but received one donated by his twin brother in an operation performed three years ago in St. Louis.

#### STATUTORY RAPE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U. S. Supreme Court has agreed to decide whether or not statutory-rape laws illegally discriminate against males. The law to be examined is a California statute, which makes it a crime for men or boys to have sex with consenting females under 18 but does not penalize the girls. The California Supreme Court upheld the law, deciding that its intent, preventing teenage pregnancies, is a legitimate state interest.

years for publication in the U. S. However, the book was well known (and widely read) during the period of its banishment.

Charles Rembar, Miller's attorney during the storm over *Tropic*, noted a kind of hypocrisy in the attitude of

people enthusiastic about the book: Many wanted to read it (indeed, it was prized contraband), but few wanted it published. This sort of double standard was evident as well in the controversy surrounding D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover*; men felt the book

was all right for them to read but not their wives and daughters.

The eroticism that suffuses *Tropic of Cancer* is mild compared with the outright pornographic literature widely available today. However, Miller and his fellow authors Lawrence and James Joyce declared themselves "against pornography and for obscenity," believing the latter to be a part of real life they wanted to explore with honesty.

Censorship today is a much more complex and confusing issue. Many feel that First Amendment guarantees are being invoked in favor of pornographers whose aim is far from anything resembling artistic expression. People fear that unrestricted pornography, in the form of films, sex clubs, etc., will be shoved down their throats and that their children will suffer from exposure to this pornographic milieu. Books, on the other hand, demand a certain responsibility: One must first be able to read and understand what is written. More important, reading is a private act that involves little or no infringement on the rights of others.

If we are to have freedom of expression, we must take care not to restrict that freedom too much; but the only truly successful key to equitable restraint is self-discipline. When self-discipline fails, the state is certain to step in—and that is when freedom really ends.

Ted Gilley

Evanston, Illinois

*Censorship guarantees bad pornography, because talented writers and film makers are the ones most intimidated by the threat of criminal prosecution. Had he published "Tropic" in this country first, Miller would have gone straight to the slammer.*

#### RENDER UNTO CAESAR

My atheistic soul is incensed. Enormous unrighteous anger. What is all this hypocrisy we're supposed to swallow about separation of church and state? Here in the state of Arkansas, we have blue laws that prohibit the sale of certain items on our consecrated first day of the week, and those laws are actually enforced. Some poor soul in Heber Springs is about to be made a near felon for selling a pair of socks on Sunday! Is that because Christ wore only sandals?

And it's not only blue laws that infuriate me. I'm entirely sick and tired of this all-pervasive Christian influence in my civil law. These laws cover everything from the proper way to have sex to the type of beverage I can purchase on the sacred day, and everywhere I turn they're trying to cram that psychotic dribble they call prayer down my throat at public functions and in public institutions. I am not of their persuasion

## THE LAWS AGAINST LOVE

How many people think the police should regulate an adult's private sex life? Let's see some hands.

That figures. In the first place, it's none of the state's business what a person does in the privacy of his or her own bedroom with a consenting wife, husband, girlfriend or boyfriend. In the second place, cops have better things with which to occupy their time. Not that cops even want the job of policing private morals, but many states and municipalities stick them with it by way of criminal laws—irregularly and selectively enforced, to be sure—that describe common sexual behavior in the chilly language of legislative chambers and marbled courtrooms: fornication, adultery, cohabitation, deviate carnal knowledge, sodomy, *per os* or *per anum*, open and notorious, lewd and lascivious.

And so we applaud the uncommonly good sense of a New York appeals court that heard righteous arguments defending just such a sex conviction and said, in so many words, *Hey, wait a minute*.

The case involved a man arrested and convicted of engaging in homosexual relations in the privacy of his home. "Deviate intercourse," the state called this crime, which it went on to define as "sexual conduct between persons not married to each other, consisting of contact between the penis and the anus, the mouth and the penis or the mouth and the vulva." The prosecutor insisted that the statute was a valid exercise of police power and the conviction proper, since the state has an interest in preserving the institution of marriage and protecting the principles of family life. The defendant, represented by a civil-rights group supported by the Playboy Foundation, argued otherwise: that such a law violates a citizen's right of privacy and, by discriminating between married and unmarried citizens, denies them equal protection under the law.

Conceding the fact that the state does have the right to regulate private behavior that is recognizably harmful, the New York court went on to ask:

"What then is the state interest in regulating private, consensual sexual behavior between adults and, in particular, between homosexuals and unmarried heterosexuals?" It answered that question as follows:

"If the interest of the state is the general promotion of morality, we are then required to accept on faith the state's moral judgment. Equally important in the community of man would seem to be some degree of toleration of ideas and moral choices with which one disagrees. The state may have a paternalistic interest in protecting an individual from self-inflicted harm or self-degrading experiences. This again presupposes the validity of the state's judgment, and outright proscription of certain activity can easily become discriminatory governmental tyranny. . . ."

The court went on to say, "There are those who urge that homosexual conduct should be proscribed because even when conducted in private by consenting adults, it is destructive of traditional principles of family and marriage. However, there is no empirical evidence to support that view. In an era of ever-expanding sexual freedom and rising divorce rates, there has been no indication that heterosexual marriage as an institution is generally less attractive. Divorced parties continue to remarry other partners. Further, there is no indication that the state of remaining unmarried has undermined the heterosexual family. Indeed, one legitimate form of being unmarried, religious celibacy, certainly not a concept of recent origin, has not made the heterosexual family less stable."

In concluding its own argument, the court quoted from an article by David A. J. Richards in the *Fordham Law Review*: "'In general, there is surely no constitutional or moral duty to marry or, more generally, to procreate; such an idea violates everything that the constitutional right to privacy was designed to protect; namely, autonomy in deciding where and how to love.'"

Well said.

—WILLIAM J. HELMER



# Leroux & Brew.

Smooth and easy partners. Leroux Peppermint Schnapps and crisp chilled beer. The glow of the schnapps chased by the icy cold of the brew is smooth all the way, uniquely delicious. Discover the drink that's sweeping the country. And always ask for Leroux (rhymes with brew). Its great natural taste always comes through.

Once you've tasted Leroux, no other shot will do.

**Leroux  
International  
Liqueurs**



and I tire of being legally and socially coerced into subscribing to a creed that they flagrantly violate themselves. According to their Founder, they are not supposed to be "of this world." If so, why are they so persistently meddling with it?

What I have to suggest is not only the separation of church and state but the complete divorce of God and country. I feel politely persecuted by my own Government, which is supposedly a secular institution. There are insane references to a mythical deity on all my coins and currency, and it's difficult to find a politician who makes a distinction between "Him" and my nation. They speak of the two as if they were some sort of sacred dyad, insinuating that splitting the duet would be subversively unpatriotic. I'm sick of it. My country exists. God does not, and I'm tired of being required to ingest an unpalatable blend of the two. Besides, even if there is a God lurking out there somewhere, I would speculate, from recent world events, that His name is Allah.

(Name withheld by request)  
Little Rock, Arkansas

#### QUAINT CUSTOM

I was delighted by Val Christmann's "mini-essay" on the efforts of some backwoods school district in Michigan to ban J. D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye* from a high school English class (*The Playboy Forum*, May). He decided this should be viewed not as a threat to academic freedom or to personal liberty but as a quaint American folk custom to be preserved and celebrated with an annual local festival. That's a fine idea, and the same kind of wingding can now be held in Continental, Ohio. I just read that school authorities have decided John Steinbeck's famous 1937 novel *Of Mice and Men* is too racy for library shelves and have banished it to the reserve section. Is this one for Ripley or for the *Guinness Book of World Records*?

Nancy Miller  
New York, New York

*Ah, you New Yorkers are so jaded and depraved you probably don't even care that Steinbeck used swear words and wrote about drinking and prostitution.*

#### NO JOKING MATTER

Our brave fighting men in West Germany have been laughing up their well-pressed sleeves lately over the plight of the enlisted woman. Reports of sexual harassment, both physical and verbal, have prompted at least one top-ranking Army officer to make a public statement so rapid and lacking in any sort of understanding that it need only speak for itself. Commenting on recent statistics concerning an explosion of sexual

harassment in the European Army establishment, General John Vessey quipped, "What we really need is unisex harassment. The harassment should be uniform, without regard to sex, creed, color or whatever."

What that bilious bozo really means is that he couldn't care less; as usual, the sarcasm is a shield behind which lies a shallow, miserly intellect.

(Name withheld by request)  
West Berlin, West Germany

*OK, what lies behind the shield of righteous indignation?*

#### BAD MOVE

During this past summer, the debate on upgrading the Selective Service System led to reimposing draft registration on America's young adults. Registration is clearly the first step toward abandon-

ing the whole idea of voluntary military service. It has already begun to deeply divide our country once again with intergenerational conflict. Thousands of young people will be facing up to five years in a Federal penitentiary for failing to register.

Collecting millions of names of potential draftees is of no real military significance and will do absolutely nothing to help resolve current international crises. All it does is feed the war hysteria that is already gripping the United States. Both Carter and the Congress should scrap registration.

Barry W. Lynn  
Committee Against Registration and the Draft  
245 Second Street, N.E.  
Washington, D.C. 20002

#### REVIVING THE DRAFT

I have read several letters in *The Playboy Forum* on reviving the draft. It is my opinion the draft should not be re-established on the basis it was in the past but should be a mandatory two-year tour of duty in the Armed Forces of the United States for both men and women upon completion of high school or immediately upon dropping out of school. The only exceptions would be for those persons too handicapped, mentally or physically, to serve.

Women and some handicapped persons could serve in noncombat positions, freeing the men now used in those jobs for the combat units. I know feminists are going to scream, but women have no place in combat. I served 14 months in Vietnam and saw action enough to convince me of this.

The mandatory tour would accomplish many purposes. There would be an upgrading in the educational level of the Services; no need for a draft; no inequality in selection of draftees; an increased spirit of patriotism; time for teenagers to mature and decide what they want to do, assume responsibility, learn to lead; and it would give us a very strong standing Army and an equally strong reserve pool.

One reader wrote that if the country were threatened by actual invasion, there would not be any need for a draft. He is right. It would be too late to do anything. Armies are not raised, equipped and trained overnight.

G. Allen Stevens, D.C.  
Houston, Texas

#### HOGGING THE POT

I don't care one way or the other about drafting women, but if the Equal Rights Amendment means unisex rest rooms, I say piss on it. The enlightened company I work for already has a gender-free crapper and in opening it to the so-called fair sex, the management

#### HELP FOR VETS

Some 3,000,000 vets since 1940 have received "bad paper" and there is something that can be done about it. Congress recently passed a law that permits all vets with undesirable discharges to apply to the Discharge Review Boards for a review of their cases under new standards. And all veterans with general and undesirable or bad-conduct discharges from special courts-martial who have already applied can apply again. If a vet was discharged more than 15 years ago, he or she must apply to a review board before April 1, 1981. (The A.C.L.U. was able to persuade the Pentagon to extend the time period from January 1, 1980, because of the high upgrade rate and because relatively few veterans were aware of this program.) If a vet does not fit into one of these categories, he or she can apply to the Board for Correction of Military Records.

Don't be afraid to apply. The hearings are private; the review boards even travel around the country. Lawyers familiar with the process estimate that 50 percent of the eligible veterans could get relief.

If you want a referral to someone who can help you, or want more details, contact a foundation-supported, non-Governmental group: Veterans Education Project, Room 904, 1346 Connecticut Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Telephone: 202-466-2244. It also has available the *Veteran's Self-Help Guide to Discharge Upgrading* for \$2.50, prepaid, and the monthly *Discharge Upgrading Newsletter* for \$10 to veterans.

David F. Addlestone  
National Military Discharge Review  
Project of the American Civil  
Liberties Union Foundation  
Washington, D.C.

went and put a lock on the damn door. The trouble is, it's a two-holer. Meaning that when a guy uses it, a second male can still get to either the commode or the urinal to take a leak; but the ladies lock everyone out and then take 20 minutes. I say that truly liberated women should not lock the door unless they are using the urinal.

"Pissed Off"

Chicago, Illinois

*As if there weren't enough grief in the world.*

#### MISINFORMATION

The letter in your April issue concerning measures that Planned Parenthood allegedly advocates "to reduce fertility in the United States" is yet another example of how certain groups in this country persist in circulating misstatements of fact in an effort to discredit the work of our organization. Your reply is perfect and to the point, but we would like to clear the record lest anyone continue to have mistaken ideas about our organization.

As the nation's oldest and largest provider of family-planning services, we provide more than 1,300,000 people each year with a wide range of reproductive-health-care services, including contraception, abortion, sterilization, infertility testing, various gynecological tests and associated education and counseling. Planned Parenthood is proud of its record as the leader in speaking out for

the right of each individual to plan whether or when to become a parent. Because we believe that this right to free choice is an inalienable one, we would never advocate any of the measures attributed to us in the scurrilous literature that is being circulated by groups who misleadingly call themselves "pro-life."

We trust that the readers of PLAYBOY share our concern that a very vocal and aggressive minority within our country is bent on denying all of us our human rights. Their attacks against Planned Parenthood should be viewed as attacks against us all.

Don Bates

Planned Parenthood—

World Population

New York, New York

*In the April issue, a reader supplied us with literature from Utah's Pro-Family Coalition alleging that Planned Parenthood's program includes encouraging homosexuality, slipping "fertility-control agents" into public water supplies and advocating compulsory abortion and sterilization. Our reply was, "Bullshit."*

#### CHILDREN'S RIGHTS

Being an advocate of children's rights, including their right to freedom from physical and emotional abuse, I was extremely pleased to see the letter from Irwin A. Hyman, director of the National Center for the Study of Corporal Punishment in the April *Playboy Forum*.

I was already aware of your support of women's rights but did not know such efforts were also directed toward children. Perhaps I have missed previous letters on the subject.

I have a 12-year-old son who has had the good fortune to "read" every issue from March 1968 to the present and he has developed into a person quite comfortable about sex. Not that PLAYBOY has been the sole reason, but your pictures and articles have been good teaching aids.

In closing, let me express my gratitude and appreciation for what you have done and are doing toward the achievement of human rights.

Gary A. Jones

Baywood Park, California

*The subject comes up in the "Forum" only occasionally, but the Playboy Foundation has supported a number of projects and organizations for the benefit of children, from abused children to teenage runaways.*

#### MASS-MURDER TRIAL

We are currently preparing for the largest mass death-penalty trial in this century. The trial will take place here in Chicago before jurors who are "death qualified"—selected on their willingness to impose the death sentence. And despite the large black and *latino* populations of Cook County, the prosecution's efforts will probably result in a jury that is virtually all white.

On trial for their lives are 17 black men charged with the murders of three white guards during the Pontiac prison rebellion of 1978. Each is charged with killing each of the guards five different ways, and a conviction on any count means death in the electric chair.

Our organization has been trying to reach potential jurors and the general public through leaflets, publicity and newspaper advertising to educate people about the causes of prison uprisings, about the racism inherent in a death penalty that is imposed on minorities far out of proportion to their numbers and about the injustice facing the Pontiac defendants.

We thank the Playboy Foundation for its support and hope that your readers will join us in this worthwhile project.

David Saxner

Pontiac Prisoners Support Coalition

407 South Dearborn, Room 1000

Chicago, Illinois 60605

Phone: 312-427-4064

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

## Forum Library

**PRISONER'S YELLOW PAGES:** Now available in a 1980 edition, the *P.Y.P.* lists state, national and foreign agencies and organizations serving the needs of convicts and ex-cons, plus a directory of law libraries. Free to prisoners, courtesy of the Playboy Foundation, \$3.95 to others; from Universal Press, 5300 Santa Monica Boulevard, Suite 304, Los Angeles, California 90029.

**NATIONAL DIRECTORY OF WOMEN'S EMPLOYMENT PROGRAMS:** Lists women's employment organizations and describes their history, objectives, programs and services throughout the country. Available for \$8, postpaid, from Wider Opportunities for Women, Inc., 1511 K Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

**THE FEMALE FIX:** Houghton Mifflin publishes this excellent hardcover book by Muriel Nellis, who provides the first thorough examination of drug abuse—including diet pills, tranquilizers, painkillers and alcohol—as a women's health problem. Includes a directory of over 800 agencies and

organizations offering medical help and other services.



**RESOURCE GUIDES:** The National Women's Health Network has completed nine resource guides on selected women's health issues: Abortion, Breast Cancer,

Birth Control, DES, Hysterectomy, Maternal Health and Childbirth, Menopause, Self-Help and Sterilization. Besides discussing each subject, the guides, printed by the Playboy Foundation, provide directories of local women's health centers, libraries and organizations. Copies cost \$4 each for N.W.H.N. members, \$5 for non-members, or \$30 and \$36 for complete sets, from the National Women's Health Network, 224 Seventh Street S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.



# WOMEN AGAINST SEX

*after an encounter with the lock-step thinking of feminist vigilantes, an observer responds with a few penetrating thoughts about sex and desire*

By JOHN GORDON

*For the past two years, PLAYBOY has observed and reported on the antics of a splinter group of the feminist movement called Women Against Pornography. The faction has staged highly visible demonstrations in major cities, including widely publicized "Take Back the Night" commando raids on sex stores. Its tactics vary, ranging from boycotts of magazines containing "sexist" images—Vogue is a frequent target—to the trashing of bookstores that sell PLAYBOY and Oui. (The movement's apotheosis to date came when one of its leaders, Marcia Womongold, fired a rifle through the window of a Boston periodical store.)*

*These women believe that all erotic images are propaganda, part of a universal campaign against women. Demon Porn is the tool by which men are brainwashed into becoming sexist brutes, for whom the sight of a naked breast is cause for rape.*

*In an article called "Women at War" published last February, we dealt with the First Amendment question raised by the movement and argued that the call for censorship threatens our basic rights. The following article takes another view of the new enemies of eros. It was first published in Inquiry magazine—a journal of contemporary news and comment published in San Francisco. According to John Gordon, the Women Against Porn crusade suffers from confusion. It seems to be as much against sex as against sexist pornography. Gordon, who teaches English at Connecticut College, has captured that confusion and brought a much-needed sanity to the debate.*

When Women Against Pornography sent a pair of representatives to Hamilton College, they had an audience that would have applauded them if they had played tunes on spoons. Hamilton had recently gone coed and, as one of the many conciliatory gestures to its new female constituency, had instituted an annual binge of funded dumbness called "Women's Energy Weekend." This is an array of panels, consciousness raisings and outside speakers demanding to know why the English Department

offers no courses on Margaret Fuller, why the History Department spends so much time on the history of men, and the by-now familiar blah-blah-blah. At last year's Women's Energy Weekend, for instance, my fellow professor of English John O'Neill was typed as a fascist by a prominent feminist writer and founding mother of Women Against Pornography for arguing that women are not necessarily more sensitive readers of literature than men.

I always try to lie low during Women's Energy Weekend, precisely because it is the sort of occasion on which one is liable to hear perfectly nice people called names by speakers who are not thereupon rebuked; who are, rather, applauded by large numbers; who are, in fact, paid for their slanders and fatuities with money indirectly filched from my pay check. Who needs more grief? But John O'Neill himself is tougher, and this year he wanted to go see the kickoff event of the weekend, a slide show and discussion presented by Women Against Pornography, "to hear what they had to say." And he convinced me, against my better judgment, to come along. Whence this report.

The two young women who give the show are altogether appealing, mainly because of the obvious depth of their sense of hurt and subdued outrage. They are convinced that they and their sisters are victims and that pornography is a way of legitimizing their victimization. Their presentation comprises slides of material purchased mainly in Times Square, alternating with pictures taken from billboards, album covers and popularly available magazines. The slides are arranged according to two principles. First, escalation: They keep getting worse, and the last one is just horrible. Second, juxtaposition: A hard-core picture is followed by a magazine ad that is in some way similar, the idea being to make us see that one is a carriage-trade version, or at best subtle evocation, of the other.

The hard-core pictures are almost all of the subgenre called "bondage and discipline." Tied-up women are shown being beaten or with clothespins at-

tached to their nipples, or in tableaux of murder and mutilation. The final slide, introduced as from a "snuff" movie, shows a woman struggling to free herself while some instrument is applied to her breasts; there is blood everywhere, and the speaker assures us that it's not fake, that this woman is really being killed. A few of the slides feature children.

It is no fun, now, recalling these pictures, and the original experience is worse. The audience is outraged. At least one woman cries throughout. As the speakers work up to the climax by showing slides from a magazine devoted to the sexual humiliation of Oriental females while reading an account of a Vietnamese girl being raped with a rifle barrel and then murdered, a sound that I can describe only as a wail grows, to culminate in one collective gasp at the final shocker.

You cannot possibly see these images without wishing them out of existence and the people responsible along with them; without, in fact, feeling for a spell like the New York taxi driver in Martin Scorsese's film who drives through Times Square dreaming of blowing the place up. If the import of these pictures when shown in a movie theater is violence to women, their import when shown in a lecture hall is violence to pornographers: Jail is too good for them.

But nothing close to that is actually said during the presentation. The speakers, like some though not all of the other members of Women Against Pornography, favor boycotts instead of censorship, and in general a heightened awareness of what the presence of pornography shows about the culture that produces it. All very reasonable, except that what the pictures are saying is, Lock them up or string them up. The emotions the slides generate are not likely to be appeased by refusing to buy magazines that one would never have bought in the first place. Accompanied as they are with accounts of actual rapes and mutilations of women in this country and around the world, intercut with provocative pictures from *Vogue*, *The*



*New York Times*, and so forth, the pictures are saying that pornography is the propaganda of a universal campaign against women analogous to that of the Nazis against the Jews, carried on by men whose fellow travelers and dupes are all around us.

I am not making this up: We are shown some rather nice pictures of naked bodies in *PLAYBOY* followed by some stomach-twisting pictures from *Hustler* and reminded that Auschwitz was full of naked bodies. We are shown, in between hard-core images of mutilation, an ad for Gloria Vanderbilt designer jeans where the model's body is "cut off" at the knees by the photograph's frame and "cut in half" by the seam down the backside, thus reducing her to a piece of meat. The equation is that lust equals dehumanization equals brutalization equals Nazis. There is no talk, even, of gradations: One is the other, in more or less obvious form. For these angry women it is the familiar story of the fatal glass of beer: naughty postcards one minute, *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* the next. It was one of J. Edgar Hoover's favorite parables—the young innocent inflamed by smut to do something dastardly. Now the late director's ghost rises: The recent FBI raid on Times Square pornographers was reportedly attributable in part to the influence of Women Against Pornography and similar groups. The old outfit has had its feminist consciousness raised, right up to the level of about 30 years ago.

Any argument designed to show that everything you see is a version of everything else obviously has no patience with distinctions. An offensive picture from a leading fashion magazine is accounted for by the fact that the editor in chief is a man: No matter that the readership is overwhelmingly female. When someone objects that ritual mutilation of females has long existed in cultures where pornography is virtually nonexistent, the answer is that the connection between the two is broader than cause and effect—they "go together."

When it comes to logic, finding holes in the case would be like shooting fish in a barrel, were it not that logic is of course overwhelmed by the pictures' call of blood for blood: Logic is, in truth, the enemy. When much-tried John O'Neill points out a flagrant contradiction, the answer is, "We respect your opinion," and the audience bursts into applause, as if they'd witnessed Disraeli adding the finishing flourish to some masterly parliamentary riposte. Afterward, John O'Neill concludes that he was wasting his time by reasoning: "It was stupid trying to make sense out of it. What I wish I had said is, 'When you compared the torture and murder of that Vietnamese girl to some model posing for money, you were trivializing



her death, and that is as disgusting as anything you've shown us.' " I, too, wish he had said that, except that in doing so, he would just have made himself one more instance of brutal *macho* male blah-blah-blah. I wish also that he or somebody had been able to take five minutes to make distinctions.

He could have begun by pointing out that the acts of child abuse, torture and murder are already against the law; also, so far, no genuine snuff film has ever been discovered, and if the speaker knows of one, she has a legal obligation to report it. He would go on to say that the slides that make up virtually all of this hard-core sample are directed to a small special-interest group among pornography consumers, that most pornography consists of repetitive shots of manifestly bored copulators and is intended to gratify an audience not of knife-wielding savages but of poor horny sods. These men have been cut off from a vital part of human life because, for reasons of self-interest, women long ago schooled themselves to punish with sexual rejection the poor, the powerless

and the unchic. He would point out that it is a very selective charity which calls the women caught up in this system victims but the men creeps, slime and scum.

He would add that sadistic pornography is just one branch of media violence, that the victims of this violence are usually male, that both today and in the public executions and dismemberments of the past their agony has been displayed for the delectation of both men and women. To the speaker's assertion that one never sees pictures of brutalized men, he would answer, Oh, balderdash—read the news, turn on a television set, go into a church and look at the image above the altar. He would suggest that the people who enjoy these pictures have probably been damaged at some fundamental level, and that trying to deal with them by confiscating magazines is like trying to cure cancer with zoning laws. He might add that these people may well be attracted to representations of violence as children are attracted to horror



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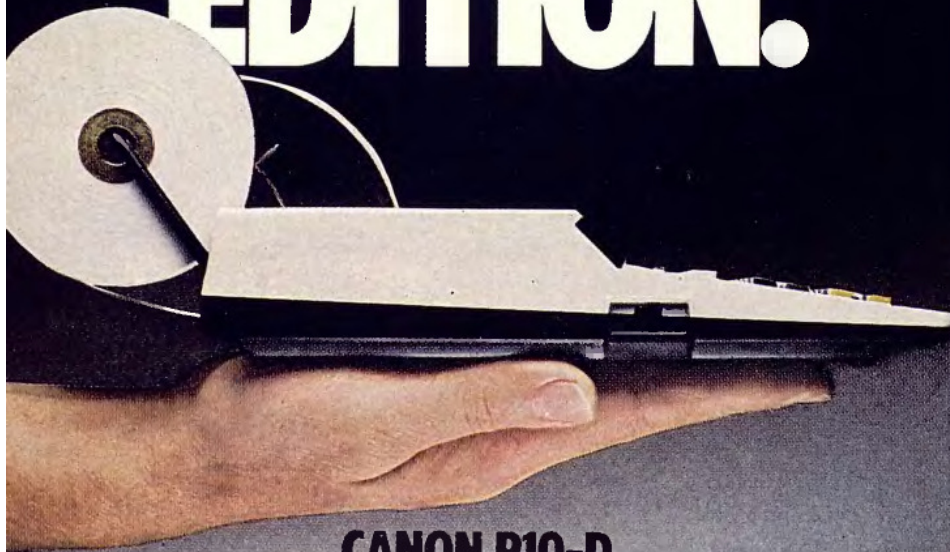
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movies, not as a vision of what they desire but as an exorcism of what they fear; that they may have deeper causes for such fears because as men they have been more brutalized by grossly sexist institutions, such as the all-male draft, which most women have until recently supported.

He would ask why the slide show juxtaposes women in chains with shots from *PLAYBOY* instead of, for instance, a marriage service, in which people "tie the knot" by entering into "wedlock" with the exchange of "bands." He would then sarcastically inquire whether the speaker knew the meaning of the word metaphor. He would inform the audience that given time and a few slides, he would demonstrate to their entire satisfaction that religion goes with mass murder and suicide (slide of Communion chalice; cut to slide of Jonestown tub of cyanide, bodies in background), that either abortionists (slide of mangled fetus) or anti-abortionists (slide of woman bleeding on back-room kitchen table) are butchers. He would add that almost all of this century's 100,000,000 or so atrocities have been performed not by free-lancers but by people in uniform fired with the kind of righteous zeal that Women Against Pornography is seeking to kindle.

He would wonder aloud why people concerned about the possible confusion in some minds between fantasy and life should particularly protest the most abstracted and ritualized forms of fantasy, forms about as far removed from reality as the no drama. He would point out that their attack is wildly discriminatory, since it condemns any image of the female body suspected of arousing men to anything other than admiration but gives free play to homosexual and women-directed material.

As I said, shooting fish in a barrel. All these distinctions need to be made because of one fundamental confusion that threatens to turn what should be the major liberating movement of our age into a gaggle of prigs. It is that sex is sexism. These women evidently actually believe that for men, anyway, the desire to possess is the desire to oppress or worse, that a man who wants to see a woman naked in reality wants to see her as "meat," trussed and packaged. No wonder they can make no distinction between the Disneylandish *PLAYBOY* and the reptilian *Hustler*.

Now, this is the way it is, and remember you read it here first. Men who want to see naked women, as a rule, want to see naked women. They are motivated not by blood lust but just by plain old lust. And lust is great, absolutely top-notch. With love or without it, with friends or with strangers, there are few things in life so nice as a couple

of people getting together and making sex objects of each other. Despite all of W.A.P.'s formidable anaphrodisia conditioning, I, for instance, will continue to like seeing attractive women, not because of some vast international *macho* conspiracy that years ago brainwashed me into a morbid fascination with the sexually distinguishing features of the female body but because I just like looking at said attractive women and perchance contemplating said distinguishing features. Any woman who considers this some sort of symbolic exploitation is invited to sort of symbolically exploit me right back.

Well, there it is. But what sort of intellectual climate is it where these things need saying? A climate created by people whose standard of scholarly achievement is represented by *Sexual Politics* and *Against Our Will*, whose latest manifesto is a best-selling novel the thesis of which, and I am not exaggerating, is that all men deep down are Nazi rapists. In the case of W.A.P., it is primarily the innocent outrage of people realizing for the first time that any human passion can become monstrous—discovering man and woman's inhumanity to man and woman, in short, and breathlessly sharing the news. The result has been a campaign that would be merely silly were it not able to draw strength from the traditional, ingrained female attitudes personified in Mrs. Grundy and Carry Nation, which feminists have supposedly shed. And it's getting worse, as the emergence of W.A.P. shows: The prospect for the future seems to be for a generation of savants trying, with panel discussions and government grants, to reason the libido into something more decorous. Swift! Thou shouldst be living at this hour!

To anyone who likes to hope, with the feminists, that people are free to escape their societally imposed roles, it is terribly depressing to see women protesting female stereotyping and in the process revealing themselves as hysterical, nagging, scatterbrained old shrews. It is as if Martin Luther King, Jr., on that day at the reflecting pool in Washington had intoned, "Ali has a dream"; all the wrong people are poised to say they told you so. But depressing or not, men cannot long be expected to participate in a dialog on the question of whether they are unredeemable degenerates or just redeemable degenerates. If the W.A.P. strain of feminism prevails and establishes that the big enemy is not discrimination or oppression so much as lust, then feminists are going to lose their struggle to make us all more free, sure as anything. That would be a pity.



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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: G. GORDON LIDDY

*a candid conversation with the former "sphinx" of watergate about patriotism, nazi germany, will power and the virtues of being ruthless*

The press had been gathering since three A.M., and by eight A.M., there were over 100 reporters, photographers and television cameramen camped on the steps of Connecticut's Danbury Federal Prison. When the door finally opened and a slim, wiry man with thinning black hair and a bristling mustache slipped out, he was almost swallowed up in the swirling, shouting crowd. As newsmen jostled one another for position, the newly released inmate embraced his attractive auburn-haired wife and stowed his prison gear in the trunk of their son's 1971 Ford Pinto. "How does it feel to be out of jail?" one TV newsman called over the din. The object of their attention snapped, "Was mich nicht umbringt, macht mich starker." There were blank staves from the crowd until a reporter who knew German translated: "What doesn't destroy me, makes me stronger.' It's from Nietzsche." The Pinto pulled out of the prison driveway, hotly pursued by five Ford Granada press cars, and a screeching 70-mile-an-hour chase ensued until the driver of the lead car finally shook off his pursuers after a series of nerve-shattering maneuvers that left his wife

collapsed in tears in the front seat. "God," she snuffled finally. "After all these years, you haven't changed at all." She sighed, "I don't suppose you ever will."

Her husband smiled fondly at her. "Bet your ass, kid!"

It was September 7, 1977, and G. Gordon Liddy had just been released on parole after serving 52 months of a 20-year prison sentence for having masterminded the break-in at the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee in Washington's Watergate complex on June 17, 1972.

George Gordon Battle Liddy was born on November 30, 1930, in Hoboken, New Jersey. It was the Depression, but the Liddy family was well off, and there was always a maid in attendance. His father was an internationally respected lawyer. Gordon attended parochial and prep schools (where his I.Q. was measured at 137 to 142, in the genius range) and graduated from Fordham University, subsequently taking an R.O.T.C. commission during the Korean War. Much to his regret, he was not sent overseas with his fellow artillery officers, due to a ruptured appendix, and in-

stead served out his time at an anti-aircraft installation in Brooklyn. After the Army, Liddy graduated from Fordham Law School, winning election to the prestigious Law Review, and in November 1957, he married Frances Purcell. (They have five children, three boys and two girls.) Liddy joined the FBI in 1957, serving as a field agent and bureau supervisor until September 1962, when he resigned for financial reasons. He then worked at his father's prosperous Wall Street law firm until 1966, when he accepted a post as assistant district attorney in Poughkeepsie, New York (in Dutchess County, which Liddy describes as "somewhere to the right of Barry Goldwater").

Liddy quickly won considerable local attention for his unorthodox trial techniques, including discharging a gun into the ceiling of the courtroom during a dramatic plea to the jury. He became a local celebrity when he led a raid on the Millbrook, New York, headquarters of Dr. Timothy Leary, the psychedelic guru and LSD proselytizer.

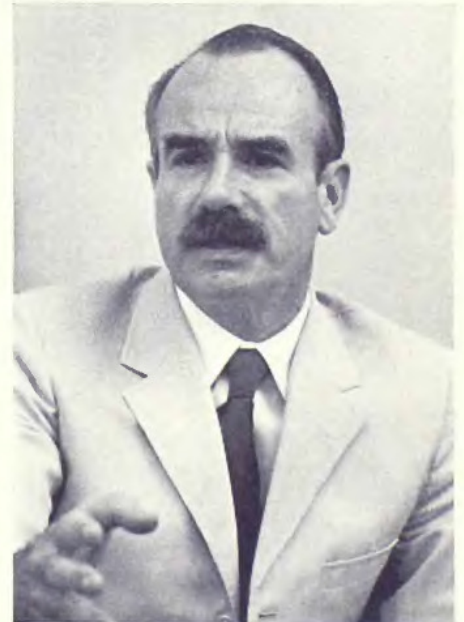
In 1968, Liddy contested the Republican Congressional nomination in the 28th District, running on the campaign



"I'm grateful Carter commuted my sentence. He'd get my vote—for parson. But the requisites for President are brains, brawn and balls. I'm afraid Carter is singularly lacking in all three."



"Hitler's secret weapon wasn't the brilliant coupling of Panzer and Stuka in a ground-air attack; it was the courage of the individual Wehrmacht soldier, each of whom carried blitzkrieg in his breast."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY VERNON L. SMITH

"Howard Hunt had become an informer, a betrayer of his friends, and to me there is nothing lower on earth. As Nietzsche put it, there is but one sin—cowardice. Hunt deserved to die."

slogan, "Gordon Liddy doesn't bail them out; he puts them in." He lost narrowly (51 to 49 percent) to a moderate, Hamilton Fish, but won the admiration of local G.O.P. leaders. With the support of his sponsors, close friends of the new Attorney General, John Mitchell, Liddy was rewarded after the elections with a job as Special Assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury with special responsibility for narcotic and firearms control. He was forced out of the Treasury Department in 1971 after a speech against gun control before the National Rifle Association. But he was subsequently attached to the White House, where he organized a special counterintelligence squad that ultimately gained notoriety as the White House Plumbers' Unit. In December 1971, he moved from the White House to the Committee to Re-elect the President, which he served as counsel until the aftermath of the Watergate break-in, where five of his operatives were arrested, including CREEP's security director, James McCord. Liddy was subsequently charged with one count of conspiracy, two counts of burglary, two of intercepting wire communications and one of intercepting oral communications. He refused to testify against his associates and Judge John Sirica imposed the stiffest sentence on him of any of the Watergate conspirators: 20 years in prison and a \$10,000 fine. President Carter commuted the sentence in mid-1977 and Liddy was freed on parole shortly afterward.

In 1979, Liddy published a novel, "Out of Control," a spy thriller that received decidedly mixed reviews. But when his autobiography, "Will," was published under conditions of strict secrecy and quickly climbed best-seller lists across the country, the reviews seemed to polarize even more sharply. Clarus Backes, book editor of The Sunday Denver Post, wrote with evident surprise, "Fully prepared to hate it, I carried the book home with me one evening and found myself completely enthralled. . . . It is one of the most engrossing and thoroughly honest self-revelations that I have ever read." Bob Woodward wrote in The Washington Post, "There is almost an embarrassment of riches in the book. . . . A hundred little facts and inferences convince me that he has been as honest as he could be." But literary hatchets were also being sharpened for Liddy. In the New Republic, Alan M. Dershowitz, while conceding that "Liddy is an excellent writer and a fascinating character," nevertheless condemned the book as "the 'Mein Kampf' of a failed Führer," while Christopher Osborne, writing in New Hampshire's Leisure, waxed practically apologetic: "Liddy is a very sick man. His autobiography . . . makes no attempt to vindicate his sordid and des-

picable life. On the contrary, it seems to revel in calm disclosure of his insanity. . . . His time was in Germany during the Thirties and Forties."

To determine what had ignited this latest storm of national controversy over G. Gordon Liddy, PLAYBOY sent novelist Eric Norden to interview him. Norden, who had spent considerable time with other Watergate figures such as James McCord (and whose previous interview credits include director Stanley Kubrick in September 1968 and former Nazi Albert Speer in June 1971), reports:

"The first thing that struck me about Liddy was his sense of humor. It was a discordant note in the image I had built of him as a steely-eyed fanatic, and it was to permeate a great deal of the interview. It's hard to believe that someone who jokes with you over the pom-pomettes de truffe surprise at New York's fashionable La Côte Basque, where we met for an initial exploratory lunch, could calmly blow you away over the soufflé and cognac. Liddy also was smaller than I'd expected, though obviously in excellent physical shape, as befits someone who does 100 push-ups every morning. We had a pleasant lunch, and as we parted, I had difficulty remembering I was in the presence of someone who had been described by Theodore White as 'a thoroughly dangerous man'—and dubbed by the press as 'the Darth Vader of the Nixon Administration' and, appropriately enough, 'The Sphinx.' But Liddy was talking now, and volubly.

"We spent the better part of ten days together, with tape sessions sandwiched between his nationwide speaking tour, and I soon found that taking the lid off Liddy was easier said than done. His genuine affability masks an inner core of reserve; but coupled with that reticence and reserve is also an almost painstaking honesty about himself and his character, reflected in his willingness to bare the excruciating details of his childhood struggle against a crippling tide of fears. Liddy wants to be understood, but he's too damned proud to ask for sympathy. He is an intelligent, complex man, far more likable now that his hands are no longer clutching the levers of power.

"Throughout the interview, I made an attempt to focus on what made Liddy tick rather than recycle the details of Watergate, which he deals with exhaustively in the book, and to probe only those aspects of the scandal that pertain to his own character. I began the interview by asking him why he had finally decided to tell his story."

PLAYBOY: Throughout your trial and nearly five years' imprisonment, you maintained a stoical, name-rank-and-serial-number silence, and on your rare interviews after release, expressed con-

tempt for your Watergate conspirators who published books on the subject, vowing never to follow in their footsteps. Why did you change your mind?

LIDDY: There were a number of reasons, both personal and legal. As early as July 1973, the late columnist Stewart Alsop wrote me a letter arguing very persuasively that I should tell my story because, in his words, "I had a debt to history." Alsop was a fine writer whom I regarded highly both for his war record—he was an outstanding veteran of the OSS—and because he had terminal cancer and was confronting his pain and imminent death with great bravery. I took the position then that he was probably right about my debt to history, but it wasn't a demand note due today. You've got to remember that at that time, our containment strategy, what the press dubbed "stonewalling," was unraveling pretty rapidly but still hadn't totally collapsed, and I continued to nourish the hope that the President could be insulated from the scandal. If that had happened, of course, I never would have written the book.

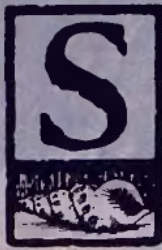
PLAYBOY: But Nixon was forced out of office in 1974. Why did you wait until 1980 to publish your book?

LIDDY: Well, that pertains to the legal aspects. I had to wait until the statutes of limitations had expired before I could tell the full story without endangering the liberty of any of my former colleagues.

PLAYBOY: And your own?

LIDDY: Yes, and my own as well. To take just one example, I reveal in the book how I wire-tapped the authorities at Danbury Prison while I was there as a guest of the Federal Government. Needless to say, I felt completely justified in that action, but it would be imprudent, to say the least, to publish it while the offense was still indictable. I never put myself in harm's way needlessly. But my primary concern was not to implicate anyone else, because I do not, as you may suspect, have a very elevated opinion of informers. Another factor in my decision to write the book was that I was getting sick of reading all the whining ghostwritten *mea culpas* and breast beating from the likes of John Dean and Jeb Magruder, much less the smug self-congratulation of John Sirica, who had the nerve to call his book *To Set the Record Straight*—when he had, in my own case, deliberately misquoted the judicial record and had also covered up a blatant legal error on his part. So I bided my time, knowing that my day would come. And I tried to write a completely honest book, obscuring nothing, even if it gave ammunition to my enemies. To write an autobiography in any other way would be intellectually dishonest.

PLAYBOY: A "warts and all" portrait, as Cromwell instructed his court painter?



Six weeks of back-breaking work lay before us, but this being Sunday, all hands were about, jawing, mending clothes, and making sport of the newcomers when all at once

there arose an excitement on board, the likes of which had not occurred since our first sighting land on the voyage out.

An unusual signal came from the gig. The mate at the taffrail sprang to unfurl a line as if a dozen lives hung in the balance. Somehow a couple of the new arrivals had secured for the ship a load of San Miguel Dark, and were now advancing news

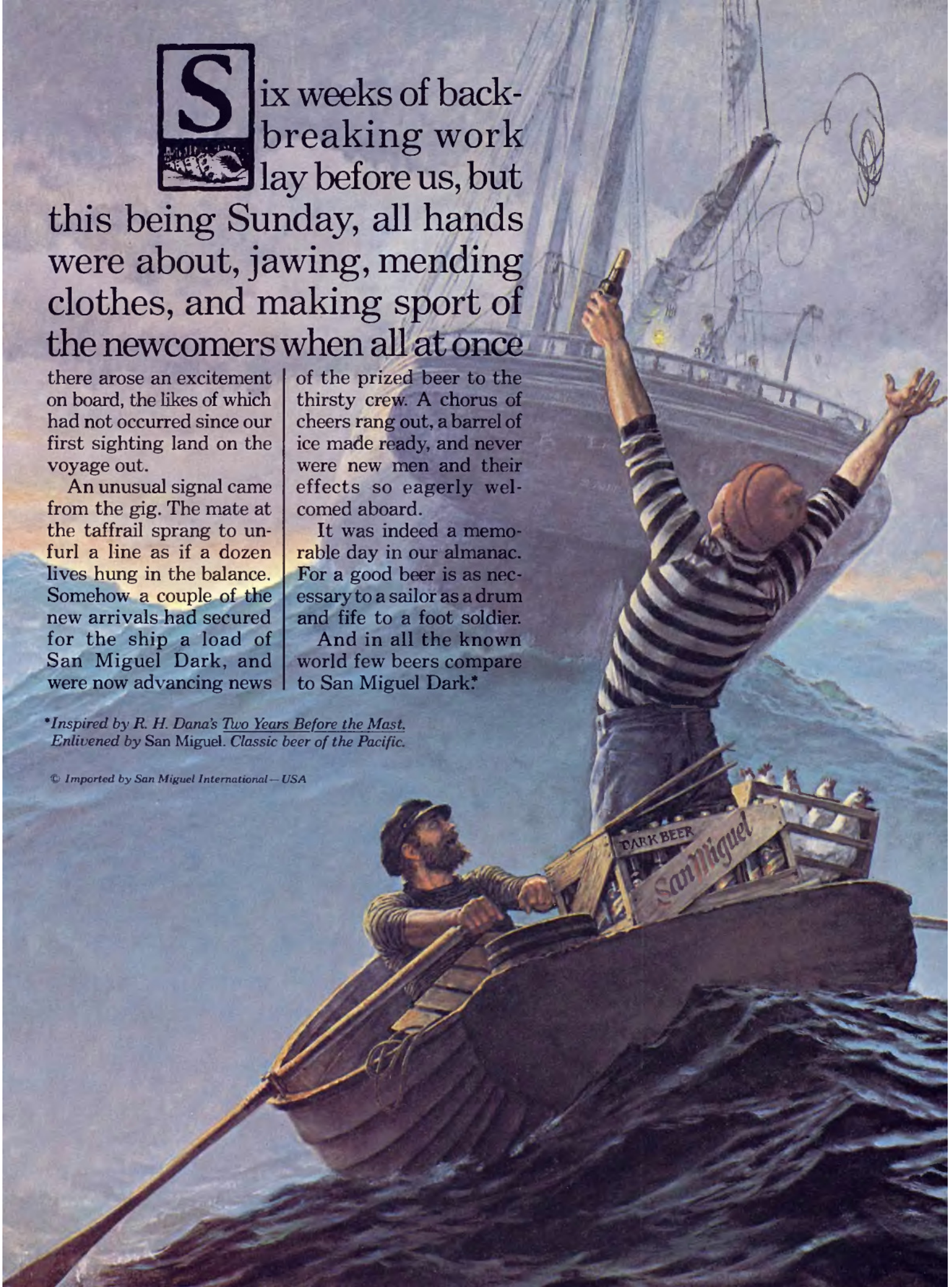
of the prized beer to the thirsty crew. A chorus of cheers rang out, a barrel of ice made ready, and never were new men and their effects so eagerly welcomed aboard.

It was indeed a memorable day in our almanac. For a good beer is as necessary to a sailor as a drum and fife to a foot soldier.

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**LIDDY:** Warts and all. I've never been concerned with my "image," and I've always distinguished character, which I shape and control, from reputation, which is the opinion of others and out of my hands. Integrity, in writing as in life, demands candor. As I told my publisher in my initial proposal, I became what I wanted to be, and the book tells how and why.

**PLAYBOY:** Some of your critics have speculated that, despite *Will's* disarming candor, you have not revealed some matters of grave import because the statutes of limitation on those particular illegal acts have not yet expired—or, as in the case of murder, never will.

**LIDDY:** Well, obviously, if I were concealing a homicide, I'd hardly reveal it to **PLAYBOY** or anybody else. Of course, I am not.

**PLAYBOY:** According to Magruder, your former White House superior, you *are*. Magruder wrote in his autobiography that you had confided to him that you once murdered a man while in the employ of the FBI.

**LIDDY:** That's absolute nonsense. And let me point out that Jeb Magruder, apart from being a thoroughly spineless wretch who always seemed on the verge of crying for his mommy, is a liar, a perjurer. No, I'm sorry to disappoint the romantic expectations of your readers, but I do not come to you red of tooth and claw, with a double row of notches on my six-gun. I would be prepared to kill—not murder—either in the Armed Forces of my country or in defense of her national security, but I have never been called upon to do so.

**PLAYBOY:** And yet your book abounds with plots to murder opponents of and defectors from the Nixon Administration, ranging from Jack Anderson to E. Howard Hunt—

**LIDDY:** None of which came to fruition.

**PLAYBOY:** Do we detect an unspoken "alas" at the end of that statement?

**LIDDY:** If you're a mind reader, you tell me.

**PLAYBOY:** Why in God's name did you want to murder Jack Anderson in the first place?

**LIDDY:** I'd prefer to term it justifiable homicide, since murder is a legal term for a specific type of homicide that by its very definition is unjustifiable. But, in any case, let me stress that it had nothing to do with his political opinions or his policy differences with the Nixon Administration. I recognize that reasonable men can differ on such matters, and I have no trouble with the concept of a loyal opposition, in press or parliament. I will say, though, that I have very little respect for the type of advocacy journalism we've seen in the United States since the late Sixties,

which in my view is an ideologically motivated corruption of traditional objective journalism, one that pretends to be reporting the news while it is subtly manipulating and slanting it.

Anderson is one of those mutant strains of columnist who are half legitimate, because he occasionally labels his own opinions as such, and half deceptive, because he also passes off biased interpretations and selective information as straight reportage. At one point, Anderson's systematic leaking of top-secret information rendered the effective conduct of American foreign policy virtually impossible: He blew one of our finest technical sources of information abroad by disclosing that we had found a way to intercept car-to-car conversations between Brezhnev and Kosygin and other top Soviet officials as they drove through Moscow in their Zil limousines. But no move was taken against him until E. Howard Hunt informed me that one of his columns had fatally—quite literally—compromised a vital U.S. human intelligence asset in the Middle East, a man who as a result

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*"If we'd tried to whack out every Washington reporter who had it in for Nixon, the National Press Club would've held nothing but wall-to-wall memorial plaques."*

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of his disclosures was being tortured, or was possibly already dead, even as we spoke. Anderson had finally gone too far and he had to be stopped. Not for what he wrote but for what he did, and could be expected to continue to do.

**PLAYBOY:** Casting Anderson as a villain who caused the death of a U.S. agent is an effective rationale for silencing him, but the fact remains that his removal would have spared Nixon considerable political embarrassment. Wasn't that the real motive?

**LIDDY:** No, it certainly was not, even though I recall George Bernard Shaw's observing that assassination is the extreme form of censorship. But, Jesus, man, if we'd tried to whack out every Washington reporter and columnist who had it in for Nixon, then the National Press Club would've held nothing but wall-to-wall memorial plaques. No, we moved against Anderson for no other reason than that he had exposed and destroyed a man who had put his life on the line for the United States, and

there was no other way to stop him from continuing that kind of conduct.

**PLAYBOY:** Anderson strenuously denies having done any such thing.

**LIDDY:** No, he doesn't. What he *does* do is say over and over—and I've been on two or three television and radio shows with him recently where he repeated the same line—that he never "revealed or identified a CIA officer." Now, the man in question was not a CIA *officer*, he was a CIA *agent*, an agent in place, as it's called, a foreign national in the agency's employ overseas. Anderson desperately sticks to that tortured formulation, because it's not a technical lie. Just like that other secular saint of the American liberal establishment, old Maximus John Sirica, he's scared of getting his halo tarnished.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you two get along when you met on a television show?

**LIDDY:** Anderson appeared a bit nervous, but I shook his hand and told him, "*La guerre est finie*." It was something like those postwar reunions when *Luftwaffe* and R.A.F. pilots get together over a stein of beer and swap stories of dog-fights during the Battle of Britain. At least, in *my* mind it was.

**PLAYBOY:** Nice of you not to carry a grudge, since you only tried to mander the man.

**LIDDY:** No, never actually tried. It never got to that.

**PLAYBOY:** Why not?

**LIDDY:** We worked out a plan, but it was ultimately never approved by our principals. Hunt and I started the ball rolling by meeting a physician from the CIA, who was introduced euphemistically as a specialist in "the unorthodox application of chemical and medical knowledge."

**PLAYBOY:** Meaning an expert in killing people.

**LIDDY:** Crude, but not inexact. Anyway, we had lunch over at the Hay-Adams across from the White House and discussed various methods of killing Anderson, including coating the steering wheel of his car with an LSD solution sufficiently potent to cause a crash, which we rejected as too chancy, and "aspirin roulette," which we also turned down.

**PLAYBOY:** Dare we ask?

**LIDDY:** Aspirin roulette is intelligence jargon for a rather common assassination technique, which entails the substitution of an ordinary aspirin or other headache-remedy tablet in the target's medicine cabinet with a look-alike that is actually a deadly poison.

**PLAYBOY:** Sounds lovely. Why was it rejected?

**LIDDY:** Too iffy again. It would be only one out of 50 or maybe even 100 tablets, and months could go by before the target swallowed it. But most important was the danger that an innocent member



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of his family might take the pill.

**PLAYBOY:** Very scrupulous of you. What did you finally decide on?

**LIDDY:** A simple if un-James Bondish method, which I'd learned in the FBI. Let's say an FBI agent was penetrating a foreign embassy to crack a safe and steal a onetime cipher or some such for the National Security Agency, and suddenly an employee returned earlier than he was supposed to and was about to endanger the mission. Well, other agents would have been following everyone assigned to that embassy and they would have intercepted him before he reached the building and staged a common street mugging to divert him. In Anderson's case, we merely decided to make it a lethal mugging.

**PLAYBOY:** Who would have done the job?

**LIDDY:** It was initially decided to assign it to some of our Cuban-exile assets, but then Hunt began to worry that our principals would deem it too sensitive a matter to be entrusted to them. So I volunteered to do it myself.

**PLAYBOY:** Just like that?

**LIDDY:** No, not just like that. But I thought about the matter, considered the damage that Anderson was doing, for whatever motives, to the security of this country, and decided that, if the Cubans were ruled out, I was the best man for the job, considering my own FBI and martial-arts training. We didn't want to make it look like anything more than another Washington street-crime statistic, remember, so no sophisticated weaponry could be employed.

**PLAYBOY:** How would you have killed him?

**LIDDY:** Oh, I would have knifed him or broken his neck, probably. One of us would have died, no doubt about it. But, as I say, we never received the final green light.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you relieved or disappointed?

**LIDDY:** I was neither. I was acting on the instructions of my principals, and I was prepared to follow those instructions either way they went.

**PLAYBOY:** You really see nothing anomalous, much less frightening, about two aides to the President of the United States cold-bloodedly plotting to assassinate one of the country's leading reporters?

**LIDDY:** I know it violates the sensibilities of the innocent and tender-minded, but in the real world, you sometimes have to employ extreme and extralegal methods to preserve the very system whose laws you're violating.

**PLAYBOY:** Including murder?

**LIDDY:** Drastic problems sometimes demand drastic solutions. Look, let me give you an example. Philip Agee, the CIA defector, has effectively exposed and compromised dozens of our intelli-

gence agents around the world, and one of his revelations led directly to the assassination of the CIA station chief in Athens, Richard Welch. This one man has done untold damage to the worldwide security interests of the United States. And what have we done about it? Nothing. Fifty years ago, Henry Stimson scuttled an effective American intelligence effort on the grounds that gentlemen don't read other gentlemen's mail. The pendulum seems to have swung all the way back to that position, and the Russians couldn't be happier. They've tried to destroy the American intelligence capability for 35 years, and in five years we've done the job for them, with the help of a few posturing demagogues like Frank Church. I just wish someone would point out to the good Senator that the world is not run by the League of Women Voters.

**PLAYBOY:** Returning to Philip Agee for a moment, how would you deal with him? Would you, in CIA parlance, "terminate him with extreme prejudice"?

**LIDDY:** You're damn right I would. If I were back serving in some capacity in

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*"I would have knifed Jack Anderson or broken his neck, probably. One of us would have died, no doubt about it."*

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the American intelligence community and I found Agee living comfortably abroad, outside the reach of our law and continuing his revelations, I would strongly recommend that he be assassinated. And were I given the task, I would undertake it, and feel completely justified in so doing. But let me stress that his killing would not be retributive but preventive, to forestall further disclosures that would damage the security of this country and endanger the lives of its intelligence agents. The same rationale I employed in the case of Mr. Anderson.

**PLAYBOY:** You'd be willing to kill a man you've never met solely because he was on the opposite side of the political and ideological fence?

**LIDDY:** No, my friend, because he's on the opposite side of the *trench*, in a political-military war between the United States and the Soviet Union that is crucial to our survival as a free nation, and no less vicious because it's undeclared. I hope we don't have to wait until the skies over New York are black with missiles to understand that fact and act on it. And if we continue

our current posture of head-in-the-sand appeasement, I'm afraid that may very well be the case.

**PLAYBOY:** And you'd feel no qualms, much less remorse, about liquidating someone like Agee?

**LIDDY:** No more than swatting a fly. Of course, our Government has been so weakened we no longer have the will for such action, even though we retain the human and technological capability. And the Russians, who are thoroughly ruthless and realistic about the pursuit of their own national interests, know it. But there would be nothing intrinsically evil or immoral about such an act. Just the opposite. The French have a saying, "*Cet animal est très méchant; quand on l'attaque, il se défend.*" Roughly translated, it means, "This animal is very wicked; when attacked, it defends itself." When the CIA and other intelligence agencies tried to defend us effectively against our external enemies, they were mercilessly pilloried by the press and Congressional committees, and their most seasoned agents prematurely forced into retirement. Now, after Ethiopia, Angola and Afghanistan, a few alarm bells are dimly ringing in Washington and there's even a half-hearted effort to refurbish the kennel. But it's too late. The animal is no longer wicked. It's just toothless.

**PLAYBOY:** You also planned to murder one of your old buddies and fellow Waterbugger, E. Howard Hunt. Surely, Hunt was no enemy of this country.

**LIDDY:** At the risk of belaboring this point once again, I would personally never characterize it as murder, because murder by its very definition is *unjustifiable* homicide, and I never would have considered the act in the first place if I had not deemed it eminently justifiable. Hunt had become an informer, a betrayer of his friends and associates, and to me there is nothing lower on this earth. As Nietzsche put it, there is but one sin—cowardice. Hunt deserved to die.

**PLAYBOY:** Here was a man who had once been your good friend, who was now broken in mind and body, grief-stricken over his wife's death and ground down by the rigors of prison life. And so he violated your code and turned state's witness. Couldn't you have forgiven him that and summoned up sufficient compassion to forget, if not forgive?

**LIDDY:** Forgiveness, as Mark Twain once said, is the fragrance a rose leaves on the boot that has crushed it. But I'm afraid you're being naïve as well as sentimental. It wasn't a question of my personal feelings about Hunt, though God knows if he'd stayed a man, I'd have done everything in my power to help him. It wasn't even a question of



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my detestation of informers, even though I'd point out that we all went into Watergate with our eyes open, were willing to benefit from success and should have been equally willing to face failure with fortitude. No, the stakes were much higher than that, my friend. Hunt knew too much, not only about Watergate but about other matters of state, including CIA secrets. It seemed perfectly plausible to me that my superiors might wish his elimination, and I was prepared to execute those orders without a moment's doubt or soul-searching.

**PLAYBOY:** Perhaps it is sentimental, at least in your book, but the question of friendship does seem an important consideration here, since none of your other "targets" were close to you personally, as Hunt had once been. E. M. Forster wrote, "If I had a choice between betraying my country or my friend, I hope I would have the courage to betray my country." Is such a concept totally alien to you?

**LIDDY:** Yes, but only because I *do* value friendship, like personal honor, so highly. I would find betraying a friend as unthinkable as betraying my country, and the conundrum would never arise, because the only time I would turn against a friend would be when he had forfeited that friendship by betraying *our* country. And that, of course, is pre-

cisely at the root of my feelings about Hunt.

**PLAYBOY:** Nixon and the political fortunes of his Administration are not exactly synonymous with the national interests of the United States, are they?

**LIDDY:** Well, under the circumstances, and in the light of what's happened to this nation since—and because—Nixon was forced from office, I think you could make a very good case that the two were so inextricably linked that Hunt's betrayal constituted an act at least of regicide, if not of outright treason.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel the same way about Dean?

**LIDDY:** Yes, but even more strongly. For all of Hunt's weaknesses and failings, it would still be manifestly unfair to place him in the same category as Dean or Magruder. Next to them, Hunt is a giant. I wouldn't even talk of him in the same breath, much as I condemn his betrayal. The difference between Hunt and Dean is the difference between a POW who breaks under torture and aids the enemy and Judas Iscariot.

**PLAYBOY:** You've been alone with Dean only once since he testified against the White House, and you've said that you contemplated killing him then. How close did you actually come?

**LIDDY:** Oh, it was just a fleeting thought, now one of those sweet memories that

one loves to treasure. God knows, he would have been no loss. What happened, actually, was that in October of 1974, Federal marshals escorted me to the offices of Watergate special prosecutor James Neal for an interview and told me to wait in Neal's office, as he was expected shortly. I went in and shut the door behind me and, lo and behold, there was Dean sitting behind the desk. He looked up and I could have sworn he was about to wet himself. His eyes darted all around the room, but I was between him and the door and I could see that he was absolutely terror-stricken. My first thought was that here was the ideal opportunity to kill the bastard. I saw a pencil on the desk and all it would take was a quick thrust through the underside of his jaw, up through the soft palate and deep inside the brain. And simultaneously, I wondered if this were a setup, if someone had arranged for me to be alone with Dean, anticipating exactly such a denouement. But then, on more somber reflection, I ruled that out. Nixon had been out of office for two months, I had received no instructions from my old superiors and, in any case, his killing could only damage the chances of Mitchell, Mardian and others in their forthcoming trials. No, revenge might be a dish best supped cold, but this was positively stale. The whole thing had

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just been a weird, stupid error. So I exchanged a few inconsequential remarks with Dean, he stammered a reply and I stepped aside so he could gather his papers and scurry out the door. I think he aged considerably in those three or four minutes.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's put Dean aside for a moment and consider the method you considered using to kill him—

**LIDDY:** Good idea. A pencil's always a more interesting topic of conversation than John Dean.

**PLAYBOY:** If there weren't several pencils on the table between us right now, we might ask you not to interrupt. But seriously, you're a student of unarmed combat, and in your novel, *Out of Control*, you describe an attack by an Oriental master of the martial arts as follows: "Such was the power of T'ang Li's thrust that his fingers kept right on going through the wet pulp of the man's eyeballs and the shell-thin bone at the rear of the sockets to penetrate into the warm, moist, unresistant softness of the brain itself." Was that just poetic license, or could you kill a man with such a single blow? And we stress that it's a purely theoretical question; there's no need to demonstrate.

**LIDDY:** You cringe very nicely. No, it's true that I've trained in the martial arts for many years, initially at the FBI, where I first learned to kill a man with

a pencil, incidentally, and was taught to blind and maim and in general employ my body's "personal weapons," as my instructors called it, against an opponent's "vulnerable areas." Later on, I studied under a red-belt master of the high T'ai Chi who could rip out your throat or disembowel you with a back-hand slash. A fascinating character. So that scene was based on fact, though I've never duplicated it in real life.

**PLAYBOY:** What are the most effective ways to kill a man without employing a conventional weapon?

**LIDDY:** Well, they are innumerable, depending, of course, on the skill of the practitioner. For someone with no special training, our old-faithful pencil is very efficient, just your common garden-variety standard wooden pencil with a good sharp point and a strong, substantial eraser. The eraser's quite important, actually. With those prerequisites, and if you can reach your opponent, any novice could kill his enemy in one second or less. But I don't want to go any further into the details, lest we have a sudden rash of pencil killings in junior high schools across the country. Assuming, of course, that adolescent males concentrate on **PLAYBOY'S Interviews**.

**PLAYBOY:** In *Will*, you describe an encounter in a California prison with a Mongolian master of the martial arts who instructed you only reluctantly,

after warning that "You are a very violent man, I can see it in your eyes." Was he right?

**LIDDY:** Oh, yes. But I've learned to suppress my violence, and control it. And, remember, as any true master of the martial arts will tell you, the most powerful weapon I have is this. [*Taps temple with index finger*] The physical body is the vessel of the intellect, and the strongest muscles are useless without the guidance, the supercharger effect, of a trained and disciplined mind.

**PLAYBOY:** As long as we're on such a murderous topic, is there any such thing as an untraceable poison?

**LIDDY:** Yes, there are a few, in the colloidal family, and they're known—and used by—the intelligence services of the superpowers. But they may not be untraceable for long, since there's recently been a considerable forensic breakthrough in that area. But generally, you know, even traceable poisons are not traced, unless there's reason to suspect foul play. Most autopsies are *pro forma*, unless the forensic pathologist is on his toes and already suspicious; so if you use a poison that simulates the symptoms of heart failure, say, you're generally home safe and dry.

There's a wide range of poisons that can be manufactured simply at home, without complex laboratory technology. Give me several cigars, for example, and



**One good beer...**

in a short while I'll have extracted enough pure nicotine to kill a man with a few drops in his food or coffee. That was how I was going to handle Hunt, in fact, if the signal had come down from on high. But, once again, I don't want to spell out the process in any detail, lest I put ideas into the heads of any impressionable adolescents in your audience.

**PLAYBOY:** You have one hell of an opinion of the young people across this country.

**LIDDY:** Realism, my friend, realism. If people know how to do something, no matter how nasty, sooner or later somebody's going to do it. It's the nature of the beast.

**PLAYBOY:** Moving from the martial arts and exotic poisons to more prosaic means of mayhem, you are not only proficient in the use of firearms but also an avid gun collector and outspoken opponent of all gun-control legislation. In fact, Peter Prescott of *Newsweek* went so far as to call you a "gun fanatic." Is that a fair description?

**LIDDY:** About as fair, I'd say, as my describing a writer like Peter Prescott as a "typewriter fanatic." As far as I'm concerned, to enjoy hunting or target-firing weapons, or to collect them, is no more unusual or unhealthy than admiring and enjoying the use of any beautiful piece of machinery, like a Daimler-Benz engine or a fine Leica camera. If that makes me a fanatic, then all I can tell you is that the gentleman's definition of fanaticism differs from the standard dictionary definition and is a reflection of his bias rather than his intellect. And there certainly is a bias against gun users and their rights on the part of the urban liberal intelligentsia, which is always lobbying to deny guns to law-abiding citizens, even though they would always remain available to the criminal on the flourishing black market or through theft. The proponents of such nostrums should contemplate the failure of Prohibition in the Twenties.

**PLAYBOY:** You say you're not a gun nut, but didn't you wear a pistol to your own wedding?

**LIDDY:** Yes, a small, concealed .38 snub-nosed revolver. But I was an FBI agent at the time, and wearing a gun was second nature to me. In fact, shortly after our wedding, my wife gave me a beautifully gift-wrapped magnum revolver as a present.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you carrying a gun right now?

**LIDDY:** Another admirable cringe. No, obviously I am not, as that would constitute a violation of my parole and jeopardize my freedom needlessly. I do have an air gun that I still practice with, a Walther LP 2 Olympic grade air pistol, which is highly accurate and practically recoilless. Using target sights, and

employing a pointed projectile preferably coated with pure nicotine, I could shoot you dead at a range of ten meters, or approximately 33 feet. It's as silent and lethal as a fine throwing knife.

**PLAYBOY:** Sorry we asked. But speaking of knives, you wrote in *Will* that you carried a switchblade with you on the night your men broke into the offices of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist in Beverly Hills. If the burglary had been interrupted by police or passers-by, would you have used that knife?

**LIDDY:** First of all, it was not a switchblade, melodramatic as that sounds, but a Browning clasp knife. But I would have used it only as a last resort. I was in radio communication with our men inside the building, and if I'd seen a third party approaching, I would have instantly alerted them and then attempted to divert the intruder's attention.

**PLAYBOY:** How?

**LIDDY:** Nonviolently, if at all possible. Say we had some bad luck and a cop appeared on the scene. There was no outward evidence of the break-in to tip him off, but if for some reason he'd heard the breaking of glass and decided to check the building, I'd have made my presence known and diverted his attention from the men inside once I'd tipped them off. I'm a good runner, and I could have led him a merry chase.

**PLAYBOY:** But let's say you had the bad luck to encounter the only cop on the Beverly Hills police force ever to qualify for the Olympic decathlon and he outran you. Would you have surrendered?

**LIDDY:** No, that would have placed the mission and my principals in jeopardy, not just me. I would have attempted to incapacitate him nonlethally, if at all possible. Remember, there's an awful lot of ways of taking somebody out without using deadly force. The knife was an absolute last resort, to be employed only after I'd exhausted all other options.

**PLAYBOY:** And if you had?

**LIDDY:** I've already told you that I was prepared to take all necessary measures to protect my men and our mission. I did not arm myself gratuitously, but neither would I have used my weapon unless absolutely necessary to protect myself.

**PLAYBOY:** But you were prepared to kill if absolutely necessary?

**LIDDY:** Yes, I've told you I was.

**PLAYBOY:** It's precisely this kind of ruthlessness, which casually encompasses homicide as just another option, that has so alarmed your critics. For example, Herb Klein, who served as White House Director of Communications during the Nixon Administration and who hardly fits the stereotype of a bleeding-heart liberal, reviewed your book recently in the *Los Angeles Times* and charged that you had adopted "a Mafialike attitude



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placing Liddy above the law. . . . The book reads like gang-war fiction." How would you answer him?

**LIDDY:** Well, we *were* fighting a war, a civic war, in those days, a far more serious one than the typical gangland squabble over who controls numbers and drugs in this or that section of town, or who had intruded on somebody else's turf. The stakes, as we saw it, were the security and very survival of this nation, and we were ready to take strong measures in its defense. If that's Mafialike, so be it.

**PLAYBOY:** You reveal in your autobiography that while in prison, you got on well with a number of actual Mafia leaders, including the unnamed one to whom you entrusted the contract on Hunt. Did they consider you a kindred spirit?

**LIDDY:** First of all, I'm not going to characterize anyone as Mafia. That's a label pinned by Federal and local prosecutors on people who may or may not be involved in organized crime, and I know from my own experiences that it's not always accurate. But it is true that I arrived in prison after defying all three branches of the United States Government, executive, judicial and legislative, and my refusal to become a rat had preceded me. Nothing is despised more in prison than an informer, remember, and, conversely, nothing is

admired more than the so-called stand-up guy, in jailhouse parlance, who refuses to turn in his associates. So I did find that a number of people who had been accused of involvement in organized crime approached me and expressed a certain degree of respect for my behavior. And, as it turned out, we did get on very well, because we had some values in common.

**PLAYBOY:** Considering the Mafia's obsession with *omertà*, the traditional Sicilian code of silence, their penchant for liquidating enemies, their ruthless pursuit of *vendetta* and their fanatic code of personal honor, wouldn't you have made a good *mafioso*, perhaps even a Godfather? And is it still too late?

**LIDDY:** It's nice of you to search out avenues of employment for me, since they tend to be somewhat limited to someone who has been in prison on a felony conviction. I'll be sure to refer your suggestion to my parole officer. Actually, there was one amusing incident in that vein that took place in prison in California, where I'd come to know Bill Bonanno, who'd been the protagonist of Gay Talese's best-selling book *Honor Thy Father*. One Christmas Eve, two of Bill's hulking friends showed up to escort me to midnight Mass in the prison chapel, even though I was no longer a practicing Catholic and had not planned to attend. I sang the

hymns lustily, and at a small party Bill threw afterward, he gave me a hearty *abbraccio* and said, "I *knew* anyone whose mother's name was Abbaticchio hadda be OK: right, boys?" Everybody laughed and he went on: "What I like about this guy, it's the only kinda singing he knows!" So, yes, we certainly did have a bond on that level.

**PLAYBOY:** Your critics would contend that you had far more in common with the Mafia than a mutual scorn for stool pigeons—i.e., a dedication to the principle that the ends justify the means.

**LIDDY:** Well, I've never denied that. When the issues are significant enough, the ends *do* justify the means. And, in fact, most people in this society operate on just that assumption, though a lot of them gloss it over with a shimmering veil of hypocrisy, like John Sirica. Didn't *The New York Times* believe that the end justified the means in the Pentagon papers case, when it published purloined top-secret Government documents? And didn't the civil rights and antiwar demonstrators believe that the ends justified the means when they broke the law by sit-ins at lunch counters or burning their draft cards? Sure they did, and at least in the civil rights movement, they were prepared to go to jail for their convictions. It was only when we countered the illegal actions of the antiwar movement with some of our

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own that they tore their hair and rent their raiments and screamed, "Police state!" and the whole thing turned into a morality play. All a question of whose political ox is getting gored, of course. When I'm in a war, I can respect my opponent, no matter how strongly I detest his convictions. What I cannot stand is hypocrisy.

**PLAYBOY:** That's the second analogy you've made between your conduct and that of a soldier in wartime, and throughout your trial and imprisonment, you certainly conducted yourself as a POW trapped in enemy territory. If you were a soldier, weren't your only enemies fellow Americans of differing political views?

**LIDDY:** That's easy enough to believe if you conveniently distort the facts of recent history. Everybody today knows that in the late Sixties and early Seventies, we were involved in an exterior war in Vietnam, but they tend to forget that we were also embroiled in an undeclared civil war at home. And unless you can understand the nature of that struggle and the issues it posed for the Administration in Washington, you'll never be able to understand my motives or the motives of my associates in undertaking the actions and running the risks we did. We were up against a formidable constellation of forces in those days, an alliance of

influential elements of the media with a so-called counterculture that represented a *Weltanschauung* and lifestyle that were utterly repugnant to me. It was as unthinkable to me to let the country succumb to those values as it would have been for a Japanese officer reared on the code of *Bushido* to contemplate surrender in 1945.

**PLAYBOY:** And so you became a kamikaze, and ultimately self-destructed over Watergate?

**LIDDY:** No, I joined people who believed as I did in a well-justified counter-offensive against the forces of civil disorder that were sweeping the country in those days. And I have absolutely no regrets about my decision to do so. Ultimately, our side won out and crushed the revolutionaries, which is one salient reason why what's left of the left has never forgotten or forgiven Richard Nixon. But our very victory has to some extent obscured the gravity of the situation as it was seen in Washington in those days.

**PLAYBOY:** Aren't you drastically exaggerating the true dimensions of civil unrest in order to justify your own violations of the law? Sure, there were antiwar demonstrations and civil disobedience and some incidents of terrorism by crazies like the Weathermen; but can you seriously argue that the country was teetering on the brink of

a revolutionary upheaval?

**LIDDY:** In my opinion, you're seriously *underestimating* the threat. We didn't have a crystal ball at our disposal in those days that would inform us that mass student opposition to the war would peter out after the end of the draft, or that the racial cauldron in the big cities would eventually simmer down. We had to act on our best intelligence assessment of the forces arrayed against us, and that assessment was far from encouraging, particularly when you consider the revolutionaries. Remember, we knew that those same forces had caused Lyndon Johnson to abdicate his office, and we were not prepared to see a similar scenario in the case of Richard Nixon. We drew the line and chose to fight back.

**PLAYBOY:** You never had any doubts that the antiwar movement posed a serious threat to this country and its institutions?

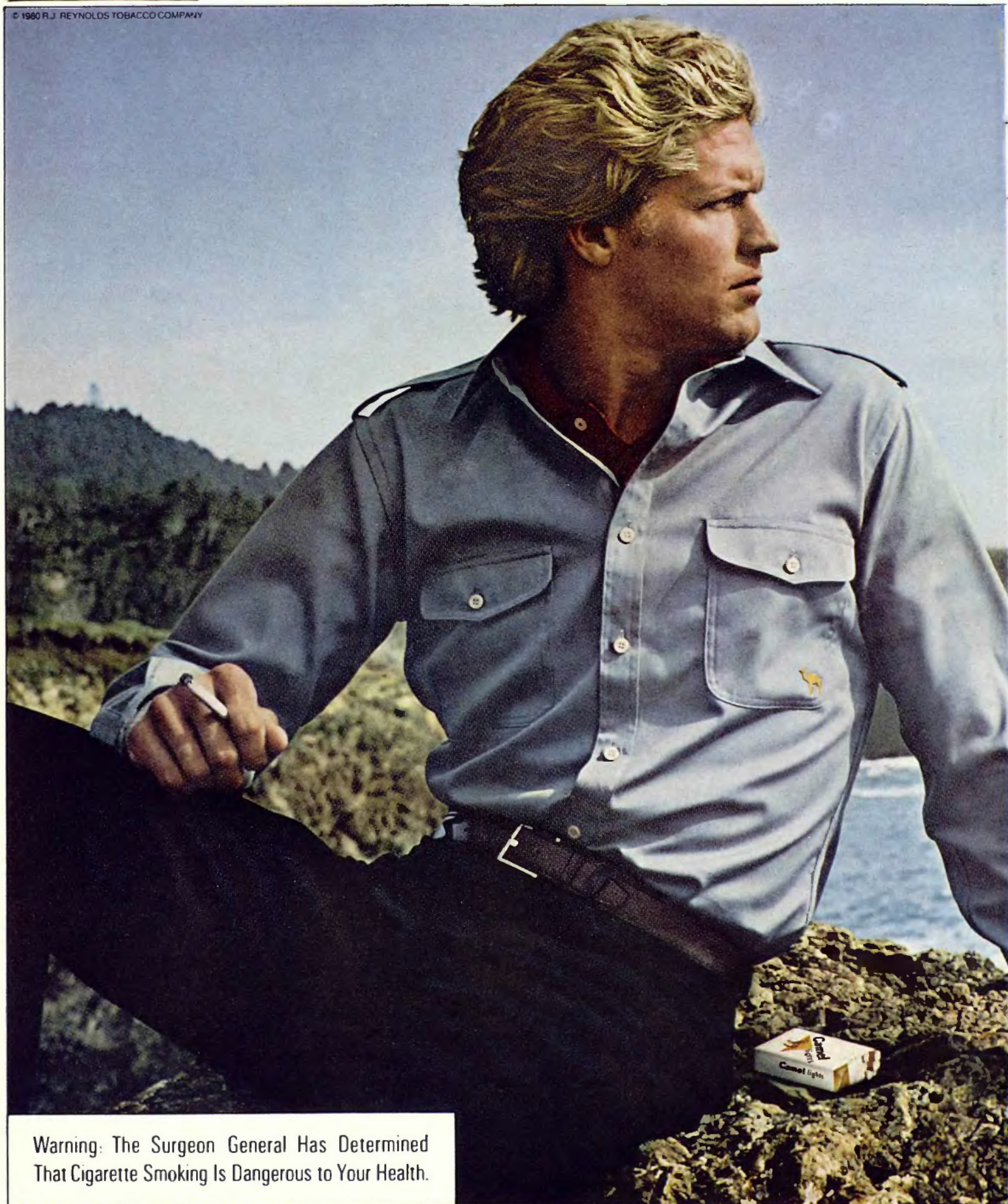
**LIDDY:** Never for a moment. They were the shock troops of a movement and value system I despised, and as far as I was concerned, if they were going to succeed, they would have had to march over my dead body. And I always felt justified in taking any action necessary to thwart them. I remembered Cicero's dictum that laws are inoperative in war. And I knew we were at war.

**PLAYBOY:** In the course of your crusade



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# CAMEL

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to save the Republic, was there any ethical line you would have drawn? And, as a "good soldier" in Nixon's army, what do you think of the so-called Nuremberg precept that the execution of an illegal and immoral order constitutes a crime under international law?

**LIDDY:** I do not believe in "blind obedience" to authority. On the contrary, I believe that the individual has a responsibility to pursue the dictates of his own conscience and own reason, even when they counter the interests of the state. Man, after all, has free will. A concentration-camp guard at Auschwitz or in the Gulag cannot absolve himself of responsibility for his acts simply on the grounds that he was "obeying orders." I've explained why I'd be willing to break the law under extraordinary circumstances, but there is a point beyond which I would not go.

**PLAYBOY:** What is that point?

**LIDDY:** Well, anything that is malum in se, evil in itself, as opposed to something that is malum prohibitum, or wrong only because there is a law against it on the statute books.

**PLAYBOY:** That appears to be a rather Jesuitical distinction.

**LIDDY:** Well, the Jesuits have had hundreds of years to ponder such questions, so I wouldn't dismiss them too lightly, but the distinction between malum in se and malum prohibitum is a very real and vital one when considering the role of man's conscience in relationship to the law.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you give us an example?

**LIDDY:** OK. A classic example of malum in se, something that's evil in and of itself, would be the sexual abuse of a child. I don't need to refer to the statute books to know that is wrong, nor would the public at large. Now, to take another extreme for purposes of illustration, let's say I was driving through the Nevada desert one day, where I could see 100 miles in either direction, and suddenly I approach a red octagonal STOP sign. If I drove through it, as I would, I would clearly be committing an illegal act, I would be violating the law. But absent an 11th Commandment enjoining, "Thou shalt not go through an octagonal red sign with the word STOP on it," my action would be morally irrelevant. Of course, there's a wide range of gradations involved between such a harmless infraction and an ultimately heinous crime such as raping a child, but there are vital distinctions between the two kinds of violation that should and must be made.

**PLAYBOY:** But wouldn't murder—which you've admitted plotting, if not executing—clearly fall under the category of malum in se?

**LIDDY:** Only if you refuse to accept the

distinction I made earlier in our conversation between justifiable and unjustifiable homicide. And even if you resort to Judaeo-Christianity for ethical guidance, a similar distinction would have to be made. We're taught that the Commandment reads, "Thou shalt not kill," but, in fact, the literal translation from the Hebrew reads, "Thou shalt not do murder." To illustrate the point, let's carry this concept of malum in se over to the political area we've been discussing. I've said I would have been willing to kill Jack Anderson or Philip Agee. Now, let's say in 1972, before the New Hampshire primary, somebody had approached me and said, "Liddy, we want you to whack out Ed Muskie, he's gaining in the polls and he's a real threat to this Administration in November." Well, I wouldn't have touched that one with a ten-foot pole—no pun intended. I disagreed totally with Senator Muskie's domestic and foreign-policy positions at the time, and if he'd been nominated, I would have fought him politically every inch of the way. But he was and is a decent,

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*"With all the post-Watergate paranoia that's still floating about, I'm surprised we haven't yet been blamed for the sinking of the Lusitania."*

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patriotic American who was not out in any way to damage the interests of this country, and it would have been a pure case of malum in se for me to move against him. On the other hand, if he had won the nomination and somebody said, "Liddy, infiltrate an agent in Muskie's headquarters and find out what he's up to," I certainly would have considered it. That would have been traditional in American politics. It would, in fact, have been another case of malum prohibitum. So the difference between the two is very important to me, and I would always draw the line at malum in se.

**PLAYBOY:** The problem is that you, G. Gordon Liddy, are arrogating to yourself the right to decide what laws should or should not be broken. Isn't that in a very profound sense subversive of the constitutional principle that this is a Government of laws and not of men, and no one, from the Chief Executive on down to the humblest citizen, is above the law?

**LIDDY:** No. Ultimately, each of us must

be accountable to his own conscience. One must consider the facts and make a prudent judgment. Remember that the Constitution is just what the Supreme Court—a group of men—says it is. And that Court gave us, among other decisions, Dred Scott [a landmark pro-slavery decision]. I'll take my own conscience, thank you.

**PLAYBOY:** You're a student of history, with particular interest in ancient Rome and Greece. Do you recall Juvenal's maxim, "Who is to guard the guards against themselves?" And doesn't that apply to G. Gordon Liddy?

**LIDDY:** Well, I'm no longer a guardian. But, in the final analysis, the people have to do that themselves, by participating in the political process and keeping a sharp eye on the men they elect to govern them. If the majority of the people feel their leaders are abusing that power, they have the option of turning that particular bunch of guardians out of office. They had the chance with us in 1972, and you remember the results.


**PLAYBOY:** You mentioned Muskie as the kind of man you would never have considered harming, for which dispensation he's doubtless grateful. But another picture of your relationship with Muskie is painted by former high-ranking CIA official Miles Copeland, who claims your agents spiked Muskie's punch with a particularly virulent dose of LSD shortly before he broke down and wept outside the offices of William Loeb's *Manchester Union Leader* during the critical 1972 New Hampshire primary, an event that effectively ended his candidacy.

**LIDDY:** I'm afraid you're exploring the farther shores of political paranoia on that one. There's no truth to it whatsoever.

**PLAYBOY:** And yet you've been quoted as having said shortly before campaigning began in New Hampshire that your agents were prepared to pull some "rough stuff" in that contest.

**LIDDY:** I wasn't referring to *that* kind of rough stuff. I ended up with responsibility for Donald Segretti, you know, though I never recruited him, and he was up in New Hampshire with his bag of so-called dirty tricks, operating against the various candidates. But his stock in trade was nothing more serious than glorified fraternity-house pranks—disrupting campaign scheduling, canceling motel reservations, that kind of thing. Nobody connected with us would even have thought for a second about slipping LSD to the Senator. Of course, with all the post-Watergate paranoia that's still floating about, I'm surprised we haven't yet been blamed for the sinking of the Lusitania.

**PLAYBOY:** Maybe it's "post-Watergate

A man with dark hair, wearing a red hoodie, is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. He is holding a can of Natural Light beer in his right hand and a glass of beer with a thick head of foam in his left hand. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

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paranoia" and maybe it's not, but in the course of a CBS radio commentary at the height of the Watergate scandal titled *Thinking the Unthinkable*, newscaster Dan Rather commented that it was time to ask "some of the tough questions about such characters as Hunt and Liddy and their Cuban contacts and whether they had at any time any connection with Lee Harvey Oswald. . . ." How do you feel about being accused of a possible role in the assassination of President Kennedy?

**LIDDY:** I initially would have assumed it was just one more example of the hysteria surrounding Watergate, but I subsequently learned why Rather asked that question. When I first appeared on *60 Minutes* in 1975, Mike Wallace told me offcamera that CBS News possessed a photograph of the crowd in Dealey Plaza taken contemporaneously with President Kennedy's assassination, and that one individual bore a striking resemblance to me when his features were magnified. Prior to my appearance on *60 Minutes*, CBS had the photo and negative checked by the top experts in the country in an attempt to verify my presence at the time, presumably by comparing photographs of me with the shot from Dallas, and they couldn't do so. But apparently the story had been floating around the higher echelons of CBS News for some time, and that's where Rather picked it up. Why he threw in Hunt's name as well, I can't tell you.

**PLAYBOY:** Where were you on November 22, 1963?

**LIDDY:** In my law offices in Manhattan, though I'd been in Dallas a number of times prior to that. I know you're disappointed, but I'm afraid I can't place myself in the sixth-floor window of the Texas School Book Depository, zeroing in on the motorcade through the sights of a Mannlicher-Carcano.

**PLAYBOY:** While serving in the Nixon White House, didn't you participate in an effort to assassinate the character of the late President by forging cables in order to indicate that he had ordered the murder of President Diem of South Vietnam?

**LIDDY:** You're thinking of Howard Hunt. I forged no such cables. When we were under attack for our alleged immorality in Vietnam by Ted Kennedy and other Democrats, we did attempt to unearth cables from Defense Department files indicating what role President Kennedy played in that affair, since it's pretty generally known and accepted that his Administration supported the coup that overthrew Diem and led to his death and that of his brother. Unfortunately, and perhaps significantly, the cable traffic from the crucial period dropped off considerably, and the Joint Chiefs of

Staff refused to provide the relevant back-channel traffic, with the support of Secretary of Defense Mel Laird. So I never unearthed the "smoking gun" cable that would have linked J.F.K. to Diem's assassination—which, ironically, occurred only three weeks before his own.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you still believe such a cable, or other similar evidence, exists?

**LIDDY:** I have no hard proof, but based on my own investigation, and the nature of the cable traffic I was able to examine, I'm convinced that President Kennedy either ordered Diem's assassination or at the very least knew that the military plotters intended to kill him and did nothing to stop it.

**PLAYBOY:** The Nixon White House was interested in obtaining information on another Kennedy. Were you involved in the plumbers' investigation of Senator Ted Kennedy's behavior at Chappaquiddick?

**LIDDY:** No, but Hunt was. He investigated Chappaquiddick as part of a standard political counterintelligence

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*"I know you're disappointed, but I can't place myself in the sixth-floor window of the Texas School Book Depository."*

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operation, to unearth potentially damaging information on a possible opponent. But I'm afraid he came up with nothing new, nothing that wasn't published in that exhaustive article in *The New York Times Magazine* by Robert Sherrill. So the matter was more or less dropped, on the assumption that it would probably hurt Kennedy politically without our assistance.

**PLAYBOY:** The White House campaign of "political counterintelligence" against Ted Kennedy was not conducted on a very elevated plane. Chuck Colson got a photograph of Kennedy leaving a night club in Paris with a beautiful woman, and H. R. Haldeman recalls being instructed by Nixon to place the Senator under 24-hour surveillance so the White House could "catch him in the sack with one of his babes." Did Nixon's men unearth any significant evidence of Kennedy's alleged drinking problems or marital infidelities—and, if so, how did the dirty-tricks department intend to use it politically?

**LIDDY:** It's possible they did engage in that kind of Mickey Mouse stuff, though I never saw the photograph you refer

to. But if they'd asked my advice, I'd have told them to forget it. The whole extramarital-affairs bit has been played to death; that kind of thing isn't even good for political hardball anymore, if it ever really was. I mean, my God, if you're going to lock up every politician who ever slept in a bed with the wrong name on it, the streets of Washington at night would be bare, deserted! And I'm not sure the public really cares that much, either, as long as the guy's competent and doesn't have some really far-out quirk, like midgets or aardvarks. I think the only question is whether or not the man is sufficiently competent to be President of the United States, and I don't think who he goes to bed with has anything to do with it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think Ted Kennedy is competent to be President of the United States?

**LIDDY:** Oh, he's competent, sure, but I wouldn't want to see him President, because I think he would move the country in entirely the wrong direction, in both domestic affairs and foreign policy. Kennedy has become the last standard-bearer of the New Deal, and because Carter has pre-empted the middle and Reagan has cornered the right, Ted's only constituency is the liberal left of the party. He's both their spokesman and their captive, and his only solution to our current problems is to throw more money at them and organize more programs and more bureaucracies, which is just a prescription for perpetuating the failures of the past 30 years. Tacitus, you know, perceived that "the more corrupt the government, the greater the number of laws." You could add to that: "and the greater the number of Federal agencies." But I've got to admit that despite my total ideological divergence from Kennedy, I've developed a certain grudging respect for the way he's comported himself under a series of staggering political reversals. No, I think Kennedy would be the wrong President at the wrong time for this country, but I've got to say that his behavior during the campaign conforms to Hemingway's classic definition of courage: grace under pressure.


**PLAYBOY:** In 1977, your sentence was commuted by Carter. What do you think of him, both as a man and as President?

**LIDDY:** As a man, I think the popular conception of him as good and decent and sincere is probably correct, and personally, I'm grateful that he commuted my sentence. He'd certainly get my vote—for parson. But as a President, he's been an absolute, unmitigated disaster. You see, a moralizer like Jimmy Carter is fine at delivering orotund sermons, but he doesn't understand the

*(continued on page 166)*



## **WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?**

He is ambitious and his work occupies him. But when he plays, he likes that to be a total experience. He stops the car in the sudden stillness of the countryside. They walk together, sharing the peace. When they return he asks her to drive. He shares himself and his life. He reads PLAYBOY to enrich his experience. He is after the best and is prepared to pay for it. What sort of man reads PLAYBOY? A man who takes time to explore. A man who reaches for the life he wants. 





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**FIRST LOOK**

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at a new novel

*By the author of "Ragtime"*

**E. L. DOCTOROW**

# LOON LAKE

*wolf woman, lizard man, fanny the fat lady... the most horrifying people at the carnival were not its freaks*

THAT SUMMER, I found myself rousting for Hearn Brothers carnival—a few acts, a few rides and a contingent of freaks that went around the Eastern mountain circuit in the 1930s. I learned how money could be made from the poor. Every evening, we turned on the power and they drifted in, appearing starved and sucked dry but holding in their palms the nickels and dimes that would give them a view of Wolf Woman, Lizard Man, the Living Oyster, the Fingerling Family and, in fact, the whole Hearn Brothers bestiary of human virtue and excellence. They would stare solemnly at these attractions and then turn away and dig in their pockets for a number on fortune's wheel.

The most popular freak was a traditional fat lady named Fanny. She sat on a scale that was like a porch swing. Over her head, a big red arrow attested to 608 pounds. To the shrewd and skeptical among the audience, she responded with an emphatic sigh and the arrow would fluctuate wildly, going as high as 900. This made people laugh. Fanny the Fat Lady was always dressed in a short jumper with a big collar and a bow in her hair, just like Shirley Temple. She had dyed red hair set in waves over her small skull. She might have been 30 years old, but she was dull-witted as if her mind had been made slow by the pull of gravity. Some of the freaks did routines or sold souvenirs and pamphlets of their life stories, but she only sat and suffered herself to be gazed on, her slathered legs crossed at the ankles. Sometimes when she saw a kid she liked, her little painted mouth would widen like the wings of a butterfly as if it were basking on some pulpy extra-galactic flower. The folds of her chins rising in cups of delicate hue, her blue eyes setting like moons behind her cheeks, she would smile and then unsmile, smile and unsmile, sitting there with each arm resting on the base of a plump hand supported by a knee that was like the cap of an exotic giant white mushroom.

By one or two in the morning, all the rubes were played out. The lights were blinked in warning, and the generator was turned off. The crowd left and the acts went to their trailers to find some supper or drink some wine. It fell to me to escort Fanny back to her trailer. She'd place her hand on my shoulder and, walking behind me at arm's length with a great quivering

resettlement of herself at each step, she'd move in stately procession across the lot.

A while later, a truck would come along running without headlights and turn deftly off the road, and it would be one of the daddies of the early evening returned by himself or with a friend. He would want the belly dancer or the girl who walked the ponies; but most of the time he wanted the fat lady. And pretty soon, on the steps of Fanny's trailer at the edge of the woods, there would be a line of men and boys waiting for their turn with her. It was cold, too, at night in the Adirondacks, especially in August, but they were kept warm by their fevers, driven up by the sound of life's panic, the shivers and shrieks and crashings and hoarse cries coming out of that trailer, the night music of the carnival I traveled with in the summer of my youth.

Fanny was truly sensitive to men. She had a real affection for them. I think she was in love with the idea of them, because every night she would take on as many as there were, and I doubt if she understood that money was collected on her behalf. I knew a fair percentage of her customers were so aroused as to be terrible bumbler, coming in the folds of her thighs or in the depths of the sides of her that spilled over the structure of her trunk like luxurious down quilts; but always she cried out as if they had found her true center. And I wondered if among this retarded whore-freak and the riffraff who stood in line to fuck her, some really important sacrament was effected, some means of continuing with hope, a ceremonial magnification of the possibilities of life that did not wear away but grew in the memory of her around the bars and taverns of the mountains, catching her image in the sawdust flying up through the sunlight in the mill yards or laying like the mist of the morning over the clear lakes. But I was 19 years old and given to such fancies. Everyone in the carny knows fat ladies are the biggest draw.

The owner, Sim Hearn, used to stop by Fanny's booth before the show and take a look at her. This was a great honor because Sim Hearn had no particular interest in his freaks' welfare or anyone else's for that matter. He was a tall man, very thin, the color of ash. He walked with a stoop. Even on the hottest day of the year, he wore an old gray fedora with the front brim pulled down. He affected a white shirt with a black tie and he wore rubber bands around the sleeves above the elbows; his arms at the biceps were visibly thinner than an ordinary man's wrist. He had the habit of sucking on his teeth, lighting on a particular crevasse with his tongue and then pulling air through it with a dry chirping sound. If you listened, you could

tell just where Sim Hearn was on the lot as he went around looking after things. Sometimes you'd be doing your work and realize it was you he was watching, the ubiquitous chirrup just behind your ear, as if the king of the locusts had landed on your shoulder. Then you'd turn and find it was so. "That," he would say, pointing to a loose cable. Or "This," extending his chin in the direction of an overflowing trash bin. His parsimony of speech and his teeth sucking gave him a preoccupied demeanor, as if he were too much engaged with the great invisible problems to spend much effort on the running of the carny.

There was a Mrs. Hearn, too, a Hungarian woman some years younger than Sim; I'd say she was not much past 40. She had the lightest-colored hair I ever saw. It looked almost white. She wore it plaited and twisted in a bun in back. She spoke almost as little as her husband, but I dwelled on her accent, which seemed very exotic to me and produced in my mind images of European hotel lobbies or indoor riding academies. She addressed me in the most businesslike way, but when there was something she wanted done, it was me she called over, not anyone else. And I began to be conscious of a presence she had for me, the most discreet presence, hardly tendered in the glance of her gray eyes, which were rather small and close-set, but meaningfully there, nonetheless. I found myself watching her. She walked with a severe limp, taking a sudden dip over to one side, as if she were doomed each moment to fall, but with some specifically physical suggestion of gallantry righting herself in the next moment and winding up the entire cycle with a vehement forward thrust of the pelvis that was not at all unpleasant to observe.

One day, between towns, Mrs. Hearn rode with me in the cab of my truck. It was raining heavily. The water streaming over the windows was like a curtain. She took a photograph out of her wallet and held it up where I could see it; it showed a young girl in tights waving from an aerial platform, her other hand holding a slack trapeze as if she were about to jump into space. "From my life when I smiled," she said.

I was excited by her story. She had a degree of class, some residual pride of deportment that separated her from the others, even from Sim Hearn himself—and now I knew why. She had been in the big time. The picture had been taken when she was an aerialist with the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus. She had trained in Hungary and married into a circus family. Her husband was the catcher. At one performance, she missed her timing and fell badly into the net. Her husband watched the way she healed

and she dropped from his affection as precipitously as she had fallen from his outstretched hands. Down she went through the years and all the levels of show business until she reached bottom. "Here," she said, smacking the seat of the truck.

It was a sad tale, but I was thrilled to be told it. I was emboldened to cheer her up. "From where I'm looking, it's not the bottom," I said. "You ain't exactly one of the hands."

She gave a short laugh and stared through the rain. It was a while before she spoke again. "I'll tell you of the Mrs. Hearn," she said, as if having made a decision. "I have always been with numbers clever, even as child. I came to him and talked myself into the bookkeeping. As I knew by looking at this man, he afterward had to marry me. He would not for long trust to keep his books who was not related."

I was stunned. "Is true," she said. "In the American law, wife cannot be made to speak against husband."

I kept my eyes on the road. Of course, it was maliciously suggested around the carny that Sim Hearn had no appetite for anything but money. Still, it was one thing to enjoy the sort of myth that attaches itself to anyone in authority; it was another to have a true glimpse into the nature of a man's affections.

And then I wondered about her. I saw into a realm of such miserably desperate self-reliance that I was immediately able to think she was, indeed, where she belonged. It did not occur to me that she had given me her confidence for a reason. I was really stupid. I was not at my age making plans of my own and so could not conceive of myself in the plans of others—even someone like Magda Hearn, who had just confessed to me how her mind worked. I thought with some scorn: She can be had.

So, at the age of 19, I was innocent, the more so from living with the dregs of the earth and knowing the sad forms that life took. I felt immune to hazard. If I had ambition, it was willing to wait and to learn. I gave myself simpleheartedly to the carny and could not have realized the attraction I had for Mrs. Hearn or for any of them as a strong, quiet boy with a ready smile and a capacity for work but with as few demands upon life as the freaks.

This was the Depression and a fellow my age could have been in worse shape. I thought I had the temperament to ride it out. By not being in too great a hurry about anything, I was fitted to the discouragement of the times. I had finished with high school in Paterson and, armed only with an unpronounceable last name, I had hit the road. It was all

(continued on page 98)





*"I always like it best when you're Mother Superior!"*



# PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST

*tasteful conservative styles coupled with a dash of the unexpected are the landslide winning looks for the months ahead*

*attire*

**By DAVID PLATT**

FALL AND WINTER fashions this year mirror the nation's social and economic mood; thus, there's little coming up that's fun, frivolous or unique. Still, it isn't all the deadly seriousness of, say, the Fifties. In fact, while the current fashion scene lacks the kind of wild and crazy looseness that's been present in the past, it does offer solid values and tasteful conservative looks that won't go out of style overnight. One way to jazz up your wardrobe—and, of course, get extra fashion mileage from your selections—is to think creatively about what you've purchased. Instead of wearing an ordinary business shirt with your new pinstriped suit, try a silk one. Or combine a bow tie with a shirt and a pair of sweaters instead of sporting a sports jacket. In short, go for the unexpected. You'll come away a winner.



Opposite page: The country-squire look—a Shetland-wool jacket, \$195, worn over a muted-plaid shirt, \$45, wool sleeveless V-neck, \$55, and a pair of corduroy slacks, \$65, all by Alan Flusser. Above left: A wool/acrylic knit cardigan, \$50, and a V-neck pullover, also \$50, both by Coccia; along with a cotton/wool shirt, by Hathaway, about \$37.50; cotton poplin slacks, by Bert Pulitzer, \$60; and a silk bow tie, by Vicky Davis, \$9. Above right: Our guy's calm, cool and well tailored in a cotton poplin fly-front jacket, \$170, and pleated twill slacks, \$100, both by Amber House; cotton poplin shirt, by Bert Pulitzer, \$27.50; acrylic knit V-neck with rib trim, by Jantzen, \$28.50; rayon/chenille hand-woven muffer, by Jeffrey Aronoff, \$70; and calfskin Angora-lined gloves, by Yves Saint Laurent Gloves, \$43.



Above left: A classic wool pinstriped two-button suit, \$410, worn with a silk shirt, \$125, and a silk foulard tie, \$25, all from Tiger of Sweden by Gil Truedsson. Above right: The layered look here combines unexpected colors and textures including an alpoca/wool ventless jacket, \$225, worn with cotton velvet Western-style jeans, \$50, and a wool striped pullover, \$37.50, all by Jean-Paul Germain. Under the sweater is a brushed cotton postel ploid shirt, \$75, and a wool knit T-shirt, \$30, both by Poul Smith. Left: It was love at first sight for his leather motorcycle-type jacket, about \$600, brushed cotton shirt, about \$85, and cotton twill slacks, about \$150, all by Giorgio Armani.

Opposite page: Check this—o wool checked suit featuring bellows pockets, \$365, that's been coupled with a multicolor-ploid cotton button-down shirt, \$32.50, and a wool patterned tie, \$15, all from Chaps by Ralph Lauren. Under the suit is a wool/acrylic five-button sleeveless cardigan with rib trim, by Jockey International, \$24.



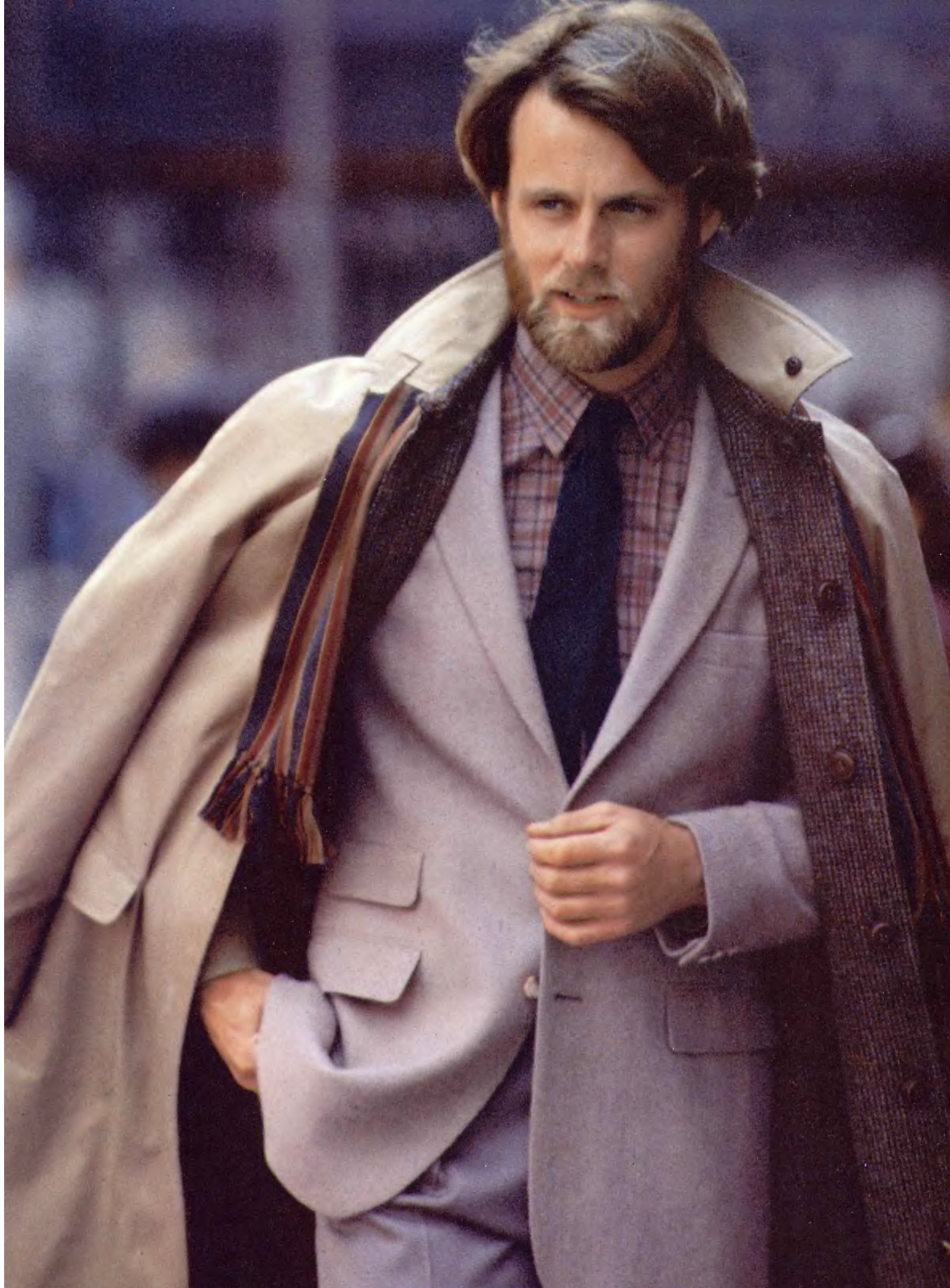


Opposite page: Two for the money—a cotton twill outercoat that reverses to a tweed model, about \$145, worn over a Shetland-wool two-button jacket, about \$170, wool gabardine slacks, about \$65, and multicolor-plaid cotton shirt, about \$32.50, all by Sol Cesarani for Cesarani; plus a silk tie, about \$25, by Dickens of London for John Mendez; and a multicolor-striped wool knotted-fringe muffler, by Bert Pulitzer, \$22.50.

Left: Winter's foes—a chamois/cotton down-filled blouson jacket, by Al Arden for Chester Perry, about \$430; worn over a wool long-sleeved V-neck, \$34, and worsted wool gabardine slacks, \$62, both by Gianfranco Ruffini; plus a cotton/polyester plaid buttondown shirt, by Arrow, \$28.50. Below left: Mr. Lucky scores again in new fall and winter threads that include a wool plaid two-button jacket and matching vest, \$235, both by Von Gils; plus wool flannel slacks, by Bill Kaiserman Design, \$85; a cotton pinstriped shirt, \$57.50, and silk twill tie, \$18, both by Howard Partmon for San Francisco. Below: A cotton fleecy-lined fatigue-type jacket, \$200, coupled with a knit boat-neck sweater, \$150, cotton shirt, \$50, corduroy pleated slacks, \$130, and a cashmere/silk/wool muffler, \$35, all by Peter Barton's Closet.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STAN MALINOWSKI  
WOMEN'S FASHIONS BY BILL HAIRE FOR FRIEDRICKS SPORT



## A GENTLEMAN'S BASIC COLD- WEATHER WARDROBE

*fashion staples for  
the months ahead—  
from outerwear and suits  
to sweaters, shirts  
and accessories*

Hanging on the armoire door: A wool herringbone double-breasted topcoat, by Lee Wright, \$270; and a cashmere muffler, by Amicale, \$35. On the top shelf: A Merino wool crewneck, by Calvin Klein Menswear, \$60; coupled with a plaid shirt, by Arrow, about \$18. Next to it: A wool cardigan sweater, by Robert Stock, \$65; and a wool Western shirt, by Pendleton, \$45. Second shelf: A pair of leather oxfords, by Yves Saint Laurent for Harwyn Int'l, \$90; Argyle socks, by Interwoven, \$3; and (hanging) a leather jacket, by Stratojac, about \$225. Third shelf: Orlon Fair Isle crewneck with rib trim, by Jantzen, \$35. Fourth shelf: Cotton/polyester shirt, by Nino Cerruti Shirts, \$23; cotton buttondown shirt, by Bert Pulitzer, \$38.50; and a cotton/polyester striped shirt with a medium-spread collar, by Nino Cerruti Shirts, \$27. Next to the shirt: A pair of leather hand-sewn penny mocs, by Frye Handsewns, \$76; and Argyle socks, by Interwoven, \$3. Hanging on the brass coat rack: A polyester/cotton gabordine trench coat, by Misty Harbof, \$170; plus a cable-stitched sleeveless V-neck sweater, by Robert Bruce, \$22.50; wool/cotton checked shirt, by Evan-Picone for Men, \$57.50; and a striped wool muffler, by Bert Pulitzer, \$22.50. Left, atop suitcase: Worsted wool slacks, by Daks, about \$70; cowhide slip-on mocs, by Sperry Top-Sider, \$58; and Orlon boot socks, by Interwoven, \$4.





Hanging on the left side of the headboard: A checked wool two-button jacket, by Evan-Picone for Men, \$150; coupled with an oxford buttondown shirt, by Bert Pulitzer, \$23.50; and a striped wool tie, by Close Ties, about \$16.50.

Headboard, middle row, top to bottom: Wool herringbone muted-plaid suit, by Country Britches, \$285; a corduroy single-breasted jacket, by Moda Tallia, \$175; and a wool tweed four-button jacket, by Pierre Cardin, about \$165. Headboard, right: Wool flannel double-breasted suit, by Chester Barrie, \$535; teamed with a muted-check cotton shirt, by Country Britches, \$45; and a polyester Swiss dot tie, by Wembley, \$8.50.

Back row on the bed, left to right: Cotton twill tubular-quilted jacket, from Jeffrey Banks for Lakeland, \$155; wool knit shawl-collared pullover, by Tricots St. Raphael, about \$97.50; and a pair of lambskin hand-stitched dress gloves, by Gates Gloves, about \$30.

Shirts in the middle row, left to right: A denim buttondown work shirt, by Bert Pulitzer, \$28.50; plaid buttondown, from Baracuta for Van Heusen, \$20; brushed cotton shirt, by Gant, \$29; cotton oxford with contrasting collar, by Bert Pulitzer, \$38.50; cotton/polyester button-down, from Equipment by Henry Grethel, \$37.50; pinstriped shirt, by Nino Cerruti Shirts, \$27; and a cotton plaid shirt, by Robert Stock, \$35. Slacks on the bed, left to right: Denim baggy jeans, by Tobias Kotzin Co., \$24; corduroy Western slacks, by Bonjour Action Jeans, \$39; teamed with a leather Western belt, by Frye Belts, \$10.50; brushed cotton twill slacks, by Robert Stock, \$47.50; and a canvas military belt, by Aeronautica Ltd., \$15; wool herringbone slacks, from Equipment by Henry Grethel, \$65; and a cowhide belt, by Pierre Cardin, \$18.50; and polyester/wool flannel pleated slacks, by Evan-Picone for Men, \$60; and a calfskin belt, by Lejon for Dimitri, \$25. The silk foulard is by Country Britches, \$25; silk/wool patterned tie, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, \$16.50.

# LOON LAKE

(continued from page 88)

*"I trained myself to be casual around the freaks, even though I was as awe-struck as a rube."*

there was to do and nobody cried, not even my mother, who gazed at the floor, seeing me out in the world, even as my hand was on the doorknob.

I had heard California was the place. In California, oranges and avocados lay ripe in the street. I nurtured also some mythic sense of the light of the sky out there, a benign radiance bathing one in warmth. So I started West. Almost immediately, I was lost in the crowd. There was this great traffic of stiffs and hobos. The train yards were jammed. The bulls were vicious. There was little chance to find a day's work. You went to sleep thinking someone might cut off your foot for the folded dollar in your shoe.

But I knew how to take care of myself. What I was really afraid of was the ordinary person who was no more malevolent than the next but for whom the primary act of character was self-delusion. There was the true danger—the casuistry in misfortune. I saw two men trying to kill each other over the question of whose torn filthy jacket had the better label. Rummies ranked themselves by the kind of alcohol they would not be so low as to drink. I met bums who claimed to be only temporarily down on their luck—always they were en route to some glorious destination described, not in terms of a job or a family waiting but as the place where they were *known*, where what they were did not have to be proved. So I turned off the road and headed north for the mountains, a young man who did not want such challenges to his kingship of consciousness, with all the conquests of his life still to come. I could not hope or dream, however idly, in a flophouse with 100 others, 1000 others, 100,000 others, where the dreams rise on the breath and dissolve one another in a precipitate element not your own, and you are trapped in it, a dark underwater kingdom fed by springs of alcoholic piss and sweat, in which there live and swim the vilest phantoms of God.

All summer we moved along the mountain roads, lighting here and there. We were a smooth, efficient outfit. Sim Hearn went on ahead to find the locations and make the payoffs. And when we came into a town, he'd be waiting where we could see him, sitting behind the wheel of his Model A with one arm out the window, the rubber band around the shirt sleeve. We'd follow him to an

open field somewhere. Right away, we'd go to work putting the rides together and standing up the booths. We'd have the carny open by dark. Sim knew what towns to skip, he knew what games would go in one place but not another and he knew with a sniff of the weather when it was time to pull up stakes and travel on. And where we left, the high grass would be worn away.

I trained myself to be casual around the freaks, even though I was as awe-struck as a rube; more so, because I knew what no rube could ever dream—that they read the papers and talked about Roosevelt just like everyone else in the country.

But with all of that, there was an undeniable invalidism to their lives, like the pain of constant and irremediable bad health, so that daily association with them was isolating. I'd find myself sizing up the young girls who wandered into the midway in twos and threes, ordinary country girls who might glance at each other and giggle if I said something to them and then later, perhaps, tell me their name; but I'd make no move toward them, from some binding identification with the creatures behind the rails.

Yet the freaks stayed to themselves. Your well-being, your very dimensions were reproachable, and they dealt only with one another. Not in brotherhood, of course. The Fingerling Family, who were related only by size and their tendency to pug features, liked to make sport of Wolf Woman. They would sneak up from behind and pull out tufts of the unfortunate creature's hair. "That's all right," they'd taunt, scuttling out of her reach. "Plenty more where that came from!" Lizard Man, whose life was a dermatological misery, had to threaten them with a pistol to get them to return the lotions that were his only relief. The Living Oyster had as foul a tongue as any I had ever heard. He was so nasty and malicious to one and all that he was habitually dumped out of his basket and left to rage in a mud puddle or a pile of horse manure.

Where did Sim Hearn get them? Where did he get any of them? Could they be ordered? Was there a clearinghouse for freaks somewhere? In fact, there was; but if he could, Sim Hearn liked to find them himself. Somebody in town would approach him and he'd go off to see what was hidden in the basement or the

barn. If he liked what he saw, he named his terms and didn't have to pay a commission. Maybe he had dreams of finding something so inspiring that he would make his fortune, like Barnum. But the afflicted people in the countryside perceived him as a chance in a million. I would look around some morning and see a new grotesque or two, not necessarily in costume at show time but definitely with the carny. They required some kind of seasoning, like rookie ballplayers, to give them the competence as professionals. Sometimes they'd be around a while and disappear, to have their place taken by another for whom perhaps they'd been traded in the discreet dealings of this mysterious league. But when a new freak was put into the show, that evening everyone would try to shine, the new one would tone them all up except maybe Fanny, secure and serene in her mightiness. And all together in their display, they appeared to me as the celebration of Hearn's weird genius, their unformed appendages, their textured flesh, their demonic proportions making his design on behalf of them all, as if he were some saintly artist of their redemption.

Yet he couldn't care less if any one of them lived or died. And they knew it. None of them was assured employment beyond the end of the summer. It was his practice to close the carny sometime early in September. He found storage for most of the wagons and, keeping only a few drivers for the rigs he wanted to take with him, he headed for Florida, leaving most of the acts to get down there on their own. Whether they did or they didn't was up to them. If they did, he'd take them on again, and they'd hire on for the winter uncomplaining as only dumb showfolk can be—they were mostly immigrants, after all, the same people but with a twist who worked for pennies in the sawmills or stood in the bread lines.

One day, the second of a three-day stand, I went off the lot to look for a decent lunch. The acts maintained their domestic arrangements, but the hands were single and had to eat the slop that Sim Hearn's cook put out. I wanted the diner that could offer a reasonable return on my investment. A blue-plate special in those days cost 30 cents, with a nickel for the cup of coffee.

Walking along, solemn in my quest, I realized I was being watched. I looked up and saw Magda Hearn behind the wheel of Sim's Model A. She had parked at a slant and she was smiling.

Mrs. Hearn was dressed in shorts and a halter and wore a kerchief over her hair. She made much of the fact that we

(continued on page 190)



*"Well, Mrs. Crunk, you certainly got my vote!"*

# DID THE FBI KILL VIOLA LIUZZO?

article **By JOHNNY GREENE** *fifteen years ago, a white civil rights worker was slain*

*IN DARKNESS, Highway 80 across Alabama holds no more answers than it does in blinding-white Southern summer daylight. But for some reason, that insignificant strip of road, that dangerous two-lane through the black belt was a political and spiritual magnet for thou-*

*sands of people. Under overcast morning skies and on rain-soaked afternoons, a nonviolent revolution took place along Highway 80 when people demanded the right to vote. And in darkness, a woman from Detroit named Viola died there and now her children want to know why.*

Tony Liuzzo stretched out on the blankets beside his mother and listened to her voice. There had been a mackerel sky at sunset and now the stars had come out and the sky seemed almost pure white and Viola was looking up, gazing at the stars. Tony was nine years old



*in alabama—and today that woman's children charge the government with her death*

that summer his mother dyed her hair black and took him and his older brother, Tommy, on a camping trip through Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia. They slept outdoors as they traveled—in national and state parks, in open fields, even in graveyards. All three of them

went barefoot most of the time. For the boys, it was an adventure. For Viola, it was an escape from the confining, urban pressures of Detroit, and her first chance to show her sons the region where she had grown up—the South.

Now, as he lay beside her in an open

field alongside a deserted highway, Tony did not have to tell his mother he was frightened. To all her five children, it was as if she were almost mystical. She could anticipate and predict their feelings even before they experienced them. That night, Tony was spooked and



Viola sensed it. So they all sat on their blankets and put their chins on their knees and Tony heard the words that would give him strength years later, when he launched his relentless search for the truth about her murder.

"Look at the stars and the woods," Viola said, her arms outstretched. "This is your heritage. Not what you see in the cities. Not the money and the buildings. This is what people were born for. *This* is your heritage."

Then she told Tony the words he would never forget: that his body was a shell and the only thing that mattered was the spirit inside the shell—that without the spirit, the body was meaningless, that the real spirit was love.

They were weighty words to a nine-year-old. But Viola always talked with her children as if they were her contemporaries, her best friends, sharing with them her thoughts and feelings and her own basic philosophy of life. She seemed to be in a hurry to teach them everything she knew about life, to show them as much of the world as quickly as she possibly could. She had taken them on the trip South just as she had carried them along on her rock-hunting expeditions to quarries and the Great Lakes, to antique shops and to their cabin in the woods. The children were fascinated by her, by the way she constantly went barefoot and told them, when they appeared worried: "It doesn't matter what other people think. You have to do what *you* believe is right."

Viola's children were too young then to realize their mother was years ahead of her time, that the uninhibited approach to life that excited them was in reality a threat to others.

The night before Tony's tenth birthday, he saw his mother visibly shaken as she watched a television news broadcast of Alabama troopers attacking a line of nonviolent black civil rights demonstrators in Selma. For days after that, it seemed as if Viola were consumed with energy. At Wayne State University, where she was a part-time student, she found that she wasn't alone. Countless other students were enraged over the situation in Selma, too, but no one knew exactly what to do. Should they send money, and if so, to whom? Should they write letters or stage their own demonstration in Detroit? Each day, the news reports from Selma were grim, and as Viola sat watching the television coverage, Tony felt as if he could see his mother's heart.

Viola knew the South well from her early years in rural Tennessee, and she understood the depths of the region's racism. The nightly television coverage was only more proof of the violence

white Southerners were ready to unleash against nonviolent blacks in order to maintain the separate-but-unequal structure of their society. Viola had even seen the result of that racism on the streets and sidewalks of Detroit, where thousands of disenfranchised Southern blacks had fled—only to find a stark limbo of chronic unemployment and the empty hostility of urban indifference.

A refugee from the South herself, Viola frequently brought home those refugees. She fed them, clothed them, gave them spending money for their pockets. She was a member of the NAACP and she once phoned its Detroit chapter to ask how she could donate money or clothes to specific blacks in a manner that would not leave them feeling humiliated.

So when Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference sent out telegrams and requests across the nation asking for supporters to come en masse to Selma, Viola responded. With thousands of others, she would go to a bridge at Selma and make her personal statement for oppressed Southern blacks. From the campus of Wayne State, Viola called her husband, Jim, and told him she was leaving.

Tony remembers his mother's call and how his father made Viola promise to be careful. His father was a tough, well-built Italian-American who was devoted to his younger wife and to their family. Although Jim Liuzzo did not know much about the South, he knew it was a dangerous place for blacks and for white civil rights workers. But he understood, too, that Viola had to do what she thought was right, and he agreed to wire ahead the money to cover her trip.

Viola called every night while she was away, and Tony was home the afternoon she phoned from Montgomery to tell his father the march was over and that she would be returning to Detroit the next day. Tony remembers his father's words to her: "Vi, be careful, because the most dangerous time is after a march is over."

That night, Jim Liuzzo and his five children were at home. Penny and Mary, Viola's daughters by a previous marriage, were still awake. Tony, Tommy and their baby sister, Sally, were asleep when Jim received a telephone call from Alabama authorities informing him that his wife, Viola Gregg Liuzzo, 39, had been shot to death on Highway 80 between Selma and Montgomery. Tony was awakened by the screams of his father and his two oldest sisters. For Tony, it was like waking up in an unreal world, a world that would remain unreal for the next ten years of his life—until he could finally fit the pieces into place and discover who had actu-

ally murdered his mother and then destroyed the family.

The day after Viola's death, Tony heard his father say he wanted to be alone in a room with George Wallace for ten minutes. That same day, Tony watched as President Lyndon Johnson, on national television, announced the arrest of four members of the Ku Klux Klan who were charged with the Federal offense of conspiring to violate his mother's civil rights. As Johnson made the announcement and then denounced the Klan, he was flanked by J. Edgar Hoover. Just as it had always done on television and in the movies, Hoover's FBI had solved another one.

Gary Thomas Rowe, Jr., Collie Leroy Wilkins, William Orville Eaton and Eugene Thomas were taken into custody by FBI agents that day in the Birmingham, Alabama, metropolitan area. Rowe was a high-ranking member of the Eastview 13 klavern of the Klan—the most vicious in the South, the klavern allegedly responsible for bombing Birmingham's 16th Street Baptist Church, where four young black girls were murdered. Wilkins, Eaton and Thomas were members of the Bessemer klavern. The previous day, the four Klansmen had left Bessemer on a Klan "missionary" assignment—to harass and possibly terrorize the black and white civil rights marchers who had walked from Selma to Montgomery with Martin Luther King, Jr.

The speedy arrest of the four men surprised millions of Americans who felt the night-rider slaying of Viola Liuzzo would become another baffling, unsolvable civil rights murder. But law-enforcement observers realized immediately that one of the Klansmen must have broken and confessed in hope of immunity—or that one of the four men was an FBI informant.

Within weeks after their arrest, Rowe was, indeed, surfaced as an informant, paid by the FBI to report on the Klan since 1959. It was announced that he would testify against Wilkins, Eaton and Thomas in Federal court and in the courts of Alabama, where indictments were already being prepared against the three men.

According to Rowe, after the Klansmen reached Montgomery and observed the final moments of the voting-rights march, they drove to Selma, where they spotted a white woman riding alone in a car with a black male passenger. The Klansmen chased that car along Highway 80 toward Montgomery. Rowe told his FBI control agents he tried unsuccessfully to get the Klansmen to stop the chase and return to Selma. When the Klansmen finally overtook the car

(continued on page 108)

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# B O D Y   B E A U T I F U L

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*if bodybuilder lisa lyon has  
her way, the term weaker sex may become  
a thing of the past*

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BACK IN THE OLD DAYS, when men were men and women were in the kitchen, terms like biceps, triceps, bench press and dead lift were exclusively associated with the male of the species. But not anymore. There's a revolution taking place in the gyms of America and at the forefront, leading the charge, is Lisa Lyon, the world's first Woman's Bodybuilding Champion. Diminutive in stature (she stands 5'3"

and weighs only 105 pounds), Lisa can dead-lift 225 pounds, bench-press 120 pounds and squat 265 pounds, two and a half times her own weight. And, as evidenced by her long list of credits (every talk show from Donahue to Snyder, several TV specials on women's body building, numerous athletic competitions and a book, *Body Magic*, to be published by Bantam), Lisa is hoping that all of this will catch



Since she started body building four years ago, Lisa estimates that she has increased her strength by 300 percent. She works out, mainly with weights, twice a day for a total of three hours, six days a week, training different muscle groups each session. "You have to keep shocking your body, because that's the only way to grow," she says. "After a while, you learn to tailor your routine to your physique."

on big. "I honestly think we need a new definition of female beauty for the Eighties," says Lisa, "and a high-tech body that's not only beautiful but useful as well, may be it." A *cum laude* graduate of UCLA, which she followed with a three-year stint as a story analyst for American International Pictures in Hollywood, Lisa first entered the world of body building four years ago, when a series of traumatic expe-

riences caused her to seek an outlet for her aggressions. "I was studying kendo," she recalls, "and my classmates were all men. The more seriously they took me, the more I was getting beat up, so I realized that I needed to be stronger." To achieve that end, she started lifting weights on a special program devised by bodybuilder Franco Columbu, who, says Lisa, "thought I was joking at first. But then I started



to see my body changing and moved to Gold's Gym. Again, I was practically the only woman, but the men at the gym loved the idea that a woman was in there doing it, so they were very helpful." Outside the gym, however, reactions to Lisa vary. "People think that because I'm strong I like to dominate men. I don't want to dominate. I like rough trade. I don't like sissies," she told a writer for *SohoNews*. After

four years of work, Lisa has achieved her goal—a sort of animal aesthetic, as she says—where muscularity shows but is not cumbersome. "If you looked at a cougar," she says, "you wouldn't say ooh, that looks so masculine because it's so muscular. You'd say that's a very good-looking cat, perceiving that muscularity is not masculine or intrinsically sexual. I want to be seen as a well-developed human animal."



In addition to the obvious aesthetic appeal of her body, Lisa also claims that body building can increase sensuality. "Instead of dissipating your sexuality or mystique, working out actually increases it, because it makes you aware of every separate part of your physique, since you're constantly in touch with your body in such a detailed way. So your sensitivity to touch and movement is incredible."

## DID THE FBI KILL VIOLA? (continued from page 102)

*"Rowe participated in violent acts against civil rights activists—with the approval of the FBI."*

and emptied their guns into it, Rowe said he faked firing his own weapon—and that Wilkins had fired the .38-caliber revolver that killed Viola Liuzzo. Following the chase and the murder, the four men returned to Birmingham, where Rowe immediately contacted his FBI control agent, thereby breaking wide open the case. By the time it heard from Rowe, the FBI had already identified Viola. Her passenger, Leroy Moton, had escaped injury and was in protective custody in the Selma jail.

Despite Rowe's testimony—he presented so many conflicting accounts that they became known unofficially as the "12 Rowe lies"—Wilkins and Thomas were acquitted of murder in the Alabama courts and Eaton died of a heart attack before he could stand trial. The men never even took the witness stand in their own defense. But their Klan lawyers successfully challenged Rowe's testimony, chopping away less at his version of the events than at his violation of his Klan oath, his position as an FBI informant. Wilkins, Eaton and Thomas were found guilty in Federal court of conspiring to violate the civil rights of Viola Liuzzo, and received the maximum sentence of ten years in prison.

Although the Liuzzo murder case seemingly had been solved by the FBI with astonishing swiftness, Tony Liuzzo now watched in disbelief as the public reacted to his mother's murder. Crosses were burned on the lawn of the Liuzzo home and stacks of hate mail arrived daily. There were countless late-night obscene phone calls, insults yelled from cars passing their home, and once gunshots were fired into their house from a speeding vehicle. Neighborhood housewives and children hurled rocks and stones at Sally when she walked home from school. Jim Liuzzo had to hire armed guards to protect his children. The world had suddenly turned upside down on top of Tony and his family, and his only rationalization was that this was what happened to the children of people who gave their lives for civil rights.

More devastating to Tony than all of the abuse, however, was the gradual disintegration of his family. The loss of Viola had deprived the Liuzzos of their central, driving force. She had been the one who pushed them all forward in life, and without her that momentum

was lost. Tony and Tommy eventually dropped out of school. Viola, who had been unable at their age to finish high school, had always insisted not only that they attend school but that they bring home high marks on their report cards. She had enrolled at Wayne State as a part-time student majoring in English, stating that she intended to enter medical school and become a doctor. After her death, they watched their father's health decline sharply, complicated by a drinking problem he appeared to have lost the will to break.

Attempting to shield his children from as much public abuse as he could, Jim took the brunt of Viola's murder. It was he who sifted through the stacks of hate mail, including the receipt of a Klan magazine that showed on its cover his wife lying dead in her bullet-riddled blue Oldsmobile. And it was Jim who faced what seemed an uncommon level of official indifference from the Justice Department and the FBI when he sought to recover his wife's automobile—on which he continued to make monthly payments—and her personal effects.

The automobile was eventually returned to Jim Liuzzo, who turned it over to the General Motors Acceptance Corporation, which sold it to a man in Birmingham. Soon after the sale, Liuzzo learned of the following advertisement in *The Birmingham News*: "Do you need a crowd drawer? I have 1963 Oldsmobile 2-dr. that Mrs. Viola Liuzzo was killed in. Bullet holes & everything still intact. Ideal to bring in crowd. \$3500. Write D-46, care News."

Jim's protest of the advertisement and the potential exploitation of Viola's car at Klan rallies and carnivals met with the same official indifference. But his constant appeals to the Justice Department, the FBI and Alabama authorities for the return of Viola's personal effects did finally pay off—more than ten years after her death.

During the state trials of the Klansmen, in 1965 and 1966, Klan lawyer Matt Murphy repeatedly implied the possibility of a sexual relationship between Viola and Leroy Moton, and conducted impromptu news conferences in which he suggestively questioned why a white woman from Detroit would have deserted her husband and children to ride around in cars with black men.

Jim read in Detroit newspapers a confidential report on his family prepared and leaked to the Klan by a former De-

troit police official. The report included such details as Jim's salary, the amount of monthly payments he was making on Viola's blue Oldsmobile, the stores where the family maintained charge accounts, Viola's student number at Wayne State and a characterization of Viola as being emotionally unbalanced. Jim could do little more than watch as his family was publicly destroyed; he was powerless to prevent what was happening, because neither he nor his children could identify the persons who were responsible for the attacks against them.

Jim Liuzzo died of natural causes in 1978, but he lived long enough to see some of the pieces of the mystery fall into place. Rowe's testimony in a Federal court 13 years earlier had assured the conviction of the three other Klansmen. But in 1975, Rowe described for a Senate committee his years as a paid FBI informant within the Klan, years in which he regularly participated in violent acts against blacks and white civil rights activists—with the knowledge and approval of the FBI.

Then, in the summer of 1978, Jim Liuzzo watched a segment of ABC-TV's *20/20* news program concerning Viola's death. On that program, the two surviving Klansmen, who had served prison sentences for conspiring to violate the civil rights of his wife, broke a Klan-enforced silence. Over national television, the two men said that Rowe had fired the shots that killed Viola. On the same program, Rowe gave his version, claiming that Collie Leroy Wilkins, Jr., had fired the murder weapon. But the two Klansmen and Rowe voluntarily submitted to lie-detector tests. While inadmissible in a court of law, the results of those tests indicated that the Klansmen were telling the truth and that Rowe was deceptive.

In his Senate testimony, Rowe characterized himself as a violent instrument for the Ku Klux Klan, paid by the FBI. The subsequent televised accusations by the two Klansmen finally revealed to the Liuzzo family the source of the official indifference to the abuse they had suffered, and an explanation for that abuse. If Rowe's testimony and the accusations of the Klansmen were taken at face value, then the FBI's chief informant inside the Klan—a man who described himself as an instigator of violence against innocent victims—had been taken off his leash by the FBI and the result was the murder of Viola Liuzzo. Although it seemed incredible at the time, the very organization credited with the astonishingly swift resolution of Viola's murder now appeared to have shared the responsibility for her death—and direct responsibility for the

*(continued on page 162)*



John  
Dempsey

*"I know the marriage counselor suggested we communicate more,  
but do you have to tell me about your goddamn day right now?"*

# IT'S NOT SO MUCH WHERE...

*for travel economy and enjoyment, turn the off season into your "in" season*

*travel* By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

AMERICAN TRAVELERS traditionally head for Paris in the greatest numbers in summer—after all, the brochures all describe it as the “peak” travel season. Paris in the summer when it sizzles, right? So these trusting souls, all paying top prices, routinely arrive, only to become mildly apoplectic when they discover that virtually every important restaurant in France is closed for the entire month of August. Furthermore, it’s no accident that the greatest French chefs routinely shutter their culinary premises in midsummer—it’s usually unbearably hot in the French capital in August, so those cooks wisely head for the beaches of Biarritz or Deauville. Pity the poor traveler who’s spent all his hard-earned vacation money on peak-season fares and nonpackage hotel arrangements, only to find himself in the gastronomic capital of the planet without a prayer of getting even a three-star crouton.

No activity is a more diligent slave to the seasons than travel. And although a fair percentage of seasonal travel patterns make little qualitative sense and even less sense economically, somebody out there thinks that plane seats and hotel rooms are substantially more valuable at one time of the year than another. The fact that travelers will willingly pay premium prices during the so-called peak season doesn’t necessarily mean they’re wise. As a matter of fact, many seasonal travel patterns seem to have been planned mainly by lemmings.

Still, the seasonal vacation urge is not a travel instinct that’s easy to shake, since it’s taken only about 12 centuries to begin to erode the tradition. Back in the Middle Ages, courtiers and courtesans regularly protected their interests by following the reigning monarch south for the winter, for it seems that all those reigning Henrys and Louis had the nasty habit of appropriating the estates of nobles not smart enough to travel with them. So physical presence was the surest way to keep one’s property from becoming a suburban annex of the monarch’s estate, and the entire court routinely traveled as one. Perhaps it’s this long historic precedent that’s made the seasonal travel habit so hard to break.

But you don’t have to be a traveler of extraordinary wisdom or determination to punch holes in the seasonal-travel balloon. Just imagine walking hand in hand across the Piazza San Marco at 11 o’clock at night, alone except for the whoops of a young boy skate-boarding through some puddles. Any veteran Venice traveler will confirm that this is an idle fantasy, yet we enjoyed just that singular experience last November immediately after one equally unusual: getting a table at nearby Harry’s Bar without a reservation.

Or imagine finding British-made sweaters in London at 30 percent of the price at which they’re currently selling in the U. S., or handmade English shoes at roughly the same discounted price—all in 1980.

If your tastes run to somewhat warmer fantasies, you might prefer to imagine sitting beside one of the *nonprivate* pools at the lush Las Brisas resort that’s carved into the Acapulco hillside and not having even *one* of the surrounding rooms occupied while you enjoy blissful privacy at half the normally high rates.

No one will scorn those images more than a world-weary traveler who’s “been around,” since they seem on the far side of fantasy in 1980. Yet each of the last three events cited took place this year and, in fact, were repeated often. What they have in common is that all took place in the so-called off season, when the bulk of the world’s most mobile population was elsewhere.

Even though the high season in tropical vacation latitudes seems to make a little more sense than does the peak season in Europe—after all, it’s nice to lie in the sun and scratch



# ...AS WHEN YOU GO

your stomach when the beaches up north are under two feet of slush—that doesn't mean that the middle of winter is the best time to see a Caribbean island, the west coast of Mexico or an out island of Hawaii. Wiser travelers recognize that the tropics operate as a sort of seasonal Cinderella, where prices miraculously change at the stroke of midnight on April 15 and don't return to their high-season pinnacles until the following December 15. Some resorts have a short "shoulder" season around these cutoff dates (during which prices moderate only slightly), but the vast majority of tropical resorts and hotels routinely cut their rates by 30 percent to 65 percent during all of the off season.

Travelers who know about this lovely predilection carefully conspire to head for the tropics just after the rates change or shortly before they resume their highest levels. I recall that one of the happiest beachside holidays I ever spent was a week lolling in Jamaica early one December. It wasn't so much that the weather was perfect (it was) but, rather, the absolute ecstasy provided by the sign on the back of the door to my room. The rates posted there announced that the room for which I was paying \$64 a night (including breakfast and dinner) would, in less than a week, be gouging some poor travelers to the tune of \$132 a day. Not only that but I also had a terrific tan to show off all during the year-end holiday season.

If seasonal travel patterns seem more than a bit illogical in Europe and the Caribbean, consider yet another example closer to home: the mountain resorts of Colorado. It's curious that these prime mountain valleys, which began their vacation lives as strictly summer-resort refuges, have now come half circle and seem to attract attention only in the six months when the snow on the surrounding landscape is hip-deep. It's not that Colorado's ski resorts are unappealing in the winter—quite the contrary—but the line you hear from local residents most often is that they came to Colorado for the skiing but stayed for the summers. It tells you something about the dramatic beauty of the Rockies in summer, and that appeal is only enhanced by the fact that summer is considered off season. That means that resort condominiums, some with two bedrooms and two baths, that cost their purchasers over half a million dollars are available to transient renters at about \$100 a night. When you compute the cost per person for a couple of couples, you get some idea of the genuine economy at which these luxurious accommodations are available in summer, and I'll go into this subject in considerable detail in a future issue.

But no matter where you are headed—Europe, Mexico, the Caribbean or the Colorado Rockies—the economic realities of travel are at their absolute worst for peripatetic U. S. civilians right now. Understanding and accepting the theory of off-season travel soon may be the only affordable means of traveling at all.

The fact is that the legitimate European "season" begins at just about the instant that the much-ballyhooed European *travel* season ends. Thus, the folks who've been dying to go to Europe all summer—but haven't been able to make it till fall—turn out to be the wisest travelers of all; they get the very best of Europe at literally the lowest possible prices.

Europe provides obvious and compelling incentives for off-season travelers, since the real season takes place when peak temperatures, peak prices and peak tourist crowds are notable by their absence. Knowledgeable travelers know that the way to enjoy a real European vacation is literally to forget about summer. Most of what's best that happens over the European





landscape begins just about the time that the last busload of tourists is packing its drip-dries and hauling home the shopping bags full of souvenirs. It's at that moment that the entire Continent breathes a sigh of relief that the invading hordes have once again been beaten back and rejoices that normal life may safely resume.

Fall means the restart of the performing arts—music, ballet, opera and theatrical performances—to say nothing of new shows, revivals, rock spectaculars, art exhibits and every other activity into which the local population is expected to be drawn. In every sense, European cities begin to come back to life and to throb with a new electricity and vitality.

New fashions for men and women suddenly appear in shop windows on New Bond Street, the Faubourg-St. Honoré and the Via Condotti, all at exactly the same time, as though some Common Market merchandising arbiter had signaled that the last chartered plane-load had left, heading west, and it was time to put the *good* stuff back on the shelves. Everything from the restaurants that are the most hallowed bastions of *haute cuisine* to the smallest bar and bistro suddenly functions with new energy, and everywhere there are the friendly smiles that are reserved for regular customers.

Now, if the travel world were even marginally sane, all this good stuff would command the highest prices of the year. The opposite is true. Around September 15, transatlantic travelers suddenly discover a new covey of discount fares and economical packages that were not available only hours before. And as the autumn days pass, the number of those packages and the depth of the discounts only increase, as newspapers are full of promotional fares and other airline lures.

A traveler who knows that the discount-air-fare season is coming usually postpones making final plans until he's sure just what the travel forces will offer around the time he'd most like to head out. Package arrangements, which join low air fares to bargain hotel and meal rates, tend to become more tempting as the leaves turn browner in the U.S., and it has not been unusual for travel suppliers to offer everything from half fares to free passage for one member of a couple traveling together.

Similarly, it's not unusual for calendars of foreign events to help determine precise days of departure and return. A midsummer visit or a letter to a U.S. branch of any European country's tourist office can put a fairly detailed calendar of events—musical, folk or festival—

in your hand, so it's possible to have a pretty good idea what will be happening where at the time you're planning to travel. Then, whether it's lifting a full Oktoberfest flagon in Munich or sipping a newly harvested Beaujolais in France, it's not hard to tie your trip to some pretty splendid harvest festival—and to tie one on after you get there. Similarly, other travelers with special interests can adjust their schedules to conform to foreign calendars in order to see or participate in events otherwise invisible in high season. It's not a bad way to make travel plans.

It should also be noted that there are seasons within seasons during the long off-peak periods that are the prime travel times to and through Europe. The national calendars of events can identify most of these, and with shopping for foreign-made merchandise such an important part of so many travel ventures (or at least it used to be before the dollar passed away), it's even possible to schedule a European hegira for the very best times to venture into Europe's best shops.

With a perfectly ordinary oxford-cloth button-down shirt (that costs about \$20 in the U.S.) now going for around \$50 in London, the "best time" is defined as the few brief periods of the year when the American dollar actually buys something substantial. In London, the best such period starts shortly after Christmas Day and lasts through about the second week in January. During that time, such august shops as Burberry's, Aquascutum, Church's, Selfridge's and even dignified old Harrod's put on sales that make you feel that a time warp has taken you back to 1959.

I spent New Year's Day, and the days just before and after, in London last year, and had the pleasant opportunity to sample some of those bargains first hand. Burberry's even stayed open on New Year's Day to accommodate the crowds, and I walked out with a fair amount of loot for about a third of the normal price. We also bought a set of country crockery in the basement of Liberty's for less than \$100 for service for eight, and that extraordinary bargain may have saved me enough to pay for the repairs to my body from *schlepping* all those plates back to New York.

While walking back to our hotel on New Year's Day, we spied a sale being set up at one of the larger bastions of the Scotch House and noted that there were several civilians roaming about inside among the people preparing for the next day's crush. We thought we might as well see what was going on, too, and ended up having the pick of the sale merchandise. We walked out

triumphantly with an armload of Shetland and lamb's-wool sweaters that averaged about \$7.50 each.

But best of all was the first day of the annual New Year's sale at Harrod's. It always begins on the first Saturday in January and lasts for three weeks, but it's on that first day that the best stuff seems to leave Harrod's shelves. So spectacular are the offerings that the store does more than \$10,000,000 worth of business on just that opening day, and whole families map out "attack" plans on Harrod's sale merchandise for days in advance. We'd been told that the crush would be extraordinary, and that if we wanted anything special, we'd better make sure we knew how to get to it by the fastest possible route—and not waste time on the way. So on the Friday before Sale Saturday, we actually took pad and pencil into Harrod's hallowed halls and mapped directions to all the stuff we lusted after most, especially the Wedgwood shop, where we were told the very best bargains of all were offered.

At 8:45 A.M. on Saturday, January fifth, we were part of the vast crowd in front of the Brompton Road entrance, and you'll have to take my word for it that it took only four and a half minutes after the nine-A.M. opening bell for us to make our way from the front door to the Wedgwood enclave on the fourth floor. But that seemed about four minutes too late, for the gallery was absolutely full, and family groups, more coordinated and daring than we, had already surrounded all the best bargains. Fragile china was literally being tossed across the room; Mum had headed for the dinner plates, Dad concentrated on the cups and saucers and Big Brother was heavily into the soup bowls. The rest of the kids served as catchers and collectors, hunkering down under the display tables to pile up all their booty and to check it for chips and scratches. A couple of neophyte Americans didn't stand much of a chance to stem the local juggernauts, but it was a show that peak-season travelers don't even know exists.

If off season on the Continent is appealing because it's the very best time to experience Europe with its residents at home and its normal hubbub in wonderfully full flower, the reason to think about the tropics in off season is to beat the crowds and high prices and to enjoy the swaying palms and shimmering sands at their uncrowded best. To be ingeniously slothful in relative privacy—to say nothing of at bargain prices—is an experience not only to be

(continued on page 228)

# SPICE FROM THE EAST

*got the hots for something exotic? try a thai, korean or vietnamese dish*

*food* By EMANUEL GREENBERG WHILE SELF-PROCLAIMED EPICURES were busy tracking the vast complexities of Chinese gastronomy from Cantonese to Hunanese, or mastering the intricacies of Japanese *sushi* and *sashimi*, other Oriental cuisines have quietly taken root here. In case you haven't noticed, there has been a flowering of Thai, Korean and Vietnamese restaurants, and their appearance is welcome. Neophytes won't find these viands totally strange, since all bear Chinese characteristics—a product of geographical propinquity and the historic tendency of the Chinese to acculturate neighboring lands. Many cooking techniques are similar and a number of seasonings are *(continued on page 130)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS





*whether she's riding dune buggies or arabian stallions,  
miss october finds pleasure in an arizona paradise*

# DESERT FOX

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

**M**ardi Jacquet was born in Châteauroux, France, adopted by an American doctor and his wife and raised with four stepbrothers on a ranch in California. Mardi does not dwell on her personal history ("I sort of make up my life as I go along"), but it does, perhaps, explain some of her more curious traits. We suspect that Miss October is the first Playmate ever to harbor a fantasy about driving in a demolition derby. "Well, I was raised with four boys. I put away my dolls when I was five and started playing

*"My motto is this: If you don't have spirit, you don't have anything. I have seen too many wealthy people who are lifeless. I exist for excitement, for the thrill of the moment. I guess I'm your classic maniac."*





*"Don't ask me a lot of questions. I'm too complicated, too full of contradictions. For example, I like the indoors—but with the sun coming through the window. I like the outdoors—as long as I can sit in the shade. See what I mean?"*



with cars. There's nothing I like more than taking my Maverick out into the desert and doing 360s." There's plenty of desert around Scottsdale, Arizona, where Mardi landed when she struck out on her own. "I came into town with my clothes in the back of my car and half a tank of gas. I've done a little bit of everything to get by. I've detailed cars, cleaned apartments and worked on an Arabian-horse ranch on the edge of town. I love this place. The people are





*"I've got incredible energy. If I go into a bar, I won't stop until I've talked to everybody. I love to party all night, but that's understandable. In Arizona, nobody goes out during the day. It's too hot."*





friendly, laid back, easygoing. Arizona is more of a party state than California. I can go tubing down the Verde River and everyone on the bank will invite me to join their picnics. I can go into a bar and see a hundred friends." We'd like to thank one of those friends. When he suggested to Mardi that she try out for **PLAYBOY**, she had a girlfriend snap a few Polaroids. She sent them, we saw them and the rest is history. Now *you* can see why she has a hundred friends.







*"I grew up around horses, but working with Arabians was a new experience. They are a breed apart. They have this incredible pride. They aren't pets. An Arabian will challenge you every chance he gets."*

*"I enjoy being alive and happy, day by day. If something goes wrong, I just shrug it off and say, 'Oh, well, another broken dream.'"*



MISS OCTOBER  
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Marsi Jacquot

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 105 SIGN: Scorpio

BIRTH DATE: 11-2-60 BIRTHPLACE: Châtouillon, France

AMBITIONS: Happiness and a good man by my side always.

TURN-ONS: Kisses in the palms of my hands. Kisses behind the ears. Nice-fitting Lewis & Clark eye.

TURN-OFFS: Men with long hair & Plastic shoes. Rich men who really show it.

FAVORITE PLACE: Other than Scottsdale & Sausalito, Calif.

FAVORITE MOVIES: I could watch The Sound of Music every day for the rest of my life!

FAVORITE SPORTS: Tennis, Frisbee throwing, Horseback riding, Volleyball and tubing down the Verde River.

SECRET FANTASY: You know that commercial where the girl is lying on a mattress in the middle of the ocean? I want to be that girl but not alone!



Age 2. Who really remembers?



Age 13. The hair was down to hell



Age 16. One more school year til freedom!

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After her date had parked the car and engaged in a series of exciting overtures, the teenaged temptress whispered fiercely, "If I let you put it in, would it touch bottom?"

"No, it wouldn't," panted the boy. "They say in sex education that that's impossible."

"Good, good!" exclaimed the girl. "I promised Momma I wouldn't let you go all the way!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *nymphomaniac* as a groin-operated sex machine.



Some days after the cremation, the funeral director called on the widow to deliver her late husband's ashes in, as she had stipulated, a screw-top urn. The bereaved widow invited him out onto the balcony of the apartment and there opened the container, which a brisk breeze quickly emptied of its contents. "A lovely gesture, Mrs. Clay," murmured the mortician, "your consigning Mr. Clay's remains to the winds of the city he loved."

"It was the least I could do for him," sighed the woman. "Poor old Fred always did want a blow job."

*So well stacked was a freshman named Brenda  
That the studs yearned to part her pudenda.*

*So they all were irate  
When her first campus date  
Wasn't Tom, Dick or Harry—but Glenda!*

How did you ever manage to earn so many scout merit badges while I was away, son?" inquired the proud father.

"I'm not sure, Pop," answered the boy, "but I think maybe it was because my scoutmaster, Mr. Barnes, came over here every night to give me advice."

"So he really worked with you, eh?"

"Not exactly, Pop. Mr. Barnes and Mom would sort of smile at each other, and then he'd fish another badge out of his pocket and advise me to go take a hike."

Representatives of a gay-staffed life-insurance firm are said to refer disparagingly to the agents of a competitor as "the straights of Gibraltar."

When, in the inexperienced days of my youth," the middle-aged man recounted to the psychiatrist, "my lovely young fiancée stroked my hair, my organ stood up! But now," he continued, "whenever the old bag strokes my organ, my hair stands on end!"

The best way to get rid of bad vibes, insists a self-reliant girl we know, is to put in fresh batteries.

With regard to the two basic theories of the origin of the universe, Miss Bushwick," said the professor to the coed who had been day-dreaming, "can you correlate the concepts of the steady expansion and the big bang?"

"Er—yes," answered the girl. "In my experience, the first frequently leads to the second."

*A famous fellatrice named Bess  
Refused all requests from the press  
To explain her renown  
As a great goer down—  
She was tight-lipped about her success.*

"I think it's only fair to tell you," the girl informed her potential employer, "that if you do hire me, I won't be able to start until the day after tomorrow. You see, I'm just getting over a 38-C chest cold."

Compulsive masturbators have been classified by one straight-talking psychiatrist as "completely whacko!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sexy Scandinavian* as a magnetic Norse.



Mr. Frobisher is finally beginning to make real progress in dealing with his dysfunction," the sex surrogate reported to the therapist, "but for a while there, it was touch and come."

It was during a ball at Andrew Jackson's country home that the family physician approached Mrs. Jackson to say, "You're looking wonderful tonight, Rachel! What keeps you so radiant and effervescent?"

"Having such a popular husband," smiled Mrs. Jackson in response, "and, of course, Old Hickory's dickery, doc!"

*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.*



*"You mean to tell me that for my tomb, you couldn't find one artist in the whole kingdom who understands perspective!!"*

## SPICE FROM THE EAST (continued from page 115)

*"Thai cooks do it their way, tempering hot spices with coconut cream, peanuts and aromatic herbs."*

familiar: fresh ginger, garlic, scallions and coriander leaves, among others. Nevertheless, each is distinctive in its own way.

Thai cuisine, with its incandescent spiciness, is kindling the admiration of fire-eaters—and *aficionados* of Mexican, Szechwan-Hunan and Indian fare. Thai food, in fact, has been influenced by Indian cuisine, but, like Mr. Sinatra, Thai cooks do it their way, tempering hot spices with coconut cream, peanuts and such aromatic herbs as lemon grass, basil and mint. They counterpose crisp with tender and play sweet against sour; and *nam pla*—a salty, fermented fish sauce—turns up in most dishes. At a traditional Thai meal, all courses are presented simultaneously, accompanied by pungent relishes called *nam prik*. Diners take a nibble of this and a nubbin of that, creating their own combinations of flavor and texture, adding a dollop of *nam prik* to turn up the heat. Most dinners include at least one noodle dish, a category held in such high esteem that shops devoted solely to noodles are Thai hallmarks.

Vietnam lies closer to China, and so does its cooking. There are also traces of the long French occupation. In fact, a Vietnamese restaurant in San Francisco calls itself Cordon Blue, no doubt trading on the French connection. Vietnamese food is more delicate than Chinese and less spicy than Thai, using many of the same herbs. The most prevalent seasoning is *nuoc mam*, a fish sauce akin to the Thai *nam pla*. A particular Viet treat is the do-it-yourself packet. You wrap morsels of meat or seafood, cucumber, crunchy bean sprouts, rice or noodles and fresh herbs in translucent rice paper or a lettuce leaf, dunk it in a savory sauce and gobble. The mélange of tastes and textures makes for a delightfully satisfying snack or meal.

Korean food depends on soy sauce, sesame oil, sesame seeds, vinegar, garlic, ginger, red pepper and almost always a touch of sugar. With China up north and Japan just to the east, Korea has drawn inspiration from both. However, *kim chee*, an assertive vegetable pickle that doubles as relish and salad, is uniquely Korean. It's served at every meal and its aroma pervades Korea—sometimes overwhelming Western olfactory sensibilities. Versions of *kim chee* in American-Korean restaurants are said

to be anemic compared with authentic Seoul food, but they do give some indication of its verve. Korean fare is robust, not surprising in a country known for its bitter winters. Beef and other meats are often charcoal broiled. But don't look for inch-thick sirloin steaks in a Korean restaurant. Instead, boneless cuts are thinly sliced, steeped in savory marinades and briefly grilled. Sautéed meat-and-vegetable combinations, reminiscent both of Japanese *sukiyaki* and of Chinese stir-fried dishes, are popular, too.

Thai, Korean and Vietnamese cooks are cheerfully individualistic and few, if any, work from neatly written recipes. Instead, they measure by eye, touch and taste—improvising adventurously. "We never used broccoli at home," confided one Korean cook, "because we didn't have it; but here we use it all the time." So substitute without qualm if you can't locate every ingredient in the recipes that follow. Use light soy sauce for fish sauce, grated or slivered lemon rind for lemon grass, dried herbs for fresh, and canned chilies, red-pepper flakes or Tabasco sauce for fresh chili peppers. The taste won't be identical, but it never is away from the homeland.

You can usually find fish sauce, dried lemon grass and even *kim chee* in Oriental food shops. Fresh ginger and coriander leaves—also known as *cilantro* or Chinese parsley—are available in Oriental and Hispanic markets, where you'll also find assorted chili peppers. Specialty food shops and department stores are other sources and Siam Grocery, 2745 Broadway, New York, New York 10025, and The Chinese Grocer, 209 Post Street, San Francisco, California 94108, fill mail orders for some things.

### MEE KROB

(Thai Fried Noodles)  
(Serves three to four)

Oil for frying

¼ lb. rice noodles (also called rice sticks)

3-4 cloves garlic, crushed

1 small onion, finely chopped

½ lb. lean boneless pork—cut into strips ⅛ in. thick, ¼ in. wide, 2 in. long

½ lb. shrimps—shelled, deveined and cut into ½-in. pieces

1 fresh cake bean curd, thinly sliced (optional)

Juice and slivered rind of 1 large lemon

2 tablespoons each fish sauce, tomato paste

1 tablespoon vinegar

¼ cup sugar

¼ lb. bean sprouts, washed and drained

4 scallions (including about 2 ins. green part), sliced lengthwise

1 lemon, cut in wedges

1 fresh red chili pepper, seeded and slivered

Before starting, prepare all ingredients as described above. Heat about 2 ins. oil in wok or deep skillet. Toss in small handful rice noodles. They will crackle and start to puff out. Fry about 1 minute, then turn them over and fry about ½ minute more, until they are light brown and stop crackling. Remove with slotted spoon and drain on paper towels. Repeat with another handful, then another, until all are done. Pour off all but about 3 tablespoons oil. Add garlic and onion; cook, stirring, about 1 minute. Add pork; cook, stirring, about 5 minutes. Add shrimps and bean curd; cook, stirring, about 3 minutes. Add lemon juice and rind, fish sauce, tomato paste, vinegar and sugar; cook, stirring, about 3 minutes. Gently mix in fried noodles, a little at a time. Mound noodle mixture on large platter and arrange bean sprouts around it. Garnish with scallions, lemon wedges and red pepper.

*Note:* Handle chili pepper with care. Don't touch your eyes or face while preparing it, and wash your hands afterward.

### CUA CUONG

(Vietnamese Crab Rolls)  
(Appetizers for four to six)

6-oz. package frozen Alaska snow-crab meat, thawed

Small handful rice noodles (prepared as in preceding recipe)

¼ lb. bean sprouts

2 tablespoons fish sauce

1 large clove garlic, mashed

¼ teaspoon sugar

Dipping sauce: ¼ cup hoisin sauce, 1 teaspoon each chopped fresh mint and basil leaves, 2 tablespoons crushed roasted peanuts, 1 teaspoon rice vinegar, 2-3 dashes Tabasco

6 rice-paper rounds (approximately)

Lettuce leaves

Fresh mint and coriander leaves

Drain crab meat very well. Prepare rice noodles. Place bean sprouts in colander or large strainer. Pour boiling water over them, then rinse in cold water. Drain very well. Combine crab meat, rice noodles and bean sprouts. Add fish sauce, garlic and sugar. Stir well. Combine dipping-sauce ingredients. Lay rice-paper round on damp dish towel. Mist with water spray or sprinkle with water until well moistened. Cover round with

(continued on page 236)



*a collector shares his unique treasure trove of antique erotic art*

# PROVOCATIVE PERIOD PIECES

WITH INFLATION outpacing interest rates, people are pulling their pennies out of savings and looking for investments that won't lose them their nest eggs. But what? Stamps? Chunks of Alaskan tundra? *Boring*. Charles Martignette's solution: antique erotica! A Boston dealer in and collector

of antique art, he's spent the past ten years searching out the rare treasures shared here with PLAYBOY readers—but a fraction of his 3500-piece collection, which has been valued at \$1,000,000. (Wouldn't you rather have these around than a set of Chippendale chairs?)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA



This is what we call a dish. The fetching lady, hand-painted on a ten-inch French porcelain plate (circa 1880), is one of Martignette's most sensuous pieces.



Above: Palm-sized, hand-painted bisque figurines from Japan (circa 1900) show newlyweds how it's done. Below: Japanese paper-scroll panels. Remarkably well preserved (from 1690), each measures 12" x 14".



More Japanese erotica: Six-inch-tall hand-painted bisque figurines (circa 1910) of a tattao artist plying his craft on an accommodating geisha. That's not all he's plying: Turn them over and on the flip side he wields another tool.



Indian folk art that swings: Hand-painted wood figurines of a woman and two men (1860–1870) are operated by a handle. She gets it coming and going.



One of eight very rare erotic Japanese bisques: a hand-painted geisha, seven inches long (circa 1910). A pull beneath the hidden flap explains her blissful demeanor (inset, left). The artist isn't the only one with manual dexterity.

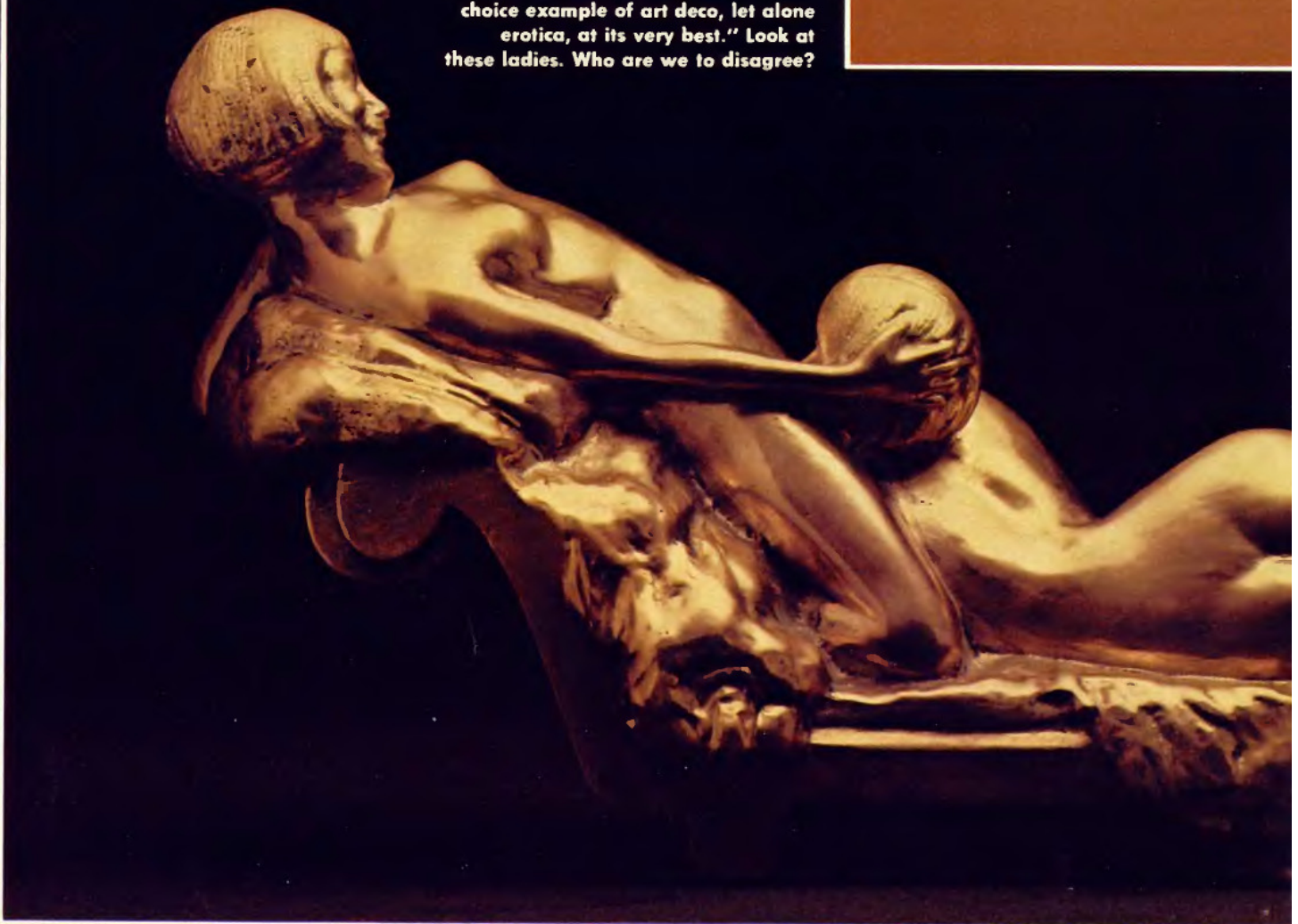


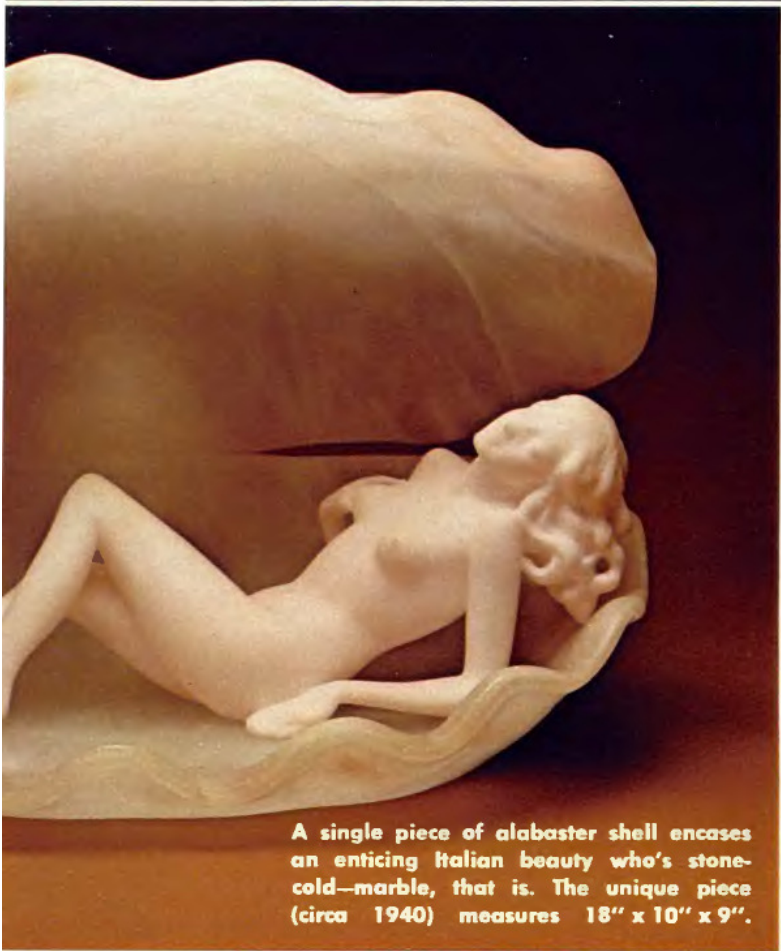
She's got the right idea, though this whoops-skirted Viennese art-deco bronze (1910) was considered *très risqué*

*art nouveau/* for its time.



Sappho would have loved this extremely rare solid bronze made in Paris (1920). Mortignette calls the 12" x 4" x 6" sculpture "a choice example of art deco, let alone erotica, at its very best." Look at these ladies. Who are we to disagree?





A single piece of alabaster shell encases an enticing Italian beauty who's stone-cold—marble, that is. The unique piece (circa 1940) measures 18" x 10" x 9".

Scrimshaw ostrich egg from Europe (circa 1820) features an erotic side (below) and a demure one.

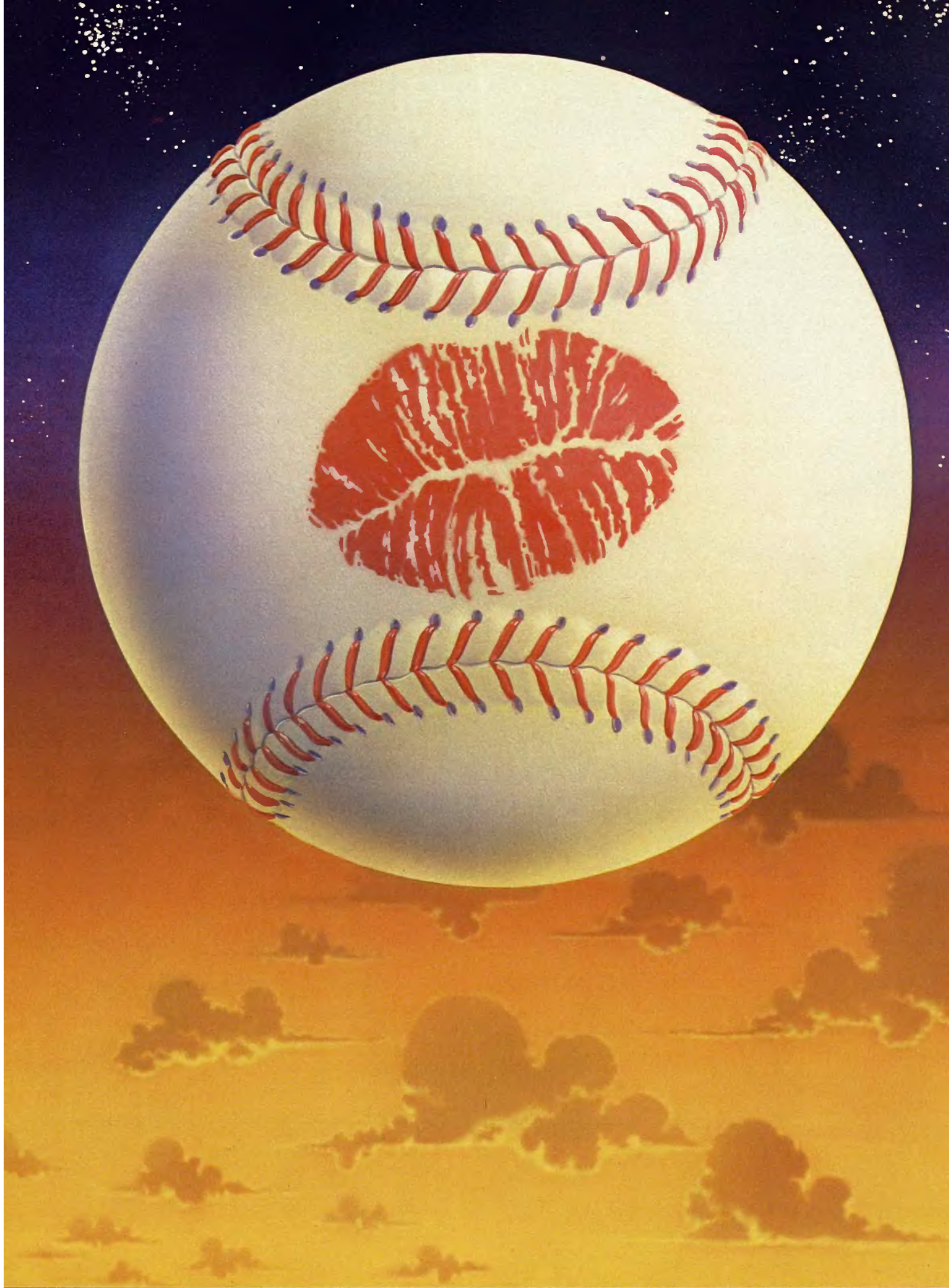


French crystal jar with an unusual cover of ivory scrimshaw (1920) illustrating a concupiscent duo enjoying each other—and dildos.



English cigarette case, enamel with cloisonné inlay (1775). Inside a secret compartment (bottom), the trio on the cover engages in more pleasurable activities.





# THE SWEET SPOT IN TIME

*we love sports for the same reason we love sex—that delicious moment when the feeling is just incredibly right*

**A**S A KID, I spent a lot of time throwing rocks. The best place to do it was under a bridge, where there were always plenty of rocks and bottles—targets as well as missiles. You set up the bottles on one mudbank, then crossed over to the other side and you were in your own private shooting gallery. It was the only childhood activity I knew that ever involved anything like a warm-up. You would start out just lobbing the rocks, gradually working up the pace (“velocity,” as the ballplayers now say) until you were zinging them in pretty hard, beginning to get the range. Finally, everything warm and working well, your arm loose, feeling strong, you’d find yourself really powering each throw, rearing back in unaffected natural windup, bringing them home. There is peculiar appeal in such rhythmic, repetitive activity, and this was one you could really bear down on. I think that was important.

I never indulged in baseball fantasies—bottom of the ninth with two men out, that kind of thing. I knew perfectly well what I was doing: I was throwing rocks, that was all. It was enough. I can still summon up in memory the way the rocks sizzled into the mudbank—and, now and then, sizzled into an old whiskey bottle with a satisfying *pop!* (Environmental damage hadn’t been recognized yet; whiskey bottles were expendable because only they brought no cash refund.) I never did get to play much baseball, but I always had a strong throwing arm. Mostly, I recall

---

*sports* By JOHN JEROME

the haunting power I felt on that occasional throw when I knew as the stone left my hand that it would hit its target.

Biomechanics is the study of the mechanics of animate objects. It tells us that every human movement, from raising a cup of tea to the lips to pole-vaulting 18 feet, is a product of levers moving through arcs. The joint is the fulcrum; the limb, or segment of limb, is the lever. Complicated movements require the arcs to be linked in series, but the arc is the inevitable basic unit, since at least one end of every segment is attached somewhere. This reductionist notion leads me to propose a Sweet Spot Theory of Performance. It is a way of perceiving good athletes (and various other performers) that can add a certain richness to the enjoyment of sports (and various other activities) for spectators as well as for participants.

If you've played any stick-and-ball game, you are familiar with the wonderful sensation of hitting the sweet spot. You swing the implement—bat, racket, golf club, whatever—as usual, but you meet the ball a little more accurately than usual, make contact more squarely. The ball simply takes off: a remarkably smooth, easy, yet forceful result. In one sense, the sweet spot is almost audible. When you hit it, there is a characteristic sound—a sharp *click* (golf), *crack* (baseball), *whock* (tennis). A clearer signal comes not from the sound or the sight of the ball's flight, however, but from the startling information you get through the implement itself. It doesn't vibrate. No shock is transmitted to the hands. It is as if new force is created within the implement, exploding the ball into flight, driving it away harder than you actually swung at it.

Hitting the sweet spot is such a compelling sensation that a large part of our insistence on playing those stick-and-ball games may come from the desire to re-experience that *click!* of a perfectly hit shot. It can seem almost a mystical experience. There is nothing unreal about the actual spot, however. A biomechanist told me about the lab procedures for determining it. "The sweet spot is not a figment of the imagination," he said, "it is a mechanical reality in the implement, the center of percussion. Set up a baseball bat with oscillating machinery and you can determine the exact spot where, if you hit a ball there, minimum jarring will be transferred back to the hand. That spot will also likely give you the best shot. Of course, when you put a human being on the end of the implement, the problem gets much more complicated." At any rate, golf-club manufacturers who advertise they've increased the size of the sweet spot in

their irons may or may not be fudging, but at least they're working with real-world physics.

We throw the word perfect around much too freely in sports, but for the moment, let's assume that the 450-foot home run, for example, is a perfect stroke. It very likely comes off the sweet spot of the bat, but it also has a great deal of force behind it, which by some statistical miracle is lined up so that it is applied in a straight line through the dead center (another sweet spot) of the round baseball, as well as through the center line of the round bat. Furthermore, this towering blast, as the sportswriters like to say, comes off a bat that is swung in a near perfect trajectory: a sweet line, so to speak. The bat moves through so true and even a trajectory that the ball is caught not only at the optimum spot along the length and width of the bat but also at the perfect point in the arc of the swing to give it maximum force and distance. In effect, bat and ball meet at a sweet spot in time—a point in time in the arc. Or, perhaps, at an intersection of time and space. Thus, we say the athlete hit the ball with perfect timing. There is even more exquisite timing to come.

The Sweet Spot Theory of (Sports) Performance goes like this: All athletic movement—all human movement—is generated by muscles pulling across joints to make limbs move. Grossly oversimplifying the baseball swing, for example, the batter cocks his shoulders and arms back away from the pitch, then begins the swing by rotating his shoulders toward the pitcher. After the shoulders get into motion, the upper arms start through, as in crack-the-whip; to the speed generated by rotation of the shoulders is added the speed of the upper arms as they are swung into action. After the upper arms are firmly launched, they pull the forearms into motion; after the forearms reach maximum velocity (actually, after the pitch has been met, or missed), the wrists "break," rolling over and bringing the hands through—the last and shortest pair of levers in the chain of action.

Each segment of this motion is an arc working off an arc; each is carefully timed to start as the previous arc reaches the best possible point. The superior athlete, according to my theory, anyway, is the one who in effect reaches the sweet spot of the arc for each segment of his or her skeleton as he or she goes through the athletic motion. The shoulders swing to the optimum point in the arc and at that instant the upper arms are launched into their arcs; at the optimum point of the arc traveled by the upper arms, the forearm motion is launched, and so on. Every good athletic motion

has a crack-the-whip aspect to it, a chain of accelerating arcs, each taking the motion at the maximum from the arc before and using that speed to multiply its own acceleration. (Or, if less force is required, taking the motion at the best point in the arc for purposes of accuracy, and so on.) The sweet spots in the skeleton move around, of course, according to the purpose of the athletic motion, the implements used and hundreds of other variables. There are whole chains of sweet spots within the human frame, if we can only learn to use them. Reggie Jackson has learned how to use them. Lynn Swann has learned how to use them.

There's more to this theory. Every human joint—the fulcrum point of each of those arcs—has several components of motion available to it. Some joints, such as the shoulder, work easily through several planes of motion; some, like the knee, are structured to move only through a single plane—to and fro, or up and down, or back and forth, but in no additional directions. Because of structural anomalies within and beyond the joint itself, however—loose ligaments, misalignments and other angularities—no joint moves purely within a single plane. For the sweet lines, the true trajectories that will allow each segment of the skeleton to swing precisely through the sweet spots, angular displacement must somehow be removed. All else being equal, the better athlete should be the one who either has been blessed with superior alignment in the joints or somehow can overcome the misalignments and can control the trajectories and keep them true.

The good athlete must be able to damp out the assorted wobbles and wasted motions and other excursions that would otherwise screw up the true trajectories. The motor-learning experts say, however, that ballistic motions cannot be guided once they are launched, which would preclude that kind of control. If so, then the good athlete must launch these trajectories with a great deal more accuracy than can you or I. Of course, the motor-learning people don't get to work with Reggie Jackson very often. I suspect that the good athlete does both: Through practice, he or she learns to initiate motions with considerably more accuracy than the lesser athlete, and also learns to damp out extraneous motion as the act progresses. In fact, I think the really superior athlete can do a great deal more of this.

(There are artificial aids for controlling excess motion, of course. Knee braces in their various sizes and shapes are attempts to restrict that overburdened joint to motion in a single

*(continued on page 156)*





*"Well, the crowds have gone. Summer lingers on, mellowing into cool, clear, crisp nights, and the soft, ripe colors of autumn surround us. Wanna fuck?"*





PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN

WHEN 13 rowdy North American colonies declared their independence from England back in 1776, two others—Nova Scotia and Quebec—stayed put. 'Twas ever thus with the United States and Canada: one the fiery upstart, the other the reserved keeper of Old World values. Canadians by nature avoid fanfare. You won't hear them bragging much, except about their hockey teams. But don't let that fool you—they've got plenty to brag about. Take Montreal. Not only is it the world's second largest French-speaking city but its French restaurants will dazzle even the epicure. Canadians are in such dogged pursuit of the good life that several provinces started a civic holiday in August simply because there was no holiday that month. We

# GIRLS



# OF CANADA



*Canada has given us joni mitchell, marshall mc luhan and david steinberg—but they've obviously been holding out on us*

remember friends who whisked themselves away for a rather long sojourn to Canada in lieu of an all-expenses-paid trip to Southeast Asia. Gosh, were they willing! And now we know why. Phone calls up there still cost a dime. Gas is cheaper—on the average about 85 (U. S.) cents a gallon. Legal drinking age is 19 (18 in some provinces). And if you still have any doubts about the quality of life north of the border, we offer in these 12 pages 31 great reasons to visit Canada.

Above left: Nancy Lee Pasukonis (left) and Michelle McCulloch awoken beside Lake Louise, where the population density is even less than the average 6.5 Canadians per square mile. Left: Petra Susanne dismounts amidst native Canadian art. Right: Holley Garrett in fine Canadian après-ski wear.





Most Canadians live within 100 miles of the U. S. border. Moira Shone (above left) of Toronto is no exception. Cheryl A. Saunders (above right), a native of British Columbia, laces up for a few turns around Vancouver's Stanley Park, while Carolyn Fritz (right) finds some sun in the backwater region of the city's environs. A cosmetician by profession, Carolyn is also active on both sides of a camera as photographer and model. We previewed Canada's vast wealth with November 1979 Playmate Sylvie Garant (below), who was Miss Teen Quebec at the age of 16. We blanched when Sylvie told us she was turned on by gorgeous bums.





Anne Woolley (below left) of Montreal and Tracey Salvidge (below right) of Vancouver are both professional models. Among her likes, Anne lists cats. Tracey, who obviously has no problem with cats, likes designing and sewing her own clothes.





Above left: Model Marjie Jenkins of Ontario, the quintessential blue-eyed blonde, spends her spare time skiing, swimming and playing tennis. Above right: Morie Gagnon knows how to stay fit—she's taken ballet for 14 years. Below: October 1977 Playmate Kristine Winder of Vancouver proves once again there's more to Canada than mukluks and hockey pucks.





British Columbia's Maggie Brown (left) has appeared on television and in the movies, but her real aim is to be independently wealthy. Above, Noël Leger augments what nature hath wrought at Grouse Mountain outside her native Vancouver. Below: Karen Patterson likes good clean fun, such as tennis or softball. Need a volunteer to scrub down your back, Karen?





Above left: Quebec-born Monique Proulx, film actress—cum—flying traffic reporter, drives formula cars at Grand Prix races in North America and Europe. We're not sure what this means, but Barboro Machudero (below left) wants nothing more than to meet Xavier Cugat. Must be his maracos. Above: Brandy Stanford, who was born in Newfoundland but now lives in Toronto, has seven sisters. If they're as charming as Brandy, it's a one-family keep-Canada-beautiful plan.



Perching on a rail overlooking Vancouver may be tricky for Jacqui Cohen (below), who, on the other hand, has no trouble at all sitting on the board of a Canadian department-store chain. Bottom: Lounging Karen Hansen is a Vancouver antique freak and surfer.





Sammie Gre (above) works as a dance instructor in Vancouver, but for relaxation she picks up her guitar. Toronto resident Marine Jetty (below), a Hungarian émigrée, is used to posing—both of her parents are photographers. She's opting for a scriptwriting career.



By day, Shelby Lagan (below) is a bank employee. On her off hours, she casts her fishing line for Canadian muskellunge.





Above: Wendy Len exited her native California for a modeling career in Montreal. Lissa Wong's parents own a Montreal restaurant, so she (below left) naturally likes to cook. With a little luck, she may whip up Montreal's most famous dish: Brome Lake Duck—filled with apple stuffing and basted in calvadas (apple brandy). Below right: Sandy Steel, of Charlesbourg, Quebec, freshens up.



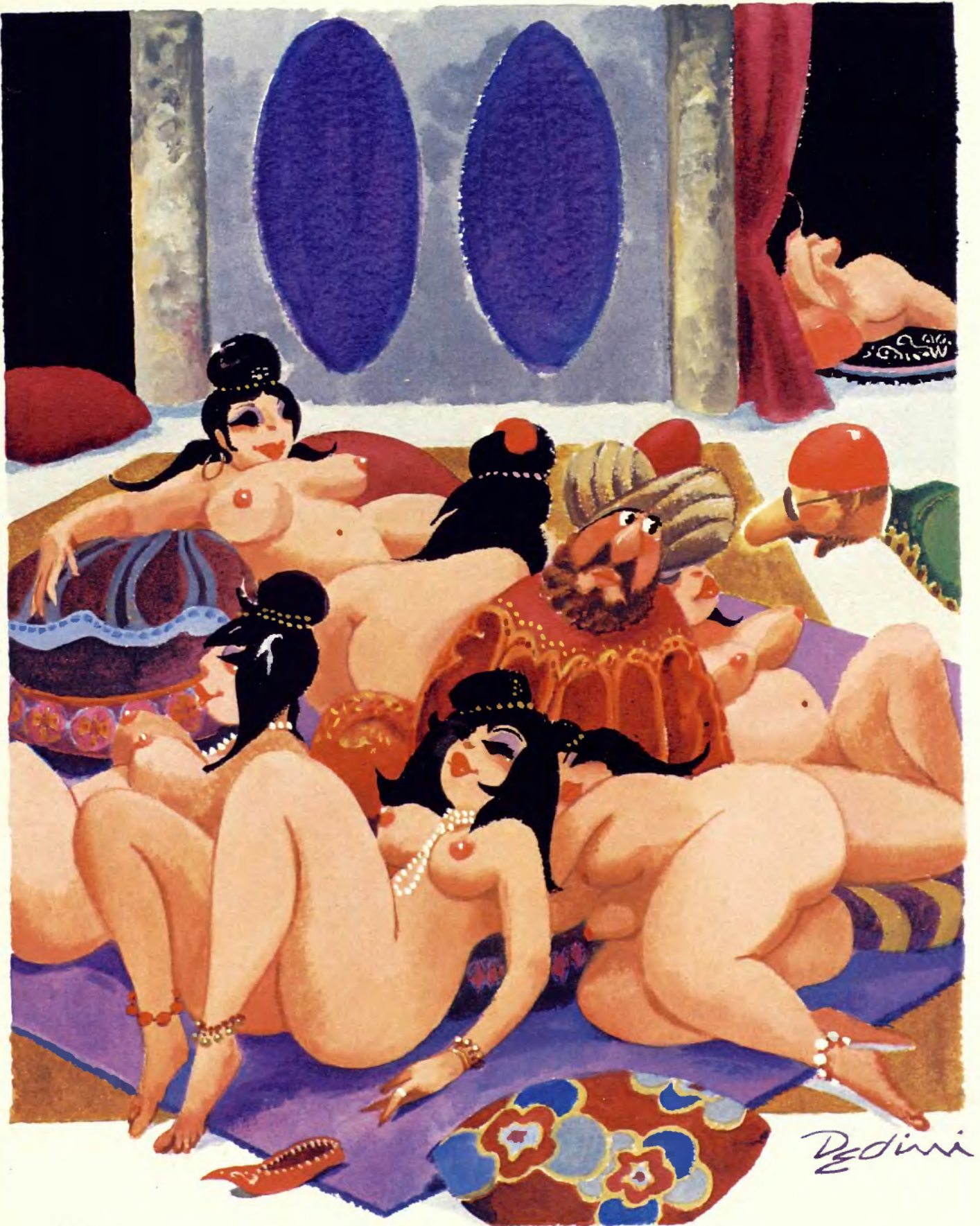


Deborah Currie (top) loves to disco for fun. We found June 1977 Ploymate Virve (pronounced Veer-vo) Reid (above) going to art school in Voncouver. Horsebock riding is a favorite sport of Calgory's cowgirl Maureen Hindmarch (below).



Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau once observed that Canada will always be "more than a sum of its parts," but we think our Canadian-born 1980 Playmate of the Year, Dorothy Stratten (below), sums up this pictorial rather nicely.





*"We're out of Brillo pads, floor wax, spray starch,  
Shake 'n Bake, Drano, Saran Wrap...."*

THERE ONCE LIVED a poor couple with three sons, Juan, Pedro and Diego. They lived on a small *estancia* with a few trees that grew pears. Juan and Pedro were handsome and scornful. Diego had a slight crook to his back, but he had a good nature.

One day, the father had his sons gather two sackfuls of pears and sent Juan off to sell them at market. On the road, Juan met a shabby old beggarman, who asked him what he had in the bags.

Juan smirked and said, "They're full of shit, if you really want to know."

"I wouldn't call you a liar," the old man said.

When Juan got to the market, he began calling his wares. The servants from the king's kitchen came to him with their baskets. Juan undid the first sack and began to empty it into one of the baskets. A cascade of shit poured out.

Well, the king was a short-tempered man and, when he heard the story, he had Juan tied to the whipping post and given 100 of the best. When the boy arrived home, he was too ashamed to offer any explanation. He simply fell groaning into bed.

The next day, Pedro asked his father to let him try to sell some pears. Off he went with two fat bags. Before long, he came to an old beggarman.

"What do you have, son?" the old man asked.

Pedro scowled and said, "These bags are filled with pebbles."

"I wouldn't call you a liar," the beggarman said.

When Pedro began hawking his wares in the market, one of the servant girls ran to the king and said, "The boy with the shit bags is here again."

"If he is, I'll give him two hundred whacks today," the king said. "Go, take a basket and tell him to fill it."

When Pedro arrived home in agony, he would not say what had happened.

The father refused to let Diego take any pears to market. But Diego was very curious and very persistent. Finally, the father let him go. On his way, he met an old man.

"Oh," he said in answer to the man's question, "my sacks are full of the mellowest, plumppest, most golden pears you've ever seen in your life."

"I wouldn't call you a liar," said the beggarman.

Diego took pity on the old man. "Spread out your poncho. I'm going to give you some of my pears."

When this was done, the old man took Diego by the hand. "Now," he said, "whatever you put your hand on will speak to you and tell you the truth." He unclasped Diego's hand. "And now



I'm going to give you my vest."

The vest was stained and dirty, with two big pockets. Diego didn't want it, but, just to please the old man, he accepted.

"If you ever need anything, look in the pockets," the beggarman said.

As the old man left, Diego tried out the first gift. He put his hand on a stone and asked, "What are you doing here?"

A voice came from it. "I'm a stone in the road," it said. "God put me here to break somebody's toes now and then."

When the king heard the pear seller was in town, he roared, "I'll give him three hundred today. Run with your baskets!"

But the servants came back with baskets full of the richest pears in the world. The king bit into one and licked his lips. "This fellow must come from far away."

With his profit, Diego stocked up at the grocer's, the butcher's and the baker's. His parents, who had been waiting for him with the bandages laid out, were overjoyed to see him.

"And," he said, as he finished his story, "I may even have one peso left over." He reached into the pocket of his vest and drew out a 100-peso note. He reached in again and pulled out another, then another and another. "We are rich!" he exclaimed.

Having set his parents up on a fine new *estancia*, Diego decided to go to the city and marry. He bought himself a grand town house, engaged servants and soon became known as a man who gave charity to all the poor.

The king heard of this and became curious. He must be richer than I am, he thought. And I happen to have three unmarried daughters.

So he invited Diego to the palace. After dining, the king put the question of marriage.

"I should be honored," Diego said, "but I must follow the age-old custom of

my country and stay the night in bed with any woman before I marry her. In bed but without lovemaking."

The king agreed and so Diego chose the eldest princess, a girl as pretty as a poppet. They fell asleep quickly—or at least the princess did.

Diego reached over and put his hand on her curly little Venus mount and said to it, "Who has been here before?"

"Don Juan the butcher," said the soft little mouth.

At dawn, Diego slipped away. He told the king that he had decided he did not love the eldest princess.

"Ah, but you will like my middle daughter," the king said, and called for her. She also was beautiful.

That night, in her chamber, Diego waited until she was asleep and put his hand on her warm little *sine qua non*. "Who has been here before?"

"Don Juan the butcher," it piped.

The next day, Diego simply shook his head when he went to see the king. "Well, there's still one left," the king said irritably, and called for his youngest daughter. She was blonde as the sun and had eyes the color of cornflowers.

Late that night, thinking in despair of the habits of royalty with butchers, Diego closed his hand on the princess and put his question. He was delighted to hear: "Nobody has been here."

When Diego announced to the king that he had chosen, the king was at first delighted, then gloomy. "I'll always wonder why you didn't choose one of my first two darlings." He gestured at the two elder daughters, standing nearby.

"With your consent," Diego said calmly. He laid his hand on the eldest princess, asked his question and got the same answer about the butcher. There was a buzz of astonishment.

The second princess had seen what had happened to her sister and, being a quick-witted girl, had drawn aside and made a hasty adjustment.

When Diego laid his hand on her, there was silence. He quickly put his hand behind and said, "Little rump, why doesn't your companion speak?"

"Because she has a gag stuck in her mouth," answered the rump.

Diego gave the rump a whack and the obstruction flew out. When he tried his question again, again Don Juan the butcher came to the king's attention.

The king was furious. "I have just made a new law," he said. "No meatman is ever to enter the palace again!"

Soon there was a great wedding feast and exceeding joy in the palace. That night, Diego, the poor farmer's son, went where no butcher had ever been.

—Retold by Carlos Matachin

# D.C. hides C.C.

**We've hidden a case of Canadian Club  
in Washington, D.C., where nothing's  
ever secret for long.**

**The air is getting electric.**

As everybody's preparing for the first Tuesday in November, the air is getting very electric in Washington. Since a good deal of celebrating is already going on, a lot of people are enjoying C.C.\*

And it's no wonder since Canadian Club is aged just the right amount of time for



the taste that's perfectly light, perfectly smooth.

Here's how you can find a whole case of it:

**Where a bark takes you.**

Start at a place that's named for America's most important city. See where a bark takes you. From there, go to what you can't miss. When you have arrived, face in the direction of a past scandal that was uncovered and made public. Turn in the opposite direction and make tracks for a nearby Metro station. Ride three stops.

**A famous ending.**

Come up and then find the way to a famous ending. Continue in the most obvious direction, when you know the time is right. Before it's too late, head for the nearest bridge that can take you over water. If it becomes impossible to continue in a straight line, go toward a body of water and find a spot with three banks. From the highest bank,







go in the direction of a bridge. When you've reached it, walk back 100 paces and you'll be over a treasure: a case of Canadian Club.

**Say "C.C., please!"**

It's all yours if you're first to find the person in charge and say "C.C., please." Anytime you say "C.C., please" you'll get the whisky that's lighter than Scotch, smoother than bourbon. That's why it tastes so good, so many ways. In a tall drink, on the rocks, or smoothing out sours or Manhattans.

Canadian Club is worth searching for...in the capital of the U.S.A. or any land where it's "The Best In The House".

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

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**Canadian Club**  
"The Best In The House"®

## SWEET SPOT

(continued from page 138)

*"The more highly skilled athlete simply performs in a higher gear; there is less inefficiency. . . ."*

plane—particularly after injury. For that matter, so is athletic tape, as it is commonly used to tape ankles. Orthotics, the running craze's newest status symbol, are another example—they are shoe inserts designed to help damp out extraneous motion all the way from the sole of the foot on up through the hip.)

The proprioceptive organs are the means by which we keep track of ourselves, internal measuring devices deep within the flesh that keep reading body position, change, rate of change, tension, loading. The job that those organs must do in telling the athlete when to fire off each consecutive body segment on its trajectory is truly remarkable. There is so much to go wrong. Witness high jumpers, who sometimes seem to set more records for inconsistency than for heights cleared. A world-class sprinter will run 10.1 one week, 10.2 or 10.0 the next, but a world-class high jumper will often jump 7'6" one week and then fail to clear 7' the next. The ranks of high jumpers are frequented by flashes in the pan, previously unknown performers who post a world-class mark and then never again come close to that height.

High jumping is a fiendishly complex series of movements, and if any one of them goes awry, the proprioceptive sequencing can go bloeey. Everything from the speed (and angle) of the run-up to the last kick to get the heels over the bar is infinitely variable. Get a hundredth of a second off at any point in the sequence and the timing for all the rest can be destroyed. A great athlete may be able to rearrange this schedule of movement quickly enough to get the sequence back; the lesser athlete kicks off the crossbar—or balks at the pit—then retreats to the practice field, and often finds that the frantic rehearsal aimed at getting the timing back just makes matters worse.

When an athlete is hitting these internal sweet spots—when the timing is right and the motion is smooth—the skill levels are higher, the athletic motions quicker, more forceful, more accurate. Injuries will be lessened; the athlete is performing "within" himself or herself, under control, within the limits to motion beyond which human tissue is overstressed. And there is one more advantage to this smooth-running vision of athletics: endurance. As the exercise physiologists point out, unskilled performance is like running on a

bent wheel. One scientist has even proposed a skill index based on oxygen consumption per minute per unit of body weight: To do something badly takes more muscle and thus more energy.

Not too long ago, there were two women skiers on the U.S. team whose results were so consistently equal that they were considered virtual competition twins. Yet one was so slim and delicate, so hyperfeminine, that she seemed unsuited to the rigors of international competition, while the other was exceptionally strong, a little pit bull of a ski racer. A friend of mine, writing about the ski team, asked coach Hermann Goellner how that could be—that despite their widely disparate levels of strength, they could post such similar results.

Goellner pointed out that the slim one was technically one of the best skiers in the world and the strong one definitely was not. The slim one had never needed muscles: She stood on her skis so well, skied with such grace and control, that she never had to develop the musculature to ski powerfully—and had not done so. The strong one, on the other hand, tended to ski in series of linked recoveries. She had had to develop the strength to snatch herself back from disaster time after time. She skied by forcing her skis to do what she wanted them to do; she forced her way down a race course—and she had developed the physique to go with all that forcing. She had also suffered through several knee operations and other injuries. The slim one stayed injury-free.

The more highly skilled athlete simply performs in a higher gear; there is less of the grinding inefficiency of multiplying mechanical advantage to accomplish the task. It is the athlete's job to learn to do the hard thing easily. The result is usually very graceful. "Grace," says ski teacher Denise McCluggage, "is a warmer word for efficiency."

Most athletes perform with considerable grace; some don't and still get the job done, of course. There is always the occasional eccentric athlete who gets away with motions that bear no connection with grace, who has invented a totally unorthodox way of accomplishing the task. Compare the silken golf swings of Gene Littler or Sam Snead with the lurching blasts of Lee Trevino and Arnold Palmer. Littler and Snead are used to illustrate textbooks, while

both Trevino and Palmer risk falling down on every drive. Golf may place horrendous demands on the nerves, but it doesn't really press the individual to the limits of physical endurance—which makes an unorthodox style less of a handicap. As endurance requirements go up, efficiency (or grace) becomes more important; anatomy being what it is, the movements of one performer will come closer to resembling those of all the rest. Although there are considerable differences in the running styles of Frank Shorter and Bill Rodgers, the differences are much subtler than the differences between the golf swings of a Trevino and a Littler. Fatigue hones away roughness. (Roughness burns energy.) In any case, unorthodoxy will never be taught; smoothness will be. Coaches refer to any unorthodoxy of athletic style as herky-jerky.

I keep thinking about that high jumper on the practice field, trying to get the timing back. He'll say he's "lost his rhythm." Rhythm is timing, certainly—a means of signaling to each body segment the proper moment to initiate movement. Rhythm in athletic motion means that each segment of the body comes in right on the beat.

(Initiation can be the hardest part of an athletic movement. That's where all those bat wiggles and free-throw eccentricities and tennis-serve mannerisms blossom forth. That's why the "yips"—the aging golfer's typical troubles with the putter—often involve difficulty with drawing the club head back, rather than with swinging it forward.)

I happened to hear violinist Isaac Stern discuss his art one night and a jazz musician discuss his the next. Both of those immensely talented individuals would sing wordless snatches—dum dum ti dum, and so on—to illustrate points about their very different styles of music. I am not a musician and could barely catch the significant differences they were demonstrating so effortlessly. I could discern, but I'm sure I did not fully comprehend, those differences—in emphasis and tone, but mostly just in timing. Each man would illustrate one way to play a phrase, then an alternative, varying the timing of the notes subtly without violating the form, changing in major ways the emotional content of the music without changing a note. I suddenly realized that for musicians—and for athletes—there must be a great deal more *room*, in effect, in the flow of time than there is for the rest of us.

I tap my foot to music and think I'm on the beat; any musician can demonstrate convincingly that I'm not, that I'm farther off than, for example, the

(continued on page 217)



### *a beginner's guide to television evangelists*

**S**PIN YOUR CHANNEL-SELECTOR knob these days and you'll find a bold new breed of American preacher—a made-for-TV evangelist with a studio for a pulpit and an 800 number for a collection plate. Even his message seems new, and it's not just because it's been jazzed up and born again in a talky-entertainment format like some kind of *Ed Sullivan Show Gone Baptist*; the hell-fire and brimstone and specter of rampaging evil are still evoked with all the energy of the old Sunday-morning fever, but today's TV preacher exhorts his brethren, millions strong, *not* to turn the other cheek—it's time, he urges across the airwaves and into America's living rooms, time for Christians to rise up and get involved politically and economically, time to run the sinners out. Sinners, as always, are generally defined as those whose views the preachers don't agree with.

In a way, you've got to give these guys credit.

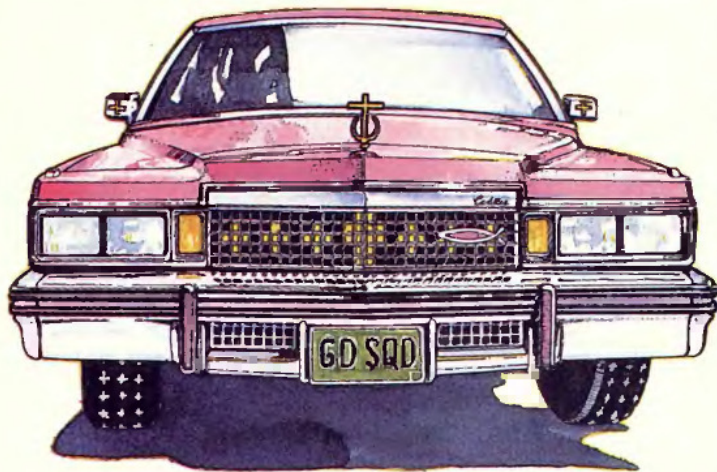
Today's televangelists have seen the future and made it theirs. Through the modern miracle of television, they've left the traditional Church choking in their dust (of course, that's not hard to do, with a Pope who recently promised to "get to the bottom of the Galileo case" a mere 347 years after the fact). They've given the Gospel its greatest leap forward since Gutenberg, and they've made themselves more influential than any ministers in history. They're superstars, and they've got the riches to prove it.

The problem for us laymen is that there are so many TV preachers these days that it's almost impossible to remember who's who and who stands for what. To help eliminate the confusion, we've prepared a little primer—a guide to Christian television's brightest lights—beginning on the next page.

As they used to say in simpler times, will you turn with us now?

## THE DEVIL MADE US DO IT

The Federal Communications Commission is investigating *The PTL Club* for allegedly misappropriating \$13,000,000. Seems the club solicited funds from home viewers, claiming it needed the money for certain foreign missions. When the FCC checked, it couldn't find the missions or the money. *PTL* explains—and this is no joke—that Satan simply got into its computer and lost the money. Says Jim Bakker's bubbly wife and co-host, Tammy Faye Bakker: "If I weren't a Christian, the FCC would have driven me out of my mind."



## REMEMBER, AKRON IS THE TOWN THAT GAVE US DEVO

Above: Ernest Angley drives to work in a pink Cadillac, which is appropriate considering where he works. Grace Cathedral, his \$2,500,000 Akron center of operations, is adorned with imparted chandeliers, brocade drapes, Italian-marble statuary, 24-kt.-gold veneer on the pulpit, piano and organ, a cross illuminated by red light with letters proclaiming FOUNTAIN OF BLOOD—and portraits of Angley and Jesus.

## ANYONE WHO HATES DISCO CAN'T BE ALL BAD

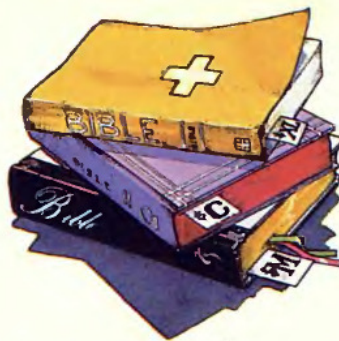
Jerry Falwell stands just a little to the right of "Bah, humbug." Here's an up-to-the-minute list of the things he objects to: rock 'n' roll, network TV, movies, disco, pornography, abortion, homosexuality, E.R.A., SALT II, Ted Kennedy, Frank Church, Birch Bayh and evaluation. We don't know how he stands on dogs and children.

## FIGHTING HELL-FIRE WITH HELL-FIRE

The main-line churches can't help measuring their diminished revenues against the vast wealth of the TV ministries. The United Methodist Church, therefore, has announced that it may invest \$25,000,000 in prime-time television and TV-station ownership.

## HAND JOB

Oral Roberts told his TV audience that he'd felt a supernatural heat in his right hand and that God told him to imprint that hand on swatches of cloth. He offered a free, hand-printed towel to anyone who entered into a Blessing Pact Covenant with him. That meant—surprise—sending him money.



## THE GOOD BOOK

*The Jimmy Swaggart Study Bible*, \$40. "The easiest reading study Bible in the world today."—JIMMY SWAGGART

## THE BETTER BOOK

*The Rex Humbard Prophecy Bible*, \$100. Color-coded charts depicting Creation to Eternity, large print, your name in gold.

## THE BEST BOOK

*The PTL Family Bible*, \$1000. It's so big, says Tammy Faye Bakker, that she can't even carry it by herself.

## HAVE A NICE DAY

Most of the preachers believe that sometime soon there will be a minisecond flash, after which all believers, living and dead, will go with God. Everyone else will go to heck. This is called the Rapture. Rex Humbard anticipates the Rapture will come in his lifetime. Not to worry, the preachers plan to make believers out of all of us by 2000 A.D.

## WE KNOW A HEARTACHE WHEN WE SEE ONE

A recent Gallup Poll indicates that 31 percent of Americans have had a religious or mystical experience, broken down this way: Ten percent reported an "otherworldly feeling," five percent a natural spiritual awakening, five percent a healing experience, four percent visions, voices or dreams, two percent turning to God in a crisis and five percent indescribable raptures. "When I was saved," said one barn-againer, "I had a good feeling all over. It was a warm feeling—it felt like a heart attack."

## HIGHER LEARNING

A self-perpetuating missionary instinct has led several preachers to establish their very own educational institutions. At Oral Roberts University in Tulsa, students are allowed to do one thing the president of the university (Roberts) never did: earn a degree. And if we are products of our environment, ORU students have to be among the flashiest in all Christendom—their campus is a \$150,000,000 futuristic show place that has prompted some undergrads to call it Six Flags Over Jesus.



### Robert Schuller

Base: Garden Grove, Cal.  
TV Show: *The Hour of Power*  
Annual Gross: \$16,000,000  
Viewers: 4,000,000  
Revelation: "Any fool can count the seeds in an apple, but only God can count the apples."

### Oral Roberts

Base: Tulsa, Okla.  
TV Show: *The Oral Roberts Show*  
Annual Gross: \$60,000,000  
Viewers: 5,000,000  
Revelation: "How much money did Howard Hughes leave behind? All of it."

### Ernest Angley

Base: Akron, Ohio  
TV Show: *The 99 Club*  
Annual Gross and Viewers not available  
Revelation: "We're living in the final hour."

### Jerry Falwell

Base: Lynchburg, Va.  
TV Show: *Old Time Gospel Hour*  
Annual Gross: \$50,000,000

Viewers: 4,000,000  
Revelation: "We [Christians] are the largest minority bloc in the U.S."

### Pat Robertson

Base: Portsmouth, Va.  
TV Show: *The 700 Club*  
Annual Gross: \$58,000,000  
Viewers: 3,000,000  
Revelation: "We have enough votes to run the country."

## SERMON ON THE MOUNDS

Christian T-shirt slogans as seen on *The PTL Club*:

GET RIGHT OR GET LEFT  
HEAVEN OR HELL—TURN OR BURN  
IN CASE OF RAPTURE, THIS T-SHIRT  
WILL BE MINUS ONE GREAT BOD



## SECTS APPEAL

Above: Judging from the number of pretty young females in his audiences, we'd say there's more to Jimmy Swaggart's success than oratorical skill. We weren't a bit surprised when our own informal poll found Swaggart to be the sexiest preacher on TV.



### Jim Bakker

Base: Charlotte, N.C.  
TV Show: *The PTL*  
[Praise the Lord] Club  
Annual Gross: \$51,000,000  
Viewers: 3,000,000  
Revelation: "Diamonds and gold aren't just for Satan—they're for Christians, too."

### Rex Humbard

Base: Akron, Ohio  
TV Show: *The Rex Humbard Ministry*  
Annual Gross: \$25,000,000  
Viewers: 5,000,000  
Revelation: "If I got into politics, I'd be like a blacksmith pulling teeth."

### Jimmy Swaggart

Base: Baton Rouge, La.  
TV Show: *The Jimmy Swaggart Crusade*  
Annual Gross: \$20,000,000  
Viewers: 3,500,000  
Revelation: "You ain't home yet, honey."

## WELCOME TO GOD'S COUNTRY

The *PTL Club's* Total Living Center, a planned community in North Carolina, is a kind of born-again Disneyland. It includes log chalets on a lake (\$150-a-night rent), tent and camper sites, open-air trams, an Olympic-sized pool, eight tennis courts and an auditorium where you can buy *PTL* T-shirts, Frisbees and sun visors. In the planning stages are a retirement center, a Polynesian hotel, a clinic, a high-rise condo, a golf course and a replica of an old-timey American Main Street.

## I NEVER LIKED HIM, ANYWAY, DEPARTMENT

A West Virginia man stormed out of his house with a pistol and shot his neighbor through a front window. Why? He claimed Billy Graham had told him on television that his neighbor was a sinner.

## IT'S JUST BETWEEN US AND OUR GOD

More than half a billion dollars is donated to TV ministries annually, but the Better Business Bureau is the only group in the country that attempts to report on the fund-raising activities of the notoriously uncooperative religious organizations. The major TV ministries that haven't met B.B.B. standards of reporting include those of Rex Humbard, Jerry Falwell, Oral Roberts, Jim Bakker, Pat Robertson, Jimmy Swaggart and Robert Schuller. If they aren't accountable to the IRS or the Department of Commerce, why should they go on record for a private equity?

## IF WE GET A CHOICE, WE'LL GO WITH GEORGE LUCAS

Robert M. Liebert, a psychologist at the State University of New York, thinks TV evangelism is more than a flash in the tube. "I envision each electronic denomination setting up local community centers, with an absolute philosophic and economic tie to the denomination's charismatic leader. These centers will offer media services to congregant members via a big screen in grandly decorated halls that will sing with fast-paced visual and sound effects built on the most advanced electronic technology."

## BEST PRAYER RUG

Ernest Angley wears a toupee that looks like it's stuck on with shoe polish, Brylcreem and the grace of God.



## LORD OF THE RINGS

Above: Oral Roberts favors jeweled rings and gold bracelets, much to the chagrin of his staff, who must airbrush the jewelry out of Roberts' pictures to keep from offending his flock. The 60-foot-high sculpture of praying hands in front of his City of Hope Medical Center in Tulsa also appears sans jewels.

## FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, THE POWER AND THE HARDWARE

Writer Mory Murphy overheard this prayer offered by a director preparing to tape a leading minister's show: "Our heavenly Father, we thank You for the medium of television. We pray for the technical aspects of this program so we can produce a show worthy of Your son, Jesus Christ."

## GIMME FIVE

Ernest Angley, whose voice sounds like a cross between Gomer Pyle's and a dog-obedience instructor's (Hee-all! Hee-all!), has revolutionized spiritual healing. He simply raises his right hand to the TV camera and asks viewers to hold their hands up to their screens. Then he prays for them. We wonder, does it work during reruns?

## LET'S RUN IT UP THE FLAGPOLE AND SEE IF ANYONE PRAYS

A Texas public-relations man—who asks not to be identified—has divined the existence of a veritable growth industry. He specializes in "packaging" preachers for television—advising his clients on which markets will be most receptive, writing proposals for Christian-TV programs and helping screen talent in order to project that wholesome, lucrative family appeal.



### PUNCH AND JESUS

Jim Bakker got his start in the business doing Christian puppet shows on the West Coast.

### THE LORD'S BILL BE DONE

Left: Jerry Falwell, Pat Robertson and Jim Bakker say that America's in trouble, that Armageddon is just around the corner. And Falwell has the smoothest political machine of them all, with 14 Washington lobbyists. When he hears from *Old Time Gospel Hour* viewers, he forwards their names and addresses to lobbying groups such as Christian Voice and his own Moral Majority—which then send out mailings asking for funds to fight "godless communism" and "secular humanism." Christian Voice even publishes a *Congressional Report Card* that informs its constituency how Senators and Congressmen voted on key "moral" issues, ranging from Abortion to Behavioral Research Funding, to that burning moral issue, Taiwan Security. But Christian Voice doesn't stop at reporting how Congress voted; it also reports how it should have voted. Falwell's mailing list numbers 2,000,000, and he has pledged his 1980 budget to defeating liberal Congressmen this November.



### NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

Above: The Christian Broadcast Network (CBN)—operated by *The 700 Club's* Pat Robertson—claims to be America's largest syndicator of TV programs via satellite. Presently, twin ten-meter satellite dishes linking Satcom I and the Western Union Westar satellite give CBN the capability of broadcasting to every domestic satellite system. CBN is the world's largest supplier of cable programming.

### FLAT-PICK ME, JESUS

How come Jimmy Swaggart's bond sounds so good? Maybe it's because he's the cousin of both Jerry Lee Lewis and Mickey Gilley. Or maybe it's the Kramer guitars and basses. Swaggart's stage manager sent a few gushy letters to Kramer offering to give prominent TV display to its guitars. He pointed out that the retail price of all instruments could be credited to Kramer as a tax deduction. He cautioned that other guitar companies were quite eager for Swaggart to use their products. Currently, the credit line at the end of the Swaggart show reads, "Kramer guitars used exclusively by the Jimmy Swaggart Band."



## MARJOE RATES THE PREACHERS



Marjoe Gortner knows most of the TV God squad from his days as a child evangelist on the sawdust trail. Now he's working on "American Gospel," a film about evangelism. We asked him to assess the techniques of the current crop of TV preachers.

#### ORAL ROBERTS

He's one of the best preachers ever. Powerful. He pulls you right in with passion, power and strength. And a con man from the word go, but a good ole boy, a very good businessman and a strong, charismatic person. He once told me, "Marjoe, when you talk to a camera, just pretend it's a person sitting in a chair alone." When Oral Roberts talks to a camera, he has them place the lens within 12 to 15 inches of his face for a close-up. And he talks to that lens like it was a person. You get the feeling that he really is talking to you personally.

#### JIMMY SWAGGART

I like his preaching style, that type of real entertainment. He's just an old-time preacher. His message makes me sick. He's still talking about the most ridiculous things: God made woman to be in the home. The whole thing is very sexual. When Jimmy Swaggart sits down to play, the way he spreads those long legs and starts singing to the old ladies—the same ones who love Mike Douglas. He's got that pure thing in his voice.

#### PAT ROBERTSON

He's a graduate of Yale and a very intelligent man. If you look at his business structure, it reflects it—he's a real businessman. Robertson sticks to the format of *The Tonight Show* on *The 700 Club* (his Christian talk show), which appeals to the guy who owns a Western Auto store. He's preaching the same message as the others, but to me it's not as interesting, because it's just so corny. They sit there talking about business. Here's a man and his business was down and now it's up. Oh! Isn't that wonderful! It's just so sick.

#### JIM BAKKER

Bakker can turn it on. He gets a little crazy and he starts preaching, and he has those phones lighting up. He's a very good preacher and a smart businessman.

#### ERNEST ANGLE

He's still doing the same thing he was doing when I was four years old. "Hey! Hallelujah!" He's a relief. People are filled with tension all day and, hallelujah! It's great. It's like seeing a cheap, sleazy movie. He's the same as *Animal House*.

#### JERRY FALWELL

He's kind of country and down-home. He appeals to that little guy out there who wants to speak up and say something—he just doesn't know what he wants to say. He hears this good ole boy who talks in his language, and I think that could become very harmful. While some preach God's message, Falwell preaches Falwell's message, which is more like that of the old John Birchers or the Ku Klux Klan.

#### ROBERT SCHULLER

I don't like Schuller. He talks s-o-o-o slowly and that's b-o-o-oring. He was never a traveling evangelist like the others. He's got that middle-class approach. He comes off as an intellectual. His cleric's robe is sort of a first for a full Gospel preacher. He's elevated high above the congregation, more like a priest in a Catholic parish. He's taken the traditional Church and put the full Gospel message in it. That's his gimmick.

#### REX HUMBARD

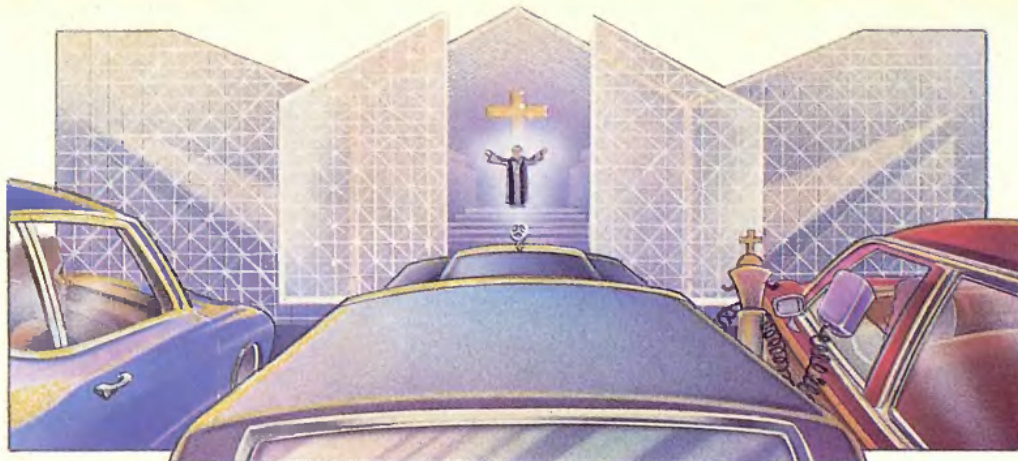
The worst. He's the worst on the air. He has no charisma. He is flat; he has a terrible haircut; his wardrobe—he should get a new tailor. It's always been an amazement to me how he can be so successful.

## WHO GIVES A DARN?

Who watches? According to a leading Christian-TV promotion expert, female viewers account for 75 percent. Thirty percent of the viewers are in the 18-to-39 age group, 70 percent are 39 or older. Most are white. The majority of donations come from women in households earning less than \$20,000 per year. TV religions collect an average of \$23 per donation, while main-line churches average three dollars per donation.

## DEAR OCCUPANT, I FIXED YOUR BLADDER. SEND MONEY. LOVE, GOD.

If you write to a TV preacher and say you've got thyroid problems and sure wish God would lighten up on the old endocrines, chances are you'll get a letter back commiserating about your thyroid. Personal attention? Nope, try IBM. A source close to one eminent electronic minister told us, "We break them out by subject. If you got a thyroid problem, you get a thyroid letter. I think that's number 29B."



## GREAT MOMENTS IN CHRISTIAN TELEVISION

Interviewing an armless woman on *The PTL Club*, Tammy Faye Bakker asked, "Well, how do you put on your make-up?"

Colonel Horlon Sonders likes to tell this inspirational story on Christian talk shows. He was about to undergo surgery for an intestinal polyp when he decided to ask a faith healer for help. Next morning, after the laying on of hands, the colonel went to, uh, relieve himself. To his amazement, he heard the polyp "pulunk into the commode," as he puts it. The next set of X rays showed that the polyp was gone.

During a *PTL Club* program featuring rock 'n' roll, Jim Bakker wrapped his arm around wife Tammy and said, "Yes, I found my thrill on Blueberry Hill—and this is Blueberry here."

A guest evangelist on *The PTL Club* once proclaimed, "You know when you eat onions, you're gonna burp a foul onion smell. But when you eat God, you'll burp a sweet odor to the world."

## PANE RELIEF

Above: Robert Schuller raised the \$18,000,000 to pay for his luminescent drive-in Crystal Cathedral from viewer donations alone. Designed by architect Philip Johnson, Schuller's Garden Grove, California, church is a steel superstructure sheathed in 10,000 plate-glass windows. We figure Schuller bought heavily in Windex stock.


## THERE'S A BETTER HOME AWAITING

Last year, Rex Humbard told his Prayer Key Family (those who regularly send donations) to send money, claiming he needed \$3,200,000 to pay off his ministry's debts. A mere nine months later, Humbard and his sons spent \$650,000 on a home and condominiums near Palm Beach, Florida. Humbard says 200,000 of his TV audience each sent \$20 to retire the debt.

## JUST ANOTHER MIRACLE

Oral Roberts claims to read and answer every letter he gets. Analysis of that fact reveals that with the volume of mail Roberts receives, he must be reading and answering one letter every two seconds.

## GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES

Left: Jim Bakker once wrote a direct-mail message to the *PTL* faithful asking for money, saying, "Tammy and I are giving every penny of our life's savings to *PTL*." That same month, they bought a \$24,000 houseboat equipped with white-shag carpeting, two bedrooms, TV, gas grill and refrigerator. On being questioned about this, Bakker said, "I paid for that boat just like anyone else. I financed it with a bank—there was no *PTL* money involved." 



## DID THE FBI KILL VIOLA?

(continued from page 108)

*"Highway 80 had been blocked off by troopers at the moment his mother's Olds was under attack."*

destruction of her family.

With his father's blessings and encouragement, Tony Liuzzo had been hard at work since 1976 searching for the truth concerning his mother's murder. It would be an uphill struggle to obtain the information he needed, a constant fight that would cost him jobs and financial security, strain his marriage, subject him to public ridicule as a conspiracy-happy Detroit street kid taking on the unassailable FBI and eventually pit him in an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation with one of the most powerful and intimidating individuals and organizations in the U. S.—Director William H. Webster and the FBI.

Tony Liuzzo was puzzled. The night of his mother's death, the FBI reported that three witnesses claimed to have seen a 1955 Ford in the vicinity of the murder—but the Ford was never mentioned again. What had happened to it? Why were no fingerprints ever taken on the murder weapon or on his mother's car? He did not know then that by asking these and other questions, he was about to discover one of the most questionable murder investigations ever conducted by the FBI, and in the process reveal why that investigation remains suspicious. He had only two sources of information—the periodical rooms of libraries and the telephone—but his street-smart instincts kept him on the right trail. He had tried to reach Leroy Moton by calling every Moton listed in the Prattville, Alabama, phone book. Moton had testified in the trials of the Klansmen and then seemingly disappeared. While Tony was unable to contact Moton, if his basic questions about the murder and the investigation could not be answered by someone who was present that night, then that alone was a clue, a possible explanation for the FBI's official indifference in the years that followed Viola's death.

Tony went first to a small library in Detroit to read the ten-year-old press accounts of his mother's murder. The individual accounts were not only different from one another, they were contradictory. According to the U.P.I. news release, the man in the car with Viola said the murder weapon had been a high-powered rifle. According to another news agency, the FBI said two revolvers had been used. According to the news reports during the trials of the Klansmen, the murder weapon

had been a .38.

The search took him to two larger libraries, the Detroit Public Library and the Henry Ford Centennial Library. But there Tony encountered the same puzzling contradictions. The facts concerning his mother's murder were so scrambled as to be rendered unintelligible. There was no useful information to be found, only discrepancies that produced more questions. Tony had never been to Alabama, so he could not accurately visualize Highway 80 or the scene of the attack; but in his imagination, he could hear the cars at high speeds, the sounds of the guns as the Klansmen opened fire.

His mother had been an aggressive driver. He had ridden with her when she drove her blue Oldsmobile at high speeds. Once when she was angry, he had watched her ram his father's car. Rowe's testimony in the Alabama courts indicated that the Klansmen had little problem overtaking the Oldsmobile. But Tony remembered his mother as not being afraid of anything, the sort of woman who would have had her car flying along Highway 80 if she had felt herself in danger. The mother Tony remembered would have moved her car directly into the path of the Klan car, a red-and-white 1962 Chevrolet Impala. She would have made an aggressive move against the car that was threatening her, Tony reasoned, unless her car were hemmed in by another, third vehicle. Such as the 1955 Ford.

Tony was young, impatient and frustrated because his research was not paying off and he could not afford to spend hours in libraries, away from his home, his job. But he refused to give up. Before leaving the library one day, he copied the names of some of the individuals quoted in the clippings. And when he returned home and glanced at the list, he suddenly realized he had hit pay dirt. Whoever these people were—and the majority of them were ministers—and wherever they might be living years after the event, he had to find them. These were people who had been in Selma with his mother.

He called California, Missouri, Illinois. In the middle of the night, he tried to track them down through the headquarters of the denominations they had represented on the Selma march. He called the Lutherans, the Presbyterians and the Disciples of Christ. He had to find the people who had been there that

night, people whose memories of the most seemingly insignificant detail might lead him to the truth.

Finally, he reached a minister who had been quoted in the *Los Angeles Times*. He told him he was Tony Liuzzo, Viola's son. There was a long pause at the other end, and then the man told Tony that he had been on Highway 80 the night Viola died.

The minister had driven a rented truck that night. It had been crowded with about 40 marchers he had picked up at the Dexter Avenue Baptist Church in downtown Montgomery, and as he had driven west toward Selma, he had been stopped twice by Alabama troopers.

He remembered the troopers as having been unusually hostile. Alabama troopers had aroused the nation's conscience three weeks earlier with their armed assault on peaceful blacks at the Edmund Pettus Bridge in Selma. That assault, known as Bloody Sunday, had actually set into motion the events that would lead to the successful, triumphant entry into Montgomery of the 30,000 black and white civil rights activists who had walked from Selma to ask that blacks be given the right to vote. Throughout the days of the march, Alabama troopers had been under a stern Federal court order to protect the same marchers they had recently brutalized. As soon as the march was over, though, they had felt the court injunction was lifted. Returning from Montgomery to Selma that last night of the march, countless cars and trucks carrying marchers had received hostile treatment from the enraged troopers, who had issued tickets as fast as they could write them. But, curiously, a red-and-white Chevrolet Impala carrying four men had also been stopped by the troopers that night, at 6:20 P.M. The driver of the Impala was released with a warning.

The minister told Tony he had been given a ticket, threatened with jail and cursed by the troopers. While he felt he had been stopped unnecessarily, he was convinced of that when he realized the highway ahead of him was wide open. There had been no cars or trucks in sight, no headlights coming toward him, no taillights moving away. A highway that should have been clogged with vehicles ferrying marchers back to Selma was empty.

Then, as the minister had driven toward Selma after his release by the troopers, he was flagged down by a tall young black male standing in the middle of the two-lane strip of Highway 80, wildly waving his arms. The man ran to the cab of the truck and said that a woman had been shot and killed. He had then climbed onto the back of the truck and the minister had driven non-stop into Selma. There the FBI was



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notified of the shooting. The young man, Leroy Moton, had been a passenger in the front seat of Viola's car when the shots were fired.

Tony asked the minister what time his truck had been stopped by Alabama troopers. As well as he could recall, he told Tony, his truck had been stopped and held up on Highway 80 from eight P.M. until approximately 8:30.

The minister's account confirmed what Tony had initially perceived and feared the most: Either by coincidence or by design, Highway 80 had been blocked off by Alabama troopers at the precise moment his mother's blue Oldsmobile was under attack by a red-and-white 1962 Chevrolet Impala—and possibly a 1955 Ford.

In 1978, Tony and his family, with the assistance of the Michigan affiliate of the A.C.L.U., filed under the Freedom of Information Act for all FBI documents relating to the murder of his mother. And while he waited for the FBI to respond to his family's request, Tony returned to the Detroit libraries. He had already turned up too many coincidences and discrepancies. Something was wrong. Not only could he smell it, he could see it—because similar coincidences were beginning to enter his own daily life.

He sat in the libraries, reading the details of the shooting, haunted by the minister's account, knowing that the characterization of his mother as someone who could have been picked off like a clay pigeon was wrong. One day, as he again left the library having found that the press reports didn't jibe, he walked out into the sunlight toward the parking lot—then stopped dead in his tracks.

Two men wearing trench coats, white shirts and dark ties sat in an automobile parked near his. There was no license plate on the front of their car. When Tony walked toward them, they appeared to be quickly covering something on the front seat of their car. Then they sped away.

Shielding his eyes as he watched them drive off, Tony wondered if he were now being stalked. Could it be only a coincidence that after his family had filed its F.O.I.A. request and he had begun to research the murder, men in trench coats resembling characters in B movies had suddenly popped up and just as quickly disappeared?

Eventually, the nearly obsessive pursuit of the truth by the Liuzzo children would take its toll, leaving them vulnerable to their own romantic notions: that they were being followed, that random coincidences in their own private lives were actually the results of conspiracies against them, that their phones were bugged, that FBI agents watched them constantly. Employers indifferent

or unsympathetic to their search materialized as hostile adversaries. While a successful request for F.O.I.A. documents and eventually a civil suit against the FBI for damages in the wrongful death of their mother would not conceivably destroy the bureau or its future work, they now perceived themselves as powerful threats to the FBI, and they saw themselves stalked by G men. Unfortunately, the delays and frustrations inherent in their search for the truth only magnified their speculations. On "heavy" days, either just prior to important meetings with sympathetic lawyers or immediately following such meetings, their phones were invariably disconnected for nonpayment of enormous bills. To them, such coincidences took on awesome implications. Not only was someone actively seeking to keep them away from the truth concerning their mother's murder but their own lives were now threatened.

The meeting was arranged in the fall of 1978 by U. S. Senator Donald Riegle, a Michigan Democrat, and held inside Riegle's offices. It was a meeting Tony had not really anticipated, but if his search for the truth had now brought him to a head-on confrontation with the FBI, that, too, would have to be met.

The participants in the meeting recall that William Webster, the new director of the FBI, was surprised when he was introduced to Tony Liuzzo, the Detroit street kid who had been badgering his office for months concerning bureau documents relating to the murder of his mother in Alabama in 1965.

It is said that Webster had no indication before the meeting that Tony would be present. But if he appeared surprised to the others present, Tony sensed a somewhat sharper reaction from the FBI director.

"The only vibes that came out of him were like shock," Tony later told a friend. "He came walking in and Senator Riegle said, 'Judge Webster. . . .' And he just looked at us and looked at Riegle like, *What the shit is this?*"

It is said the meeting, however strained, went smoothly for a while. Tony, Riegle and Dean Robb, an attorney representing the Liuzzo family, were interested in receiving the family's requested F.O.I.A. documents as soon as possible. Then Tony asked Webster why there had been so many delays, why the FBI had not already released the documents. In turn, Webster asked Tony why he really wanted to see them, since there were allegations in the documents that his mother had taken drugs and been hanging out sexually with blacks.

Tony then asked Webster why the FBI was still trying to smear his mother's reputation. Webster denied the bureau

was doing so. But Tony knew from his own research that at the Alabama trials of the Klansmen, the Alabama toxicologist had testified there was no evidence of drug usage by his mother and that the autopsy revealed no evidence of sexual intercourse.

As one of those present characterized the exchange, "Webster only mouthed the J. Edgar Hoover imprecisions that there was wrongdoing on the part of Mrs. Liuzzo. And he was silent about the role of the FBI informant."

Webster did, however, agree to an immediate release of those documents that the FBI could release. And soon thereafter, Tony was on his way to the J. Edgar Hoover Building on Pennsylvania Avenue. There he received 1500 pages of heavily censored FBI documents.

The FBI censoring process was peculiar, to say the least. One page might be half blacked out, but a duplicate of that page with a different portion blacked out soon turned up. Quotations from the public record were often excised with the reference left intact. Many pages were covered with Hoover's own almost indecipherable handwriting, which was then transcribed on other pages by diligent clerks. But while the FBI censoring process in itself appeared rather ridiculous, the contents of the documents received under the F.O.I.A., along with other FBI reports and documents, were devastating.

On the strength of those documents, it can be argued that Viola Liuzzo was the victim of a random act of racist violence perpetrated in the presence of a paid FBI informant. It can also be argued that taken at face value, the different accounts of the murder given during the 1965-1966 Klan trials by Rowe, the FBI informant, suggest that the shooting took place before he could interfere and stop the crime. And, despite the feelings of the Liuzzo children and their revealing questions about discrepancies in the case, it can also be argued that there was no conspiracy to murder Viola Liuzzo.

But as Tony sifted through the pages of the FBI documents, he could barely contain his anger. He had now come face to face with an undeniable mastermind of evil. Even if there were no conspiracy to murder his mother, starting within hours after the discovery of her body beside Highway 80, there was a conscious effort to smear her reputation. And that smear campaign was carried out by J. Edgar Hoover.

A Hoover memorandum of 9:32 A.M. on March 26, 1965, describes his first conversation with President Johnson:

I told the Attorney General that the President asked if he should

(continued on page 174)

# LEROY NEIMAN

• SKETCHBOOK •



WINSTON CHURCHILL used to paint the exotic gardens of the internationally famous Mamounia Hotel in Marrakesh. I concentrated on sketching the action at its poolside. Morocco is a blend of conflicting time frames, the modern and the traditional, as it tries to Westernize. Witness my upper-class, affluent and privileged Moorish textile honcho arriving at the poolside locker rooms in his pristine white jellaba and embroidered babouches, only to emerge moments later in contemporary beach gear.

## G. GORDON LIDDY (continued from page 84)

way the world works and, just as bad, he doesn't understand the way the United States works. If you view the U. S. Government as one vast complex diesel engine, which I think is a pretty fair analogy, then Ted Kennedy at least knows how to operate the machinery, even though he might drive it in the wrong directions. But ol' Jimmy doesn't even know the ignition key from the exhaust pipe. Hell, he wasn't even that effective governing a state like Georgia, and he's totally lost trying to run Washington. Oh, he's great at spouting pious platitudes, but to be a President, you've first and foremost got to be a good *mechanic*. You've got to operate that goddamn machine or the whole thing's going to come apart. Now, to take a leaf from Jimmy's book, you could call in the Pope from Rome, the Chief Rabbi from Jerusalem, the Archbishop of the Anglican Church from Canterbury, the president of the Baptist World Alliance and the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini from Qum or wherever he's presently holed up, and they could all keep circling that huge diesel engine day after day, chanting their prayers over it, and the mother's still not going to turn over. Faith is fine, but it's no substitute for expertise and leadership. And Carter's got neither.

**PLAYBOY:** That seems a rather harsh caricature. And why emphasize the President's private religious beliefs?

**LIDDY:** Because they aren't *private* anymore, damn it; they're at the root of his whole Easter Bunny approach to running this country. Jimmy Carter just doesn't understand the world as it is; he still believes you can look the other way and the problem will disappear. He's not prepared to face the harsh problems, whether inflation or recession at home or Soviet aggression and American military weakness abroad. I mean, if he were on a yacht for a summit conference with Maggie Thatcher of England, Giscard d'Estaing of France and Helmut Schmidt of Germany and that yacht capsized and they were all in the drink together, I can just picture what would happen when a dark fin started cutting through the water toward them. Thatcher, D'Estaing and Schmidt would all shout, "Jaws!" and do everything in their power to scramble up for safety on the inverted hull of the ship, while Jimmy would just continue paddling around, saying, "Gee, guys, it's Charlie the Tuna!" No, I'm sorry, but the requisites for leadership of a great power are brains, brawn and balls, and I'm afraid Carter is singularly lacking in all three departments.

**PLAYBOY:** Some of your critics would contend that Carter's brand of morality is infinitely preferable to the kind of

ruthless *Realpolitik* you preach and practice.

**LIDDY:** I'm sure they would, and I'd say they were deluding themselves. Look, let's face reality. Politics, and in this context I'd include the conduct of a superpower's foreign policy, has by its very nature to be amoral. Not immoral, amoral. It cannot be conducted by a man who wears his sainthood on his sleeve and who is superbly equipped to deal with the hereafter but emotionally totally unprepared to deal with the harsh realities of the present-day world. And I'm particularly alarmed when a man like Carter bases his foreign policy on the way he *wishes* other nations to be, rather than on the basis of how they actually behave in the world as it is. I don't mind Carter talking to God. It's when God answers back, and tells him something different each day, that I get really worried.

**PLAYBOY:** For example?

**LIDDY:** Take a look at Carter's whole foreign policy toward the Soviet Union.

---

*"Carter's religious beliefs  
aren't private anymore,  
damn it; they're at the root  
of his whole Easter Bunny  
approach to running this  
country."*

---

He came into office convinced, as he put it, that we had more similarities than differences with the Russians, that, in his formulation, the areas of cooperation were greater than the areas of competition, and in general appeared convinced that the Soviet leadership shared his altruistic and pacific convictions. Probably the apotheosis of that attitude was his famous Notre Dame commencement address, where he assured the world that "we are now free of that inordinate fear of communism" that, presumably, had afflicted such benighted Presidential predecessors as Harry Truman, Dwight Eisenhower and John Kennedy. We were, in the terms of the old black Southern spiritual, "free at last" to embark on a wonderful adventure of brotherly love with Moscow. So he let our military forces run down, adopted a misguided and selective "human rights policy" that pilloried dictators on our side but let the Soviets off with a flaccid slap on the wrist, betrayed our natural allies like the shah in favor of "progressive" Third

World forces—and remember, it was Carter's UN Ambassador and spiritual clone, Andy Young, who called the Ayatollah a saint—and finally reaped the whirlwind with Iran and Afghanistan and God knows what other disasters still around the corner. And after Afghanistan, he professed to feel betrayed by the Russians, and said he'd learned more about them in the past week than in his preceding three years in office. My God, what a pathetic confession of geopolitical incompetence and historical ignorance! Somebody should finally tell the poor man, "No, Virginia, there is no Santa Claus." And I'm convinced that the motivating force behind this crippling naïveté is a simple belief that all men must be good, all men must be brothers.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't believe in the brotherhood of man?

**LIDDY:** Sure, I do. Cain and Abel! Abel and Cain! No, come on, you know precisely what I mean. All of Jimmy's lovely idealistic pipe dreams are fine emanating from a pulpit, but they don't cut any ice in the serious international arena. The Russians would just contemptuously echo Stalin's derisive question in World War Two: "How many divisions has the Pope?" The Carter policy from the inception of his Presidency has been one of weakness—economic weakness, political weakness, military weakness. And he has been as much a disaster for this country as Neville Chamberlain and his appeasers were for England in the Thirties. The only difference with Carter is that he doesn't even *know* how much he's surrendered. He's a classic case of noble intentions gone berserk and reminds me of Emerson's description of the pious humanitarian liberal of his own day: "We mean well and do ill, and then justify our ill-doing by our well-meaning." And, you know, it's interesting to reflect, in a historic context, that Great Britain began to decline as a world power and ultimately lost her empire when her own people fell victim to a very similar blend of romantic humanitarianism and evangelical religion. But at least Britain held on to her empire for almost 200 years on the momentum of her former dynamism, like a red-giant star before it collapses into a white dwarf, and it was only the debilitating and bankrupting aftermath of World War Two that finally forced her to relinquish the last of her greatness. It's taken us less than 20 years of mismanagement and self-delusion to reach a comparable nadir of power.

**PLAYBOY:** How would President G. Gordon Liddy handle things differently?

**LIDDY:** Well, I'd start with a general definition of our domestic and foreign goals, and then proceed from there to specific

(continued on page 200)



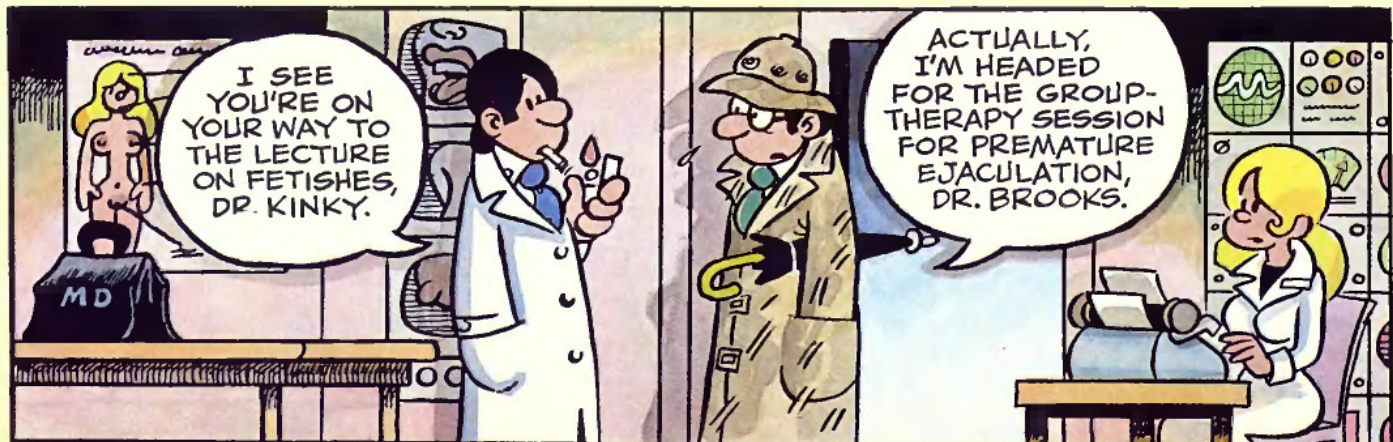
**HOLISTIC HARRY**

By J. Delmar



**The Kinky Report**

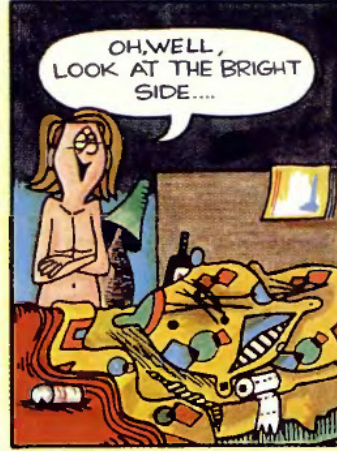
by Christopher Braxton



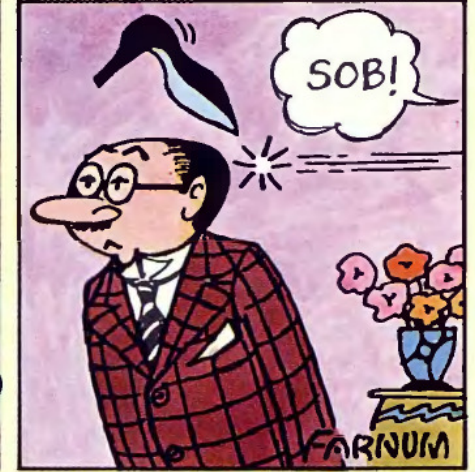


# THE LONER

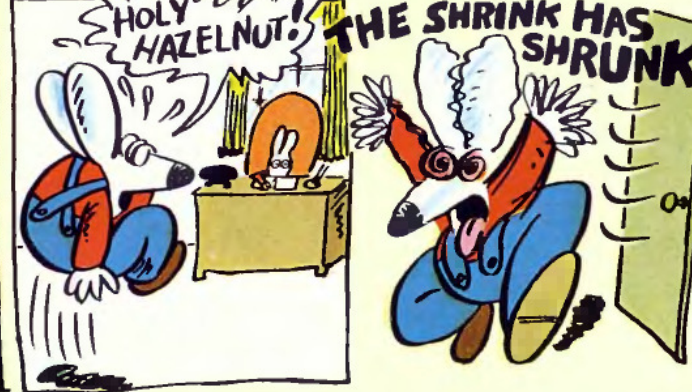
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# IT'S GREAT TO BE MARRIED

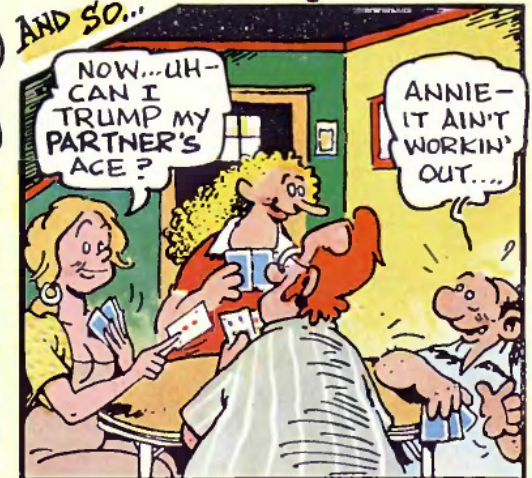
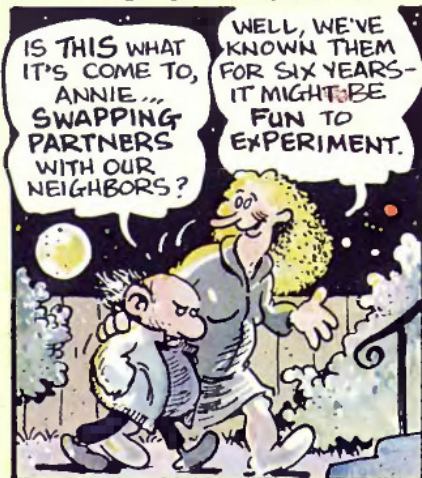


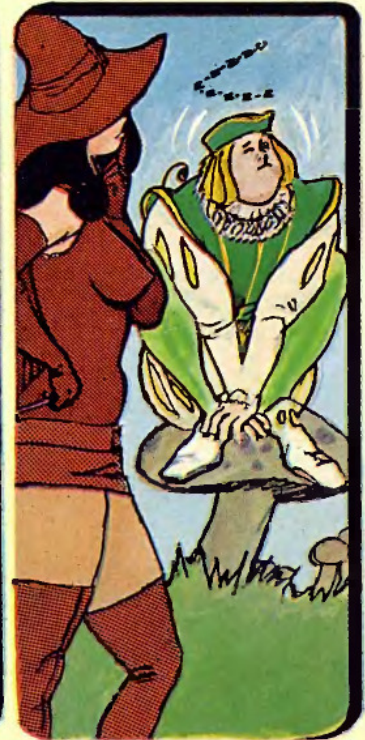
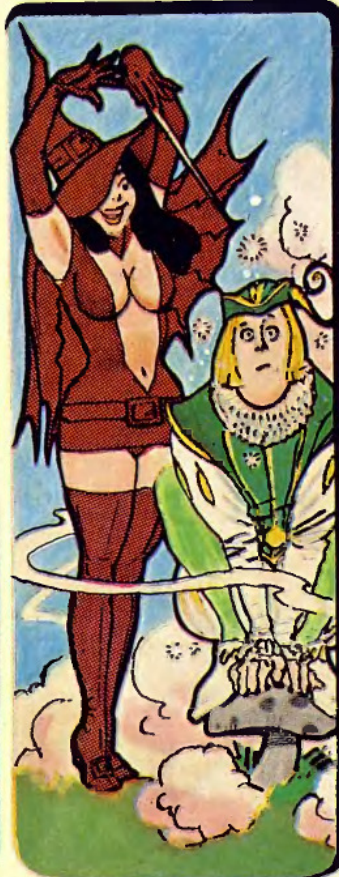
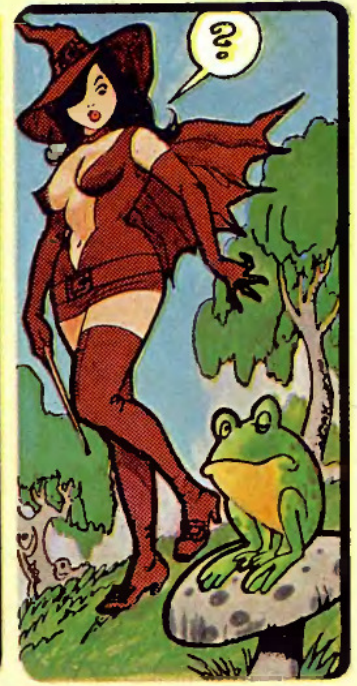
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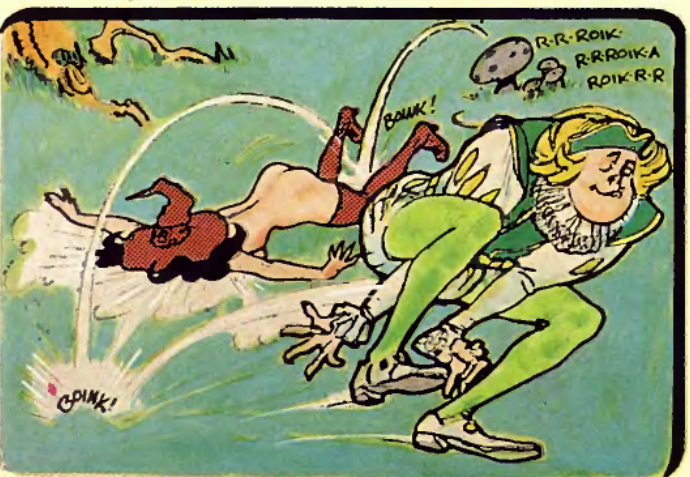
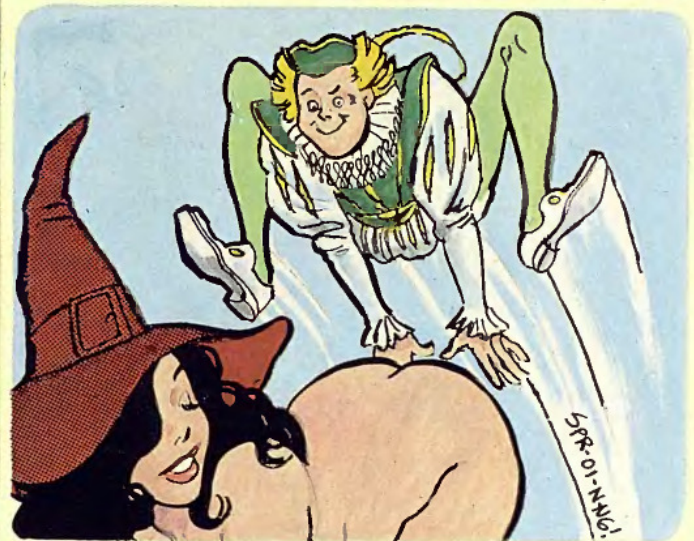
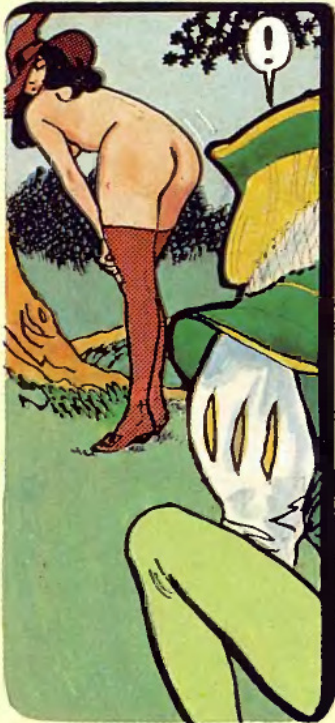
# annie & albert

by J. Michael









END



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# PLAYBOY'S PIPELINE

## DEALING WITH A DECORATOR

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

**S**ooner or later, we all spend money on interior decoration, whether it's for a truckload of Chippendales or just a bucket of oyster white. But most of us are dabblers, apt to squander our decorating dollars. The solution? Hire a professional interior designer, for three good reasons:

- **Expertise**—Designers can, with panache, squeeze a bar, a baby grand and a blunderbuss collection into your 1 rm w/vu. They also know about colors, textures, traffic flow, wiring, plumbing, building techniques and furniture refinishing. And they know what's on the market at your price, including products unavailable to the general buyer.

- **Convenience**—Transforming your new, unfurnished condo from Grant's Tomb into livable space might take you months. But a designer could spiff it up fast. And he'll mobilize the painters, electricians, carpenters and carpet installers. He'll even do the shopping.

- **Wampum**—Designers may save you money. Because they're repeat customers, they have clout with stores and contractors. Often, they can get the work done better and cheaper. They may save you from making costly mistakes. They also can recommend cheapo touches (a sophisticated color on the ceiling, say) that could make your place look slick without expensive new furniture. And they can save you bucks by supplying furnishings at wholesale prices.

### WHOM TO PICK

Choosing a good designer is ticklish, because any Tom, Dick or Ingrid can nail up a shingle. Look for members of the American Society of Interior Designers (A.S.I.D.). This 15,000-member organization has firm standards for education and experience, with members required to pass stiff two-day examinations covering everything from period styles to plumbing. Check the Yellow Pages under Interior Decorators and Designers or write to the A.S.I.D. (730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019) for members in your city.

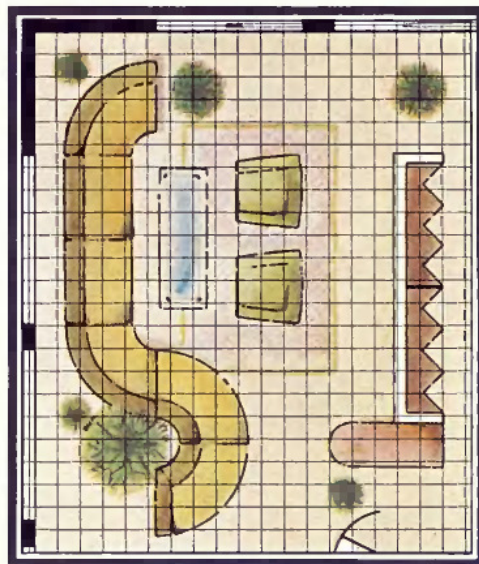
Incidentally, a "decorator" usually is a craftsman, such as a painter or a wallpaperer. A "designer"—the more accepted term now—is something like an interior architect, working with the room's structure, as well as its decor.

You may want to interview several designers before you find a winner. You want someone who's an expert but willing to work with your tastes and ideas. Request references and call them. To avoid fly-by-nights, find out how long the designer has been in business. Can he give you bank references? Look over photographs of rooms he's done. Is he flexible or does all his work look the same? Sometimes the initial interview is free, but many designers charge a flat fee, such as \$50.

### FIGURING THE TAB

Most designers charge according to four basic systems:

1. **Flat fee:** The designer tells you before the project begins



2. **Hourly fee:** Some designers charge by the hour, with fees ranging from about \$20 an hour up to \$200 an hour or more.

3. **Contract:** The designer charges for his time, plus a percentage on all purchases. For example, he may charge \$40 an hour, plus 20 percent of the total cost for furnishings and labor.

With those three billing systems, you pay wholesale prices for any furnishings you buy through the designer. Savings can be considerable. The fourth method is different.

4. **Retail markup:** Many designers earn their fees by buying furnishings

at wholesale prices but charging you the retail price. Since a designer's overhead often is lower than a store's, his markup may be lower. Thus, in effect, his services are "free" and you still may get furnishings at a discount.

### A WORKING RELATIONSHIP

Getting straight on fees (some designers use hybrid systems) should be one of your first items of business. Also, tell the designer how much you want to spend on the project. If you'd rather not pay for it all at once, he should be able to work out a plan so you can do one part of the project now, the rest later. Be sure to get across your ideas—photos clipped from home-decorating magazines help. Emphasize any deadlines you have for finishing the project. Explain your priorities, whether you want extra storage for records and tapes or more space for dancing the hustle. Expect the designer to grill you about your plans for the project, your lifestyle, your tastes.

You may choose to limit your use of a designer to a one-shot consultation; for a set fee, he looks over your plans and offers suggestions. To get the most for your dollars, take along as much detail as you can: blueprints, scale drawings, color photos of the rooms, upholstery and carpet samples.

Usually, you and the designer will sign a contract. Then he'll look your place over, taking measurements. Next, he'll send you a presentation, showing room layouts, materials and furniture. At that point, it's important to tell him what you like and don't like. But be flexible.

The designer may have his own shop, but you're not obligated to buy furnishings there. Sometimes, however, large department stores offer free designer services if you do most of your buying from them. Usually, though, they charge regular designer rates for full-scale projects. A designer should order no merchandise without your approval in writing. Expect to pay a deposit.

To save on fees, do your homework before meeting with your designer. While you waffle on giving up your mounted moosehead, the meter is ticking. —RICHARD WOLKOMIR



## DID THE FBI KILL VIOLA? *(continued from page 164)*

*"A murder victim, Viola was investigated by the FBI as if she herself had murdered someone."*

talk to the husband of the woman in Detroit who had died and I suggested the President have [Presidential counsel] Lee White call this man and, if the man behaves himself, the President could consider talking to him later. I stated the man himself doesn't have too good a background and the woman had indications of needle marks in her arms where she had been taking dope; that she was sitting very, very close to the Negro in the car; that it had the appearance of a necking party.

A Hoover memorandum of 9:39 A.M. covers roughly the same terrain:

The President called and said they want him to talk to the husband of the woman who was killed. . . . He said, before he talked to the man, he wanted to be sure I don't have any reason why he

shouldn't, because our report indicated the man is a Teamster man. I told the President I don't say the man has a bad character but he is well known as a Teamster strong-arm man and on the woman's body we found numerous needle marks indicating she had been taking dope, although we can't say that definitely, because she is dead. I said I would be inclined to have White or someone like that talk to the husband rather than the President. The President said all right, White has already talked to him.

Hoover had made Johnson his first recipient of fabricated information concerning Viola. Millions of Americans would eventually receive that same information through FBI "leaks" to the bureau's Ku Klux Klan informants and to members of the press who published the information without questioning its

authenticity. But Jack Valenti, an aide to Johnson at the time, remembers the President's reaction. Johnson had been around Washington and J. Edgar Hoover long enough to know what to listen for when the formidable FBI director held forth. So it was that Johnson was impressed by one particular feature in the Liuzzo murder case, an interpretation that would go largely overlooked by Federal and state authorities and the media for almost 15 years.

"I was sitting with the President and Hoover called him and told him about the murder and then told him a fascinating story," says Valenti. "I remember it very well, because the President had this look of amazement on his face. What sticks in my memory is that look of amazement."

Johnson then told Valenti that Hoover said they had an FBI man in the car with the murderers.

"That's how he put it," says Valenti, "An FBI man. Hoover said they knew exactly who did it."

The participation of an "FBI man" in a murder would remain virtually unchallenged for years because Hoover's agents in Alabama had covered their asses. They had told Hoover exactly what he wanted to hear—drugs and necking with blacks. While the FBI should never have allowed Rowe to be anywhere near Selma or Montgomery that day, its field agents would now escape the embarrassing consequences of Rowe's presence. For Hoover's benefit, the presence of a white woman alone in an automobile with a black male at 7:34 P.M. would be dramatized into a necking party. From out of the blue, they would then introduce drugs into the scene, ensuring that further information about the woman would be irresistible to Hoover.

Further, they would insist an all-points bulletin had been put out on the red-and-white Chevrolet, thereby shifting to the Alabama state troopers any speculations of willful negligence for not apprehending Rowe and the other Klansmen when they were pulled over at 6:20 P.M. No fingerprints would ever be taken on the murder weapon, thereby restricting the debate over who fired it, pitting the words of Rowe against those of the three Klansmen. Rowe would be surfaced, relocated and, with the reputation of the FBI firmly backing him up, he would be touted as an FBI hero who stepped on Viola's evil Klan killers.

In the upcoming murder trials of the Klansmen, Rowe's description of the events would convey the official imprimatur of the bureau. And while no one in his wildest dreams ever envisioned the conviction of a Klansman in an Alabama court of law, the trials and their publicity would give the FBI strategic opportunities, through Klan lawyers and the press, to spread reckless rumors



*"Obviously, I couldn't say this in open court, but my client is a sorcerer, and in exchange for leniency he is prepared to grant your Honor three wishes."*



Technics New Class A receivers give you so much because they give you so little. 0.00% switching distortion. 0.00% FM drift.

Technics SA-616 and SA-818 (shown). Two uncommon receivers because of the two things they have in common: Technics synchro-bias circuitry and quartz-synthesized tuning. Together they give you that special something you've come to expect from Technics: sonic excellence.

Synchro-bias. What it does may seem complicated, but it sounds simply beautiful. With conventional amplifier designs, the output transistors constantly switch on and off as the input waveform goes from positive to negative. Technics synchro-bias eliminates switching distortion because it constantly sends minute amounts of current to the transistor not in use. And since the transistors don't switch on or off, distortion is eliminated.

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MODEL	SUGGESTED PRICE*	RMS POWER PER CHANNEL (RATED BANDWIDTH)	RATED THD MAX.
SA-616	\$680	80 watts, 20 Hz-20 kHz	0.005%
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about Viola: that she took drugs, that she'd abandoned her family, that she slept with black men, that her husband was not only a Teamster official but a strong-arm extortionist as well, that unlike Rowe and the Klansmen, she had no business in Selma, that she got what she deserved.

No moment in the slain woman's life would go uninvestigated. A murder victim, Viola was investigated by the FBI as if she herself had murdered someone. But that was exactly what Hoover wanted, and his agents enthusiastically delivered. Hoover was eager for any derogatory information he could use in his private war against Martin Luther King, Jr., and even the most unsubstantiated, sordid rumors about civil rights workers and their supporters went directly into his files. Hoover even maintained a "Do Not File File" for certain items he considered too hot to leave his ready grasp.

The funeral of Viola Liuzzo in Detroit was as closely monitored by FBI agents as if they were observing a gathering of gangsters. From the bureau's constant electronic surveillance of Martin Luther King, Jr., agents were able to report in an urgent teletype to Hoover: "Martin Luther King has telephonically advised the family he will arrive in Detroit on Sunday, March 28."

When Hoover received a telegram from Martin Luther King, Jr., congratulating the FBI for the "speedy arrest of the accused assassins of Mrs. Liuzzo," an FBI internal memorandum reflected the bureau's official attitude:

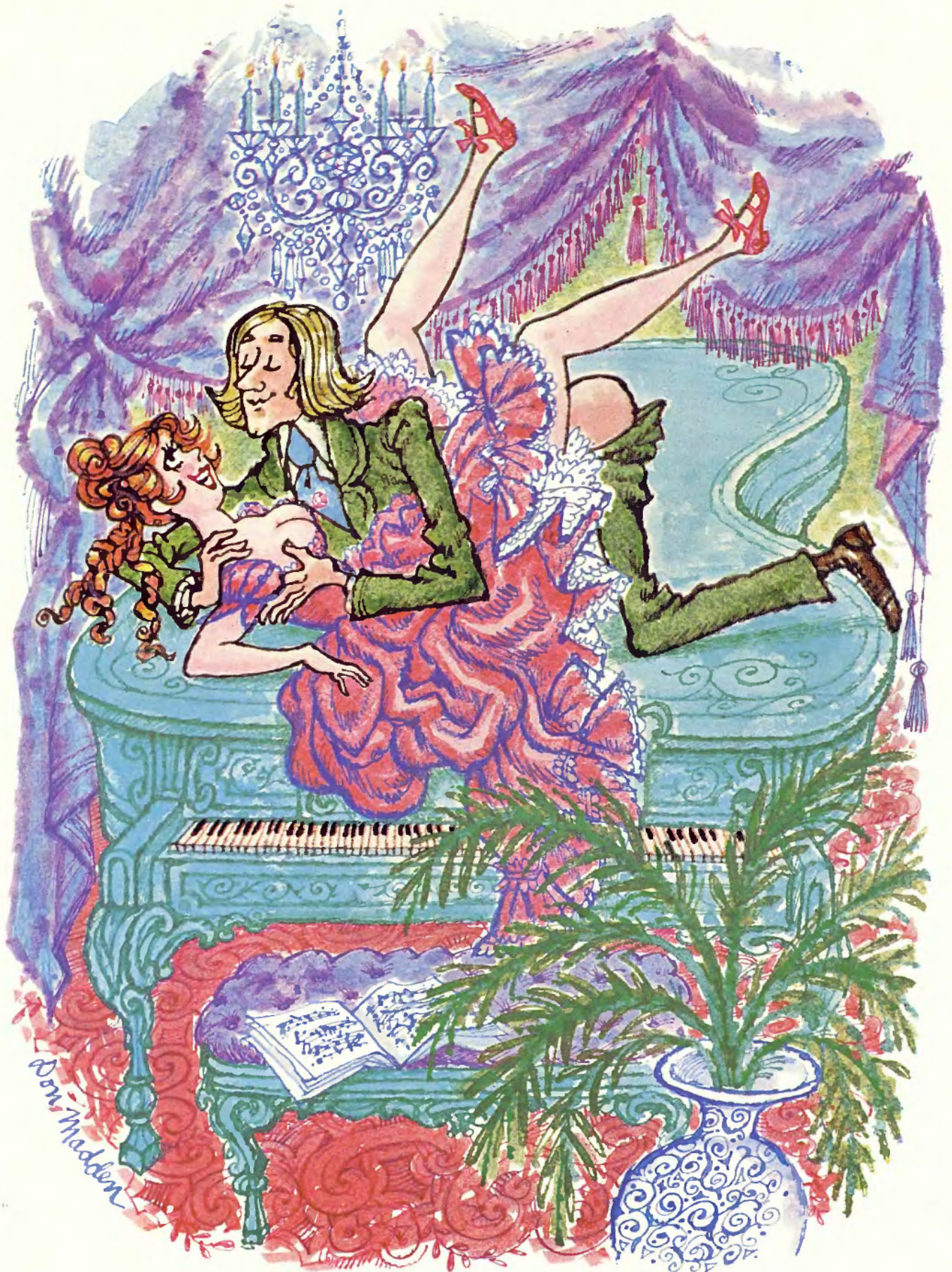
I do not believe this wire should be acknowledged, because a reply would only help build up this character and a communication from Mr. Hoover, which King would undoubtedly publicize, will tie us in with him, and put us under an obligation to him. I likewise feel that King's telegram to the director should not be released to the press for the same reasons.

Despite the FBI's efforts to distract attention away from Rowe and direct it instead to the campaign against the Liuzzos, at least two members of the national press commented on Rowe. In a radio broadcast, Fulton Lewis, Jr., noted that if the FBI had an informant in the murder car, then that person should have had a moral obligation to prevent the killing.

Hoover apparently ignored the Lewis comment. But his marginal notations on memorandums concerning an Inez Robb column are evidence of his own obsession with destroying Viola's reputation.

"What troubles me," wrote Robb, "is the moral aspect of Rowe's presence in the car when an innocent woman . . . was gunned down." Robb pointed out that Rowe had opportunities to prevent





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the murder but neglected to do so. She asked: "Under what kind of secret orders did Rowe work? Was the infiltration of the Ku Klux Klan more important than the saving of an innocent woman?" Then Robb concluded her column with this note: "It is one woman's opinion that the FBI owes the nation an explanation of its actions in the Liuzzo case."

An obligatory FBI file check was run on Robb. Each person who corresponded with the bureau or Hoover concerning the Liuzzo case was subjected to an immediate FBI file check, including junior high school students who wrote to praise Hoover and his agents. As was the case with most of the junior high students, the FBI memorandum on Robb stated: "Our files reveal no information of a derogatory nature identifiable with Robb."

But, obviously, either the Robb column or the unsuccessful file search on her had driven Hoover right to the edge. He scrawled across the memorandum: "This is absolutely untrue. Back in the Thirties or Forties, she vilified the FBI and me personally when I was in Miami Beach and even picketed my cottage there. H."

Then, in the margins of a second memorandum concerning the disturbing questions raised by Robb, Hoover's scrawled comment suggested the columnist was a "bitch." Interestingly, in a barely decipherable marginal note on the same page, Hoover reacted to the memorandum's suggestion that Robb be informed Rowe was not an FBI employee. Hoover wrote: "He was a paid informant . . . is mere quibbling to say he was not organization employee. H."

After the flak from Robb, the bureau's defensive walls quickly surrounded Rowe. No member of the press was to be allowed near him. All attention was to be diverted away from Rowe and focused on Viola.

And so it was that a Michigan housewife who had gone to Selma for the cause of racial justice would have her life discredited. Although it would take years for her personal effects to be returned to her family, when Jim Liuzzo inquired about the status of the blue Oldsmobile three months after her death, Hoover wrote: "Liuzzo seems more interested in cash rather than in grief over his wife's death. H."

As Tony studied the documents, he knew the woman portrayed in them was not his mother but an invention of the imagination of Hoover and his agents. Hoover had initiated the campaign against the Liuzzos—but he had done so only because his Alabama agents had failed to prevent the murder from taking place.

According to the FBI documents, Rowe had informed his FBI control

agent on the morning of the murder about his scheduled trip that day to the black belt of Alabama. He lived in Birmingham, where he had initially been recruited by the FBI in 1959 to infiltrate the Klan and work as a paid informant. He told his agent the plans for the trip.

Martin Luther King's voting-rights march from Selma to Montgomery was scheduled to end that afternoon at the Alabama capitol. The Klan had called Rowe and told him he was to go to Montgomery, that this was to be his "big day," that he had finally been chosen to do the greatest deed of his life for the Klan. Rowe knew the names of the Klansmen with whom he would be going to Montgomery. The FBI was aware of Rowe's own record and history of uncontrollable violence. Its files on his companions revealed equally volatile and disturbed men. Still, Rowe was quickly given a green light, even though the FBI would have been daydreaming not to have known immediately that the presence of Rowe and his three companions in Montgomery would result in an act of violence, perhaps even murder.

Rowe was to travel in a car owned by Eugene Thomas. FBI files on Thomas revealed that he was a member of the Bessemer, Alabama, klavern of the United Klans of America. On August 6, 1959, wearing a white robe and hood, he had participated in an automobile caravan to the Cahaba Heights section of Birmingham, where crosses were burned. On June 8, 1963, he had been arrested near Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and charged with carrying a concealed weapon. On September 26, 1964, after a Klan rally, he and other Klansmen had prepared to bomb the Flame Club in Fairfield, Alabama, because they had observed "Negro and white people intermingling." When police cars were observed in the area, the plan to bomb the club was abandoned.

Thomas had had a lot of arrests during his 43 years, but on that morning, as he and Rowe and their companions departed for Montgomery, he carried with him a commission card designating him a special constable for the purpose of law enforcement; a small metal police badge bearing his name and the designation SPECIAL POLICE, FAIRFIELD, ALABAMA; and a commission card titled COMMISSION FOR SPECIAL POLICEMAN, CITY OF BESSEMER, STATE OF ALABAMA. Thomas' arrest record was apparently of no significance to local police authorities. He was a Klansman they used to help them terrorize blacks.

William Orville Eaton, also 42 years old, was the only occupant of the car that morning whose FBI records were not extensive. He had been arrested in Birmingham on April 22, 1954, and charged with "VPL" distilling—probably a violation of prohibition laws. He had pleaded guilty and was sentenced to

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two years. The sentence was suspended and Eaton had then been placed on probation for two years.

Collie Leroy Wilkins, Jr., was only 21 years old when he climbed into Thomas' Chevrolet. He had first been arrested on May 15, 1960, and charged by the Fairfield police with petty larceny and destruction of private property. He was arrested in Birmingham on August 29, 1961, and charged with malicious destruction of property. Then on March 11, 1964, he was arrested by Hueytown, Alabama, police and charged with driving while drunk.

The Hueytown police had spotted a revolver under Wilkins' feet and his car was searched. They then found a sawed-off shotgun, a small baseball bat, a sling-shot, a Kloran—the book that sets forth the Klan rituals—and a Klan robe. Wilkins denied membership in the Klan or knowledge of the Kloran. He denied owning the Klan robe but admitted owning the shotgun. According to an FBI report, "He stated he felt he needed the gun to protect himself against Negroes." Wilkins was sentenced to two years' probation for possession of the sawed-off shotgun—a violation of the National Firearms Act.

Rowe's criminal record had been carefully blacked out in the FBI documents. But the morning following Viola's murder, FBI information on Rowe, Thomas, Wilkins and Eaton would increase dramatically, reflecting an even darker side of those four men.

In searches of their homes, FBI agents found arsenals of varying personality and firepower. Easily, the Thomas collection was the most potent, ranging from a bullwhip to a sawed-off shotgun; the Eaton residence contained the kinds of guns and ammunition found in homes throughout the South—though admittedly in greater quantity; at Wilkins' home, the only weapon found was an old Wards Western field repeating rifle that was disengaged from its stock and hadn't been fired in years.

Rowe's, though, was a puzzling collection—a hodgepodge of ammunition, but no weapons to fire it. The FBI already had in its possession Rowe's Smith & Wesson .38-caliber revolver loaded with six rounds of ammunition, and it had also taken one gun patch that had recently been run through the .38. But Rowe's collection was an indication of his methods as a person who characterized himself as an instigator of violence. For years, he could readily have supplied untraceable ammo to his fellow Klansmen, thereby encouraging them to acts of violence, just as Thomas and Wilkins would claim years later that Rowe had provoked them into being accomplices to murder.

In 1977, the Liuzzo family filed notice of a damage claim against the U. S. Gov-

ernment and its agency, the FBI. In 1979, the family brought suit against the Federal Government for the wrongful death of Viola Liuzzo and asked for \$2,000,000 in damages. The information contained in the censored FBI documents strengthened their convictions that their mother would still be alive if an FBI informant had not been present on Highway 80 on the night of March 25, 1965. They filed suit in Federal district court in Michigan, and the U. S. Department of Justice immediately sought to have the suit thrown out on technicalities. According to the Justice Department, the two-year statute of limitations applicable to Federal tort claims had expired for the Liuzzos in 1967. The Justice Department argued that the Liuzzo family should have filed its suit at that time.

But on February 29, 1980, U. S. District Court Judge Charles W. Joiner denied the Government's motion to dismiss the Liuzzo case. He ruled that the statute of limitations for the Liuzzos actually started running in 1975, when Rowe testified before the U. S. Senate.

Judge Joiner later set a January 1981 trial date for the Liuzzo case, and he signed his order for that trial date on March 25, 1980—the 15th anniversary of the murder of Viola Liuzzo.

In September 1978, the Lowndes County, Alabama, grand jury indicted Gary Thomas Rowe for first-degree murder in the death of Viola Liuzzo. It indicted Rowe after hearing testimony from the two Klansmen who had broken their silence on the 20/20 report and on the basis of testimony given by people who had been afraid to speak up in 1965.

When Rowe was indicted, Tommy Liuzzo was living in Michigan. Of the five Liuzzo children, Tommy was the one on whom Viola's murder had taken the saddest toll. For years, he appeared to internalize everything derogatory said about his mother and his family. He eventually drifted away from home, wandering across the country through a mind field of drugs that left him even less capable than before of dealing with reality. He married, had a son, divorced, then married again. By the summer of 1980, Tommy's frustrations



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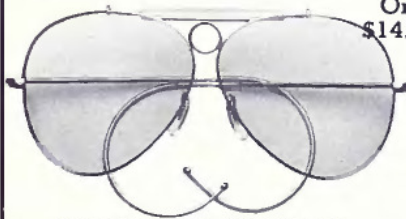
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had overpowered him and he is alleged to have sexually abused his own son. In desperation, Tony filed a formal complaint against his brother and, following the hearing, a judge in Michigan committed Tommy to a state mental hospital.

But in 1978, hearing of Rowe's indictment, Tommy had packed his wife, son, three Dobermans and all their belongings into a van and driven to Alabama to be present for the trial. He thought that once Rowe was indicted, it would be only a matter of weeks, perhaps months, before the trial. He did not realize that Rowe, who lived and worked as a private investigator in Savannah, could fight extradition in the courts of Georgia and Alabama for over a year and a half—and in Federal courts for almost the same length of time.

Tommy expected that soon after his arrival, he would sit in the Southern Gothic courtroom in Lowndes County and see both Rowe and the FBI brought to trial for the death of his mother. At that time, all of Tommy's romantic notions of a master conspiracy to murder his mother would be enacted on a courtroom stage in front of him, and all of the countless people who had harmed him would then be punished. He remained in Lowndes County for almost a full year while he waited for Rowe to be brought to trial. But within a short time after his arrival in the tiny, sparsely populated county, news of his appearance had spread to almost everyone.

Connected to the outside world by Highway 80 on the north and the new interstate on the south, Lowndes is one of those primordial, remote Southern counties with long memories and uncertain futures. Before Tommy arrived, his mother's name was part of its memory, and his presence unsettled the daily, fixed routine and gossip of the place.

The whites of Lowndes had resented his mother and had voluntarily participated in the denial of her martyrdom, to the extent of applauding the acquittal of the Klansmen who had been accomplices in her murder. To them, Tommy's unexpected arrival on their parched landscape in the dry, hot fall of 1978 was generally regarded as nothing less than the appearance of a ghost, a name from beyond the grave. Unfortunately, not long after he arrived and set up housekeeping, Tommy came close to haunting the entire county.

Anticipating a short stay, he had brought along all the money he could scrape together. As the weeks of waiting for Rowe's trial dragged into months, his funds ran out and he searched for work. A professional truck driver in Michigan, Tommy now encountered the economic reality of a region where any salary above minimum wage was considered extravagant and the unemployment rates

among men his age were staggering.

Unable to shake his dissatisfaction with the jobs offered him, Tommy appeared to many not to want to hold down a job, to take affront in the day-to-day existence of Lowndes County.

Actually, the county had changed in the years following the murder of his mother. The Voting Rights Act of 1965 had enabled the black-majority population to elect black officials for the first time. But in Lowndes County, political enfranchisement and economic growth did not run parallel. Although the brutality of whites toward blacks was no longer a feature of daily life, the economic growth by blacks was only slightly altered from 1965. During his year in Lowndes County, Tommy received job offers and assistance from the county's blacks. The whites were terrified that he had come to extract wholesale revenge for his mother's murder.

And as he applied Michigan pay scales and working conditions to jobs offered to him by blacks who had only recently found political freedom and were still themselves dreaming of economic advantages, Tommy believed himself to be facing frustrations in his day-to-day life in Lowndes identical to those he had faced in his quest for the truth concerning his mother's murder. On the night of her death, when Tommy and Tony were awakened by the screams of their father and sisters, Tommy stepped inside a world that was to alternate for him between romance and reality, revenge and resignation. By the fall of 1978, when he arrived in Lowndes County, he firmly believed his mother had been assassinated because of a conspiracy. In Tommy's theory, his mother was the crucial, missing link between the Southern civil rights movement and the labor unions. Someone in the Government, probably the FBI, did not want Viola to tie together Southern blacks and Northern labor unions.

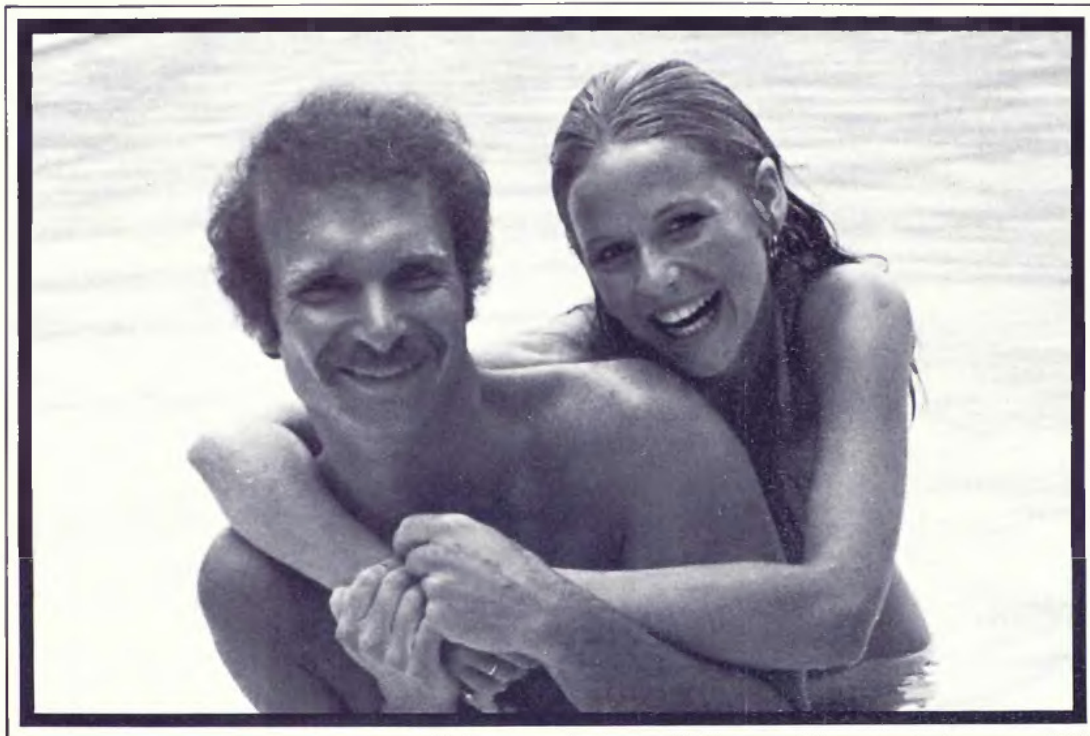
When the locals of Lowndes County asked Tommy why he had moved there, he told them it was not for revenge. He had come to see the Rowe trial, but more importantly, he had come to find the proof for his theory. Having listened at length to his scenario, the locals would quietly back away. And as he began to tell people that there were contracts out on his life in Lowndes County, people began avoiding him.

Random, brutal Klan and racist-inspired violence was so heavily a part of the immediate memories of the locals that Tommy's conspiracy theories were unconvincing. And when he started reporting threats against his own life, he convinced many of the locals that he was unhinged.

Tommy remained in Lowndes for as long as he could hold down jobs and make a living; but as the days of waiting

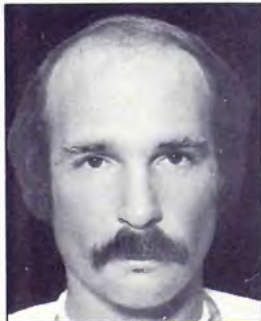
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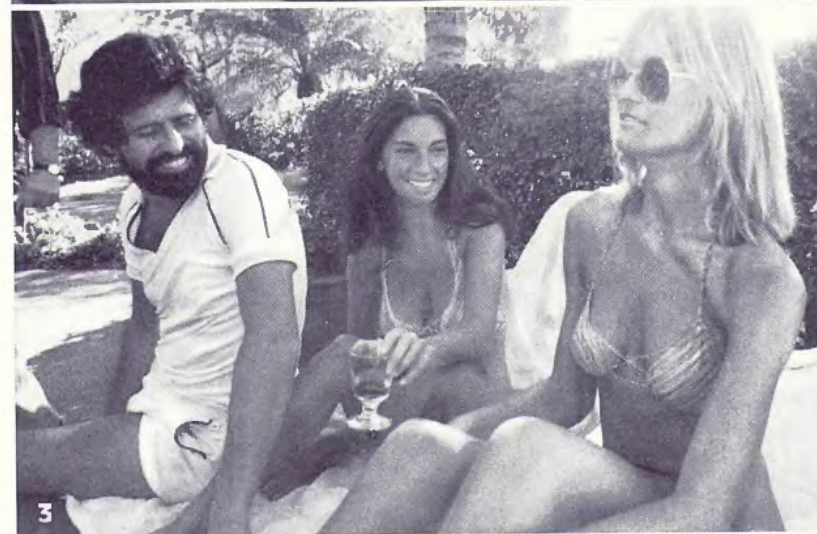
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for the Rowe trial dragged on, his impatience for vengeance was characterized by even more self-destructive behavior and new romances of intrigue and conspiracy. The same people who had murdered his mother, Tommy reasoned, were now deliberately delaying Rowe's trial as they hired gunmen to find him.

He moved into a small house at the end of a long, winding red-dirt road, deep in the backwoods. The gunmen would have to search to find him—and then they would have to get past his Dobermans. Barefoot, he sat sipping a beer on his cement front porch at sunset. His long black hair was unkempt, his clothes freshly laundered but unironed. In the twilight, as steam rose from a bank of trees on the ridge-line hill, Tommy could have been just another working-class Southerner. But then he would launch into his theories.

"The word is out over there in Selma that somebody's gonna kill me," Tommy said, his voice flat and unemotional, his gray-green eyes as cold and flat as a sheet of ice. "I've just learned to live with it here. I'm not here to make trouble. Nobody's burned a cross on our lawn yet."

A great spray of steam rose from the trees. Somewhere on the other side of that ridge, several miles away, the newly resurgent Ku Klux Klan was marching from Selma to Montgomery, pausing at the site of his mother's murder to spit on the ground where she had died, to say she deserved what she got. But Tommy appeared oblivious to the inherent dangers in a revived Klan, in tune only with the conspiracy to wipe him out.

"There's an elitist group of powerful people that create changes at a whim," he said. "They saw the civil rights movement as an untapped source of money and labor. They selected Dr. King. He had everything—the charisma, the voice—and when they were done with him, they threw him away. They had to have that Voting Rights Act. People had to die, blood had to be shed. They gunned educators, ministers, young people and my mother. They were all gunned for psychological advantages. Probably as long as I live, I'll think about that."

At times, his words and theories were as elusive as the steam rising from the trees. But there was nothing elusive in how Tommy sat dead-still on his front porch, staring into the deep woods surrounding his house, as if watching and waiting for the men who had been paid to kill him.

Either Tommy's patience or his ability to evade hit men finally ran out in Lowndes County. He placed an ad in the classified section of the *Selma Times-Journal*.

Son of slain civil-rights worker,  
Viola Liuzzo, desperately needs

money to get home. Contact Tom Liuzzo, Star Route, Box 100, Minter Alabama 36761. By October 15.

If the whites of Lowndes County or their paid assassins had been searching the woods for Tommy, he had now published his address in the newspaper. And within a few weeks, having received, as he termed it, "a measly \$100" from his ad, he was heading back to Detroit, the front of his small house riddled with buckshot.

Local newspapers ran stories about the shooting incident. Tommy said that he and his wife and kid and dogs had been away from home when the shooting took place. State investigators and the Lowndes County sheriff's office arrived to check out his story. While they were present, Tommy's moods shifted violently from romance to reality. Within days he had returned to Michigan, but within hours there were few people in Lowndes

PLAYBOY has filed suit against Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti and the Justice Department in an effort to obtain release of the Rowe Task Force Report. Although United States District Judge John Garrett Penn has ruled in favor of PLAYBOY on an early motion, the Justice Department contends that release of the entire report must await its review by Civiletti. Since the report was completed in July 1979, as we go to press, PLAYBOY is preparing to ask the court to direct the Attorney General to carry out his obligation without further delay.

County, black or white, who doubted that Tommy had shot up his own house.

•

In response to Rowe's public admission of violence against innocent people while on the FBI payroll, and in light of his indictment for murder and the press exposures of his violent history, the Justice Department in 1978 initiated an internal investigation of Gary Thomas Rowe. The Rowe Task Force, as it came to be known, is said to have written a 302-page report, a chronicle of Rowe's day-to-day acts of violence (see box).

Tony Liuzzo wants to see that 302-page report. He also wants to see the uncensored pages from the FBI documents, as well as 1500 pages of additional FBI documents that are said to relate to his mother's murder and to the following investigation.

The Justice Department and the FBI have refused to release any additional information, stating that to do so might interfere with Rowe's chances for a fair trial on the murder charges. But there are other reasons as well.

The FBI charter is now up for Congressional review, and with the exposure

of violent informants like Rowe, many questions are being asked concerning the use of such informants. While they are indispensable to any law-enforcement or investigative agency, informants like Rowe seem ultimately counterproductive.

Tony Liuzzo still has many questions about what happened that night on Highway 80. He has listened patiently to Tommy's romantic theories, and then returned to his own investigation. Not having the Justice Department report on Rowe, nor the additional documents from the FBI, however, his research has still carried him to what he thinks might be an accurate re-creation of his mother's murder.

The Selma-to-Montgomery march had ended and Viola was searching for her car. All around her on the wide expanse of asphalt in front of the white-domed capitol of Alabama, 30,000 civil rights marchers and their supporters appeared to be in a hurry to leave. Viola was in a hurry to find her car. She had not seen it since she arrived in Selma a week before and turned the keys to the '63 blue Oldsmobile over to the Southern Christian Leadership Conference for its use in transporting workers and marchers. She wanted her car and she wanted to find a working telephone so she could call Jim and the children to tell them the march was over, that she would leave for Detroit the next day. She would stay another night in Alabama so she could help that evening in transporting marchers from Montgomery back to Selma.

She went first to the Dexter Avenue Baptist Church and was told that her car was at the City of Saint Jude, a Roman Catholic conference center outside Montgomery. At the City of Saint Jude, Viola spotted her car. It was being driven by Leroy Moton, a young black male from Selma who was a transportation coordinator for the march, who did not have a driver's license. Viola then drove a carload of marchers back to Selma.

Later, some of the passengers in her car would say they thought they were being followed along Highway 80. At a high speed, a car pulled up quickly behind Viola and put on its brights.

"They want to see my license plates," Viola said and slowed her car.

The other car passed, its lights still on bright. Viola sped up, flashing her lights on bright, saying she was giving the driver of that car a taste of his own medicine.

In Selma, Viola discharged her passengers at the George Washington Carver homes and turned her car around toward Montgomery. Moton remained inside the car to make the return trip with her.

She stopped at a gas station and bought 10.7 gallons of gasoline, paying \$4.16 in cash. She and Moton also

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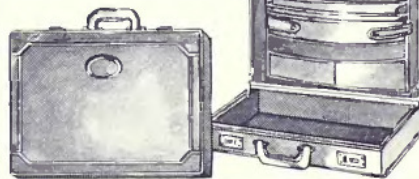


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bought soft drinks. Then, as they drove toward the Edmund Pettus Bridge, Moton noticed on the City National Bank clock that it was 7:34 P.M. He also noticed a car with four whites that had pulled up beside them as they waited for the streetlights to change.

Viola was singing aloud the verses to *We Shall Overcome* as she crossed the bridge in Selma and hit the accelerator for the trip to Montgomery. She had not noticed the car that was now following her. By the time she actually realized a chase was on, that her life and the life of the young black stranger were in danger, it was too late.

The four men in the car behind the blue Oldsmobile had been gunning for Martin Luther King, Jr. The successful voting-rights march from Selma to Montgomery had infuriated the Ku Klux Klan, and the four men in the car were on a Klan "missionary" assignment to get revenge.

They had left Birmingham early that morning and driven to Montgomery. There, from a service station near the state capitol, they observed the marchers, the thousands of blacks and their white supporters walking triumphantly into town arm in arm. Frustrated in Montgomery because they could do nothing more harmful than yell insults at the marchers, and determined to strike back for the Klan, the four men left for Selma. They stopped en route at a bar, Jack's Tavern, and one of the men, Eugene Thomas, made arrangements for all four to be bonded if they were picked up for any reason. They then sped rapidly along Highway 80 toward Selma.

They were pulled over after they passed through a radar check point set up by Alabama state troopers. Thomas was told he had been stopped because of a loud muffler. When he gave the Alabama trooper his driver's license, he also handed him his honorary badge from the Fairfield, Alabama, police department. Thomas got off with a warning ticket. The ticket was clocked in at 6:20 P.M.—almost ten hours after Birmingham FBI agents claimed they had put out a bulletin on the red-and-white 1962 Chevrolet Impala driven by Thomas and carrying Gary Thomas Rowe. The Alabama troopers would later remember stopping the Chevrolet with the four men, and one of them would remember that Rowe was the passenger on the right rear seat.

The men crossed the bridge into Selma and stopped at the Silver Moon Café. There they encountered a heavy-set man who had been released on bond after being arrested for the recent murder of the Reverend James Reeb, a white minister who had come to Selma to march. As they left the Silver Moon, the man said to them: "I did my job, are you going to do yours?" Armed, they drove along



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Selma streets. They spotted blacks and whites walking together and were about to attack when they saw an Army truck parked nearby. So they moved on, searching for another place to strike, wondering if they would find Martin Luther King, Jr., or another important civil rights leader. Eaton packed a .22. Rowe carried a .38 that belonged to Thomas. He had asked Thomas to lend him the gun, explaining that his own .38 was defective, and, luckily, Thomas gave him the gun.

The men rode along Broad Street in downtown Selma and as they approached the bridge, they pulled up alongside a '63 blue Oldsmobile bearing Michigan license plates. A white woman was driving. Seated next to her was a black male. The Klansmen had finally isolated a perfect target: a white woman riding alone with a black male in a big car with license plates from a Northern state. They could unload their guns into her car on the spot and in their dark reasoning believe they had redeemed the Klan from its humiliation over the voting-rights march. As the traffic lights changed and the two cars made their way toward the bridge and the narrow highway to Montgomery, the sidewalk clock at the City National Bank building flashed the time: 7:34 p.m.

According to Alabama law, an hour later, all four occupants of the Thomas vehicle were guilty of the murder of Viola Liuzzo, a Michigan housewife who died instantly when a .38-caliber bullet hit the spinal cord at the base of her brain. But a few hours after they sped away from Highway 80, the four Klansmen were back in Bessemer, celebrating their success, confident they had gotten away with murder.

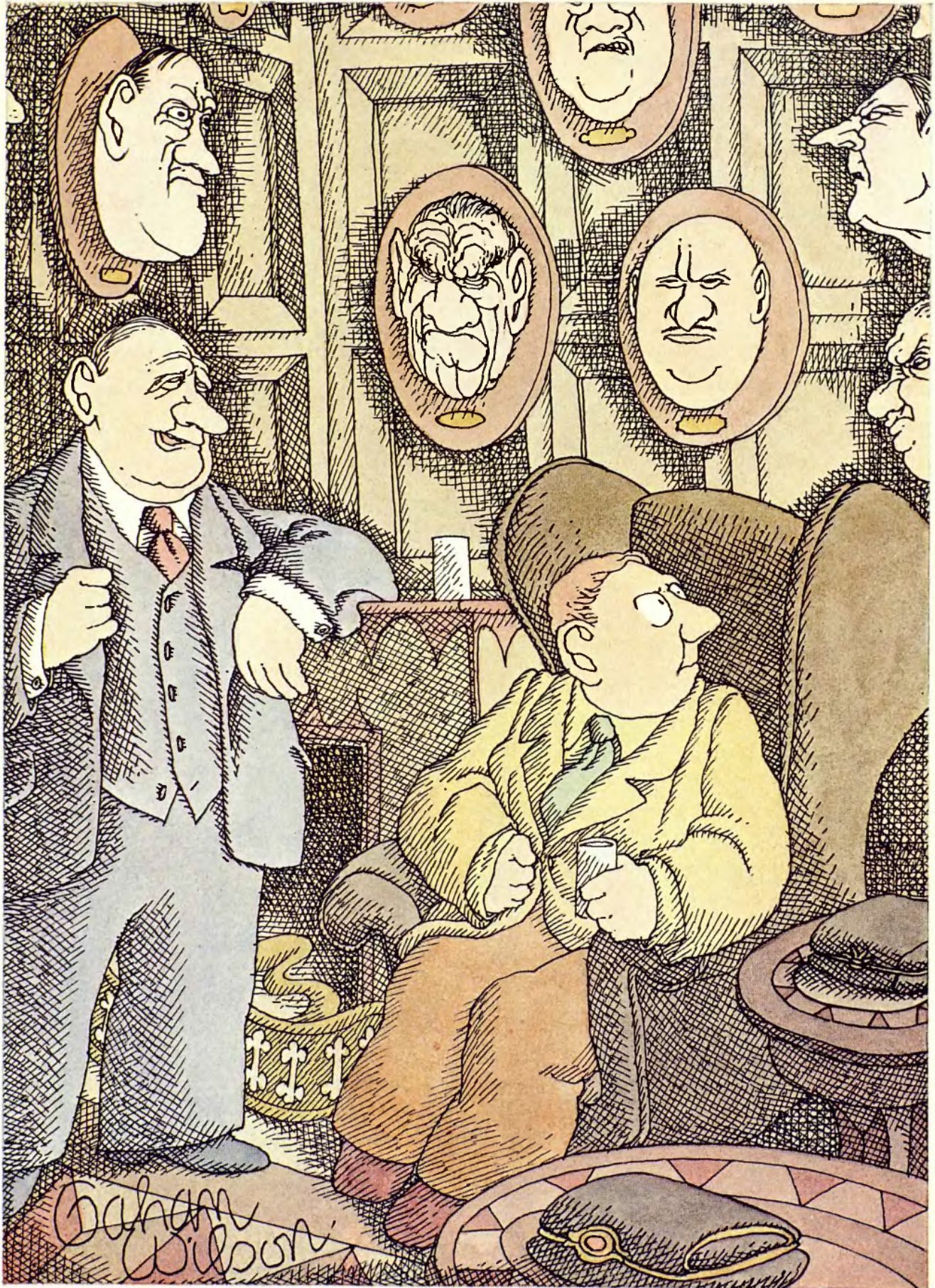
"That bitch is dead and already in hell," one of the men said.

In Bessemer, Rowe returned the .38 to Thomas, and Thomas accepted the weapon. Rowe then left the three men and went to a phone booth and called his FBI control agent.

Tony was never convinced that the Klan car overtook his mother's car as effortlessly as their statements said they did. But as Viola drove east along Highway 80 and finally realized she was being chased, she pushed her car to speeds of 80, 90 and 100 miles per hour.

The car behind hers never relented. In the rearview mirror, she saw its headlights gaining on her, and then she heard it drawing up alongside the Olds. On her right, Moton did not even realize they were being chased, and he fiddled with the dials on the car radio. Viola hit the accelerator again, but now the other car had the momentum. As Viola glanced quickly to her left, she saw two revolvers aimed at her car. But she never heard them fired.





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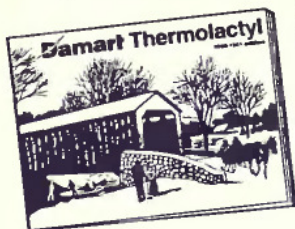
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## LOON LAKE

(continued from page 98)

had the same idea—to get off the lot. She had planned a picnic for herself and asked if I would like to join her. Before I could say yes or no, she backed into the street and, holding up a car behind her, threw open the door and waited for me to get in.

We drove out of town in the direction away from the carny. After a while, the road began to curve around a mountain. She drove well. She said she had heard of a particularly beautiful gorge, but she followed the twisting road unerringly, as if she had been there before. When she had to clutch, she slid her body forward on the seat and plunged her bad leg down smartly to the pedal like someone testing the water.

Then, in a scatter of gravel, we were on a dirt road and eventually, after a mile or so of bumping along, we pulled up. She led me through the woods till we came out in the sun. Thirty or forty feet below us, a mountain stream ran down a narrow bed filled with boulders that turned the water white, acrobatic, full of derring-do. The water made a roaring sound that had the peculiar effect of hushing everything and rendering the woods behind us silent and secret. Across the sunned space, on the other side of the gorge, pine trees grew from the cracks on the vertices of the rock face. It was very beautiful. I took off my shirt and shoes. We sat dangling our legs over a large rock half in sun, half in shade. Mrs. Hearn had brought a shoe box filled with sandwiches neatly wrapped in wax paper and two apples. She opened a bottle of New York State wine.

I had to smile at the transparency of the deception. She said, "So I have romantic nature, I am not ashamed." This put me into a state of tremulous excitement. I felt the diffuse lust a young man feels not knowing quite what it is, pain or well-being.

We picnicked and drank the wine. She asked about my family, the home I had left in New Jersey, what my father did.

"He works in the factory there when they let him."

"And your mother?"

"Oh, she's just there. The two of them together, they're not much. All the fight's gone out of them."

"But not you?"

"That's right."

"You have dreams!"

"That's right."

I was flattered to be portrayed in her eyes as someone with a past he'd rejected and a future of untold possibility. I was a person, not just a carny hand. I was encouraged to confess things I hadn't even known I felt: that I would



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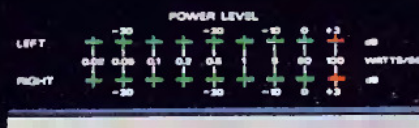
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someday prove myself in ways that would make those who had treated me badly regret what they had done. Who were they, these people? Apparently, they were the same mother and father I said I had rejected. And of course I couldn't name what they had done. But there were others, too, individuals without face or name, but whom, collectively, I would show.

"I'll show them all," I said, pulling on the wine bottle.

Mrs. Hearn touched my arm. "You are not carny any more than I," she said. "Hell, no, lady."

"You have too much the ambition. Oh, you could fool some, always with the easygoing smile. But never was I fooled. You want more."

I looked into her eyes at this moment: They were too close together and set in sallow skin, but of a smoky grayness full of scintillating intelligence. She lifted her arms and removed her kerchief. She withdrew a pin or two and ran her fingers through her white-blond hair and shook her head so that it all fell down about her shoulders.

I lay on my back on the rock in the sun and felt the blood stepped up in me like a current. The sun filled my closed eyes with light. I agreed with Mrs. Hearn. Both of us were quite special. She kissed my chest as I thought I deserved and caressed me and unbuttoned my pants and put her hands on me. She took me in her mouth.

How natural and appropriate it seemed then to make love to a married,

middle-aged cripple. But she had made herself the one alternative to this unpromising existence. Neither on that first afternoon nor in the encounters that followed do I know if I satisfied Magda Hearn. I never thought much about it. Her bad leg angled off very high on the hip and she threw her other leg out at an equal angle: I threw myself into that isosceles as if to be guided up the avenue to freedom. I recall the sound in my ears of her breathing, a peculiar voiceless huffing, like a steam locomotive, and I recall her hands on my shoulders and my back, and what I think now is that just having the young man, holding him around and feeling him drive for his moment was enough for Mrs. Hearn.

Thereafter, she was alacritous in the doing of favors. Food became a theme of our lives, the means of our mating. When Sim was off on one of his mysterious trips, I dined in his own trailer on some Hungarian delight composed at great trouble and expense. My penetration of his private household did not demean him in my eyes. It was a trailer like all the others, perhaps a bit grander, if such small space can be thought of that way. But the decor was all Magda's, and there was no picture, no item that bore any hint of her husband. Clearly, in no spiritual sense was he to be found there. His distance from me was unchanged and his peculiar integrity maintained itself in my mind. It was as if no matter what I did to his wife, I would

never broach his supreme indifference. This did not give me courage to continue—Magda would see that was not necessary—but instead made me angry. I would rather have been afraid and guilty in the traditional manner of lovers of women who belong to someone else than a creature so low as to be beneath his habitual line of vision.

Under the burden of such feelings, I advanced the relationship with Mrs. Hearn by becoming surly and difficult. She responded by bringing me oranges and cigarettes. She washed my clothes. She bought me a sweater as the nights became cooler. When I wore it, I wondered how the whole carny could keep from knowing. I would make the twice-nightly procession with Fanny the Fat Lady's hand on my shoulder and think everyone's eyes were on me.

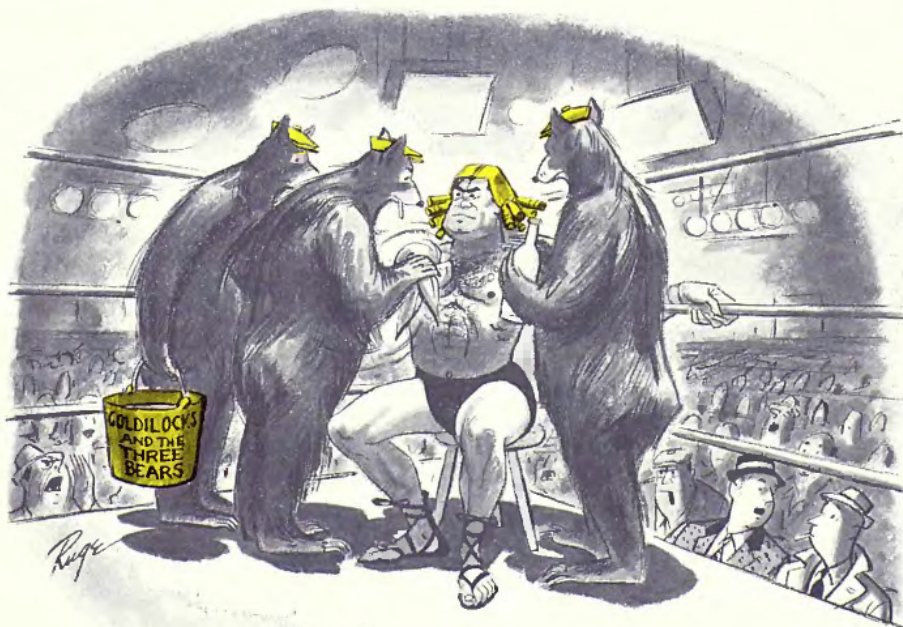
Then one day, one of the rousts congratulated me for sewing up a winter job with Hearn Brothers.

"What do you mean?" I said. "What job?" Had a list been posted somewhere?

"What job!" he said. We were raising the main tent at the time and he stopped what he was doing to look for an audience. "The kid says what job!" He ran over to the tent pole that at this moment was being raised and jostled into position, and he straddled it, putting his hand on his hip as it went up between his legs. "What job!"

Everyone was laughing. I wanted to kill the miserable bastard. Instead, I waved my hand and smiled as if I had been making a joke. Let them think I knew what I was doing. I wanted to believe it myself. But I felt that if the best that could be said about me was that I was banging Magda Hearn for a job down South, then I was a carny. She had claimed we were better than the rest of them, but it wasn't so. Working the ropes, driving the truck or having Magda Hearn, I was a carny. I was of the fellowship of the malformed, impoverished and criminally disposed spirits known as the carny.

The nights now seemed to race by. The weather grew colder. Everyone's temper was sharpened, as if the chill of the season were bringing people out to their natural brazen edges. We came one day to a town less promising than any I'd seen. It was shut down and boarded, almost deserted. One store and one tavern, made over from a clapboard house, seemed to be open. I don't remember the name of this town, it was like a tree with just a branch or two still alive. In a lot beside the boarded-up railroad depot, Sim Hearn gave the signal and we put up for business. I didn't understand it. In the evening, we turned on the lights and a few mountain people straggled in, but most of the



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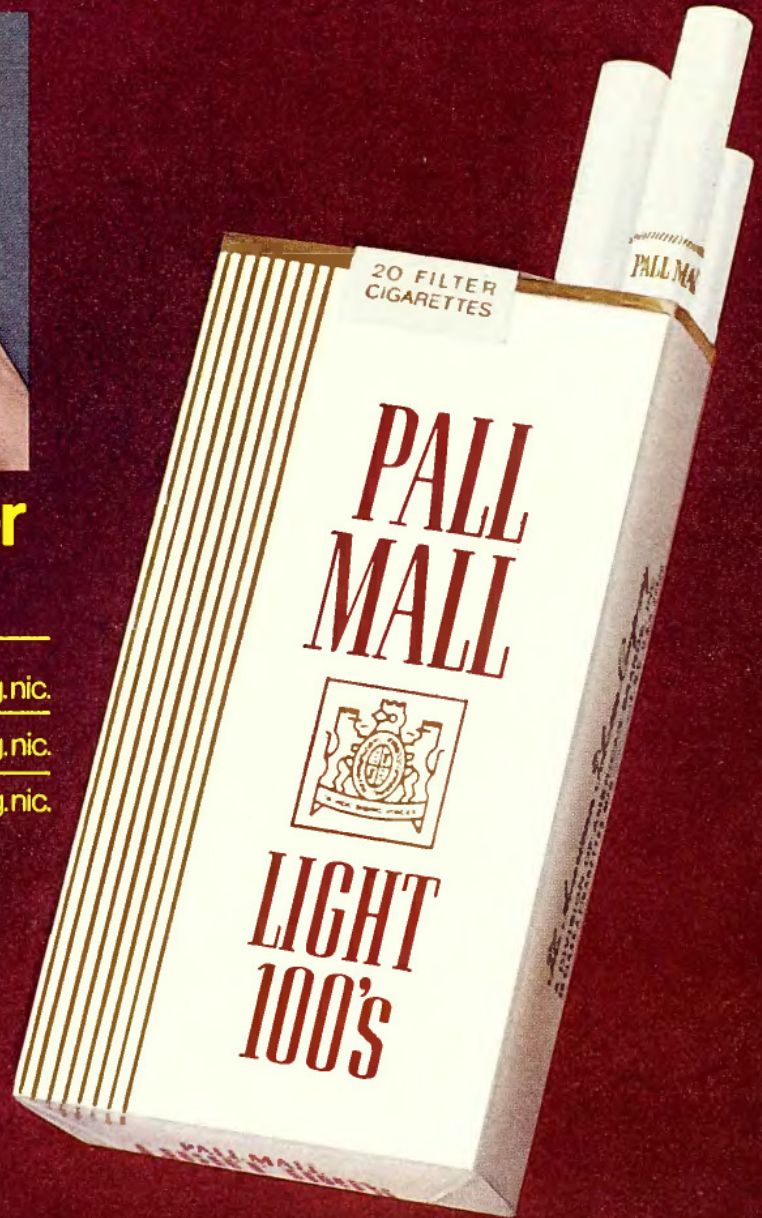
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time, the freaks talked to one another, because nothing else was doing. I thought I'd seen the first mistake from Sim Hearn. He closed down early and I waited for the order to strike the tents. It did not come. The next night, we were open to the same wind, which blew sharply through the booths and rattled the tent flaps, as if somewhere far over the mountains were a gang war of tommy guns.

I wondered if Hearn Brothers were telling us the season was over by enacting the news. There were unprecedented rituals. The cook built a fire on the ground and heated a galvanized garbage can filled with water. He took a scrub brush and brown soap to his pots. I saw other people packing. Magda Hearn grabbed my arm and we stepped behind a wagon.

"Hearn goes no farther," she said. "Has he told you anything?"

"No," I said. I thought she was talking about that job for the winter.

The next morning, we struck everything but the show tent. We raised the wood shutters on the wagons and nailed them shut. There was an old carbarn across the tracks from the depot and we pushed wagons in there and lined them up. After lunch, a few people left with their bags or bundles. Nobody said goodbye or even looked at anyone else. I think I was shocked by this. Despite all my other feelings, I could believe there was privilege in the attachment to Hearn Brothers. It angered me that carny folk would unceremoniously walk away, as if it had bestowed no more distinction than a mission flop. Those leaving didn't even say so long, nor did those not yet leaving expect them to. People just got out on the road and began walking. I had wanted a more human ending. I wanted signs of regret, the farewells of friends.

Fanny the Fat Lady's wagon was in place and hadn't been moved. Fanny was tended to by a woman who was either her sister or her aunt. I never found out which. This woman did not speak English. For several days, she had been tearful and nervous because the fat lady had not been well.

I saw Magda coming out of Fanny's trailer. "Fanny wheezes like the calliope," she said.

"Well, why doesn't someone get a doctor?" I said.

Magda Hearn put her hand on my cheek and looked into my eyes. "I worry," she said. "I am frightened to think someday if we are not together what will happen to you."

Several of the freaks were leaving in a group. In the late afternoon, I was delegated to take a truck and drive them about 15 miles to a town called Chester, where there was a spur line to Albany.

I still didn't know what was going on. In the cab with me sat the woman who had taken care of Fanny. The whole ride, she wept and blew her nose and wept again. She kept her satchel on the seat with her, pressing it between her hip and the door. She said words aloud to herself in a language that sounded to me like Spanish, as if her running stream of thoughts came up over the banks every now and then. At one point, she glanced at me and, thinking I was concentrating on my driving, she lifted her skirt well above the top of her stocking, fingered the metal clip of her garter to make sure it was fastened properly and pulled her skirt back down and glanced at me again. From the corner of my eyes, I had seen tucked into her stocking a wad of bills that looked to me like a surprising lot of money.

I let off the truckload of freaks and their keepers at the station in Chester, New York. They hopped, climbed or were lowered from the tail gate of the truck and went limping and scuttling into the waiting room, carrying their bags like anyone else. Dressed in ordinary clothes, they were a shocking sight. I imagined the stationmaster through his grille seeing this company approach to ask him about the schedule and the cost of tickets. I thought of them as pilgrims, petitioners or revolutionaries of an angry religion, of which they were still the only adherents.

When I got back, it was already dark. In the unlighted lot, I was astonished to find dozens of trucks and cars and wagon teams. I turned off the engine, opened the door and stood for a moment on the running board. Back beyond the lot, there was a hill that rose steeply and was blacker than the night sky. I could see its ragged silhouette in the sudden giving away of blue-black space. I had thought I heard some sort of scream, and as I listened now, it was something else, a drum on the earth or the sound of a rug as it's beaten. Whatever it was was in the show tent. I closed the door and moved toward the tent and a man stepped out of the shadow and put his hand on my arm. A flashlight was turned on my face.

"Who's this?" a voice said.

And then I heard Magda Hearn's voice: "He's all right," she said. "He's with show."

My arm was still held and I could feel the consideration of this intelligence in the mind behind the light. The flashlight went off and in the sudden darkness, I saw, fading quickly, the image of a state trooper, blocked hat and badge and gun belt hung with the accoutrements of the law. Then my arm was released, the marks of the inquiring fingers still on me, like the afterimage on the retina. Now Magda Hearn was

walking me toward the show tent. "Joe," she said. "I want you to see, to understand. And when you are through, I will be waiting for you in the car. Do you hear me?"

"What's going on?" I said. "What are the police doing here?"

"Joe, please to listen." She was whispering in my ear and, in each cycle of her crippled gait, the sibilance rose and fell in waves of intelligibility. "Waiting. You must. Quickly. Car."

Then I passed through the flaps.

The show tent had a few rows of bleacher seats and a small ring where the ponies could run around and the bareback sisters, if they were so inclined, could do their desultory turns. It was lit by a few bare bulbs hanging from the rigging. For a few days early in the summer, Hearn had offered a fire-eater and he had been featured here. It was an all-purpose structure, depending on who was around and what the crowd was looking for.

The wooden stands were empty. Perhaps 80 or 100 men, carny hands among them, stood in the dirt of the ring itself. They made a noisy circle of the most intense concentration. I couldn't see over their backs but heard sounds not unfamiliar to me—the night music, the grunts and gurgling moans and squeals of Fanny the Fat Lady. As the rhythm of these sounds accelerated, the men began to respond with shouts and cries of encouragement. Then I heard that peculiar basso thumping, as if the earth itself were being drummed. I pushed into the back ranks just as this crescendo abruptly ceased and from the silence there roared the hoarse male voice of expiration. Whistles and cheers came from the crowd, men turned outward where I could see them drinking from bottles or exchanging money. Then, staggering through the ring of celebrants, buttoning his pants, was a grifter I recognized. He sank down on his knees beside me, removed a flask from his back pocket and took a long pull.

I moved forward. Some sort of hot ambiguous shame was rising through the roots of my sex into my stomach and chest: It felt like illness. I reached the front rank and saw Fanny on her back, arms and legs flung outward as if pinioned in a kind of gigantic servitude. She was naked. She lay twitching, each spasmodic jerk rippling her flesh. Her breath rasped and wheezed. The sweat-splattered flesh was caked in dirt, but with shocking exposures of whiteness in the folds of her or red in her center and around her mouth. I was suddenly pushed aside and spun around. A moment later, another celebrant of her appetite for life had fallen on her. The crowd yelled and jammed up around me. She was quickly brought to pitch,

her great back rising and thumping into the earth, but this lover didn't last long and, to a great merriment of raucous hoots and jeers, he stumbled out of the ring.

Almost immediately, another was moving forward to have his turn, and then another, the whole cycle of events condoned with raised flasks of moonshine. How long could I have borne this vision? A moment or two I would believe, but if that was all in my hot pity I could endure, how is it I see even now such detail as to suggest the imprint of rapt attention?

I attacked one of the rubes as he moved toward her, unbuckling his belt. I knocked him down and kicked him in the groin. He yowled, doubling up and clutching himself, and I took his place, crouching beside the fat lady, facing them all, my fists clenched, the ducts of rage and despair filling my throat. I was screaming something, I don't remember what, it was probably unintelligible. A great agitated babble of complaint went through the tent, and laughter, too, and taunts to the effect that I had broken the rules!

I looked at Fanny. Was I hoping for a sign of recognition from her? Some mute acknowledgment that I was her friend? But I was unseen. She lay there pulsating in her agony, her eyes were rolled into her head. Her mouth was open and giving off gasping animal wheezes. She was beyond my attentions. Maniacally, I felt abandoned, betrayed by her, as by life itself, the human pretense. I was enraged with her! In my nostrils, mixed with the sharp menace of alcoholic fume, was an organic stench, a bitter foul smell of burning nerves, and shit and scum.

Then something flew out at me, a pint bottle, or a rock, and caught me low on the forehead. I went down, dazed, clutching my eyes, bright lines in my brain. I'm not sure of the moments immediately following. I had fallen on Fanny as if on some soft rotten carcass. Her arms helplessly went around me. I was panicked and tried to extricate myself. My struggles were mistaken—I was pulled out of her grasp by my feet and dragged through the dirt and kicked and rolled and yanked to my feet and given a final clout on the side of my head. I found myself on my knees, back behind the crowd. I was wet. Blood streamed in my eye. But the ceremony continued. There were men drooling there. There were onanists. There were gamblers proposing the moment of death. Later there were men leaping on her, on each other, squatting on her head, crawling over her, falling on her, shoving bottles in her. There were gallants pulling away the cruder tormentors, looking for some law of decency, calling for order, for

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some refinement if all pleasure was not to be lost. And Fanny, giving up a human appearance by degrees, trumpeted her ecstasies to the killing passions of the rubes.

From one only was there absolute quiet in the mayhem. His connection with these spermy rites was indicated just in the slight indolence of his stance as he leaned, slightly apart, against the side of the bleacher supports, with his bony arms folded and his legs crossed at the ankles, his face in the shadow of his hatbrim. And I could swear I heard through the hoarse cries and shouts and shrieking and orgiastic death, the

thoughtful and preoccupied sucking of Sim Hearn's tongue on his own teeth.

I can't remember running from the tent or getting into the car. Riding over the mountains in the Model A, the headlights brightening with acceleration and going dim with braking, I became aware of where I was. The engine reverberations went through the floor, the bones of my legs sounding the ground pitch of the machine. Magda Hearn's face was lit in the dim illumination of the primitive dashboard. She seemed to urge the car forward by her very expression, brow contracted, chin extending, shoulders

putting English on the turns. At the bottom of a hill, she gunned the engine, and reaching the point of failing momentum halfway up the hill, shifted into the lower gear with a plunge forward of her left side. She was a manic chauffeur with no thought of her appearance, all pretense abandoned in the security of her possession and the crisis of the moment. She came over the tops of hills with her horn blowing, the headlights making a quick stab at the night sky. And all the while she talked.

"Of course, they never live long, such creatures—the heart won't beat for them—all summer Sim Hearn watches—he watches and then he sees the signs—she doesn't take breath as she should—from the bed she cannot lift herself—the people know Hearn—he gives something special at the end of summer—a grand finale—the word goes through the mountains—look where we are—we make time better than I hoped."

In the early morning, when she judged us safely out of range of the evil town, she turned into a motor court and paid for a cabin in the pines farthest from the road. Wedged into the rumble seat was my footlocker containing everything I possessed in the world; she had packed it and put it there. Her own bag, a black Gladstone with frayed straps, was beside it. We took these into the cabin with us and locked the car and locked ourselves in the cabin and pulled the shades, and then she turned on the light.

It was a small, dirty room with the corrupt smell of old untreated wood. The bed was a double with a thin gray-striped mattress, venerably spotted, and a limp sack of feathers for a pillow. A khaki blanket was folded at the foot. Mrs. Hearn went limping about the room, establishing our residence. She found sheets in the closet and made the bed. She rummaged in her bag for a small white cotton towel, which she spread over the top of the bureau. I remember that room as clearly as if I were standing in it now, the rolls of dust on the floor, the ceiling bulb, the smell, and this woman taking out of her purse a manila envelope and withdrawing from the envelope a stack of greenbacks, which she placed on the clean white cotton towel.

"Sim knows to get the money before the fun starts," she said. "To Albany to bank it he thinks I am going." She stood at the bureau and counted the bills. I sat down on the bed and took off my shoes and socks. I watched her. Every once in a while, she would wet her thumb on the inside of her lower lip, pulling it down so that for a moment her lower teeth showed and her expression went slack. When she was finished, she turned to me and her eyes widened



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with awe. "A thousand one hundred and eighty-four dollars," she said.

She turned back to the bureau and dug in her purse and extracted a wallet and from this took another wad of bills.

"And plus salary that he never paid!" she said in a tone of vengeful triumph. Again the thumb applied to the red inside of her lip. She counted aloud this time. "Two hundred I squeeze from you, you bastard!"

She opened her Gladstone, interrupting herself to press her lips strongly on my mouth.

She pulled the string tie of a small canvas coin sack and spilled a stream of coins onto the bed.

She counted the coins. She lay on the bed, making separate piles of nickels and dimes and quarters and halves. The little piles collapsed and came together because she was shaking the bed with her guttural glee. She started over. She didn't miss a penny; if there were coins of smaller denominations, she would have counted them, too. She was ready to count coins forever and to bitterly calculate the suffering she had done for each one.

"You know what? Tomorrow we trade his car and license and buy new. We are driving to California, you and me. We are in our new car on the way to California before even he thinks is something wrong!"

She gave up the count and lay on her back in the coins. She lifted her arms. "Come to me, come to Magda. You know what?" Kissing me, running hands on me, opening one by one the buttons on my fly. "To Hollywood we are going. I have read the magazines. I understand the movie business. I will sell my life story. A film of my life! Everyone will know who Magda is." She unbuckled my belt, she opened the buttons of my shirt. She kissed my chest and pulled the shirt down off my shoulders. "And

who knows, with your looks, why you, too, cannot a movie star make! And we will love each other and have great success. Shall we?" she said, laughing. "Shall we?"

Her emotion was too private for me. There was a failure of thinking in it. She was not stealing Sim Hearn's money: She was fingering the tissues and cells of the fat lady's transubstantiated flesh. At the time, I couldn't have articulated this, of course; years have to go by before we know what we've lived through. And, in any case, I make no moral claims. I had actually caught evil as one catches a fever, and it was to rage in me the whole dark night, like an inexhaustible delirium. For a while, Mrs. Hearn didn't understand this, she believed our passions were joyful, and why should she not? But my intention was inhuman, the duplication of the force of 100 men in unholy fellowship, and it was no less dangerous to her from its impossibility of fulfillment. I fucked past her joy into her first alarm. As in a kind of imprinting, my spirit had taken on what its eyes had seen, and I went at her like a murderous drunkard. I saw on her face under the weak glare of the hanging bulb the dilated eye. I saw a paling middle-aged face with loosened folds of skin at the neck that rose in ridges as she shook her head. I was enraged by the flaws of her body, not only the unnatural cleft in her left hip but the effect of this, too, in the unmistakable atrophy of one buttock. She had raised veins behind her knees. Her breasts, though small, hung flat, as if weighed down by their nipples. She was very still. The contest became one in which I would try by whatever depravity to make her give voice to what she felt. She resisted stubbornly. Tears blossomed in her eyes. And then the voice did come, and then the voice more frequent-

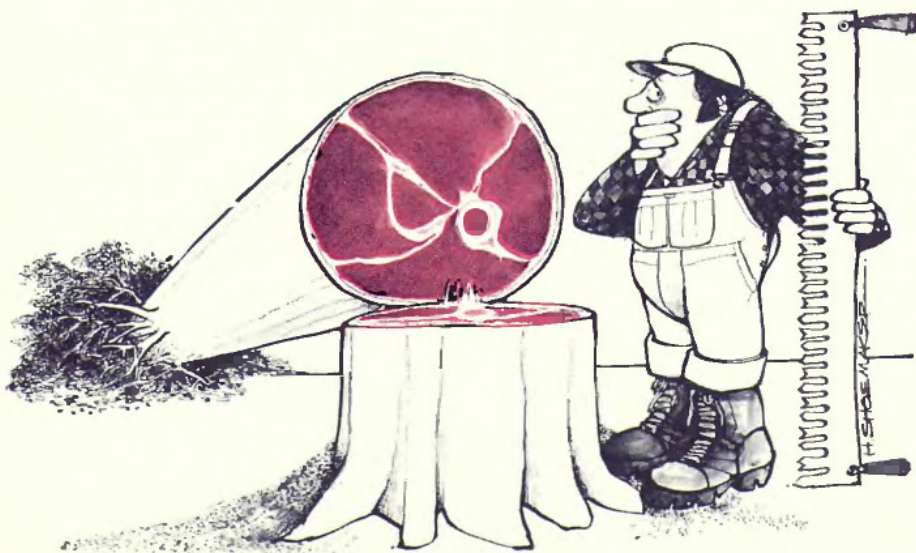
ly, and more insistent, and finally she seemed to be urging me along, my ally, or as if I were the teacher and the lesson was taking. This, of course, enraged me more. What we must have sounded like at the Pine Grove Motor Court, our music mingling with the night wind in the pines outside, the tree trunks creaking, the million crickets. I ended and began again. We wrestled. She begged me to stop. Tears of mourning came from my eyes. I let her fall asleep. I woke her, made her moan. At one point, I remember, a coin pasted to me, like a medallion, was lost inside her. There may have been periods of fitful sappedrenched sleep. At a moment in which I perceived a lightening on the window shade, a premonition of the dawn, I invented a use of Magda Hearn so unendurable to her that with the same cry that must have come from her the day in her girlhood she fell twisting from the circus heights, she flung herself off the bed and hit the floor. The sound was of bone and flesh and breath slamming on hard shame. It was a sickening sound. I lay on my back on the bed, not daring to see what had happened to her. I heard a small soprano cry, a deeper moan, a whispered curse. I lay still. After a while, I realized I was listening to a heaviness of breathing, and gradually this turned into the snores of an exhausted human being.

She wanted us to be in the movies. She had it all worked out. The appropriateness of this trite vision to a thieving cripple snoring on the floor of a roadside cabin, and a 19-year-old newly established in the dereliction of true selfhood, did not occur to me. I got off the bed and rolled my clothes and my shoes into a bundle. I grabbed the money from the bureau. I unlatched the door quietly and closed it behind me. There were no other guests at the Pine Grove Motor Court. A thin frost lay on the windshield of the Model A. The wind blew.

I reared back and threw the bills into the wind. I thought of them as the fat lady's ashes.

I found a privy up the hill behind the cabins and next to it an outdoor shower. I stood in the shower of cold spring water and looked up at the swaying tops of the pine trees, and watched the sky lighten and heard through the water and the toneless wind the sounds of the first birds waking.

I dried myself as best I could and put on my clothes and my shoes in a tremble of stippled skin and turned my back on the cabins and struck off through the woods. I had no idea where I was going. It didn't particularly matter. I ran to get warm. I ran into the woods as to another world.





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*"Lenin was historically correct when he said, 'Treaties are like piecrust; they are made to be broken.'"*

proposals and actions. I'd act above all on the assumptions encompassed by the ancient Roman maxim "Let him who desires peace prepare for war." I mean, Christ, you can see how disastrous our present policy is by translating it into street terms. How long do you think a well-dressed, well-fed guy with a fat wad of bills sticking out of his pocket would last in any tough neighborhood in this country? He wouldn't reach the end of the first block. But you can also recognize that if you're six feet, six and carry a submachine gun in one hand and a baseball bat in the other, you can make it safely. And the world is like that bad street, whether we like it or not. So I'd vastly beef up our military machine as a start, both the conventional forces and our nuclear capability, which has fallen dangerously behind the Russians'. The problem is that our leaders, like Carter, think day to day and week to week, jumping from crisis to crisis with no sense of over-all strategy and no continuity to our foreign policy. But the Russians think in terms of decades. Their equivalent of evangelical religion is the

Marxist-Leninist ideology, which they are convinced will eventually cover the globe. They are not ideologs, however, they are realists in both their military and their political strategy. They put their faith in *Panzers*, not prayer. They won't be bought off by sweaty-palmed protestations of friendship or stalled long by concessions in the name of *détente*—concessions like SALT II, for example, which only further erodes our military capability vis-à-vis the U.S.S.R. Lenin was historically correct when he said, "Treaties are like piecrust; they are made to be broken."

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think war with the Soviet Union is inevitable?

**LIDDY:** No, but it's a distinct possibility as long as we pursue our present policy of drift and decay. Where there's a power vacuum, as there exists in many areas of the globe today because of American weakness and retreat, the strong and dynamic force will naturally and inevitably make its move. That corresponds in nature to the concept of natural selection—the survival of the fittest. Right now, we're in the position of the old bull who's

faltering, pulling in his horns, betraying his vulnerability. Well, there are hungry young bucks out there ready and willing to challenge us for leadership of the herd. As the poet Robert William Service wrote, "This is the law of the Yukon, that only the strong shall thrive; / That surely the weak shall perish, and only the fit survive." What is true of individuals also holds true for nations. You can only hold what you can successfully defend.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you believe that Ronald Reagan, who seems to share your view of the Russians, could provide that leadership?

**LIDDY:** Well, I'm sure he would surround himself with good and able men who do perceive the reality of the crisis we confront. And, of course, I'm anxious to see Carter retire to his peanut farm and take the gang of starry-eyed lotus-eaters he's placed in charge of foreign policy with him. But I'm not going to endorse any particular Presidential candidate. I'm just too damned controversial, and the guy I like the most I'd probably hurt the most, a kind of kiss-of-death effect.

**PLAYBOY:** Returning to the question of national defense, are you in favor of the reintroduction of the draft?

**LIDDY:** Yes, I certainly am. What we've got now is a voluntary Army disproportionately staffed by the dregs of society, who are in turn driving out the seasoned professionals in disgust. And remember, Rome fell when the Roman legions were no longer manned by Romans but by mercenaries. And that, too, stemmed from a political failure of will. The emperors became more concerned with propitiating the mob by dispensing bread and circuses than defending their imperial borders—as ours have. But there was a day of reckoning, as there always will be. When Emperor Augustus learned that the crack 17th, 18th and 19th legions under Quintilius Varus had been wiped out by the German leader Arminius in the Teutoburger forest, he tore at his hair and wailed, "Varus, Varus, where are my legions?" One can almost imagine similar lamentations in the White House after the abortive Iranian rescue mission, with Jimmy Carter crying, "Beckwith, Beckwith, where are my helicopters?" It's a national tragedy that brave men must die to mask the incompetence and ignorance of third-rate politicians.

**PLAYBOY:** To what degree is Pentagon waste and inefficiency responsible for our current state of military unpreparedness?

**LIDDY:** Oh, there's an element of that, sure, as there is in any bureaucracy, military or civilian. But by and large, the military does the best with what it has. We just haven't given it enough. For the past ten years, the proportion of the gross national product we spend on defense



*"Six months? Why, think nothing of it. I haven't felt like it in six years!"*

has steadily declined, while the proportion the Soviets spend has steadily increased. And today we're paying the price for that systematic neglect. Whether we like it or not, we are already in a state of strategic and conventional inferiority, and there's little likelihood the situation will improve appreciably in the near future. It's not just Carter's fault, either, though he has a lot to answer for. The fact is that a great many Americans, including significant opinion-molding elements of the media, have been living in Cloud-Cuckoo-Land as far as national defense goes. It's the Charlie the Tuna syndrome all over again—if we just ignore the bad news, it'll go away. As in Afghanistan, reality has an unpleasant habit of waking us up with a rifle butt hammering at the door in the middle of the night. The only question is if we'll learn our lesson in time, and if our national will is sufficient to face the challenges ahead. In the long run, you know, a nation's psychology is far more crucial than its military hardware. My Oriental instructor in the martial arts taught me that the outcome of a battle is decided in the minds of the opponents well before the first blow is struck. We certainly saw that in the France of 1940. The French had more troops, more tanks, more guns than the Germans, more of almost everything except the fanatic and disciplined *esprit de corps* of the German fighting man. Hitler's secret weapon wasn't the brilliant and imaginative coupling of *Panzer* and *Stuka* in concerted ground-air attack; it was the courage of the individual *Wehrmacht* soldier, each of whom carried blitzkrieg in his breast. Can you imagine what Rommel's *Afrika Korps* would do with today's volunteer Army, the Army that "wants to join you," as the recruiting posters said? Jesus, they'd chew us up and spit us out in no time flat. We couldn't fight our way out of a wet paper bag today.

**PLAYBOY:** The admiration for the German fighting spirit you've just expressed, and your general fascination with all things German, is an underlying leitmotiv of *Will*, and has assumed sinister overtones in the eyes of some critics, who accuse you of being a closet Nazi sympathizer. Could they be right?

**LIDDY:** They couldn't be more wrong. It's true that I do admire the mentality of the northern Teutonic races, not only their fighting spirit but also, and equally important, their work ethic and sense of discipline. I find all those values admirable, and have always identified with them. But I have absolutely no sympathy for Adolf Hitler and Nazism. Remember, German history spans thousands of years, and the 12 years of the Third Reich was no more than a historical aberration. One of the many tragic aspects of the holocaust is that the very German virtues I have enumerated—



"Do we insure Chivas Regal?"

discipline, efficiency, the ability to subordinate emotion to duty—were perverted into the organized annihilation of millions of innocent civilians, not only Jews but gypsies and Slavs as well. To me, that is the antithesis of all the things I admire about the German martial spirit, and it is a stain on German honor from which the country will take many years to recover. But in fairness, I can also admire the sheer courage and military genius of German soldiers like Rommel who took no part in such atrocities, and maintained their and their country's honor intact. But for Adolf Hitler and the psychopathic scum in the concentration camps who butchered babies on an assembly line because they were born into the wrong race, I have nothing but contempt.

**PLAYBOY:** Many reviewers of your autobiography have speculated, nonetheless, that if you had been born in Germany, you would have made one hell of a Nazi.

**LIDDY:** What can you really say to something like that? I mean, shit, I'm just as interested in the extraordinarily deep and rich culture of Japan, and equally fascinated by the traditional *Bushido* code of the samurai warrior. What're they going to say about that? "Oh, Liddy would have flown a Zero at Pearl Harbor"? Come on.

**PLAYBOY:** If you had been born in Germany and been of fighting age in World

War Two, would you have served in Hitler's armies?

**LIDDY:** Well, that's all extremely hypothetical, of course. Here you are slapping me down in another culture and another time and asking how I'd behave. Would I have been conditioned by my society into accepting Hitler as a savior, as our German maid did in the Thirties? I certainly hope not, and, in fact, I suspect just the opposite. I can accept and serve authority I respect, but against authority that I despise, I quickly turn to rebellion, as I did in the slammer when I fought the prison administration tooth and nail. In the case of Germany, you must remember that I'm a political conservative, and I respect tradition and the values of Western culture, and so I think it far more likely I would have joined those conservatives and Catholics who tried to overthrow Hitler. Like Carl Goerdeler, or Count von Stauffenberg, the heroic German officer who had lost an arm, hand and eye on the Eastern front but returned to almost blow Hitler to smithereens at Rastenburg during the July 20th plot in 1944. And who, needless to say, was executed by the Gestapo shortly afterward. But yes, like Stauffenberg as well, I'm sure I would have fought for my country, probably in the *Luftwaffe* or a *Panzer* division. But it's all sheer speculation, of course. Next

you'll be asking where I keep my Iron Cross!

**PLAYBOY:** If Hitler had abjured anti-Semitism and genocide, could you have supported him?

**LIDDY:** No. It would have made his regime less loathsome, of course, but he'd still have been a dictator, and Nazi Germany would still have been a totalitarian state. Again, as a conservative, I support the concept of a society that, whenever possible, is voluntary and noncoercive. As I explained when discussing the upheavals of the Sixties, there are times when the state, to preserve that very humane society, must intrude into the privacy and freedom of the individual, but it should be done as sparingly as possible, and only in response to a clear and present danger to the very stability and security of the society. A totalitarian state, by its very nature, *permanently* imposes itself as the master of the individual, and thus is inherently abhorrent to me. Some, like Nazi Germany and Stalin's Russia, are bloodier than others, but all are ultimately destructive of the human spirit.

**PLAYBOY:** Your abhorrence of Hitler's genocide certainly sounds sincere, but it only makes your own fascination with the Nazi era more perplexing. For example, if you really loathed everything Hitler stood for, why did you go out of your way to arrange a special screening of Leni Riefenstahl's classic Nazi propaganda

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film, *Triumph of the Will*, for a group of top White House aides?

**LIDDY:** Well, you've got to understand the background to that. John Ehrlichman and others who had run Nixon's 1968 campaign were always regaling people about what great advance men they'd been, and what giant rallies they'd organized, with balloons going up in the air by the hundreds, and on and on *ad nauseam*. I got so bored hearing about those "mammoth rallies" of theirs that finally I said, "Hey, you guys, you want to see a real rally?" They took the bait and I set up a private screening of *Triumph of the Will* at the National Archives for the entire White House staff. It really is an impressive film, you know, there's no doubt that Riefenstahl's a cinematic genius. Well, about 15 people attended, and they sat there watching hundreds of thousands of storm troopers marching in mass formations under Albert Speer's spectacular stage management, a vast field of people standing to sing the Horst Wessel *Lied* at night as giant anti-aircraft spotlights beam pillars of light through the clouds overhead, creating a luminous, cathedral-of-stars effect. In short, a really overwhelming display. And finally, when the lights came on, there was a moment of awed silence, and then from the back of the room a voice breathed reverently, "Jesus! What an advance job!" My point, it seems, was taken.

**PLAYBOY:** Forgetting for a moment the obvious negative connotations of the word fascism, and keeping in mind your professed detestation of Hitler's genocide, don't you, in fact, embody most of the traditional values of Italian and Spanish fascism, if not of Nazism—i.e., duty, honor, love of fatherland, military *élan* and semimystical exaltation of personal and national will and destiny, strong anticommunism, genetic determinism, contempt for the herd, etc.? And, thus, couldn't you fairly and objectively be termed a fascist in that sense?

**LIDDY:** No, because if you're going to be at all precise and objective in your evaluation of comparative political systems, then fascism refers to a specific political movement that evolved in Italy in the Twenties and was subsequently emulated in various countries in Europe and Latin America. It embodies the concept of blind obedience, the corporate state, dictatorial, centralized one-man rule and a host of other totalitarian mechanisms and concepts that are all anathema to me. And I certainly don't think that some of the qualities you enumerate, such as duty, honor, love of country and military strength, are exclusive attributes of fascism. Indeed, when I was growing up, they were much praised and universally aspired-to virtues in this country. I hope they will be again. But that certainly does not make me a fascist of any stripe.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you sing the Horst Wessel song at the top of your lungs to a black audience in prison?

**LIDDY:** Because I had become the subject of racial prejudice myself while in the Washington jail, shortly after my initial conviction. I ran a daily gauntlet of racial slurs from the predominantly black prisoners, and even though I told myself it shouldn't get under my skin, it finally did. I was in deadlock, so I couldn't even challenge to a fight the prisoners who hurled their taunts through the bars. I had my opportunity to strike back one morning when a guard escorted me to the showers. As I walked down the catwalk, a chorus of jeers greeted me: "Honkie!" "White movafuck!" I was mad at the racial epithets and I said to myself: "OK, baby, if you want racist, here's racist!" I knew the words to the Horst Wessel song by heart from childhood, when I'd first heard it from Germany on our family short-wave radio, and I have a fairly strong voice. So when I reached the showers, I burst into full and rousing song, my voice booming through the cell block: "'Die Fahne hoch!' " I sang. "Raise the flag!" As I went on, screaming out my frustration through the echoing tiers of the prison, the jeers and catcalls began to fall off. "'Die Reihen dicht geschlossen! . . .'" The din gradually silenced, and by the time I reached the second verse of the Horst Wessel song, my



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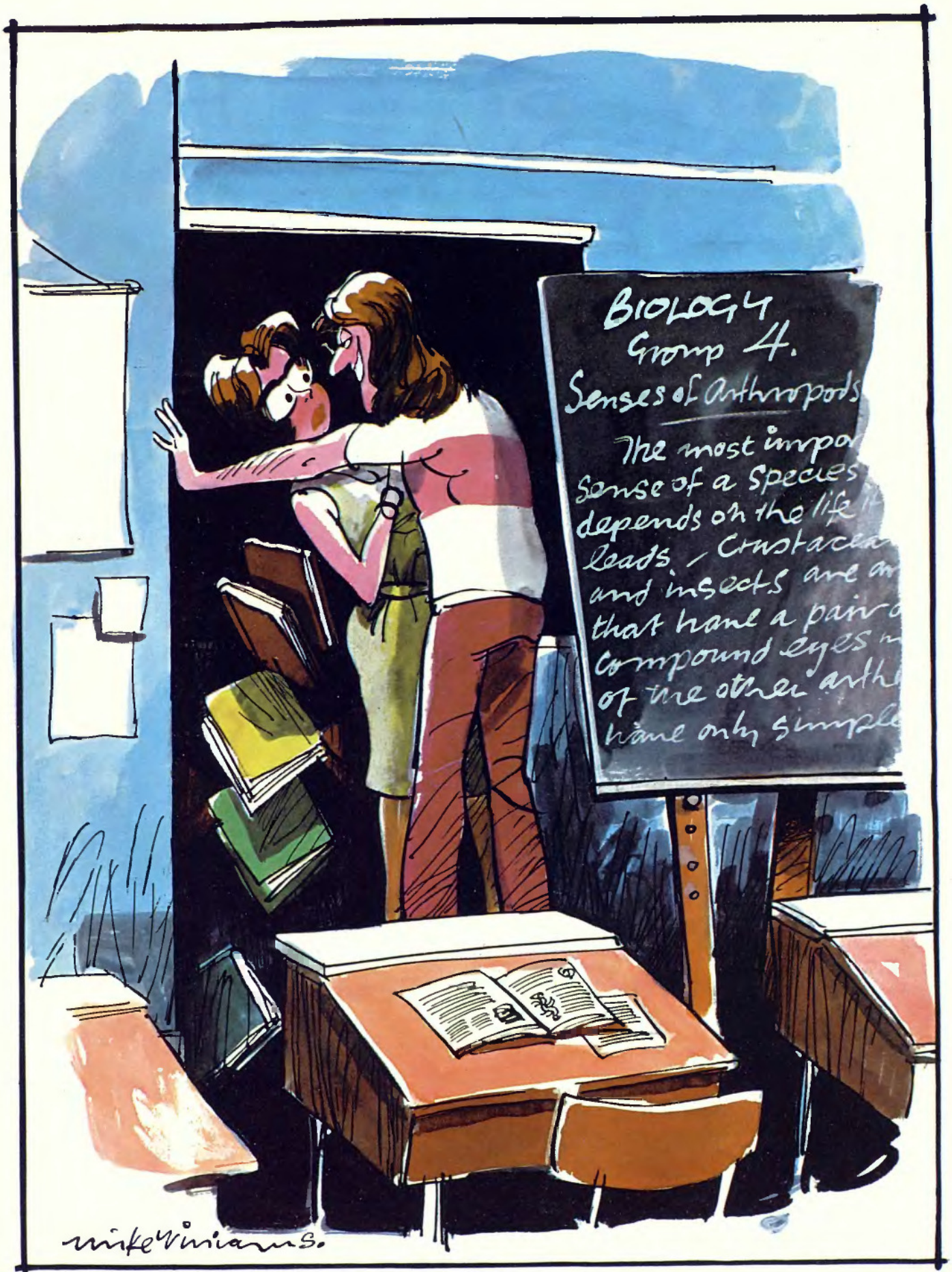
voice was the only one that could be heard in the cell block. It was almost eerie, because I'm sure there was not one other man in that prison who understood one word of what I was singing. But they all got the message.

**PLAYBOY:** That initial hostility you encountered from blacks changed pretty rapidly as you began doing free legal work for black and white prisoners alike, and challenging prison administrators in the courts on questions of prisoners' rights. In fact, you ended up becoming something of a hero to inmates of both races. Did your experience in prison change any of your own racial attitudes?

**LIDDY:** Not really, because I had always abhorred racial prejudice and bigotry, even though I'm perfectly willing to answer back in kind when I'm on the receiving end, as the incident I just related indicates. But I think racism is one of the most stupid and ultimately *wasteful* of all human vices, because it denies a man's potential and worth for something as superficial and frivolous as the color of his skin. Throughout my life, I've had good and productive relationships with blacks. I also tend to particularly admire the virtues of the northern races, perhaps out of frustration with my own genetic composition. I have more Irish and Italian genes than German, and my hot Southern blood has always caused me serious problems with my temper, which it took me a long, hard struggle to govern. And I also happen to prefer the Nordic type of woman, as an aesthetic preference. I hardly think the song *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* can be condemned as a racist pronouncement! But I also think blacks should take pride in their African ancestry. My God, if I could demonstrate I had some Zulu blood, I sure as hell would be proud of it, because the Zulu warriors were some of the finest fighting men on the face of this earth.

**PLAYBOY:** Leaving black-white issues aside, throughout your book you express a fascination with genetics and eugenics, even to the point of cold-bloodedly selecting your prospective bride according to the contribution she would make to your "family gene pool." How did she feel about that?

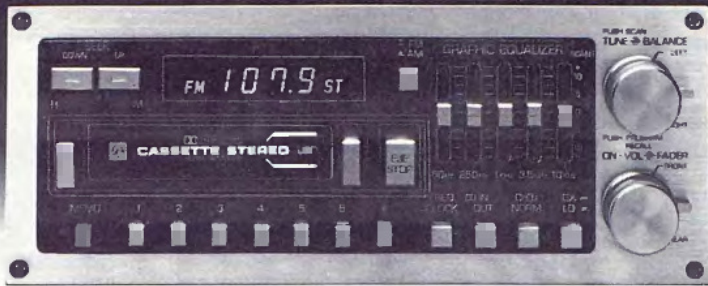
**LIDDY:** Well, it was not exactly an element I played up in our courtship. But even though it wasn't the most romantic of all considerations, I think it's a valid one, nonetheless. There's a good deal of truth to eugenics as long as you don't carry it to extremes, as we've done in the past with involuntary-sterilization plans and that kind of dangerous scheme, with all its potential for abuse. It had taken me a long time to build myself up from a puny, sickly child, so I wanted my own children to have a running start. That's why I determined that my smartest course was to marry a tall girl of Celtic-Teutonic



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ancestry who also had a terrific mind. And, as a result, I have five strong, athletic and bright children. Of course, all those considerations have to be coupled with a mutual emotional compatibility, but they were definite factors in selecting my mate.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you also run a security check on your wife's background through the FBI's central computer before you married?

**LIDDY:** Purely a routine precautionary measure.

**PLAYBOY:** Did your wife know of your security check on her, as well as your evaluation of her as potentially good breeding stock?

**LIDDY:** Oh, yes, we discussed it. But it never upset her. After all, it's probably the least of the problems she's had in our marriage. Next to being sent away for 20 years, what the hell is a little security check, right?

**PLAYBOY:** Did your four and a half years in prison have any negative effects on your marriage?

**LIDDY:** Well, it certainly wasn't an easy period, but you'll remember I had selected my wife very carefully, and she came through the whole ordeal with flying colors. She was really tremendous, the way she brought up the kids and kept the family together. She went back to teaching, in the Washington, D.C., school system, and her salary managed to keep our leaky financial boat afloat. The kids all worked and chipped in their share, too.

**PLAYBOY:** How badly were you hit by the legal fees for your several trials?

**LIDDY:** Oh, I was wiped out. When I got out of prison, I owed \$300,000 in legal costs, plus the \$40,000 fine our old pal John Sirica had imposed, which President Carter didn't waive when he commuted my sentence and made me eligible for parole. I had to swear out a pauper's oath and I lost my license to practice law, of course.

Fortunately, due to the two books I've written, I've managed to cut the debt down to \$200,000, and royalties from the sale of *Will* should reduce it further. I'll be happy just to wake up one morning and say to Frances, "Eureka, honey, we're plain flat broke at last!"

**PLAYBOY:** How did you handle prolonged sexual abstinence during your imprisonment?

**LIDDY:** With some variations, I took the old tried-and-tested ice-cold-shower route, I exercised a great deal, and I also severely restricted my caloric intake, which I discovered also reduced my sexual appetite. Again, it's a question of will power.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the impact of your imprisonment on your relationship with your children?

**LIDDY:** Well, the single most important thing was that I was out of their lives



during their formative period of adolescence, which, naturally, I regret. But there again, my wife did a marvelous job of bringing up the kids, even while she had to hold down her schoolteaching job. And without sounding like an indulgent father, all the kids have turned out great; they're all uniformly high achievers.

**PLAYBOY:** Your children seem remarkably well adjusted, considering the pain and anxiety they must have experienced during your trial and imprisonment. Were they also spared the misery and insecurity you experienced as a child, and describe at length in *Will*?

**LIDDY:** Oh, yes, they had normal, healthy and happy childhoods. Nothing like the hell I went through. But then, they're all strong kids, mentally and physically.

**PLAYBOY:** In the book, you dramatically recount that unhappy and terror-ridden childhood, and take apparent pride in your grueling campaign to conquer your "weaknesses" and overcome your morbid fears by turning yourself into a fearless machine trained to kill without emotions. But couldn't your critics equally well depict that entire process as profoundly neurotic, as well as an extirpation of those very values and emotions that produce a well-integrated and mature adult?

**LIDDY:** My critics are quite obviously free to do as they choose and to make what interpretations they wish. But I pay so much attention to this area in *Will* precisely because it's at the root of who I am, and how I became what I am. I am, in a very literal and non-economic sense, a self-made man. And therefore, if you wish to understand me, you must first try to understand the struggle I waged with myself as a child. It was a kind of psychic guerrilla war between the person I was, and despised, and the person I wanted to become. And it was a terrifically difficult period in my life, which I remember with no more nostalgia than I would a car crash. Fortunately, it was a battle that I ultimately won.

**PLAYBOY:** What was at the root of that inner struggle?

**LIDDY:** Well, let me fill you in on the background. I was a sickly, puny and miserable little child. I suffered from a serious bronchial condition, which necessitated spending long hours under a tent breathing medicated steam, and I consistently flunked my tuberculosis patch test. I didn't have asthma, but there was something badly wrong with my lungs, and to this day X rays show scar tissue. For a while, I was so ill that my father, who was a very successful international lawyer, was afraid he might have to transplant the entire family to Arizona, which would have been disastrous for his practice. Now on top of all this, I was born into a family of very

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high achievers, as my mother used to make clear to me when discussing our relatives and our family history. But she never made invidious comparisons between them and the pathetic little invalid to whom she was spooning broth. She didn't have to. I made them myself. And to add further to my self-loathing, I was absolutely riddled with fear, obsessed and consumed with it. I literally lived in terror.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of fears?

**LIDDY:** You name it, I was afraid of it. I was paralyzed by thunder and lightning; I feared fire and electricity; the dirigibles that passed over our house on the way to Lakehurst made me shake and gibber; I was afraid of moths, ever since one cast a terrifying giant shadow on the wall of my room as I lay wheezing in my steam tent; I was deathly afraid of rats; I feared the leather harness my grandmother used to beat me with; I feared my own left hand, as my mother tried to force me uncomprehendingly into right-handedness; and most of all, I feared God, the God of my good nuns at parochial school, Whom I was taught was omnipotent and terrible in His punishment of sinners, and Whom I knew was sitting up there with a thunderbolt just waiting for the right minute to whack out this contemptible little cringing coward of a kid named Gordon Liddy. I was, in short, afraid of my own shadow, and I knew that I couldn't go on living like that. So at the age of six or seven, I decided to do something about it.

**PLAYBOY:** What?

**LIDDY:** The thing I most dreaded: stand and confront my fears, and vanquish them. The problem was, I had so many

goddamned fears that I knew there was no hope of taking them on all at once. So I realized that I'd have to face them one at a time. And to do this, I realized I'd need something called will power. I'd learned the importance of that from the priests at Sunday Mass, and also from listening to Adolf Hitler with our pro-Nazi German maid Teresa over the Emerson short-wave radio.

**PLAYBOY:** Some critics contend that childhood flirtation with Hitler was the beginning of a lifelong infatuation.

**LIDDY:** No, not at all, it had nothing to do with Hitler's political message, which I was hardly competent to comprehend at the age of six or seven, though I'd picked up enough *Deutsch* from classmates in our predominantly German New Jersey neighborhood to get the gist. It was the combination of the stirring German martial music and the incredible self-confidence and *power* Hitler's voice radiated that had such an overwhelming effect on me. I mean, he is generally regarded as being the most effective orator of the 20th Century, and just as his words mesmerized the masses in Germany, so they influenced me. Here was the very antithesis of fear and cowardice, a towering figure of sheer primitive force and determination, quite literally an exemplar of the "triumph of the will." And after the broadcasts, Teresa explained to me that Adolf Hitler had resurrected his nation on earth and delivered it from fear! Those last words truly galvanized me and gave me hope for the first time. If Adolf Hitler could free Germany from fear, then I could free myself. What a great nation had accomplished, one seven-year-old boy could emulate. It would require

pain, and suffering, but I now accepted the breath-taking idea that *I could become anything I wanted to be.*

**PLAYBOY:** So you became the nicest storm trooper on the block.

**LIDDY:** Oh, come on, I didn't give a hoot for Hitler's politics. I didn't know what politics *was.* And I derived a similar psychic shot in the arm from the fire-side chats of F.D.R., particularly his message that "the only thing we have to fear is fear itself." That really struck home. But those broadcasts were certainly catalysts in my decision to conquer my own terror, to metamorphose myself.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you go about it?

**LIDDY:** Like a war, one campaign at a time. For example, to conquer my fear of thunder, I waited for a big storm and then sneaked out of the house and climbed up a 75-foot oak tree and lashed myself to the trunk with my belt. As the storm hit and chaos roared around me and the sky was rent with thunder and lightning, I shook my fist at the rolling black clouds and screamed, "Kill me! Go ahead and try! I don't care! I don't care!" As the storm subsided, I heard my father ordering me to come down. As I lowered myself to the ground, he shook his head and said, "I just don't understand you." "I know," I said.

I repeated this kind of confrontation over a period of years, mastering one fear after another. I was afraid of electricity, so I scraped off an electrical wire and let ten volts course through me; I feared heights, so I scaled high buildings with one of my friends; I overcame my fear of the dirigibles by visiting the palisades, where the great Hindenburg would have to pass just a few hundred feet above me, so close that the ground shook under my feet from the roar of its four huge 1100-horsepower Mercedes-Benz diesel engines. And I went on down the line of my fears, testing myself against them over and over again until finally they were vanquished. And all this time I was also building myself up physically, exercising, bicycling, running, and finally, by my teens, I ended up being on the state championship cross-country team. By the time I graduated from prep school at the age of 17, I was physically in excellent shape and psychologically self-assured to the point of cockiness. It hadn't been easy, but I had won. Like a plastic surgeon operating on himself. I had grafted on successive layers of strength and courage until I was at last able to face the world.

**PLAYBOY:** Probably the most dramatic, and certainly the most celebrated, example of the lengths to which you were willing to go to overcome your fears was the incident in which you ate a rat. Would you describe that for us?

**LIDDY:** Well, I didn't eat the entire rat, just the hindquarters. Of course, the genesis of that repast was my inordinate



"Really, Mr. Green? Research  
for a Gay Talese sequel?"

terror of rats, which abounded on the Jersey wharves along the Hudson River near my home in West Caldwell, some of them as big as cats. Then one day when I was 11 years old, our pet cat caught and killed a rat and deposited it proudly on our back doorstep as a trophy. Well, I'd been reading about how some American Indian tribes ate the hearts of the bravest of their enemies in order to ingest their valor, and suddenly the idea came to me, why not do something similar with my old rodent nemesis? I assembled a makeshift barbecue out of some bricks, cooked the dead rat for about an hour, then skinned and ate the roasted haunches. After I buried the remains, I saw our cat and smiled to myself, thinking that henceforth rats would have to fear me as much as cats.

**PLAYBOY:** Now to the most profound and far-reaching question of this interview. What does rat meat taste like?

**LIDDY:** Stringy and rather tasteless, as I recall. I certainly never acquired the taste, though the *Washington Star* polled the top French chefs in Washington after my book came out and the consensus of culinary opinion was that while I might be competent in other areas, I was a distinct flop at preparing rat. I really felt very chagrined. One chef, as I recall, was quite indignant that I had broiled the beast, contending that the only proper way to serve rat is roasted. Everyone had his own recipe, but they were all down on mine. Ah, well, I've never pretended to be Julia Child. *Chacun à son goût.*

**PLAYBOY:** Over the years, you've not only broiled rat to test your will power, you've broiled yourself, toasting your hand and forearm over an open flame to prove your powers of endurance and immunity to pain. Isn't that carrying the whole business pretty far?

**LIDDY:** Well, that began as an effort to overcome my fear of fire as well as pain, so I started burning myself with cigarettes and candles to see if I could stand it, initially just searing myself and then enduring more serious burns. Actually, this is a form of self-testing well known and understood in the East but largely unknown to Western civilization. As I built my will, I subjected my body to doses of pain much as a weight lifter builds his muscles by lifting progressively heavier weights. After severely burning the tendon in my left hand, however, almost to the point of incapacitating myself, I realized I would have to be more careful. And, of course, I would never burn my gun hand.

**PLAYBOY:** Of course. But incidents such as your mortification of the flesh by fire have led some of your more psychiatrically oriented critics to suggest that you feel a compulsion to demonstrate a "super-macho" image in order to overcome deep-rooted sources of personal



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insecurity, perhaps even lingering subconscious doubts about your own masculinity. How would you respond to them?

**LIDDY:** Well, those anonymous critics of yours might do well to ponder Adlai Stevenson's observation that he who throws mud generally loses ground. No, this was a means of testing and perfecting my will, and in my case, it proved eminently successful. And I stress, in my case, I'm not advocating anyone else emulate me, and I certainly wouldn't suggest that everybody go out and toast his hand over open flame like a marshmallow. I'm only saying that for me it was a useful tool. As for this whole business of being *macho* or *super-macho*, of which I've been accused frequently, it's just not true. Of course, *macho* was originally a perfectly respectable Spanish term for a manly man, a designation I'd feel perfectly comfortable with, but in recent years it's been expropriated as a code word by the women's liberation movement and twisted into a pejorative Archie Bunkerish caricature of the loutish, leering male who believes that the only natural position for women in this world is horizontal. A kind of *Kinder, Kirche, Küche* attitude, which I certainly have never subscribed to. In fact, the type of woman I appreciate and respect is not only physically attractive but strong-willed

and intelligent, certainly not the submissive dumb-blonde type, or "airheads," as my kids would call them. I believe that such women are every bit as capable of intelligence, strength, discipline and perception as a man.

**PLAYBOY:** For better or worse, your public image is still that of a nut case, and it's doubtful that the success of your autobiography will alter it appreciably. Does it bother you that millions of people think you're rowing with one oar?

**LIDDY:** Not in the least. As I said earlier, I've never been concerned with image or reputation, only character. I've tried to be ruthlessly honest about my life and my values and my motivations in *Will*, and that's all I can do. From there on, it's up to the reader to make his own judgments, and if he concludes that I'm loosely wrapped, so be it. I would not be displeased, of course, if after reading the book and this interview, people will understand me a bit better, even if they disagree totally with my politics and my actions.

**PLAYBOY:** Nonetheless, a number of critics have made a Freudian analysis of your book and concluded that not only your hand burning but also your willingness to be a human sacrifice on the altar of the disintegrating Nixon Administration is evidence of a strong streak of masochism in your character. How

would you respond?

**LIDDY:** I'd respond with the words Joseph Stalin addressed to Leon Trotsky at a Communist Party Congress in Moscow at the height of their struggle for power in the Twenties: Everybody has a right to be stupid, but some people abuse the privilege. And just let me add a serious note here. For any of your readers who think that my childhood struggles with myself or my later attempts to build my will and endurance were just eccentricities, harmless or otherwise, I'd suggest that they put themselves in my place in a filthy and sweltering prison cell, stripped naked under solitary confinement and at the mercy of dumb and often brutal captors. I did not succumb to that pressure-cooker atmosphere, because I had spent my youth, however unwittingly, preparing for just such an eventuality, as if I had been in training for a battle I never knew would be fought. Prison held no terrors for me, because I had already conquered my own weaknesses. Watergate and its aftermath only tempered steel that had been forged in the furnace of my inner struggle 40 years before.

**PLAYBOY:** We've deliberately avoided recapitulating the minutiae of Watergate, because you've covered it in such depth in your book and in radio and television interviews around the country. But there are a few areas of interest that you have not touched on, including H. R. Haldeman's contention that "the overwhelming evidence leads to the conclusion that the break-in was deliberately sabotaged." Could Watergate have been a setup?

**LIDDY:** No, I don't believe so. I don't think there was anything more sinister involved than bad luck and bad timing. Of course, the conspiracy buffs will maintain that the break-in was deliberately bungled as part of some massive conspiracy of agents and double agents and quadruple agents to topple Nixon, but I just don't believe it.

**PLAYBOY:** Not only conspiracy buffs maintain there was more involved at Watergate than meets the eye. Again, H. R. Haldeman suspects that "the CIA was an agency hostile to Nixon, who returned the hostility with fervor," and adds that throughout the Watergate investigation, "the multiple levels of deception by the CIA are astounding." Haldeman tends to support the thesis that Watergate was, in fact, a highly sophisticated CIA plot to destroy Nixon—in effect, the CIA's first domestic *coup d'état*. Could he be right?

**LIDDY:** It's very, very unlikely. First of all, there *was* friction between Helms and Nixon, but it wasn't the deadly, bitter type of feud that this CIA-conspiracy scenario presupposes. It was more of a question of bad chemistry

between Helms and Nixon, and, in fact, general bad chemistry between the CIA and the Administration. Traditionally, you know, the CIA has been a very WASPish, Ivy League, old-school-tie-type organization, and Richard Nixon's entire background was very different. He didn't feel comfortable with them, and vice versa. But to extrapolate from that to a full-fledged conspiracy theory verges on paranoia.

**PLAYBOY:** Proponents of the theory that the CIA manipulated the Watergate break-in and cover-up for its own ends suggest that Jim McCord, a former CIA security chief who was intensely loyal to the agency, deliberately sabotaged the Watergate break-in in order to cripple the Nixon White House and frustrate its attempts to centralize control of the intelligence community.

**LIDDY:** Yes, and I think they're dead wrong. McCord may have bungled the taping of the internal doors, all right, but remember Hanlon's Razor, which is a maxim that states: "Never blame on malice that which can be fully explained by stupidity." It's true McCord was very loyal to the CIA, but I just can't accept the concept that he deliberately set out to be caught, and I don't believe he was a double agent who cold-bloodedly betrayed his colleagues. I do condemn his decision to break ranks with the containment strategy. But I think he was at the point of cracking from the strain of imprisonment, and his actions were those of a desperate and obsessed man. He even felt that the CIA had abandoned him, and as a deeply religious man, he wanted to get back on the side of the angels. But I don't believe for one moment that he deliberately sold us out.

**PLAYBOY:** Haldeman implies that Hunt was a serving CIA agent throughout the period he was involved in Watergate. Is he correct?

**LIDDY:** Hunt might have been, yes.

**PLAYBOY:** And Charles Colson was equally convinced that Hunt was spying on the White House for the CIA.

**LIDDY:** Spying is a somewhat loaded word. He might have relayed information back to Langley if he was still on the CIA payroll, which I do not know to be a fact, but I doubt there was anything sinister or conspiratorial about it.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't that exactly what you would be saying if you were, in fact, a secret CIA agent?

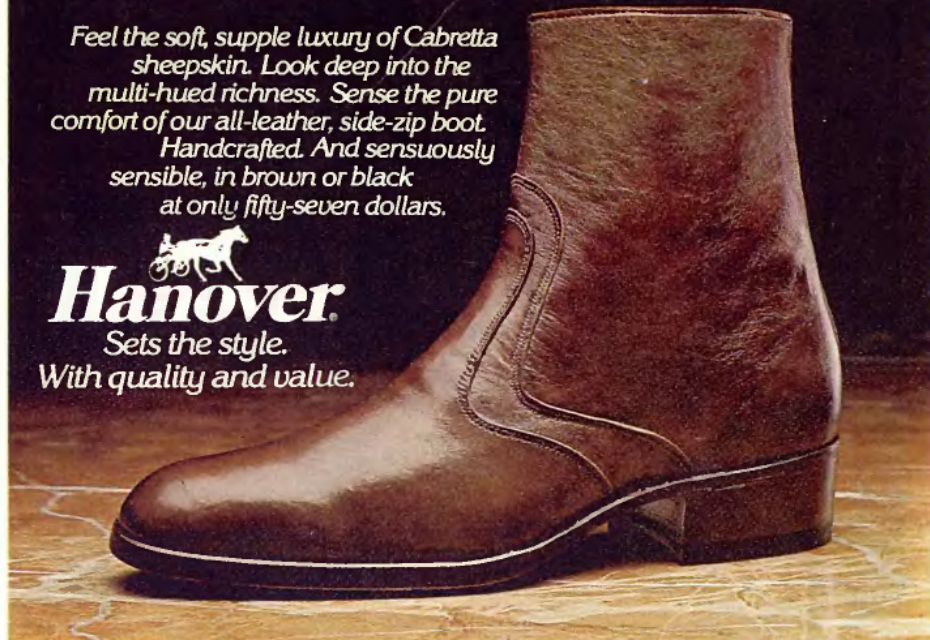
**LIDDY:** Yes, I suppose it is. It just happens to be the truth.

**PLAYBOY:** Haldeman wrote in his book *The Ends of Power* that you and Hunt were "getting directions . . . on behalf of the CIA and the CIA's silent partner, Howard Hughes." He adds that "we didn't know that a CIA employee was, in effect, running a White House team."

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Were you and Hunt, as Haldeman implies, serving as stalking-horses for the CIA? Or, even more seriously, and as some Watergate investigators suspected, were you really a secret CIA agent yourself, a kind of agency Trojan horse within the White House, rather than the Nixon loyalist you professed to be? And isn't it conceivable that you "stonewalled" your way through court and into prison not to protect Nixon but your actual superiors in the covert-operations arm of the CIA?

**LIDDY:** That's absolute nonsense. I've never been a CIA officer of any sort, and I resent the accusation that I was operating against the interests of my President. I believed then and I believe now that he was a splendid leader of this country, and I think the extraordinarily disastrous last three and a half years under Jimmy Carter has only served to demonstrate by contrast how superb was the Presidency of Richard Nixon. I think I'm more of a Nixon loyalist than Haldeman not only is but ever was.

**PLAYBOY:** Throughout the course of this interview, you've been relaxed and cooperative, even under occasionally harsh questioning, and you seem genuinely pleased by the success of your best-selling autobiography. In fact, all the time we've been together, you haven't issued a single assassination threat or gouged

out one eyeball. Is it possible that the Gordon Liddy so many liberals love to hate is finally mellowing?

**LIDDY:** [Chuckling] If you really think that, then why did you hide all the pencils? Anyway, the Liddy family crest is, or at least should be, *Nil illegitimus carborundum*—"Don't let the bastards get you down." But no, seriously, this has been a most pleasant and enjoyable discussion, and you have offered me no offense and I, of course, have responded in kind. I am no danger whatsoever to anyone who does not wish me ill. Had you behaved differently, of course, I might have responded in kind, and more in keeping with the somewhat sensational image you suggest I have. But I don't think I'm mellowing. I've lived on the razor's edge all my life and don't intend to jettison my beliefs or values now. I've paid too heavy a price for them. In any case, I find life a tremendously exciting, perpetually renewing adventure. I'm never bored, thank God, and I'm always searching for one big dragon to slay. Of course, the lesson you learn is that dragons are Hydra-headed, and as soon as you kill one, another springs up. Which, of course, is what makes the game worth the playing. God, wouldn't it be a drag if all that came along was a pussycat?

**PLAYBOY:** Nietzsche, whom you admire,

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wrote that "he who fights the dragon becomes the dragon."

**LIDDY:** Tell that to Saint George. All I can do is pledge to make it a fair and honorable fight. That's all anyone can do in life.

**PLAYBOY:** Gordon Liddy, were you born in the wrong century? Are you an anachronism?

**LIDDY:** No, I don't think so. I'm not saying I wouldn't have enjoyed living in ancient Sparta, and I would certainly be right at home as a *condottiere* in Renaissance Italy, hopefully in the day of Machiavelli, whom I consider the greatest political philosopher of all time. But I'm quite content in this century, not that I have much choice in the matter. I know a great many people do consider me a throwback and an anachronism, but if the virtues and values that I respect and to which I adhere are outdated, then I suspect that there are millions of anachronisms in America who share the same value system and, if put to the test, will demonstrate it. I really have a tremendous amount of faith in the people of this country, and I think that once they shed the scales of illusion that currently afflict them and see the world as it really is, we will once again be capable of a remarkable national cohesion and dynamism, such as we saw in the course of the Second World War. And I'm glad we have that potential, because I believe another war is imminent.

**PLAYBOY:** Will you be in the front ranks?

**LIDDY:** Well, let's put it this way. Shortly after the disaster at Pearl Harbor, a new Chief of Naval Operations was appointed, Admiral King, who up to that time had enjoyed a reputation as the meanest son of a bitch in the Service, and for that reason had been sent out recruiting in Iowa, as the saying goes. Now, all of a sudden, *he* was the new Chief of Naval Operations, and the Washington press corps rushed to his office and asked, "Admiral, how do you explain this phenomenon of your sudden ascendancy, passing over so many senior officers?" And King said, "When the bullets start to fly, they come looking for the sons of bitches." And perhaps, when the bullets start to fly again, they'll come looking for me. When and if they do, I'll be there.

**PLAYBOY:** When the French Foreign Legion, which you admire, was marched out of their headquarters at Sidi bel Abbès in Algeria under guard for their role in an abortive military coup against De Gaulle, the men defiantly sang one of Edith Piaf's famous songs, *Non, Je Ne Regrette Rien—I Regret Nothing*. Would you agree with their sentiments?

**LIDDY:** Agree? It's my goddamn theme song!





*“My favorite was Bashful. He didn’t say much, but he was all dwarf.”*

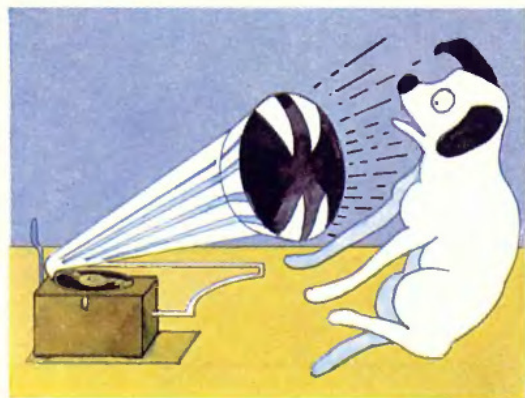
# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*



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Out of the depths of a forest primeval comes the Great Goblin, a monstrous Tolkien-type creation that lusts after nubile maidens and also is a shoo-in to win first prize at this year's Halloween party. A complete Great Goblin—including flowing robes, rubber hands, feet and full head mask—costs \$655 from Philip Morris Costumes, 3108 Monroe Road, Charlotte, North Carolina 28205. You can also answer the door in it when Jesus freaks call.

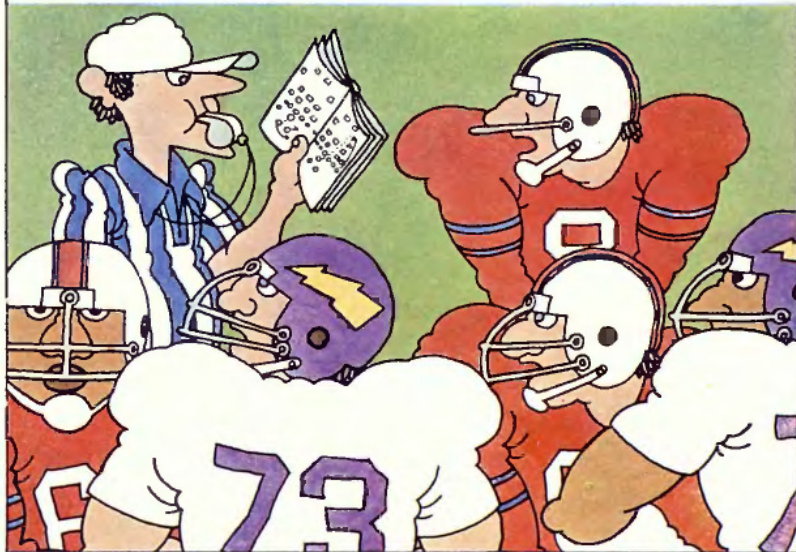


## ALL BARK AND NO BITE

With one burglary happening every seven seconds in America, Grr-r-records at 1750 Montgomery Street, San Francisco 94111 figures you need all the help you can get, so it produced *Sebastian Speaks!*, 36 minutes of a German shepherd barking and growling at spasmodic intervals. Play the LP (\$8.95) or the loop cassette (\$12.95) while you're out; a burglar will think you've got a man-eater in there. At 45 rpm, Sebastian's a poodle.

## GAME-WINNING BOOK

You'd be surprised how many Monday-morning quarterbacks don't know the difference between a cloud zone and a sky zone on a long-pass play. And even if you do, it won't hurt you to spend \$7.95 for a copy of *How to Watch a Football Game*, a 224-page book by Frank and Lynn Barrett with 300 illustrations and diagrams that's an easy-to-understand look at what's happening on the gridiron—from the pro open-set formation to the two-minute drill. Sorry, no pass plays to try on the Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders.



## EYES FOR SNAKES

Every year on TV, you see a posse of good ol' Texas boys rounding up Western diamondback rattlesnakes by the barrelful. What happens to the rattles and the skins? Many end up at The Texas Rattlesnake Company, 3100 Carlisle, Suite 226, Dallas, Texas 75204, where they're made into some mighty fine wares. A rattlesnake guitar strap, for example, costs \$250; a two-inch-wide snakeskin belt with buckle is \$170; and a rattler-carrings-and-pendant set is just \$25 (all prices postpaid). Get snaky!







### BARBERSHOP SEXTET

Electric shavers are fine, but for those mornings when you'd like yours to buzz off in favor of lather, the Franklin Toiletry Company, 76 Ninth Avenue, New York City 10011, is offering an old-time ceramic shave mug, badger/boar-bristle brush and shave soap packaged in a redwood storage box for \$26.95. There's also a gold-plated razor for \$26.95 and a shaker-topped bottle of barbershop-scented after-shave for \$11.95. Smooth!



### LOCKER-ROOM LANGUAGE

Anyone who's *really* into active sports, as a coach, a trainer, a player or just an all-round hard-core jock, should seriously consider subscribing to the *Sportsmedicine Digest*, a medical newsletter (written in nonmedical terms) that deals with everything from jogger's nipple to racquetball wrist. Twelve issues cost \$38 sent to *Sportsmedicine Digest*, P.O. Box 2160, Van Nuys, California 91405. Now back to those jogger's nipples. . .

### FULL OF HOT AIR

The weather forecast for Albuquerque, New Mexico, this October 4-12 is clear visibility with hot air rising—the hot air being supplied by the 300 gas burners of the balloonists congregating at the Ninth Annual Albuquerque International Balloon Fiesta that will lift off with mass ascensions, competitive events and special parties. For more information on the activities and where to bunk (balloonists never call sleeping quarters a crash pad), contact the Albuquerque International Balloon Fiesta, 5101 Copper N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87108. And if you've got the guts, rides aloft are available, too.



### MAKING BOOK ON LOSERS

André Citroën lost \$500,000 on a baccarat binge, Cumberland University lost a football game to Georgia Tech by a score of 22-0 and Jimmy Carter lost a 1966 race for governor of Georgia. Those and other historical facts about flops are all housed in an \$8.95 hardcover from St. Martin's Press called *The Book of Losers: An Irresistible Litany of Failure Through the Ages*, by George Rooks. Chapter titles include "Money Losers," "Movie Star Losers" and "Sports Losers." There are also truly depressing statistics on fatal diseases. Read it and weep.

### PAINT THE CANVAS RED

We know plenty of artists who like to take a drink, but Joseph Kuhn of 2504 South 29th Street, La Crosse, Wisconsin 54601, is the first we've found who specializes in capturing one's favorite cocktail on canvas. Kuhn works with acrylic paints and his renderings of the libation of your choice can range from a two-by-three-foot portrait of a shot of whisky for \$150 to a four-by-six-foot rendering of a zombie for \$500—the same price as a manhattan or a dry martini on the rocks. And in case you're wondering, a lowly glass of beer is \$250. The next time you go on the wagon, you can always belch up to the pictures on the wall.



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# SWEET SPOT (continued from page 156)

*"Focusing on time slows it down. Try telling yourself you have more time than you think you have."*

bad TV singer trying to lip-sync to pre-recording. It is as if the exact instant of the true beat is surrounded by several microseconds of available time. If I get somewhere in the vicinity, within those few fractions one way or the other, it sounds OK to me. It doesn't sound OK to a musician (and isn't likely to hold an audience spellbound). Within that span of microseconds lies room I never dreamed existed, room wherein the good performer can place the note, the beat—or the movement—with delicate, deliberate control. In those microseconds, there is room for performing art.

Athlete, dancer, musician, all may fulfill the basic requirements of their task by getting precisely on the beat. In that sense, the beat is like a point in geometry: dimensionless, not even a millisecond long. It is met exactly. To perform that way is only a kind of defensive approach to the task, however. (See Harold Solomon, jokingly referred to as a human backboard, indefatigably putting the tennis ball right back into the middle of the court every time—*every* time—until his opponent crumples in frustration.) Technical brilliance can spring from that kind of precision: just playing the notes. A machine can be made to replicate the beat perfectly, but the rhythm it produces will always be identifiable, instantly, as machine-produced. It is "cold." To warm it up, put a hand on it. Introduce human error.

Or human control. The imaginative performer controls his or her material and does so by using those microseconds that surround the instant of the beat. It is another order of precision entirely. For instance, delay: The dancer delays a step and introduces dramatic tension into the performance; the tennis player delays a return and pulls the opponent out of position; the basketball player hangs momentarily before letting go of the jump shot and is fouled, receiving a bonus free throw. Hurrying the motion, moving it minutely ahead of the natural rhythms of the form, can have similar effect. Feints and fakes are chiefly composed of just this toying with time. The musician moves notes micro-metrically forward or backward in time and, in doing so, makes the music witty, or sentimental, or sad. Or square (a plodding, unvarying microsecond too slow). The athlete similarly varies the timing of movements and "plays" the opponent as well as the game. Put a human being on the end of the implement and the sweet spot in time also

gets moved about.

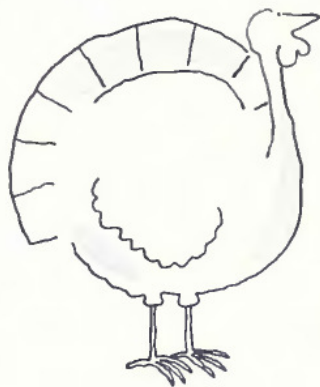
But those tactical uses of time are well known and beyond the Sweet Spot Theory. More interesting to me is what control of the time sequence *within* the movement does for skill. Fiddling around with the timing of moves can go deeper than delaying a return in tennis. The tennis player can also delay or speed up different segments, different arcs or portions of arcs within the sequence of motion, with brilliant results as far as the stroke is concerned. That does not happen because the athlete focuses attention on the segments and arcs of the motion. (It is almost impossible to do that. We grasp movements with the cortex, not with the muscles. That's why your handwriting is roughly the same whether you write with pen on paper, using small finger muscles, or stand at a blackboard, writing with your whole arm.) It happens because the performer focuses attention on the inside of the move's time frame.

A former ballplayer named Don Hewett used to advise his children, "You have to have the confidence to *take the time*" (to make the catch, to get to the return, to control the implement). Focusing on time slows it down. Next time you're having trouble with any quick-reaction sport—squash, racquetball, even ping-pong or badminton—try telling yourself you have more time than you think you have. You'll find another

several inches of incoming trajectory to work with, during which you can focus on and prepare to make your return. That few inches is enough: It is a few inches in time, if you have confidence enough to take it. All you've really done is make the sweet spot in time a little more accessible.

Most infield errors occur because the fielder starts his play before he catches the ball. A lot of dropped forward passes fall to the turf because the receiver starts avoiding tacklers before he finishes catching the football. This is the tired cliché in sports, of course—"Look the ball into your hands," even "Keep your eye on the ball"—but it illuminates a little more territory when it is understood in terms of available time. The good performer simply takes all the time there is—for the particular move. There is a sweet spot in time for catching a ball, just as there is for hitting one. The same capacities are at work, the same judgmental control of linked arcs—right down to the closing of the fingers—is involved. The sweet spot in time is merely the true finish of the move. Ah, but that is one hell of a "merely." (Follow-through is usually misapprehended. As it turns out, it is just a memory device to keep us from screwing up the motion that leads up to what we're following through. If you *intend* a smooth follow-through, that intention somehow takes you through the sweet spot of the move.)

Finishing the move is a startlingly important aspect of performing, though I have been unable to find a clear explanation of why it is so critical. In skiing, for example, if you don't finish one turn—carrying it out to its logical conclusion, metaphorically putting a



*"No, I don't want to talk turkey!"*



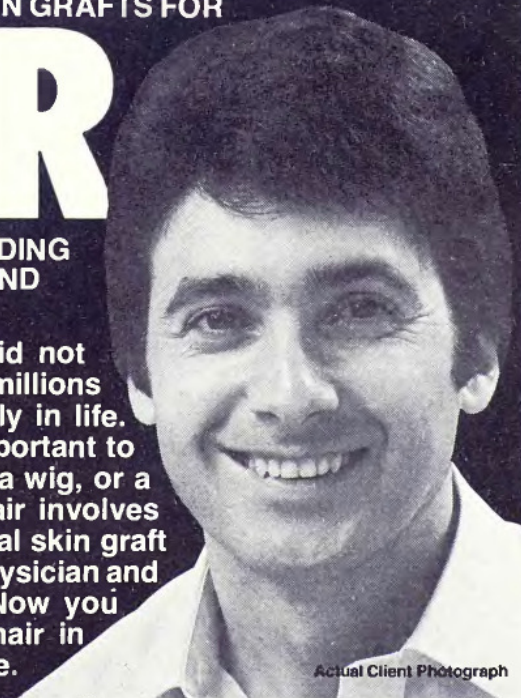
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stamp of completion on it—you will be in terrible shape to launch the next turn. The quickest indication of an unskilled dancer, gymnast, diver or figure skater is the hurried move, which, surprisingly, doesn't come from starting the move too soon but from neglecting to finish the move that preceded it. From cutting it off short of the sweet spot in time. It is a paradox: Taking time to finish one move somehow gives you more time to get the next one started right. (Finishing the move probably restores the neuromuscular machinery to equilibrium, and thus gives you a new starting place.) Just as a wide receiver must, as they say, "put the ball away" before he starts to run with it, so must any performer put away the movement at hand before starting the next. There will be time. Finishing the move *makes* time. (Mikhail Baryshnikov has time. So does Julius Erving.)

Confidence, as in the advice from Don Hewett, may not seem to be the ultimate tool for getting control of the time sequence of performance, but it certainly helps. Concentration, that utter mystery, helps more. (Concentration slows time, as all of us obsessives know perfectly well.) Confidence allows you not to rush; concentration lets you have the time to choose when to rush. People who have played golf with Jack Nicklaus come away muttering about his absolutely frightening powers of concentration. They used to say the same about Ben Hogan. The same thing must be true of all outstanding performers, in sports and elsewhere. (Golf's slow pace may just supply a setting that makes gimlet-eyed concentration more evident.) Unfortunately, concentration is that peculiar power that by its own definition slips away when you try to hold on to it. I suspect that good performers have a better way.

I am haunted by the moment when the rock I threw went precisely where I wanted it to go. That moment hardly developed purely out of concentration, though it wasn't sheer accident, either. I think I probably stumbled onto several of the sweet spots in the same throw, and the result was simply a coming together, a moment when what my mind intended was matched by what my body accomplished. A momentary healing of the mind-body split, to overdignify it. It haunts me still because it was magic—pip-squeak magic, if you will, but magic, nonetheless. It moved me; out of all those mindless boyhood hours of rock throwing, it is the moment I remember. It was a moment when the amount of time between letting fly the rock and seeing it arrive at the bottle seemed to stretch out forever. Time stopped. My mind's eye can still trace the flight.

The sublime moment in dance is the

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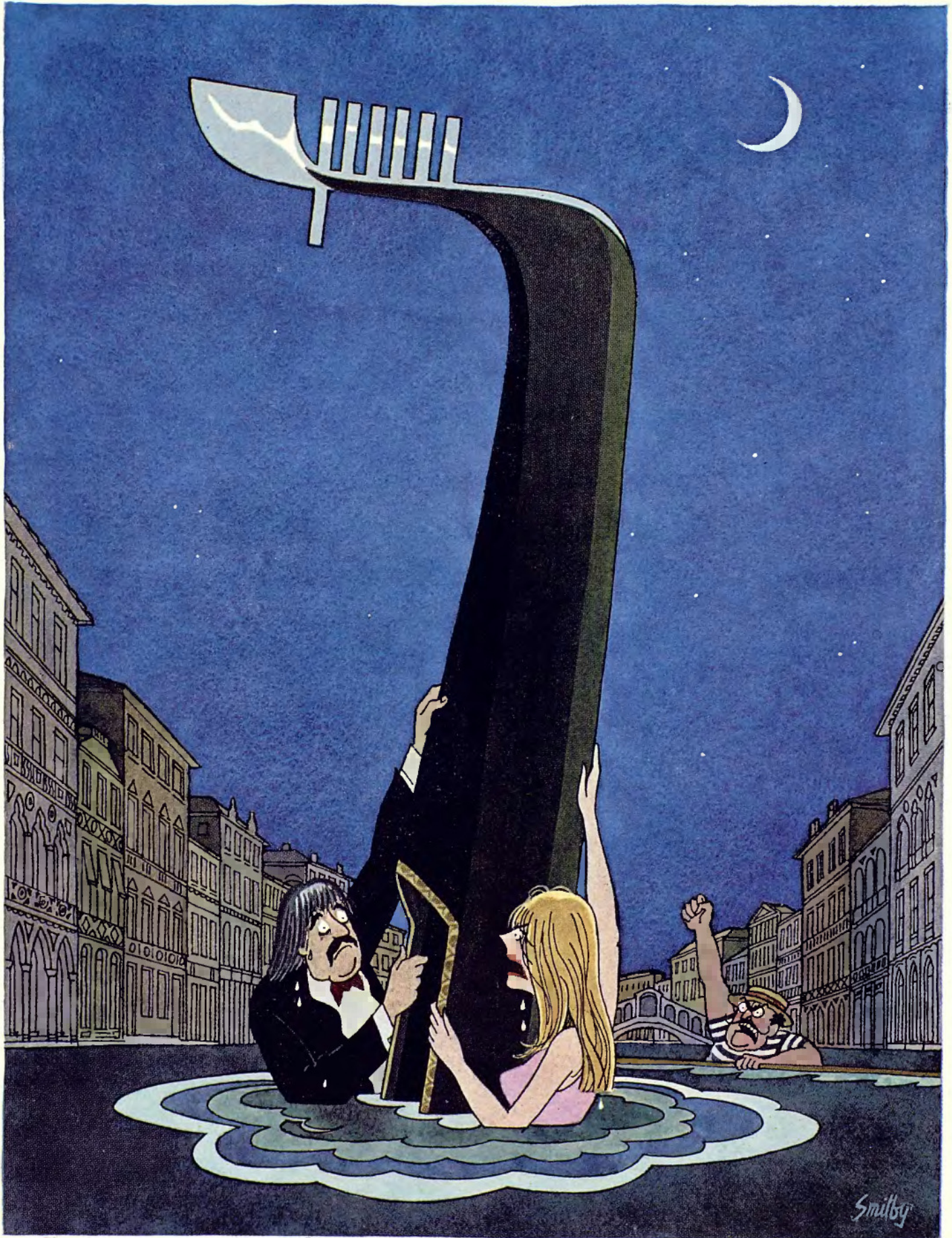
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male dancer's prodigious leap. Ballet writer Hubert Saal, reviewing a performance of Baryshnikov's: "The most exquisitely chilling weapon in the arsenal of this complete dancer was his *ballon*, his ability to ascend in the air and stay there, defying gravity." Other dancers have had some of that capacity—Nijinsky more than most, perhaps more even than Baryshnikov. No one has explained it. It is electrifying to watch; we know we are witnessing a nonordinary event. When we see it, we are moved. It is magic. Time stops.

It is my thesis—the Sweet Spot Theory—that this is true magic, the only magic there is. I am suggesting that there is a line between the banality of my rock-throwing experience—included here as a deliberately ridiculous example of Everykid's uncomprehending brush with performing magic—and the sublimity of Baryshnikov's great leaps. Along that line can be located much of the rest of what we refer to as magic in sports—from tennis players playing "in the zone" (Billie Jean King's last Wimbledon singles title) to Reggie Jackson's three consecutive world-series home runs to Bob Beamon's "mutation performance" long jump in the 1968 Olympics, a foot longer than anyone ever jumped before or since. On those occasions, something magic did happen. A group of world-class marathoners were recently surveyed about their best performances; most of them spoke of some particularly fulfilling moment when "mind and body" seemed to "come together." Several of them used the word: magic. It was magic when that happened.

In *The Psychic Side of Sports*, Michael Murphy and Rhea White have collected hundreds of stories of "mystical" experiences of athletes. The examples range from unusual bursts of speed or strength to whole games, even whole careers, that seem to exceed ordinary physical parameters. Not all of those examples can be reduced to fortuitous arrangements of limb segments and well-timed arcs of motion, but a surprising number of them have to do with strange dislocations—suspensions, really—of ordinary time.

Some of the most mystifying of those nonordinary experiences occur in the martial arts and other Eastern disciplines—movements too quick to see, uncanny reactions, moments when someone seems to disappear and rematerialize somewhere else. In *The Ultimate Athlete*, George Leonard describes a film of Morihei Uyeshiba, the founder of modern-day *aikido*, in which Uyeshiba is apparently trapped by two attackers, but between one frame of the film and the next—while the attackers move sequentially—he suddenly appears two feet away and facing in the opposite



*"So much for your 'You haven't lived till you've had it in a gondola.'"*

direction. That's what I thought happened with Renaldo Nehemiah in the 1979 World Cup II track meet in Montreal. Nehemiah hit the next-to-last hurdle (in the 110-meter event) heavily and was obviously beaten. Yet he won the race. I watched the slow-motion instant replay through three or four repetitions, and I still can't see how he got from where he was at the next-to-last hurdle to where he was at the tape. But then, there's nothing "mystical" about track, right?

Many of those Eastern disciplines make considerable use of meditation. As I understand meditation, one of its aims is to teach the individual to banish the distractions of past and future, to focus the mind on the reality of *now*, on the fleeting instant.

To stay securely anchored in the present is simply to concentrate without straining to do so: to *attend*. To stay in the present tense—to react, to respond only to the exigencies of the moment—is to take control of the time frame of per-

formance. To follow with full attention what happens as it happens is to bring up to consciousness the possibility of the sweet spot in time—to spread out all those microseconds surrounding it, to expand time, if not to stop it. The sweet spot in time is never anywhere but in the present tense.

I suspect that the reason a ballistic motion such as throwing or swinging an implement can't be adjusted once it has been started is because we abdicate control. We choose a ballistic motion because it is a means of gaining additional force, yes, but also because it is a way of starting a motion and letting it finish itself, of putting the motion on automatic. We feel it is necessary to do so in order that we might think ahead, preparing for the next necessity. But to think ahead is to ignore the present, and therefore to rush time ahead, to accelerate its passing. It is only when we stop thinking ahead that we can slow time sufficiently to open the possibility of adjusting a ballistic motion. Don

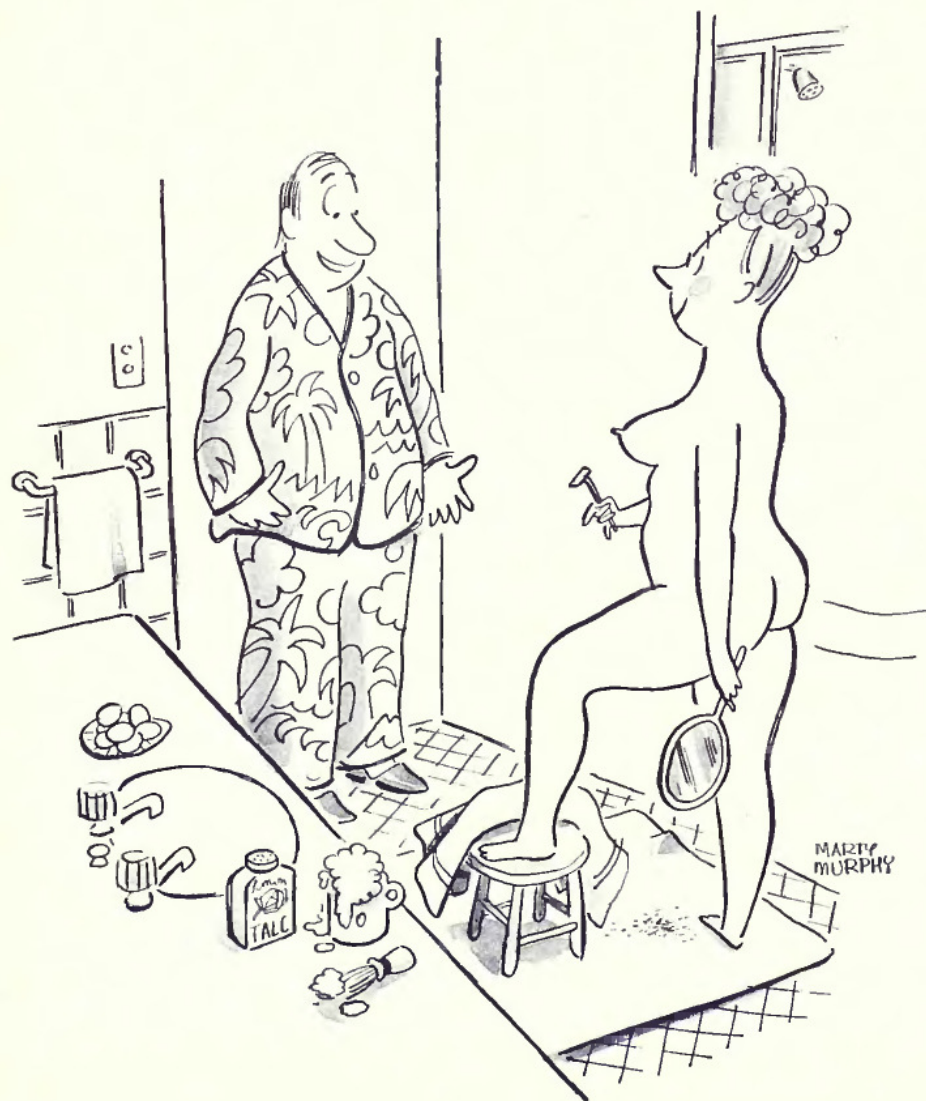
Hewett is correct: We abdicate control because we don't have the confidence to keep our minds within the time frame of the motion.

Golfer Bobby Jones once said he didn't think it was possible to swing a golf club too *slowly*. Jack Nicklaus is reputed to have the slowest backswing on the tour, and during the early part of his downswing, some observers swear that his hands actually slow further. I'm not sure how or why that could be true, but what I am proposing is that that level of performer—the individual who now and then can find enough room in the flow of time to adapt the rhythm of the performance to his or her personal will—just might be able also to find enough time to vary the motor input into the ballistic motion. To make corrections as time runs by, to keep chasing the elusive sweet spots—in time, in space, in all the multidimensional complexities of sport (or art) to the last closing of the door of possibility. I'm sure the motor-learning people won't buy this explanation, either, but then, they aren't having much luck explaining these levels of skill any other way.

For several years now, I've been trying to get a handle on the link that connects what seem to me to be *sensuous* sports—skiing, surfing, cycling and other sports and recreations that we practice non-competitively, for the sheer pleasure of the act. (Many of them can be made competitive, of course, and many purely competitive sports offer the same kind of sensuous pleasures.) Slicing across the face of a wave, leaning a bike into a high-speed turn, getting a solid edge-set in good snow—so that that, too, is an act you can bear down on—are experiences so similarly pleasurable and so distinctive a sheer physical joy that they must be related, but in ways I'd never been able to grasp.

Now I think that sweet spots provide the link. I think we play at these sports in large part just for the pleasure of getting the timing right, of feeling the physical forces fall into the sphere of our control. What's more, we get a different version of the same pleasure from watching others play at them. It can be ineffably moving to watch a performer control time, placing his or her movements—steps, motions, strokes, blows, notes—where he or she wants them in time, where the sweep of action will best be continued. Where the discipline and the performer's imagination combine to create something vivid in an otherwise rigid frame.

And that placement, that sensuous touch, that finger of magic on the precise point in time that is such a sweet spot, is so satisfying that it must be why we play.



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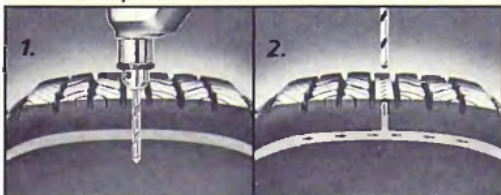
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# PLAYBOY'S NEW AGE PRIMER

useful information—from the interconnecting worlds of technology, parapsychology and social science—to help you enjoy the future

## DOWSE ME A RIVER OR THE DOWSE OF PHYSICS

DOWSING is making a big comeback. Dowsing? you ask. Isn't that where a guy holds a forked stick over the ground and waits for some sort of vibrations in the stick to indicate the location of an underground well? Well, yes. That's it, more or less. Actually, the term dowsing can apply to any method of using a nonelectronic hand-held instrument—such as a pendular bob on the end of a string, for instance—to find *anything*: a subterranean stream, a load of mineral ore, a buried sewer pipe or electrical cable, a lost wallet, a corpse, a buried treasure. Anything.

Most scientists will tell you that dowsing is a bunch of hokey. Geological authorities, both governmental and academic, have long derided the notion that dowsing could find natural resources. The United States Geological Survey calls dowsing a "curious superstition" that's "practically useless." Yet, in an age when natural resources are daily becoming more precious, it's not surprising that growing numbers of people—and several corporations—are trying it. And, unscientific though it is, it's produced some startling results. Consider the following:

- Dr. Peter Treadwell, former vitamin-plant director for Hoffman-La Roche, the multinational pharmaceutical firm headquartered in Basel, Switzerland, was sent all over the world to dowse water for his company's prospective factory sites. Affirmed Dr. Treadwell in an interview given to *Roche-Zeitung*, the firm's in-house magazine: "The plain truth is that we keep finding water for our company with a method that neither physics nor physiology nor psychology has even begun to explain. Roche uses methods that are profitable whether they are scientifically explainable or not. The dowsing method pays off. *It is 100 percent reliable.*"

- Guy Snyder, a 73-year-old retired farmer in Pennsylvania's Mahoning Valley, has dowsed more than 1000 wells for thirsty clients. In 1976, he was asked to find a supply of badly needed water for the trout hatchery operated by the

posh Rolling Rock Club outside Pittsburgh that stocks a fishing stream for its well-heeled members. The result was a 210-gallon-per-minute artesian well. When club member Dr. Murray McCaslin arranged for Snyder to dowse for water at the 200-bed Albert Schweitzer



Hospital in Haiti's outback. Snyder found a plentiful source behind the hospital's powerhouse, then went on to pinpoint well sites for villages in an area 30 miles around it. Hospital direc-

*"He was right on all 35 oil wells. I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it myself."*

tor Dr. William Larimer Mellon wrote to Snyder: "Since we began drilling, we've brought in four good wells. . . . So far, your average is 100 percent with me."

- Dr. Alexander K. Bakirov, professor of geology and minerology at the Tomsk Polytechnical Institute in Siberia, is one of several dozen Soviet specialists charged with the location of new natural resources in his country. "Dowsing,"

Dr. Bakirov has written, "is being used in my country to solve geological problems in the location of gold sulphides, copper-molybdenum, tin-tungsten, rare-metal and many other ores. How," he asks in an issue of the Soviet journal *The Geology of Ore Deposits*, "could anyone not believe the irrefutable data provided by the southern Urals Hydrology Unit on water supplies discovered by dowsing geologists which permitted a sharp rise in the percentage of successful wells drilled for collective farms? Or the fact that an engineering firm in Chelyabinsk has disclosed that dowsing has produced 1120 wells with a failure rate of only six to eight and a half percent for four different dowsers? Or the successful location by dowsing of industrially important mineral deposits in the Yenisei Mountains after normal geological prospecting had failed to find any ore over a period of many years? Or, during a helicopter flight, the pinpointing by dowsing of places where soil erosion was threatening to crack a 400-kilometer gas pipe running from Ukhta to Torzhok?"

For scientists, these examples fall under the heading "anecdotal," rather than proof or even evidence of dowsing's potential. Nor can they be blamed for adopting that attitude. Part of their problem with dowsing lies in the fact that even dowsers don't know exactly how they do it, and what they can explain of it sounds suspiciously like magic. Some of them refer to their skill as *divining*, a method that operates through some means other than the physical senses.

Take, for instance, Paul Clement Brown of California, who for years advised one of America's most successful petroleum "wildcatters," J. K. Wadley, on whether or not his proposed oil-drilling sites would be productive and how deep the oil would lie. Brown's main device was a hand-held pendulum. His ability to dowse for oil was tested by an initially skeptical senior petroleum engineer, Chet Davis, on 35 proposed well sites. "He was right on all 35

wells," says Davis. "I don't think anyone in the oil business would believe it if they didn't see it. I wouldn't have."

Asked to explain how his dowsing method works, Brown answered enigmatically, "You know, that's a good question. As they say: The spirit moves me. What I've done, any man can do with the right spiritual approach. And that approach is the truly scientific one. They'll tell you dowsing isn't scientific, but it is if you do it the way it should be done."

Which doesn't answer the question but poses a couple of heavy ones that we certainly can't answer here. However, it's interesting to note that parapsychologists have done research that shows that people who believe in the possibility of a "sixth sense" perform better on tests for psychic ability than those who don't believe such a sense exists. We are reminded of Yoda in *The Empire Strikes Back*, teaching Luke Skywalker that only Skywalker's belief that some things are impossible prevents him from accomplishing them.

Are the major oil companies listening?

## KEEPING AN EAR TO THE GROUND

Scientists at Western Washington University are developing a new communications process that may one day make satellites, telephone lines and TV antennas things of the past. Code named Project UNCLE, the scientific team is led by Dr. Peter Kotzer, who says it is now feasible to send messages *through* the earth using neutrino beams.

Neutrinos are nuclear particles that have no electric charge and probably no mass, so they're very hard to detect through ordinary means: Electromagnetic sensors don't pick them up, and they're unlikely to be detected through collision with matter.

However, Steve Kondratick, former operations manager for the project (he has since left Project UNCLE), explains that a tiny percentage of each group of neutrinos passing through the universe will collide with atomic particles, causing little showers of secondary particles, known as muons. The muons collide with other matter to produce tiny sparks called Cerenkov light.

The Project UNCLE scientists have found that a pool of water can act as a receiver for the neutrinos and render the Cerenkov light "visible" to a special telescope. The oceans, lakes, ponds and swimming pools are currently being experimented with as receivers, but the

researchers feel that with further experimentation, the amount of water needed to read the beams will be small enough to be contained in something the size of your television set, for instance.

When the process is perfected, individuals with modified receiving equip-



ment in their homes will be able to receive television signals, telephone calls, radio programs and other forms of radio waves from any part of the earth, provided the origin of the transmission has the proper sending equipment. Home units will be able to read the light flashes, much as sound tracks are read from films shown in theaters, and then reproduce the sound or image.

Underground music won't be the same!

## COUNTING ON CREATION

Fifteen years ago, scientific arguments raged over the creation of the universe. Some astronomers insisted that it happened all at once, in a huge explosion, while others were sure that it was being created little by little, all the time. A few argued that the universe alternately explodes and implodes. Today, almost all scientists agree on a "standard" version of creation. The mathematics get rather complicated, but all the equations yield just a few important numbers, the ones that determine the kind of universe we live in. We wonder what Newton or Einstein could have done with this list!


**Time:** 17,000,000,000 years equals the age of the universe. Seventeen billion years ago (give or take a few billion), all the material in the universe was compressed into a pinpoint of pure, hot energy. It began expanding at once in an explosive "big bang." Eventually, the energy condensed into matter, forming stars, planets and us.

**Temperature:** 2.7 degrees Kelvin equals the average temperature of the

universe. At first, the universe was so hot that the surface of the sun seemed frozen by comparison. As it expanded, it cooled down, so that now it is only 2.7 degrees above absolute zero, the lowest temperature possible (you can't have less heat than no heat at all). The detection of this faint "cosmic background radiation" in 1965 was the most crucial discovery in modern astronomy.

**Speed:** 17 kilometers per second per million light-years equals the rate of expansion of the universe. The distance between our Milky Way galaxy and other galaxies is increasing by 17 kilometers per second for each 1,000,000 light-years (the distance crossed after 1,000,000 years by a beam of light speeding along at 299,729 kilometers per second) between us. This means that a faraway galaxy—say two billion light-years—would be moving away from us at about ten percent of the speed of light. Some galaxies could be moving away so fast that their light would never reach us, and we wouldn't even know they existed.

**Electric Charge:** Zero equals the net electric charge of the universe. Of the three kinds of force that physicists know about, the electric force is neither the strongest nor the weakest. But it is so much stronger than gravity, the dominant force at cosmic distances, that if the earth and the sun both had an excess positive charge of only one part per billion billion billion billion, the electric repulsion would overcome their gravitational attraction and they would fly apart. So it's a good thing all the positive and negative electric charges in the universe cancel out.

**Density:** 0.00000000000000000000000000000005 ( $5 \times 10^{-30}$ ) grams per cubic centimeter equals the critical density of the universe. If the density of matter—stars, planets, dust, black holes, etc.—were greater than this, the universe eventually would stop expanding and start contracting, like a movie running backward. Eventually, it would end in a "big crunch" just as hot and dense as the big bang. But so far, astronomers can find only a tenth of this critical density, so the universe might expand forever. After about 10,000 billion billion billion billion years, all the stars would have burned out, leaving behind a very cold, bland sea of neutrinos. 

## CONTRIBUTORS

Christopher Bird (author of *The Divining Hand*) for "Dowse me a River"; Tim Anderson for "Keeping an Ear to the Ground"; and Steve Aaronson for "Counting on Creation."

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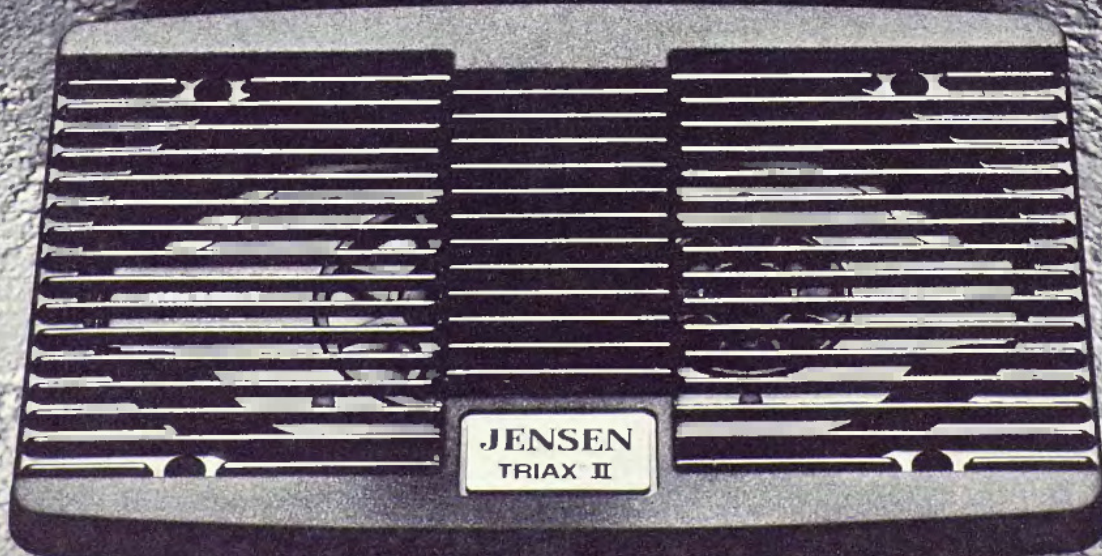
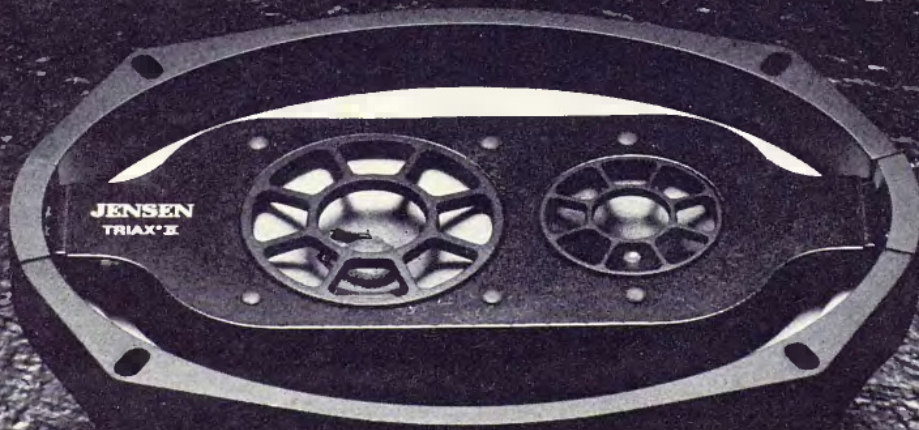
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## OFF-SEASON TRAVEL

(continued from page 114)

enjoyed but to be cherished.

This matter of prices is of no small significance, since the short tropical peak season lasts only a scant 120 days—usually from December 15 to April 15—and the astronomical prices demonstrate that there are folks who just don't care about money. That the best hotels are full to overflowing only confirms that Barnum's view of the world is still accurate in the Eighties.

But more sophisticated travelers have discovered that there are, indeed, very accessible alternatives to the luxury-hotel prices that cause less sophisticated souls to travel from their idyllic island holidays directly to bankruptcy court. No example is more dramatic than the nonpareil Rockresorts that are the most exclusive tropical enclaves on this planet. Caneel Bay Plantation and Little Dix Bay are notable for their soft sands, warm seas, superb service—and extraordinarily high prices. In the off season, however, this exclusive province of the privileged suddenly comes within the economic grasp of mortal travelers, so it's possible to enjoy extravagant comfort at far less than extravagant cost.

The matter of money is only one aspect of the off-season allure of many tropical destinations. To tell the truth, I can't think of an island (however idyllic) or a resort city (no matter how irresistible) that is not disastrously distorted by the high-season invasion of the tourist hordes. It's a struggle for local hotel staffs just to keep up with the barest needs of demanding sun worshipers, and anyone who's tried to get the attention of a bell captain at a tropical resort hotel during the period between Christmas and New Year's knows firsthand what it's like to be invisible.

But with the coming of the off season, even the most popular island resort oases take on a different, more friendly aspect. Basic services are suddenly performed with commendable efficiency, and while theory states that off-season service is somewhat diminished from that provided during the peak of the peak season, it happens more often that the opposite is true. Suddenly, hotel staffs have a bit of spare time, and the departure of the demanding crowds of high rollers permits much more thoughtful (and personal) attention. The very same chambermaid who can barely manage to get a clean washcloth on the towel rack in your bathroom during January and February suddenly has time to suggest a native drum club "over the hill" that doesn't appear in any travel guide. At the same time, the same chaise longues around the pool that

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## SHEIK

Schmid Products Company, Little Falls, N.J.

exact bribes for "reservations" during the course of the winter crush are now blissfully available without the payment of any ransom whatever.

And it's more than just resort hotels that benefit from the absence of the high-season mob. Fine restaurants in the Caribbean are relatively few and far between, so their existence is not exactly unknown. These island bastions of well-prepared local delicacies are usually totally unbreachable when the cream of the expense-account set is handing out tips large enough to pay off the maitre de's mortgage. But in the off season, the same captains who wouldn't deign to dispense a single morsel to mere mortals during peak periods are now prepared to pay rapt attention to *any* diner. What's more, even the finest chef cannot keep up a very high standard of food preparation—whether his specialty is creole or *haute cuisine*—when the number of patrons in his dining room is excessive. Given a bit of leisure to create and concoct specialties (and even experiment a little), he can again deliver a culinary bounty for diners—one that is impossible during high season.

Perhaps the main reluctance surrounding visiting a warm-weather destination in the off season is an unarticulated fear that temperatures in the tropics are likely to be skin-scorching. But that is a fear with little foundation in fact. The truth is that tropical temperatures stay in a fairly narrow range throughout the year, and the constant presence of trade winds blowing in off the ocean provides the most pleasant sort of natural air conditioning.

Then there is the question about the "rainy" season. Well, it's true that any tropical oasis where green is a dominant color must have rain a fair amount of the time, but I've never been able to get anyone to be very specific about when that rain is likely to be most prevalent. September seems like the most perilous month (I say that despite having made several trips to the tropics in September when no undue precipitation fell at all). Best to be resigned to the fact that late-afternoon showers are a constant in most parts of the tropics year round, and just be thankful that those sporadic showers provide an excuse to head for bed till they cease.

And, again, remember that the prices at which even the most luxurious resorts are available in the off season can make for an extraordinary holiday experience. Discounts vary greatly from hotel to hotel, but a good basic rule of thumb to use in calculating the likely discounts is to assume that you will be able to purchase paradise at about 40 percent off high-season rates.

In the Caribbean, the selling of the



Really tying one on.

Getting s\_\_\_ faced.

Having one more for the road.

Becoming polluted.

Drinking someone under the table.

Being plastered.

Bragging about the size  
of your hangover.

Going out and getting looped.

**IF YOUR IDEA OF A GOOD TIME IS LISTED ON THIS PAGE,  
YOU OUGHT TO HAVE YOUR HEAD EXAMINED.**

With the possible exception of sex, no single subject generates as many foolish tales of prowess as the consumption of alcoholic beverages.

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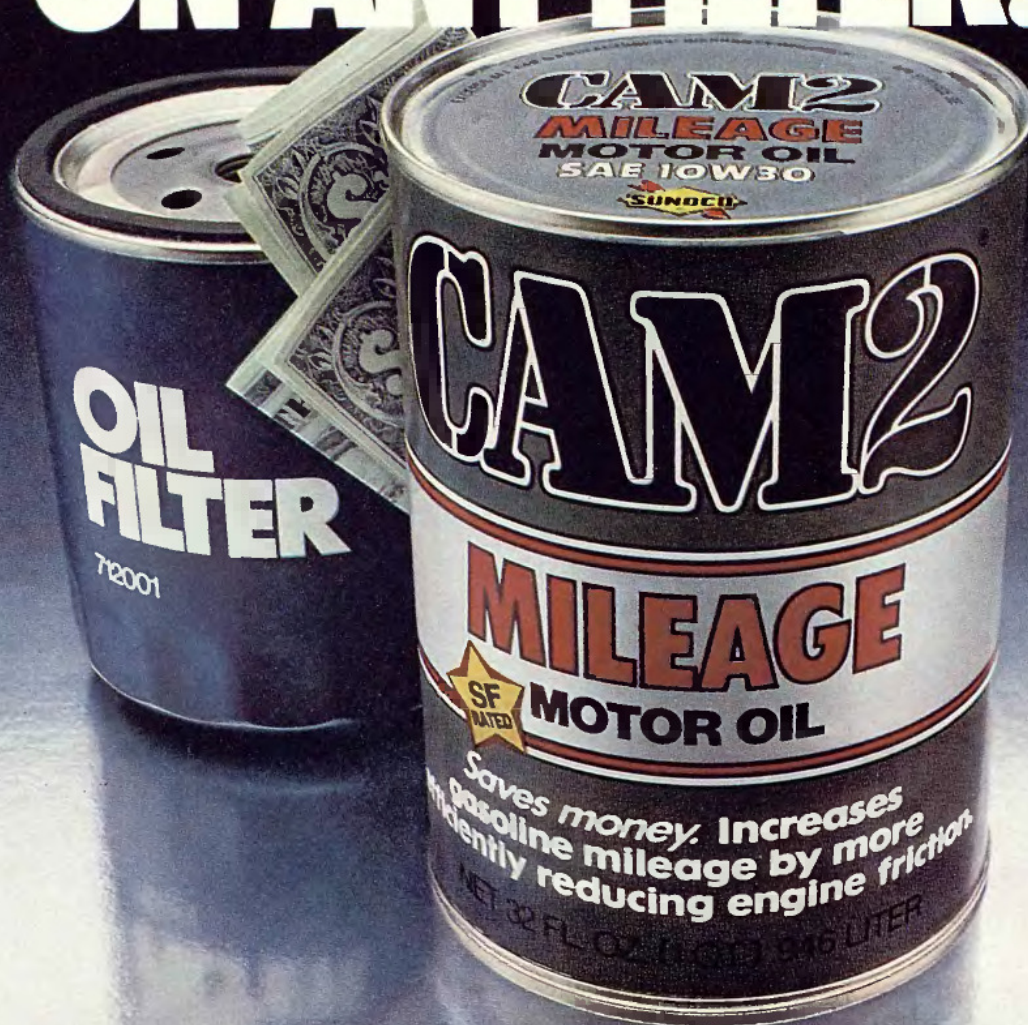
Then the next time someone tells you how lousy he feels because he had "one too many," you can tell him how great you feel because you had "one too few."

*That's having a good time.*

**IT'S PEOPLE WHO GIVE DRINKING  
A BAD NAME.**

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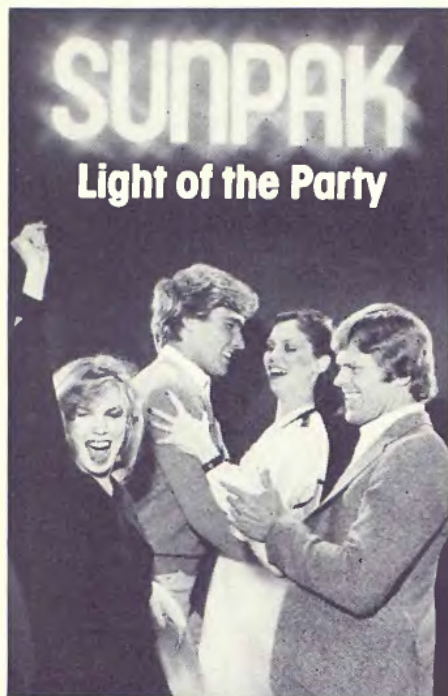
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CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

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Baltimore, MD 21268

PB



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off season has become a well-organized undertaking, and the 23 islands and countries that are members of the Caribbean Tourism Association have lately banded together to promote what they call Caribbean Bonanza Time. Part of their promotion is to dramatize hotel-rate reductions, and here are some typical economies available up to December 15, 1980. At Casa de Campo in the Dominican Republic, for example, rates are currently 57 percent less than they will be after December 15. At Dorado Beach in Puerto Rico, rooms are available at about 40 percent discount; in Haiti, at Habitation Leclerc, a double room with breakfast can be had for \$95 for two—32 percent less than at the height of the winter crush. On Guadeloupe, the Meridien Hotel reduces its rates by nearly 30 percent for its least expensive double rooms; and at the Sheraton in Aruba, you can enjoy more than a 60 percent saving. In addition, these rates can be further reduced through the intelligent purchase of one of hundreds of promotional packages.

This matter of packages is one of the most important elements in the whole off-season-travel equation, for it can materially reduce the cost of even off-season rates. Unfortunately, it's among the most regrettable predispositions of Americans that they consider purchasing any sort of travel package the equivalent of vacationing in purgatory.

Perhaps the problem is that the movie *If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium* was such a good one, and received such broad visibility, that many Americans now believe that every package-tour participant is immediately shackled to at least 49 other tourers, and the entire manacled group then proceeds on its way as one—including trips to bedroom, dining room and bathtub.

That can, assuredly, be close to the truth, though it has become far more the exception than the rule. As a matter of fact, a package purchaser should demand no less than precisely the combination of travel elements he most desires and should purchase that package only if those elements—transportation, accommodations, meals and other extras—cost less in a package than if purchased separately.

It's also wise to survey package programs that may not sound too tempting at first glance. Go beyond the cutesy names to examine the individual elements included, since they may be desirable despite an unappetizing title. I have friends, for instance, who routinely travel to Bermuda on "honeymoon" packages, despite being unmarried and often traveling with a different "wife" on each trip. They purchase this

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Both of these decks are prettier than a painting, and so is the antique tin card case. Each card is a bit larger and thicker than normal—like those used on riverboats in the 1890's. There's a black and a green deck—both with an antique gold "distillery design." The face cards are reproduced from 100-year-old artwork. So it's a real unusual set of cards for the serious player. Twin deck in antique case: \$8.50. Postage included.



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package because Bermuda hotels put themselves out for honeymooners, and it's an inexpensive opportunity to get a bit better room (and some free extras) at a good price. Furthermore, no marriage licenses are ever scrutinized at the time you sign up.

The off season is the time when packages are most prevalent in all sorts of permutations—sports, dining, adventure and much more—and you should check carefully with the airline and/or hotel group to determine whether it has any packages that will be in effect during your planned travel time. It can save you big money.

## OFF-SEASON NOTES TO TRAVEL BY

1. The good news is that off season is the time when promotional air fares are most prevalent; the bad news is that the best of them are usually announced with very little advance notice. So to avail yourself of the lowest possible fare, make sure that any plane tickets you buy *in advance* can be returned without cancellation penalty. That'll mean you can exchange them for less expensive transportation if the opportunity appears.

2. Don't rely on hotels alone for accommodations. The off season is the time when the rich and privileged are usually elsewhere, and their posh vacation pads are often available for rent at very low rates. It's the chance to vacation in consummate luxury at very low cost, and leads on apartment and condominium rental sources can usually be obtained from the U. S. office of the tourist department of the country you're visiting.

3. Check charters. Although scheduled airline fares are at their lowest levels in the off season, charters can be even cheaper. Public charter rules now permit passengers to fly with one charter group outbound and return with another, so check offers carefully. A good source is the monthly listings in the *Travel Smart* newsletter (Dobbs Ferry, New York 10522).

4. Research the availability of stand-by and budget air fares, which regularly reappear in the off season. Although perilous in peak periods, they represent a very real savings (and very little risk) during the low season.

5. Above all, be flexible. Off season is the time to swing with one of the many promotional opportunities, and a little adjustment of dates and destinations may offer substantial savings.

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PL-10



*"Lady, when I asked you to go down, I meant on the ladder!!"*

## SPICE FROM THE EAST (continued from page 130)

*"Thai, Korean and Vietnamese cooks are cheerfully individualistic and few work from recipes."*

ends of towel or with another damp towel, until rice paper is completely pliable. Place lettuce leaf on one side of rice paper. Put about  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup crab-meat mixture on lettuce, spreading so that it is 3 to 4 ins. long. Top with couple of mint and coriander leaves. Fold bottom and top ends of rice paper over filling, then roll up tightly lengthwise. Repeat with additional rice-paper rounds until filling mixture is used. Serve with dipping sauce.

*Note:* These rolls are also delicious fried. Leave out lettuce leaf, but otherwise fill and roll as directed above. Fry in hot oil for 4 to 5 minutes, turning once, until crisp and brown. Wrap fried rolls in lettuce leaves before serving.

### TOM YAM KUNG (Thai Lemon Shrimp Soup) (Serves four)

1 lb. shrimps  
7 cups water  
1 tablespoon dried lemon grass (or 4 strips lemon peel, 3 ins. long)  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cayenne pepper  
Juice of 1 lemon  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup fish sauce  
3 scallions (including green), thinly sliced  
3 tablespoons finely chopped coriander leaves  
1 fresh green chili pepper, seeded and slivered  
Shell and devein shrimps. Bring water to boil in stainless-steel or enamel saucepan. Add shrimp shells, lemon grass or

peel and cayenne pepper; simmer 10 minutes. Add lemon juice and fish sauce; simmer 5 minutes more. Strain liquid into another pan and return to boil. Add shrimps and simmer 3 to 5 minutes, just until pink. Add scallions, coriander leaves and chili slivers. Serve at once.

### BUN THIT NUONG (Vietnamese Beef-Lettuce Rolls) (Serves two to three)

1 lb. lean, tender, boneless beef  
Marinade: 2 tablespoons fish sauce, 1 tablespoon salad oil, 1-2 mashed cloves garlic, 1 teaspoon grated fresh ginger, 1 teaspoon sugar  
Small handful rice noodles (about 1 oz.)  
1 small cucumber (do not peel unless skin has been waxed)  
Dipping sauce:  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup fish sauce, 3 tablespoons each lemon juice and water, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 mashed cloves garlic,  $\frac{1}{2}$  slivered hot red pepper, 2 tablespoons slivered raw carrot  
Soft lettuce leaves (Boston or butter lettuce)  
Fresh basil, mint and coriander leaves  
Cut beef into very thin slices, then into 1-in. squares. Mix marinade ingredients, combine with beef and let stand about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Bring pot of water to boil; add rice noodles; boil 2 to 3 minutes, or just until tender. Drain and rinse immediately in cold water. Drain again, very thoroughly. Cut noodles in 1-in. pieces. Cut cucumber in half lengthwise, then cut each half in thin crosswise slices. Combine dipping-sauce ingredients. Slide squares of marinated beef onto moistened bamboo skewers. Push slices very tightly together until each skewer holds about 3 ins. meat. Broil skewers about 2 minutes, turning once. To eat, slide broiled beef off skewer onto lettuce leaf, top with rice noodles, cucumber slices and herb leaves. Roll up lettuce and dunk packet in dipping sauce.

### WAN JA (Korean Hamburgers) (Serves two to three)

1 lb. lean ground beef  
1 tablespoon soy sauce  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper  
2 tablespoons finely chopped onion  
1 tablespoon toasted sesame seeds  
Flour  
1 egg beaten with 1 tablespoon water  
1-2 tablespoons sesame or salad oil  
Sauce: Combine 3 tablespoons soy sauce, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon honey, 2-3 dashes Tabasco, 1 finely chopped scallion  
Combine beef with soy sauce, pepper, onion and sesame seeds; form into about 12 small cakes. Coat each lightly with flour, then dip in egg-water mixture. Place each on rack set over plate until



*"Not much, Wally. What's new with you?"*

# Merit Making Taste History.

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Significant majority rates MERIT taste equal to-or better than-leading high tars.

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Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—  
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100's Men: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine  
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'79

all hamburgers have been formed. Heat oil in large skillet. Fry hamburgers about 2 minutes on each side. Serve with sauce.

## KIM CHEE

1 head Chinese cabbage  
 1/2 lb. white turnip, peeled  
 3 tablespoons salt  
 4 scallions (including green), sliced in 1 1/2-in. lengths  
 1-2 large cloves garlic, finely chopped  
 1 teaspoon grated fresh ginger  
 1 tablespoon cayenne pepper  
 Cold water  
 Cut cabbage into 2-in. squares. Cut turnip lengthwise, then crosswise into thin slices. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons salt and mix well. Let stand about 20

minutes. Rinse well in cold water; drain. Mix in remaining tablespoon salt, scallions, garlic, ginger and cayenne pepper. Transfer to 1-quart jar. Add enough cold water to cover vegetables, leaving 1/2 in. headroom at top. Cover jar and store in cool place several days or until mixture is sufficiently sharp. Refrigerate. Ideal place for storing *kim chee* as it's ripening is in cool shed—apart from house. If you lack such facilities, you're on your own.

## DAK BOKUM

(Korean Braised Chicken)  
 (Serves three to four)

3 medium-size dried Oriental mushrooms

1 lb. boned and skinned chicken breast, cut into 2" x 1/4" strips  
 Marinade: 3 tablespoons soy sauce, 1 tablespoon sesame oil, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 crushed cloves garlic, 1 teaspoon grated fresh ginger, several grinds pepper  
 2 tablespoons sesame or vegetable oil  
 1 medium-size onion, sliced  
 3 small carrots, peeled and shredded  
 1 green pepper, thinly sliced  
 3 tablespoons chicken broth or bouillon  
 1/2 lb. zucchini, shredded  
 2-3 scallions (including green), thinly sliced

2 tablespoons toasted sesame seeds  
 Everything should be cut up, ready to go, before starting to cook. Soak mushrooms in hot water for about 20 minutes. Cover chicken strips with marinade; let stand about 20 minutes. Drain mushrooms and cut into thin strips, discarding stems. Heat 1 tablespoon oil in wok or skillet. Add chicken and cook, stirring, until pieces turn opaque. Remove chicken from pan. Add remaining tablespoon oil to pan; add mushrooms, onion, carrots, green pepper. Cook, stirring, 2 minutes. Add broth, cover pan; cook 2 minutes more. Return chicken to pan; add zucchini, scallions and sesame seeds. Cook, stirring, 2 minutes more. Serve with rice.

The marinade for this classic Korean dish is from Arirang House, one of New York's oldest Korean restaurants.

## KALBI KUI

(Broiled Short Ribs)  
 (Serves three to four)

3 lbs. beef short ribs  
 3/4 cup beef broth  
 1/4 cup soy sauce  
 1/4 cup Mirin wine or cocktail sherry  
 1 tablespoon sugar  
 2 teaspoons olive or vegetable oil  
 1 teaspoon sesame oil  
 2 cloves garlic, crushed  
 4 scallions (including some green), finely chopped  
 2 tablespoons toasted sesame seeds, crushed  
 Several grinds black pepper

Have short ribs chopped into 2 1/2-to-3-in. squares. Trim excess fat, then make deep crisscross slashes in meat, almost to bone. Marinate ribs for at least 1 hour in mixture of remaining ingredients. Remove ribs from marinade and broil on charcoal grill, turning occasionally to brown all sides, until medium rare, about 15 minutes. (Overcooking tends to toughen meat.)

These cuisines are allegedly so sensuous that Oriental businessmen customarily rush off to massage parlors for dessert. Betcha Fannie Farmer never heard of that!

## HOW TO READ THAI, KOREAN AND VIETNAMESE MENUS

While menu items often have explanatory subtitles, the definitions given below should be of further help in cluing you in to popular dishes and styles of preparation. Since spelling is phonetic, listings may vary from restaurant to restaurant. In Thai restaurants, be sure to ask which dishes are extra spicy, if they're not marked with a star or another symbol.

## THAI

*Gai Pad Kaprow*: Chicken sautéed with basil and chili.  
*Kaw Pad*: Fried rice.  
*Kung Pad Ped*: Shrimps sautéed with curry, coconut milk.  
*Moo Pad Prik*: Pork sautéed with hot chili and onion.  
*Neau Pad King*: Beef sautéed with ginger.  
*Pad Thai*: Sautéed rice noodles with shrimps, bean curd, bean sprouts, egg.  
*Pla Jain*: Whole red snapper fried with shredded pork, mushrooms, ginger.  
*Tod Mun Pla*: Fried minced kingfish, seasoned with curry; served with cucumber sauce.  
*Yam Neau*: Salad of sliced beef; dressing seasoned with lemon grass, lemon or lime juice, chili.

## KOREAN

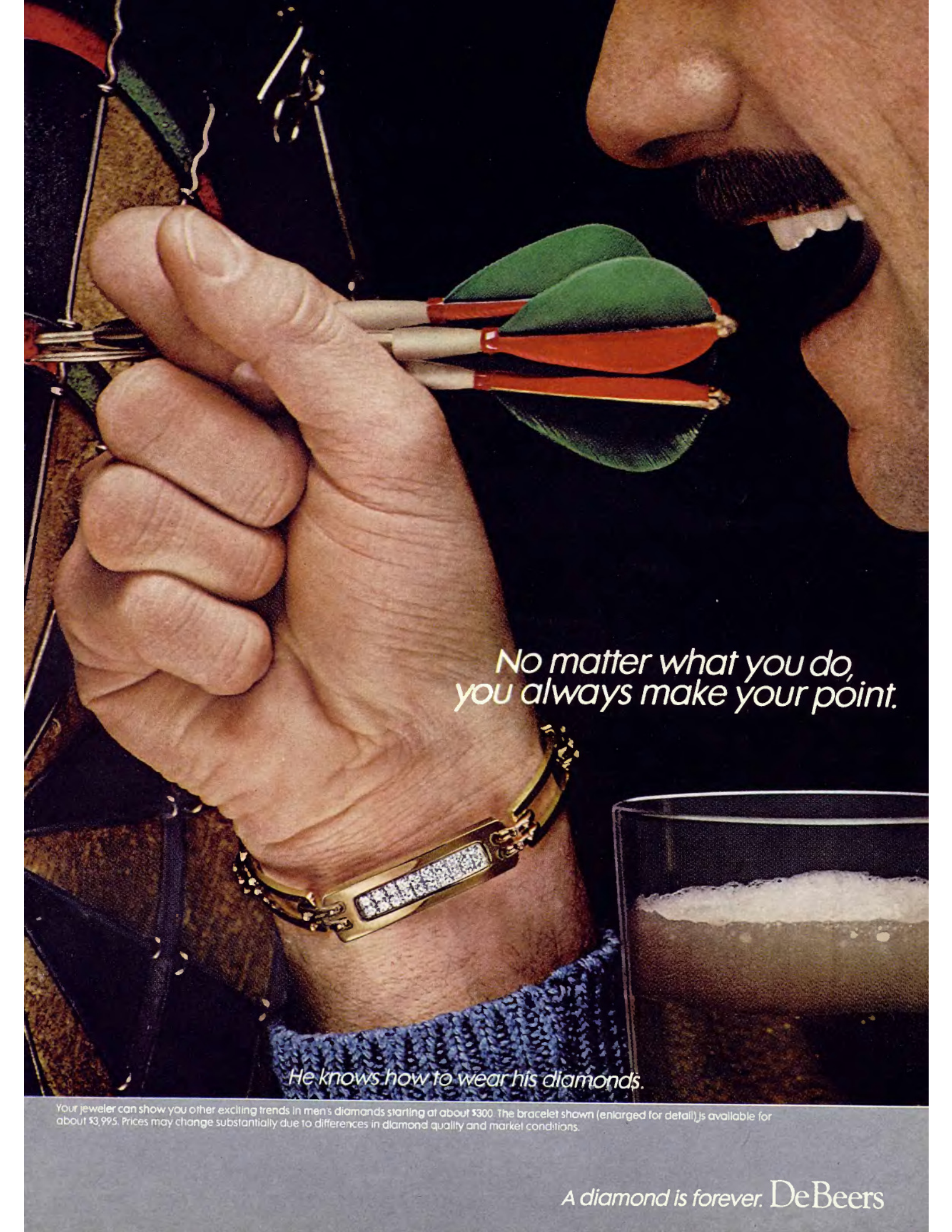
*Dak Chim*: Chicken sautéed and served with sweet-and-sour sauce.  
*Kujol Pan*: Thin pancakes served with selection of fillings—beef shreds, shredded vegetables, bean sprouts, etc.; sometimes presented in compartmented dish. Also, a single filled pancake.  
*Mandu Kuk*: Dumplings in broth.  
*Mandu Tuikim*: Dumplings filled with meat and vegetables and fried.  
*Pul Koki*: Thin strips of beef, marinated in soy-sesame sauce and grilled.  
*Saewu Tuikim*: Batter-fried butterflied shrimps.  
*San Juk*: Grilled skewered beef and vegetables; seasoning similar to that of *Pul Koki*.  
*Sin Sul Lo*: Angel Pot, similar to Chinese hot pot, filled with layers of meats and vegetables in seasoned broth. Cooking finished at table.

## VIETNAMESE

*Banh Pâté Chaud*: Well-seasoned ground beef in patty shell (French influence).  
*Banh Xeo*: Shrimp-and-pork pancake. Name refers to sizzling sound of frying pancake.  
*Cha Gio*: Imperial Roll—similar to Chinese egg roll but more delicate. Filling wrapped in rice paper, fried, then rolled in lettuce leaf with condiments.  
*Com Chien*: Fried rice. Name is followed by principal ingredient—*ga*, chicken; *bo*, beef; *tom*, shrimps; *xac xiu*, pork.  
*Ga Rut Xuong*: Boneless chicken stuffed with *pâté*-like filling; garnished with raw vegetables.  
*Mi Xao*: Fried noodles. Name is followed by principal ingredient, as in *Com Chien*.  
*Pho Ga*: Beef noodle soup. Broth, noodles, fresh vegetables and seasonings are assembled just before serving.






A close-up photograph of a man's face and hand. He has a thick, dark mustache and is looking down with a slight smile. He is holding a dart with green fletching and a red shaft. On his wrist, he wears a gold-colored bracelet with a central rectangular section set with a row of diamonds. In the bottom right corner, a glass of dark beer with a thick white head of foam is visible. The background is dark and out of focus.

*No matter what you do,  
you always make your point.*

*He knows how to wear his diamonds.*

Your jeweler can show you other exciting trends in men's diamonds starting at about \$300. The bracelet shown (enlarged for detail) is available for about \$3,995. Prices may change substantially due to differences in diamond quality and market conditions.

*A diamond is forever. DeBeers*



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# PLAYBOY

## ON · THE · SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### HABITAT

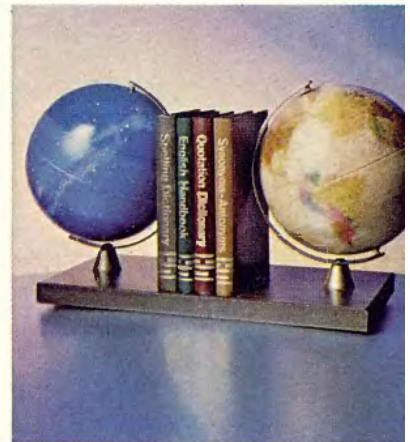
## AS THE WORLD TURNS

Men of the world know that there's a global movement afoot. Good-looking spheres in a variety of sizes, from a jumbo Italian-made model that does double duty as a bar holding bottles, ice and glasses to a futuristic earth-in-space style that displays stars, clusters and constellations have come out of the classroom and into the pad as a romantic (and practical) alternative to a piece of sculpture. Of course, you may not care that Rangoon, Burma, is on the opposite side of the earth from Kingston, Jamaica, but that lovely young thing lounging by the fire just might. So don't just sit there, give globes a whirl.



Above: Closed, this 32-inch-high old-world globe bar shows an antiqued world map that's been hand-painted by Italian craftsmen; opened, it's a nifty bar with room for six bottles of your favorite wine or liquor, an ice bucket that's removable and plenty of glasses, from Hammacher Schlemmer, New York, \$395.

Below left: Standing 20 inches high on a wood-and-brass base, this antique-style globe shows the modern world in relief and features hundreds of place names, from Top Brass, Chicago, \$175. Below right: Twin six-inch earth and celestial book-end globes come with a spelling dictionary, English handbook, books of synonyms/antonyms and quotations, by Replogle Globes, \$40.



Below left: You'll flip when you flip the top of this 16-inch-high Italian-made old-world globe with authentic descriptions and decorations and discover an ice bucket inside, from Marshall Field, Chicago, \$100. Below right: Acrylic 20-inch globe within a globe shows earth, 1100 stars, nebulae, clusters and constellations; comes with dawn-to-dusk arc, instant geographic location pointer, magnetic compass, manual, by Edmund Scientific, \$285.



VON

## AND THE BOOT GOES ON

**A**lthough it began as something of a fad, the phenomenon of the cowboy boot as citywear shows no signs of walking off into the sunset. Any explanation as to why this peculiar trend continues to sit tall in the saddle would have to include the fact that cowboy boots are surprisingly comfortable (after they've been broken in), eminently practical (they keep your feet high and dry) and psychologically satisfying

(there's a little John Wayne in all of us). But another aspect of their popularity is coming to light as designers create the next generation of boots, looks that are prized for their tooled artwork as well as for their practicality. Through a combination of exotic materials and colors, intricate patterns and designs, cowboy boots have become a means of urbane self-expression. Ain't that a kick in the head, Hoppy?  
—DAVID PLATT





Above left: Something to kick up your heels over, pardner—a pair of Tony Lama eel and kitty-tan cowhide silver-stitched boots, \$185. Above center: We doubt if you'll be out mending barbed-wire fences in these pin ostrich/calfskin boots with contrast trim, by Lucchese Boot, \$500. Above right: Ride 'em, cowboy—right down to the nearest saloon in a pair of fancy iguana lizard/calfskin boots with stitched trim and rounded toes and leather soles and heels, by Justin Boot, about \$209.

Left: Here's a filly with a lot of pull. What's she come to grips with? Nothing less than a pair of pointy-toed cowhide/calfskin boots with multicolor stitching and an underlay design, by Ralph Lauren, about \$195. Near right: Float like a butterfly in these round-toed cowhide boots with multicolor inlaid butterfly pattern, by Texas Brand Boots, about \$115. Far right: Saddle cowhide boots with contrast stitching and an underlay design, by Wrangler, about \$72.



Below left: Darth Vader, eat your heart out! These black calfskin hightops with silver piping and studded decorative trim, designed by Beverly Feldman, about \$200, are for the good guys. Below center: You think peanut brittle's for kids? Not when you pull on a pair of peanut-brittle-colored lizard/kiddie boots, by Nocona Boot Co., \$221. Below right: Wide-toed perforated nubuck suede cowhide/urethane boots with decorative trim, from Laredo Western Boots by Cedar Crest, \$66.



RICHARD IZUI

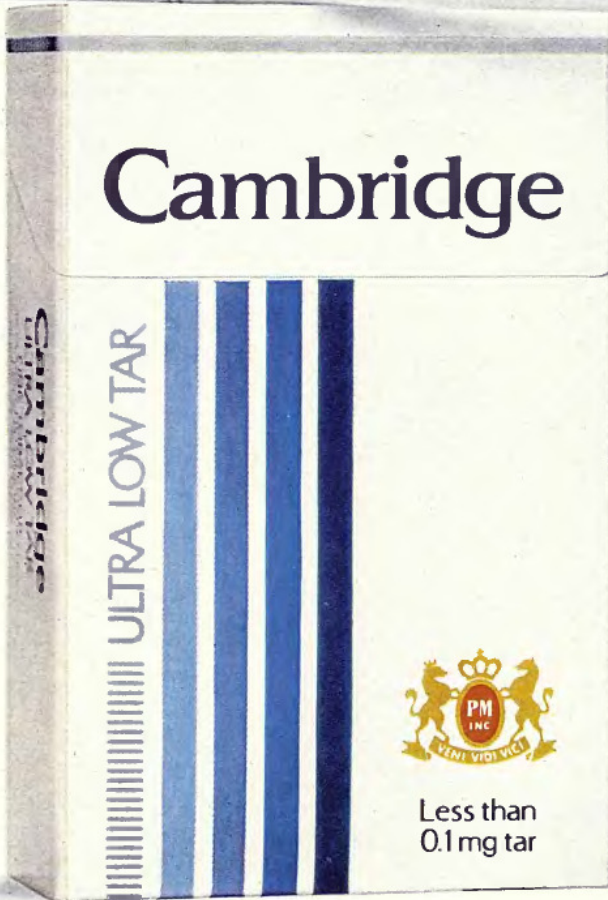
## DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

Many business days in fall and winter call for numerous trips in and out of doors. For me, lugging around and putting on and taking off a heavy top-coat is too much hassle. I stay just as warm in all but the most frigid conditions by putting on several layers of clothes. The secret is to capture body heat among the loose layers. With a T-shirt, shirt, sleeveless cardigan, jacket (especially one with a functional throat latch), light-weight scarf (knotted outdoors, folded loosely for a cravat indoors—or pocketed) and light-weight gloves (stuffed casually in the breast pocket while indoors), you'll be comfortable and in style as you breeze by the coat-check line.

One solution to the I-can't-put-it-all-together fashion hang-up is to mix shades of a single color. For example, with a gray-flannel suit, use a slate-gray-silk shirt, houndstooth/herringbone gray-tweed sweater or vest, aluminum-satin tie and gray-suede shoes. Add a silver lapel pin and/or a pink pocket square. Pure style.

There is a technique to achieving the desirable dimple beneath the knot of a necktie. First measure a tie you've been wearing from the tip to the point just below where it is usually knotted. Using that length for any new ties (the point at the top is where you want the dimple), grab the tie on either side of the point and give it a couple of snaps to set the lining. Then set your forefinger at the dimple point and squeeze the fabric into rolls from either side. With a tie clip clamped from the back, let the dimple set overnight. The procedure works particularly well with silk, which has the best "memory."

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**Box: Less than  
0.1 mg tar.**

**Cambridge Soft Pack:** For easy-drawing smoking satisfaction in an ultra low tar cigarette. Only 1 mg tar.

**Cambridge 100's:** For satisfying tobacco taste in a longer length, ultra low tar cigarette. Only 4 mg tar.



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

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Box: Less than 0.1 mg "tar," 0.01 mg nicotine—Soft Pack: 1 mg "tar," 0.1 mg nicotine—100's: 4 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

## WHEELS

# ENGLISH DARE: FRENCH FLAIR

**R**enewed Anglo-French hostilities have flared up on Stateside soil as a pair of fine new midrange sedans start rolling off the boats. France's Peugeot 505 replaces the 12-year-old 504, while England's Jaguar Rover Triumph brings the Rover name plate back to America after a nine-year absence.

These two machines have much in common, yet each is unique in its own way. Both have engines up front and drive wheels out back in defiance of the world-wide trend to front-wheel drive, yet both boast excellent interior room and comfort for their size. Both offer outstanding ride, handling and braking with power rack-and-pinion steering and power front disc brakes, the Peugeot's independent rear suspension and four-wheel discs giving it the edge in technology if not in performance. Both also feature standard five-speed manual transmissions and optional three-speed automatics.

But far different are the design and marketing philosophies behind the two. The French 505 is intended as a near-perfect compromise sedan, neither too big nor too small. Reasonable performance paired with reasonable economy for the fuel-conscious Eighties. A practical family four-door that's also willing, agile and fun to drive when you want to make like Mario Andretti. The British 3500, essentially a budget Jaguar, is aimed squarely at the individual who

wants exciting sports-car looks and performance yet needs sedan or wagon practicality on occasion.

The sleek, sexy Rover has the boxier Peugeot beat in usable cargo space, thanks to its handy hatchback and fold-down rear seat, but the taller Peugeot is a bit more airy and spacious inside for four or five adults. At ten seconds zero to 60 for the 148-hp V8-powered Rover vs. about 14 seconds for the four-cylinder Peugeot, there's no contest in straight-line performance, but they'll both deliver 20-mpg fuel economy in everyday driving. Only the Peugeot, however, offers an optional diesel engine for 29-mpg—or better—economy.

The Peugeot 505 competes in the \$11,000–\$13,000 range with such other imports as Saab's 900, Volvo's GL and Audi's 5000; but JRT believes its fully loaded \$16,000 Rover should draw from a variety of people and products: Audi, Volvo or Saab owners moving up to something more exciting; Datsun 280ZX, Corvette or Porsche 924 people going to something more practical; potential BMW or Mercedes buyers opting for something equally exciting but a lot less costly.

Neither is likely to be everyone's cup of tea or glass of Bordeaux, but we like them both for entirely different reasons—and after a test drive we're convinced you will, too. Pass the crumpets and croissants. —GARY WITZENBURG



Left and above: Ah, those independent French; not only will the new Peugeot 505 carry four to five adults in sedanlike comfort but it will also corner like a Formula machine (well, almost) when you push it up through its five-speed gearbox that's combined with a Bosch K-Jetronic fuel-injection system. Inside are fully adjustable bucket seats. The price for this Gallic hummer—about \$12,000.

Right and below: Yes, this low-slung, sexy-looking \$16,000 machine is a Rover. Under that sloping hood is a 148-hp V8 engine and beneath the hatchback is 34 cubic feet of cargo space. Settle into the well-appointed cockpit and you can hit 60 mph in just ten seconds. Gentlemen, start your engines.





## Peek-a-Boob

MORGAN FAIRCHILD (with boyfriend ERIK BORMAN, below) made a big splash in the TV miniseries *The Dream Merchants* last spring. Now she's co-starring in an NBC series called *Flamingo Road*. Your Grapevine gang always gets a kick out of these almost perfect publicity shots: She's dressed to the teeth and discreetly falling out of her dress!



IMAGES FROM KENNETH

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## Ain't Nothing Like the Real Thing

We thought our May Playmate, Martha Thomsen, was pretty spectacular. We had no idea she was making strong men short of breath. But a picture is worth a thousand words, right? We hope singer MARVIN GAYE revives in time for his next series of concert dates.



## The Great Pretenders

Cream rises—even punk cream. Look at Debbie Harry. She's considered too mainstream these days. But THE PRETENDERS, below, are just about perfect. American Chrissie Hynde and her British cohorts, James Honeyman-Scott, Pete Farndon and Martin Chambers, are now *the* tough act to follow. Obviously, things are looking up.

© 1980 ROBERT A. MATHEU





### Don't Squeeze the Charmin

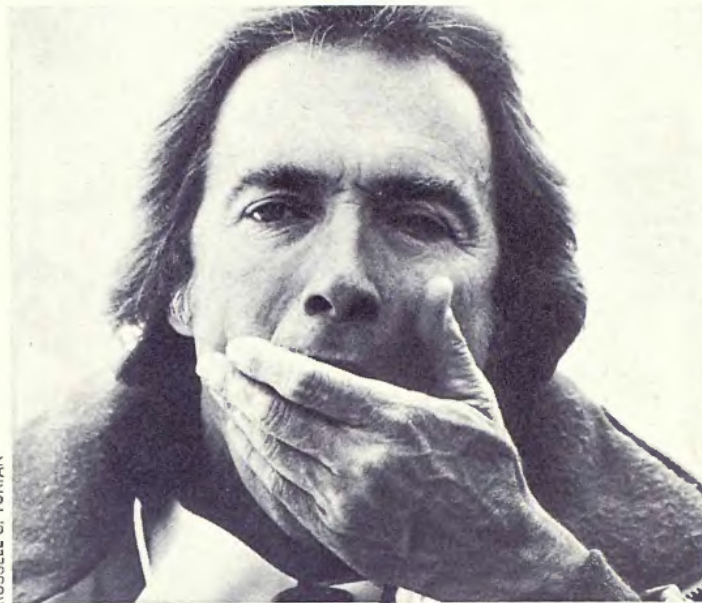
Evita's PATTI LUPONE (above left) is the toast of Broadway, but she's still checking out the competition. The competition here is CHARLES PIERCE, a wickedly funny female impersonator. Patti's got the glitz, but Charles is our celebrity breast of the month.



SCOTT DOWNIE/A&E'S ANGELS

### Who, Me, Auteur?

Time was when a Clint Eastwood movie meant one squinty-eyed expression, a whole lot of violence and millions of bucks at the box office—while the critics gnashed their teeth. Now the tables are turning. Director/star Eastwood's most recent release, *Bronco Billy*, got raves from the critics—but a lukewarm reception at the ticket windows. Can't please 'em all.



RUSSELL C. TURIKAK

### The Mouth That Roared

There is just something about the Sha Na Na guys—probably that you *still* couldn't take them home to Mother. Not even BOWSER here, who got dressed up to cruise for burgers.

SCOTT DOWNIE/A&E'S ANGELS



### A Star Is Shorn

Actress BARBARA CARRERA got her locks cut for the new Disney spy movie, *Condorman*. She'll be disguised in a blonde wig. We'd recognize her anyway, because back in 1977 she took the towel off for us.

## HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS

With all of the obscure areas of study that abound, we're glad to see scientists focusing on something we've contributed data to for years—flirting. Biologist Timothy Perper and anthropologist V. Susan Fox pooled disciplines to analyze how people flirt in bars. After spending 350 hours at singles bars in New York and New Jersey (obviously



Some people just write us mush letters. But Pam Thompson, a California horse trainer, told us we're near and dear to her heart by way of tattoo. Does this mean we're going steady?

giving no thought to their reputations), they've detected three distinct stages of flirtation. First comes the *approach* stage, that chest-stilling moment when the would-be suitor (female 50 percent of the time) quells all sane impulses, turns to the object of desire and ventures an opening line, such as, "Think the rain'll hurt the rhubarb?" or "Weren't you in Cannes last spring?" The poetry and meter of that opening line, according to the research team, doesn't matter much. It's merely a way to get to step two, *pivoting*—moving from side by side to face to face. Doesn't sound so tough, but sometimes it takes up to an hour of small but meaningful gestures before the partners are facing each other. The important thing here is reciprocation: She shifts her hip toward him, he puts his drink in the other hand; reaching for an ash-tray, she accidentally brushes against him, he smiles. This activity leads to stage three: *synchronization*, when the couple settle into a rhythmic "two for the seesaw" mimicry of each other. He takes a drink, she takes a drink; she runs her fingers through her hair, he fingers his hair; monkey see, monkey do. They even sway in unison. We'd call that a commitment. What you do next is entirely up to you.

Passivity doesn't work, whether you're the flirter or the flirtee, says Perper. If you want to make new friends,

you've got to make gestures and actively respond to cues from others. His advice to men: Don't be pushy, but don't freeze, either.

## WHO NEEDS BIRTH CONTROL? WE'VE GOT JESUS

Sociologists at Western Washington University claim there's a direct correlation between religious involvement and lack of sexual activity—at least among college students. In a study of 290 females and 151 males, mostly freshmen, researchers supplied their heterosexual subjects with questionnaires assessing their sexual experience and their religious intensity. We don't know about religion, but the college freshmen we know would write a book about their sex lives if we let them. Our condolences to the researchers. Questionnaire results indicated that religious students did less of everything sexual than their less religious classmates. Religious males, though, showed substantial oral-sex activity, with no corresponding activity among religious females. We can only conclude that either somebody's lying or boy believers have been cavorting with flesh outside the faith. Also, a reverse order of sexual initiation takes

place among male religious types. Whereas most adolescents experience sex with penetration some time before oral sex, religious boys experience oral sex first. Researchers theorize that this is the old *technical virgin* routine—you come awfully close to doing it but stay within the letter of canonical law. This makes us think twice about those hotel-room Gideon Bibles. Suppose it's some sort of oral-sex fanatic fringe?

## UNDERCOVER DETECTIVE

Doubtless, by now you've heard about that bra insert designed to detect breast cancer in its preliminary stages. A great idea, and there goes the no-bra look. Not so. We checked



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with Fabergé, Inc., which has acquired rights to the device, and found that women will have to wear it a mere 15 minutes for its thermal sensors to detect early formation of malignant tissue. Experts predict that detection at an early stage could save lives and a fashion trend we've become rather fond of.

## T-SHIRT OF THE MONTH



Don't keep your tongue to yourself, says this T-shirt, \$16 from Moonraker, 6930 N. Glenwood, Chicago, Illinois 60626.

## SEX TEXT

Barron's Educational Series has brought out a fairly comprehensive guide to the revolts and skirmishes of the sexual revolution called *Sexuality: The Human Perspective*, by Gary F. Kelly. The book profiles most of the pillars of the sex-research community. Questionnaires and self-awareness exercises provide some entertainment, while solid information on venereal diseases and birth-control methods makes it a valuable read.



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## NEXT MONTH:



GOVERNMENT WOMEN



CINEMA SEX



ERSATZ GIRL



RAT BOOGIE

**"HOW WASHINGTON WORKS: A MESSAGE TO OUR NEXT PRESIDENT"**—RUNNING THE COUNTRY'S A BREEZE COMPARED WITH RUNNING THE NATION'S CAPITAL. A LOOK AT THE REAL SEPARATION OF POWERS IN THE TOWN THAT MAKES ITS OWN RULES—BY **NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN**. PLUS: **"TEN TOUGH WASHINGTONIANS TELL HOW THINGS GET DONE"**—D.C.'s COGNOSCENTI REVEAL THE POWER CONNECTIONS—BY CONTRIBUTING EDITOR **PETER ROSS RANGE**

**"WOMEN IN GOVERNMENT"**—ALONG WITH THE POWER COMES THE GLORY. HERE ARE SOME OF THE WOMEN WHO MAKE WASHINGTON A TRULY CAPITAL CITY

**"PLAYING WITH PAIN"**—THERE'S A FIERCE BATTLE BREWING BETWEEN PLAYERS AND MANAGEMENT AND IT'S HEADED FOR THE COURTROOM. A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE PLAYERS WHO ARE MAD AS HELL AND AREN'T GOING TO TAKE IT ANYMORE—BY **RICHARD MACKENZIE**

**"IT'S NO FUN BEING A GIRL"**—IN QUEST OF A BREAST, OUR DAUNTLESS REPORTER TAKES YOU ON A TOUR OF TRANSVESTITES' DELIGHT, PROVINCETOWN'S FANTASIA FAIR. PLUS: **"A SHOPPING TRIP TO SAKS"**—WHERE D. (FOR DEIRDRE) KEITH TAKES HIS/HER FORM TO THE RACKS—BY **D. KEITH MANO**

**"THE LITTLE GUY VS. THE FINANCIAL EXPERTS"**—A SIDE-BY-SIDE RUNDOWN OF THE CONFLICTING INFORMATION AVAILABLE IN SELF-HELP BUSINESS BOOKS THESE DAYS. THIS MAY BE THE ARTICLE THAT'LL SAVE YOUR ASSETS—BY **ASA BABER**

**"RAT TOWN BOOGIE"**—A STONED HIPPIE HAULING A LOAD OF HALLUCINOGENS GETS STUCK IN A REDNECK TOWN IN A VERY FUNNY STORY—BY **ANDY STONE**

**"SEX IN CINEMA—1980"**—FROM THE LOOKS OF IT, HOLLYWOOD'S HOTTER THAN EVER. OUR ANNUAL TRIBUTE TO THE SILVER SCREEN'S SCINTILLATING HIGHLIGHTS—BY **ARTHUR KNIGHT**

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<b>Carlton Box (lowest of all brands)</b>	<b>less than 0.01</b>	<b>0.002</b>
<b>Carlton Soft Pack</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>0.1</b>
<b>Carlton 100's Box</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>0.1</b>
<b>Carlton 100's Soft Pack</b>	<b>less than 6</b>	<b>0.5</b>
Kent	11	0.9
Kent 100's	14	1.0
Merit	8	0.6
Merit 100's	10	0.7
Vantage	11	0.8
Vantage 100's	12	0.9
Winston Lights	14	1.1
Winston Lights 100's	13	1.0



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