

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1980 • \$2.50

Special Valentine Issue

SUZANNE SOMERS' NUDE PLAYMATE TEST
TEN GLORIOUS PAGES OF TV'S HOTTEST SEX STAR

Plus: Romance in the Fast Lane — a Concorde Weekend in Paris ♥ Playboy's Guide to the Winter Olympics ♥ A Rousing Look at the Year in Sex ♥ William F. Buckley, Jr.'s Latest Spy Thriller ♥ The Slick New Face of the K.K.K. ♥ Top Presidential Advisor Patrick Caddell Interviewed



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PLAYBILL

IT'S FEBRUARY, the month when mementos of affection are passed between the sexes. So why are some women sending us brickbats instead of valentines? It seems certain segments of the women's movement, justifiably concerned about the national increase in the incidence of rape, have begun calling for an end to (what they call) pornography, on the assumption that it leads to rape. **Robert Shea** looks at all sides of the issue, including the consequences of a censorship revival, in *Women at War* (illustrated by **Eraldo Carugati**).

Speaking of revivals, it's going to be hard for Jimmy Carter to revive himself in the polls before the election, but, if there's one man who can help him do it, he's the subject of this month's *Playboy Interview*, elite pollster **Patrick Caddell**. Washington-based Contributing Editor **Peter Ross Range** chased Caddell for nearly a month to get his conversation on tape.

Quite a different breed of cat is **David Duke**, the charismatic young leader of the revived Ku Klux Klan. **Harry Crews** spent several weeks traveling with the Grand Wizard to write *The Buttdown Terror of David Duke*, illustrated by **Joann Daley**. Crews, a past PLAYBOY contributor and a good ol' boy himself, recently published *A Childhood*, his powerful autobiographical memoir. And while we're on the subject of danger, **John Skow** literally threw himself into the world of downhill ski racers to write *It Takes a Mountain* for our special winter Olympics warm-up (in which **Anson Mount** predicts the medal winners in *The Winter Olympics: Playboy's Picks*). Skow, a skier for many years, actually made it down a frozen race course that had been declared unsafe for competition. He survived the run intact.

While Skow was taking flight over the snow, Travel Editor **Stephen Birnbaum** was taking a flight away from it—to Paris. Not that it doesn't snow in Paris, but it just so happened that the weekend Steve was there, the weather was beautiful. How does one go to Paris for a weekend, you wonder? By Concorde, of course. Sound good? You won't know how good until you read Birnbaum's *To Paris—with Love and the Concorde*, with photography compliments of Staff Photographer **Richard Fegley** and Photo Manager **James Larson**. If arm-chair adventure is the only kind you can afford right now, settle back and read *Who's on First* (illustrated by **Sandra Hendler**), our excerpt from **William F. Buckley, Jr.**'s new novel (of the same title) soon to be published by Doubleday. If you're prone toward more contemplative adventures, you've no doubt heard the old Zen riddle *Does a Tree Falling Alone in a Forest Make Any Sound?* You haven't heard it? Well, anyway, **Shel Silverstein** has the answer in this month's cartoon, the latest taken from his recent collection, *Different Dances*, published by Harper & Row. And before we leave the subject of sedentary pleasures, movie lovers will no doubt appreciate our new system of rating the flicks. Beginning in this issue, Contributing Movie Editor **Bruce Williamson** will give films from one to four Rabbits (what else?) with his reviews.

And, finally, to keep you warm during this chilly season, we have three hot pictorials. First, there's this issue's big surprise, the *Suzanne Somers Playmate Test*, photographed by **Stan Malinowski**. Yes, we mean the *Suzanne Somers*, and if you like Suzanne, you've been waiting to see a pictorial like this for a long, long time. Next, there's *The Year in Sex*, researched by Assistant Photography Editor **Patty Beaudet**, Assistant Editors **Tom Passavant** and **Kate Nolan** and Researcher **Jackie Formeller**, written by Senior Editor **Gretchen McNeese** and laid out by Senior Art Director **Chet Suski**. And last but not least, warm the cockles of your heart with our Playmate of the Month, **Sandy Cagle**, photographed by Staff Photographer **Pompeo Posar**. If that doesn't satisfy your cupidity, you'll have to find your own valentine.



SHEA



CARUGATI



BIRNBAUM



LARSON, FEGLEY



CREWS



BUCKLEY



HENDLER



MOUNT



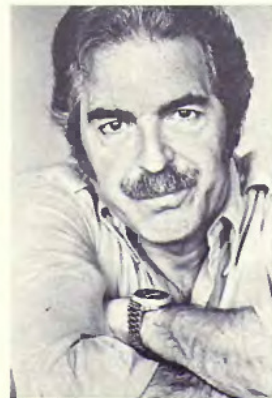
SKOW



MALINOWSKI



RANGE



POSAR



PASSAVANT, NOLAN, MC NEESE, BEAUDET, SUSKI

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PLAYBOY®

vol. 27, no. 2—february, 1980

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COVER STORY

Executive Art Director Tom Staebler designed and photographed this portrait of December 1979 Playmate Candace Collins' hypnotic peepers. Tom asked Candy to look into the camera and "think PLAYBOY," and immediately her eyes lit up with . . . what else?

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Consumer Orientation

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3

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5 Exhaust Outlet

6 Turbine

3 Compressor

1 Fresh Air

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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

DINAH DOES DISHES

Hef and many of the Playmates who attended the Playmate Reunion at the Mansion West were also featured on Dinah Shore's *Dinah and Friends!* The blond with the glasses in the upper center of the photo was never a Playmate; he is and always has been Paul Williams.



PLAYMATES KEEP BUSY WITH CHICKS AND CHAMPS

At right, Playmate Debra Jo Fondren as she appears in a Budweiser promotional poster proclaiming that "The best chicks come from Texas." Debra Jo later told us, "I was sitting on the floor with 250 baby chicks. You can imagine what they were doing all over my hair." Below, Monique St. Pierre spars with Muhammad Ali during the weigh-in ceremonies before with Lyle



Alli during ceremonies before his fight with Alzado.



CASINO GOING UP

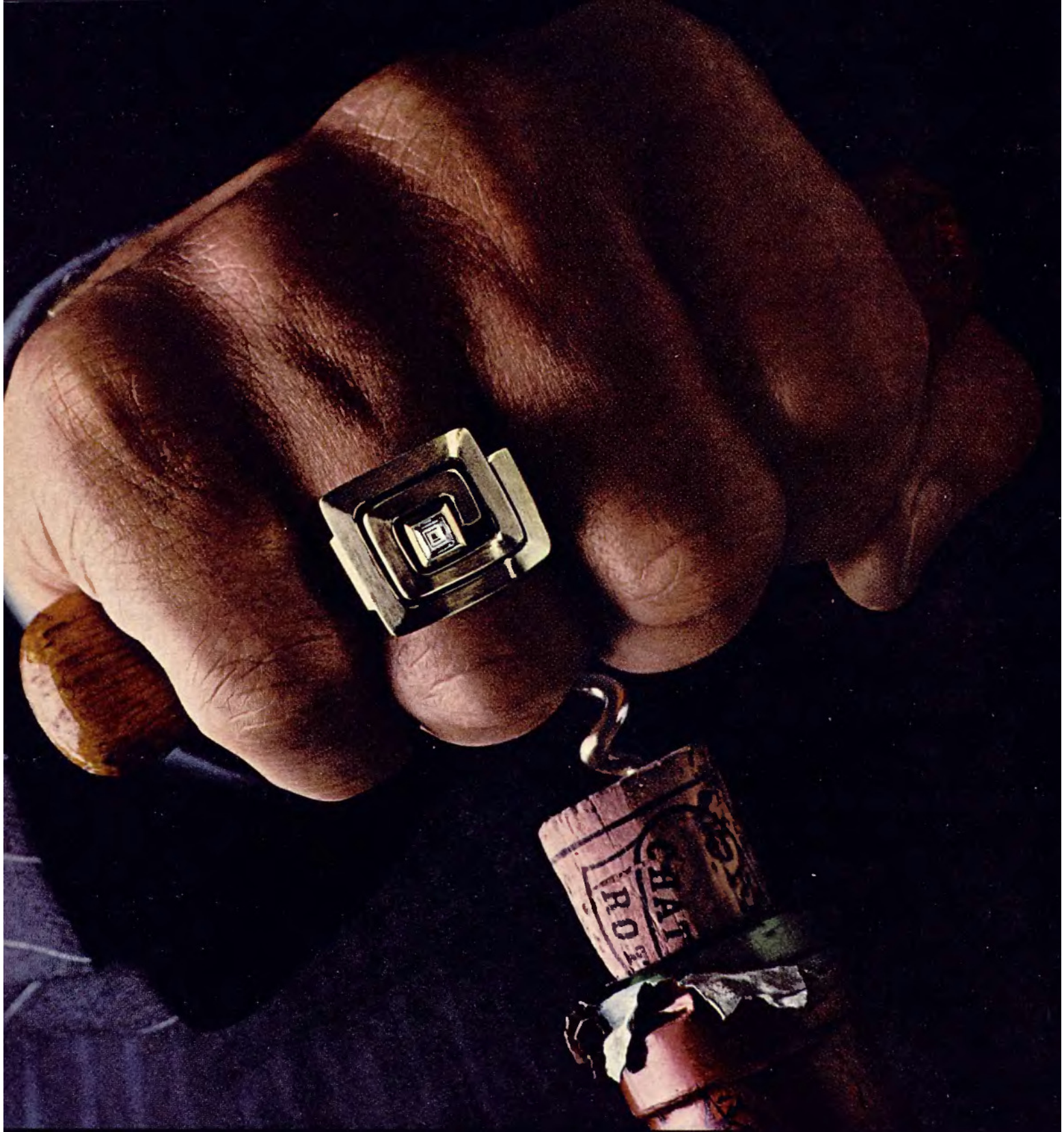
With the Atlantic City Playboy hotel, casino and club filling in the background, some Bunnies fill out the foreground (below). The complex, due to be completed in early fall, is a joint venture by Elsinore Corporation and Playboy Enterprises.



L.A. CLUBBINESS

Hef and show-stopping Playmate Sondra Theodore attended the opening of Juliette Bora's three-week engagement at the Los Angeles Playboy Club (below). Miss Bora was a smash.





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MONDO CONDO

Asa Baber's *The Condominium Conspiracy* in your November issue is an excellent article by a great journalist. I wonder, though, if more rules and regulations are the answer to the condominium conspiracy. Big developers always find and use to their advantage loopholes in new regulations. As Baber points out, it is Government rules that make monopolies possible and even help them thrive. The basis of this conspiracy is, as he also shows, the tax laws. A very important lesson to be learned is that the power to tax is the power to control and ultimately the power to destroy. As un-American as it may seem, taxation may just be the biggest threat to personal freedom by the Federal Government that exists today.

Martin Tice
College, Alaska

PLAYBOY is to be commended for alerting its readers to the very great consumer risks inherent in the condominium-conversion process. You will probably be pleased to know that the PLAYBOY article (immediately after its publication) was cited in a course on condominium conversions given by the University of California Extension on October 12 in Oakland. Thanks for an excellent article.

Gary A. Patton, Supervisor
County of Santa Cruz
Santa Cruz, California

By and large, apartment owners would be quite happy to continue holding their buildings as investments, if they were able to raise their rents periodically to cover their sharply increased operating expenses. After all, that is why they got into the business in the first place; to hold the buildings for income and, it's hoped, some capital appreciation. The problem from the building owners' point of view is that while operating costs

continue to go up dramatically, it is becoming politically difficult to raise rents proportionately. Even though rents have moved up quite dramatically in most cities over the past decade, they have still not come anywhere close to the general level of cost-of-living increases, and, in fact, rental apartments today are one of the big bargains in North America.

Stephen A. Hynes
West Vancouver, British Columbia

THE OLD BALL GAME

Your interview with Masters and Johnson, "the dynamic duo" of sex research, in the November issue is, pardon the pun, a masterpiece. Speaking of puns, William Masters' seemingly unintentional pun on page 122 is a gem. While commenting on the difference between Alfred Kinsey's research procedures and those of his and Virginia Johnson's, Dr. Masters says having people demonstrate sexual behavior rather than simply talk about it is "a different ball game." If the good doctor ever tires of documenting the sexual proclivities of human beings, he can always write for Henny Youngman.

Mark Fulton
Pitman, New Jersey

I must applaud James Petersen for venturing into this enlightening conversation with Masters and Johnson. Obviously, PLAYBOY knew who was qualified to be its Advisor for the past six and a half years and this informative interview confirms his qualifications. I only wish the research knowledge of Masters and Johnson could be taught to all parents so they could pass on the "secrets of incredible sex" to all children.

A. Baitinger
Utica, Michigan

I'll be very direct: My husband subscribes to PLAYBOY and when asked by

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me and my friends why he does, just like the majority of men, his reply has been "for the interesting articles." Well, as you must know, the typical female reaction is that is bullshit! But now, after reading the November *Playboy Interview* with Masters and Johnson (the blurb on the cover drew me directly to the interview), I take back my remark. That interview is long past due. All I can say is I'm very thankful for and pleased with what I read. The interview says it all. Masters and Johnson are two of the most intelligent and interesting people I have ever come across. Thank you again and my sincere apology for thinking that your magazine was strictly of voyeuristic value. I also promise to renew my husband's subscription.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

CLAUDIA

I cannot describe the shock I felt when I heard the news that Claudia Jennings had been killed in an automobile crash on October third. Of all your Playmates, I can't think of a single one who has gone on to earn such a place of distinction and fame through her talents and achievements. I am certain that, had she had the time, she would have gone on to great motion-picture stardom. Anyone who ever saw her in any of her films had to admit that she displayed great talent and potential.

Gary R. Huff
Springfield, Illinois

So soon she had to leave our world and yet, because of you, she was able to leave behind a bit of heaven for the world to share. Thank you again for Claudia. I shall never forget her. She was one of the best.

Joe Rosenthal
San Antonio, Texas

I'm sure the beauty that she added to your pages will be deeply missed, just as the inner beauty she must have had as a person will be missed by those in your organization. I am truly sorry.

Kevin Davis
Waco, Texas

Claudia Jennings made her first appearance in these pages in November 1969. While it was her uncommon beauty that led us to her, it was her uncommon savvy about the world, her business and herself that endeared her to us. Her selection as Playmate of the Year for 1970 was a testament to her complete charm. As a professional actress, Claudia was just beginning to make her mark. Thirteen feature films, including such titles as "Unholy Rollers," "Truck Stop Women," "Gator Bait," "Moonshine

I appreciate PLAYBOY's publishing the interview, I appreciate James Petersen's sensitivity to the subjects and subject matter and I appreciate and have affection for Masters and Johnson. I intend to reread the interview at least once; and, of course, I will save it, along with other special *Playboy Interviews* that I've been saving over the past ten years.

Kate Jenkins
Forestville, California

After reading your latest interview with Masters and Johnson, I was surprised to note that no attention was paid to the effect of the size of the testicles on sexual performance. I am a career girl who loves to go to bed with different men on weekends. For the first 20 or 30 men in my life, I was intrigued with penis size. I liked nothing better than to

County Express," "Deathsport" and "Fast Company," established her as a top box-office attraction. Indeed, she was affectionately known as The Queen of the B's. Television audiences, too, enjoyed her in guest appearances on such shows as "The Streets of San Francisco," "Barnaby



Jones," "Cannon," "The FBI," "Ironside" and, just recently, "210-Robert." As a model, she excelled, too, bringing the same sense of professionalism to the still camera as she did to the movies. Our pictorial "Claudia Observed" in December 1974 is proof of that as she posed for five of the best photographers we could find: Pete Turner, Mario Casilli, J. Frederick Smith, Victor Skrebneski and David Hamilton. We think her last appearance, just this past September in "Claudia Recaptured" and the accompanying essay by Bruce Williamson, is an especially fitting tribute to the actress about to become a star. Claudia was never content to sit and wish for what she wanted. She went out and got it. There will never be anyone like her.

tease it with my fingers and tongue to see how big I could make it get before it entered me for the grand climax. Then I began to pay attention to testicle size and to relate it to sexual performance. I have seen and felt all sizes from that of a cherry or a grape to a jumbo-sized hen's egg and have concluded that the bigger the balls, the better the sex. Now I am never happier than when I discover that my partner for the weekend has really large testicles, because I know I am in for an exciting sexual experience regardless of the size of the penis involved. Have Masters and Johnson any scientific data that would confirm or deny my personal observations?

(Name withheld by request)
Lansing, Michigan

While there is no clinical evidence to relate testicle size to sexual performance, your own research seems to indicate at least a subjective theory. That is, if a big-ball lover finds a lover with big balls, she'll have a bigger ball with that lover. You may also be interested to know that just before orgasm, a man's testicles increase in size by up to 50 percent. Which means that even a dud by your standards can, with a little help from you, be brought up to snuff.

HEAVY CHICK

Congratulations on the stunning pictorial of Linda Brooks in the November issue (*Carnival Knowledge*). There is, however, one thing that bothers me. In one shot, lovely Linda is tipping the scales at over 160 pounds. Either she hides her weight very well or she's wearing cement shoes.

Scott Wiles
East Lansing, Michigan

That's not a weight scale, Scott, it's a thermometer. And Linda's one of the hottest actresses around.

TOAST OF TORONTO

I've often wondered whether or not I'd head for Canada if the draft were reinstated. Seeing November Playmate Sylvie Garant, however, has left no doubt in my mind. I'd be Toronto bound before my number ever came up!

Steve Hunt
Poway, California

The gatefold is a revelation, showing what a model and a photographer working together can achieve. Richard Fegley's pale front light combines beautifully with Sylvie's warm complexion, dark hair and eyes and red lips to create a romantic quality I've never seen before. The effect is remarkable and makes her look like Snow White on her wedding night. Oh, Sylvie, please let me know you're still looking for Prince Charming!

Marvin Hawks
Mocksville, North Carolina

Sylvie Garant is intriguing. Ignoring her particular features, such as her face,

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neck, breasts, waist, tummy, back, rear, legs, kneecaps and the balls of her feet, and regarding her wholistically and nonsexually, she has such genuine beauty that, comparatively, the Mme. Henriot that Renoir painted so exquisitely in the past century is an especially repulsive variant of the creature in *Alien*.

Jim Cargal
El Segundo, California

When I saw that Sylvie was one of the 16 finalists in The Great Playmate Hunt (PLAYBOY, January 1979), I was from that day forward anticipating her month as a Playmate centerfold. You people did not let me down.

Nick Evans
Toronto, Ontario

PLAYBOY has a knack for getting better and better, and, believe me, Sylvie Garant is proof of that.

Dave Daniel
Bagdad, Arizona

Sexy Sylvie Garant has my vote for Playmate of the Year. How about one more look to refresh my memory of this Canadian wonder?

Mike Sebring
Duluth, Minnesota

You must have a very short memory to forget Sylvie so fast, Mike. Or perhaps



you're just insatiable. In either case, here she is. Now, this time, concentrate.

RABBITS ANONYMOUS

I would just like to say that the cover of your November issue is fantastic. Phyllis McCreary's beauty is breath-taking and I hope to see more of her gracing your great magazine.

Joseph Portugal, Jr.
Yonkers, New York

On the cover of your November issue, you went to a lot of trouble to make the

Playboy Rabbit from Phyllis' kisses. Look close and you will see one on her nightgown between her right leg and her hand.

Bruce Williams
Melrose Park, Illinois

Look instead in the folds of fabric an inch and a half north of *your* Rabbit and about a half inch southeast of the lady's right hand. The little devil is very clear there, right down to his eye and bow tie.

Richard D. Marmor
Phoenix, Arizona

I say it's the position of Phyllis McCreary's legs, her legs being the ears, her knee the head and the back of her thigh and back of the calf making the eye. Please end this debate.

Stuart Walton
Winston-Salem, North Carolina
We'd be happy to, Stuart.

MAIL CALL

I would like to thank you for the pictorial *Donovan, at Ease* (PLAYBOY, November). I am a soldier myself, stationed in West Germany. I regret, though, that the pictorial isn't long enough. Another regret is that Colleen is getting out of the Army. I wish she would transfer to my unit. It would definitely brighten up my time in the Service!

Cpl. Roger Williams
APO New York, New York

Thank you for your pictorial *Donovan, at Ease*. It's about time someone showed that women in the Service are not all hard-core masculine females. I'm in the Air Force and couldn't be or feel any more feminine than if I were Playmate of the Year.

(Name withheld by request)
Ellsworth AFB, South Dakota

I never thought I would ever write to you, but I opened your November issue to page 195 and saw Colleen Donovan. She has got to be the most beautiful and sensuous woman I have ever seen in your magazine.

Tracy Woods
West Lafayette, Indiana

I should have known that sooner or later PLAYBOY would discover one of the Army's most closely guarded secrets: Colleen Donovan!

Sp/4 Robert McFarland
Vint Hill Farms Station, Virginia

About two weeks ago, we GIs stationed here in West Germany caught wind of a photo layout being done on Sp/4 Colleen Donovan through an article that appeared in the European edition of *Stars & Stripes*. PLAYBOY's November issue hit the stands on midmonth payday and there was a mad dash to the magazine stand to check it out. I must say the

photo layout probably did more for morale over here than a thousand pay-days could have done.

Lt. R. L. Sattler
U. S. Army
Frankfurt, West Germany

Never have I been so disgusted with PLAYBOY as with your pictorial on Colleen Donovan. Whether Miss Donovan is in the Army or just recently discharged is not the point. I think it is the ultimate in bad taste to portray a female soldier the way you do. I realize that is only one woman and there are several thousand in the Army who would not degrade themselves or the uniform we proudly wear, but, unfortunately, the way most people feel is that if one does it, we all do it. I personally am not in the Army to get laid, be sexy or wiggle and jiggle. I chose to serve my country by being a professional soldier, proud of the Army tradition, and I'll be god-damned if I let someone like Miss Donovan trash up what we have so long fought for.

Rheta K. Montague, Drill Sergeant
Fort Dix, New Jersey

At ease, Sarge; taste and degradation are in the eyes of the beholder. And the beholders around here have just as much pride in the Army and the uniform with Donovan in them or with Donovan out of them. As you say, she's one of a kind.

BOTTOMS UP

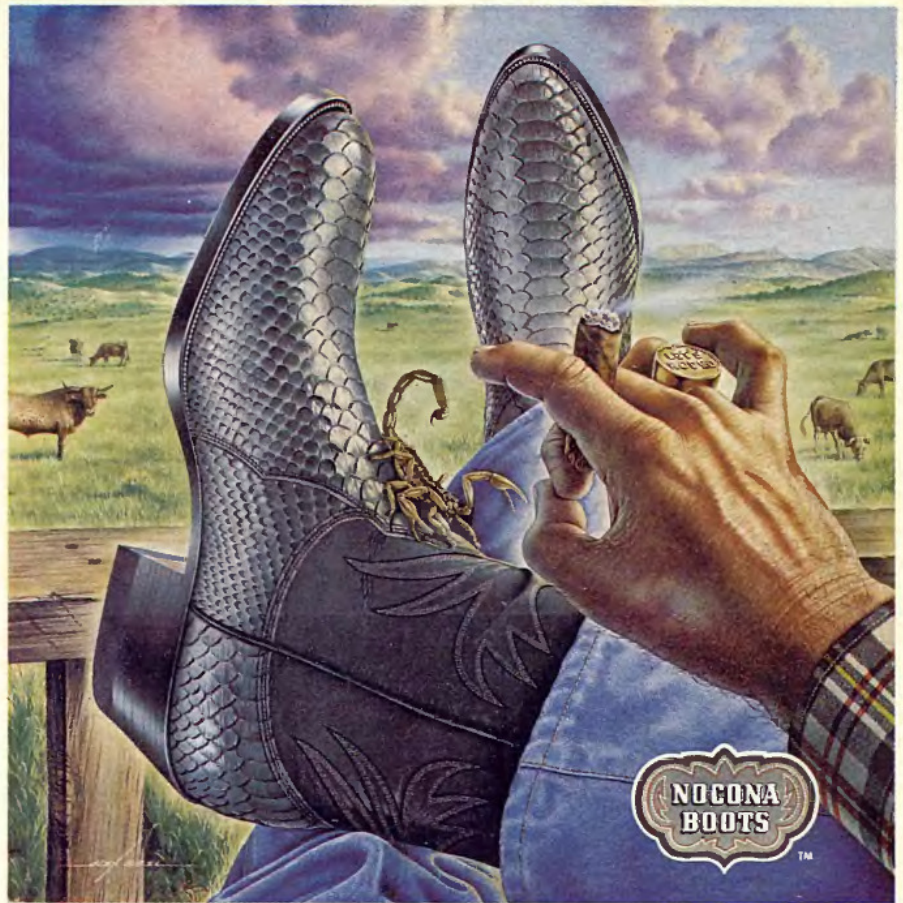
I was born with a unique birthmark—a heart on my backside. A real love child from the word go. When they call me sweetheart, I know they mean sweet heart. No one can ever say I was born



without a heart or "Her heart's in the wrong place." I'm afraid, though I'd love to show it off, I'll have to remain Miss Anonymous.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

It is a rather special birthmark, Miss Anonymous. No one can say you wear your heart on your sleeve. Happy Valentine's Day.

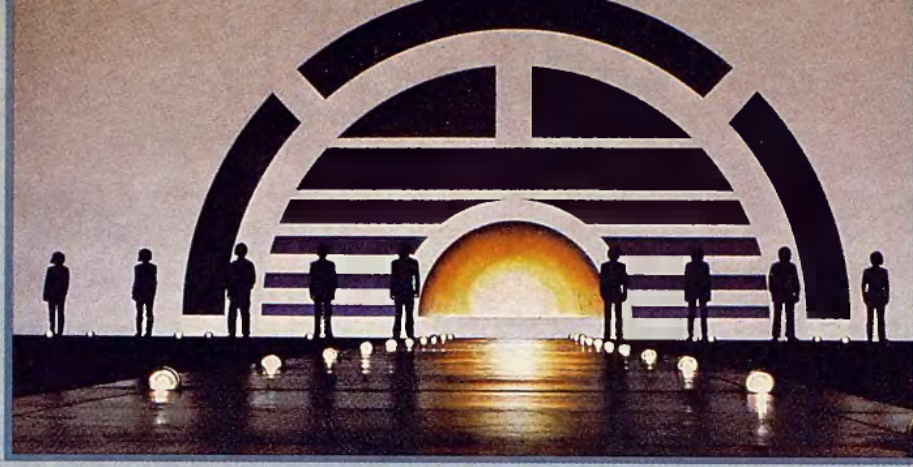


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THE INFERNAL TRIANGLE

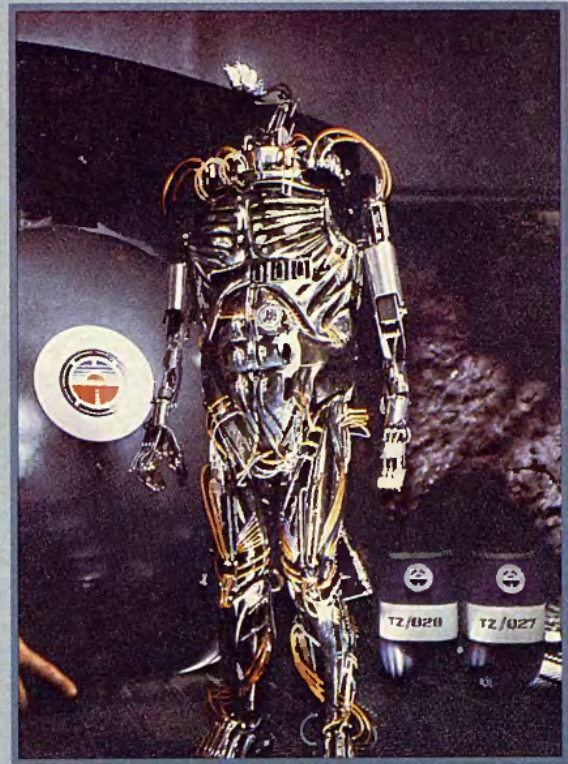
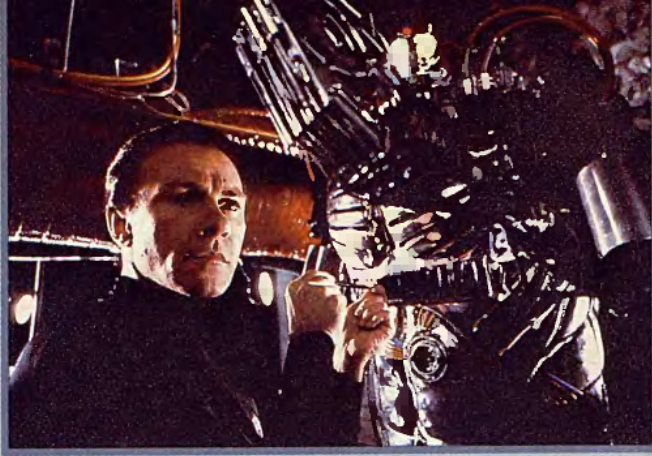
Sneak preview of "SATURN 3," a scary new science fiction thriller casting Farrah Fawcett in the middle of a bizarre romantic rivalry between Kirk Douglas and a lust-crazed robot.

The "other" man, that moustache-twirling interloper of love stories since time immemorial has always been a bit of a bastard, and often a sorry excuse for a human being. But at least he's been flesh and blood. In "Saturn 3," a \$10 million Lord Grade space spectacular set 300 years in the future, he's been updated into a homicidally horny eight-foot android named Hector who's likely to alienate audiences even more emphatically than the unattractive anti-hero of "Alien." Hector—with his deranged creator (Harvey Keitel)—end the idyllic isolation of scientists Adam (Kirk Douglas) and Alex (Farrah Fawcett) by landing on a satellite space station of Saturn where they have been living alone as lovers and working as scientist colleagues. For several years, they have been conducting hydroponic

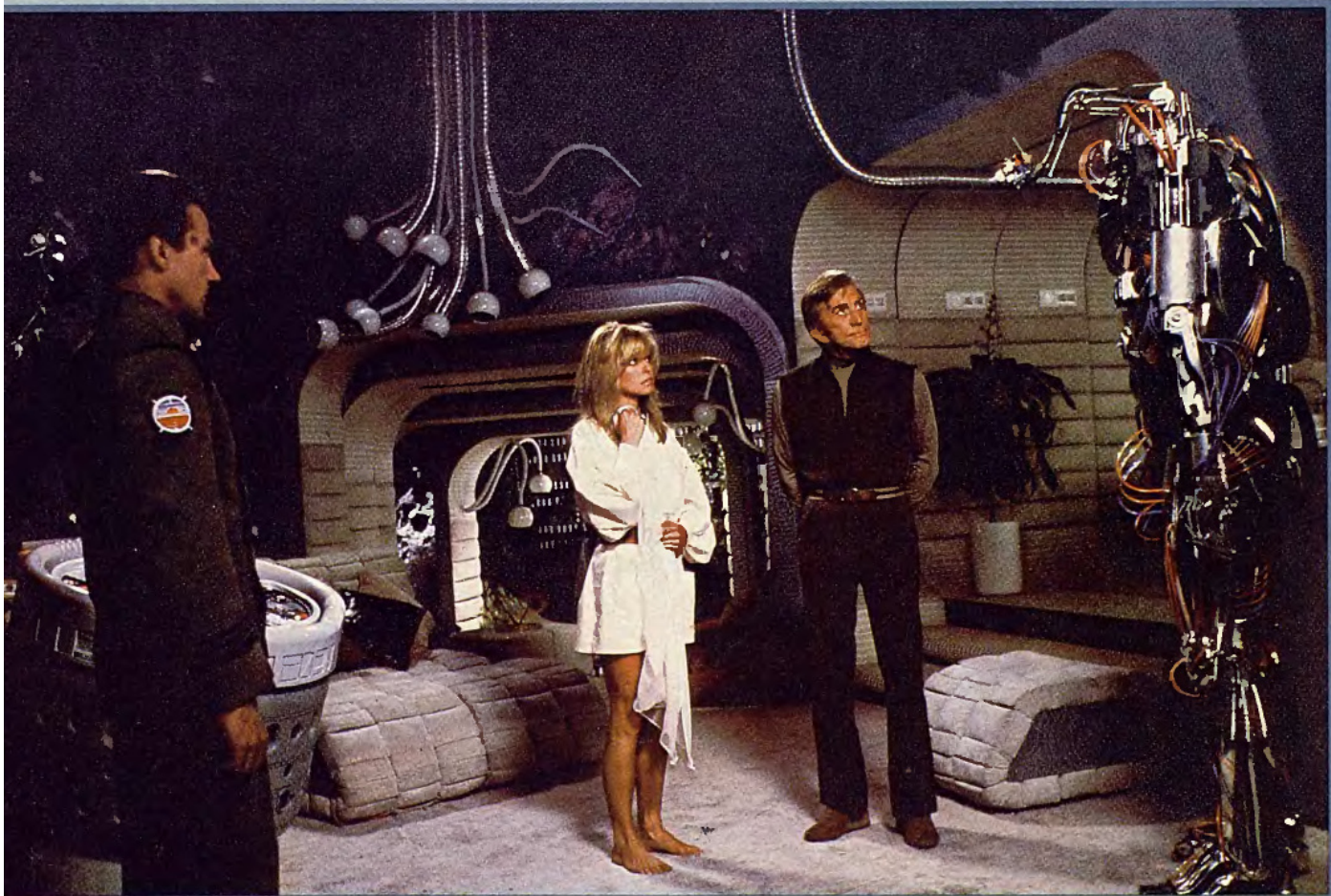
research to synthesize a protein nutrient that will feed a starving Earth that can no longer support its swelling population. Keitel has brought Hector to help them expedite their work, but he spends most of his time leching after Farrah—and inadvertently programs Hector (which he does via direct "brain drain" through a hole in the back of his neck)—to feel the same unrequited lust. When Keitel is murdered by his futuristic Frankenstein monster, Adam and Hector are locked in a deadly duel of wills over Alex. Producer Stanley Donen won't say who wins fair Farrah in the end, but "Saturn 3" overflows with enough terrifying twists—previewed on these pages prior to its release February 15—to keep you riveted until the final frame.



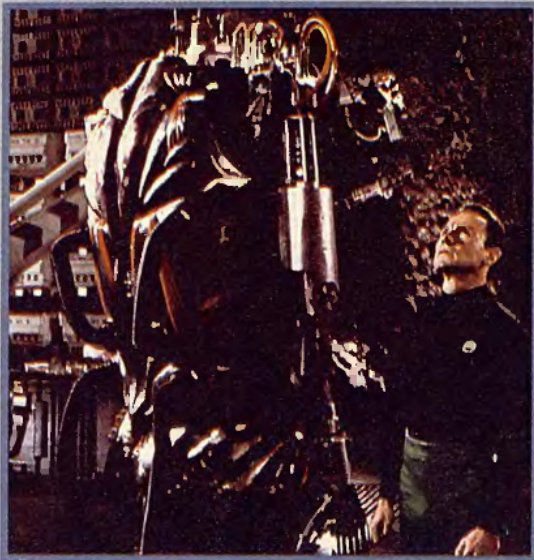
Enjoying a final interlude of loving intimacy before the serenity of their extraterrestrial Eden is violated by intruders, Adam (Kirk Douglas) and Alex (Farrah Fawcett) lounge together in their space quarters, share a shower, an outer space bath towel, and then—reassuring us that even in outer space three centuries from now, some things will never change—savor the pleasure of one another's company in bed.



After arriving at the space station, the sinister scientist James (Harvey Keitel) begins to assemble Hector the robot and prepares to program its brain with the crazed contents of his own.



Hector, the awesome automaton—eight feet of steel and several miles of circuitry—is introduced to his skeptical hosts, who find not only the robot's size disquieting but his headless gaze that peers from a pair of electronic lenses perched bug-like on metal feelers.



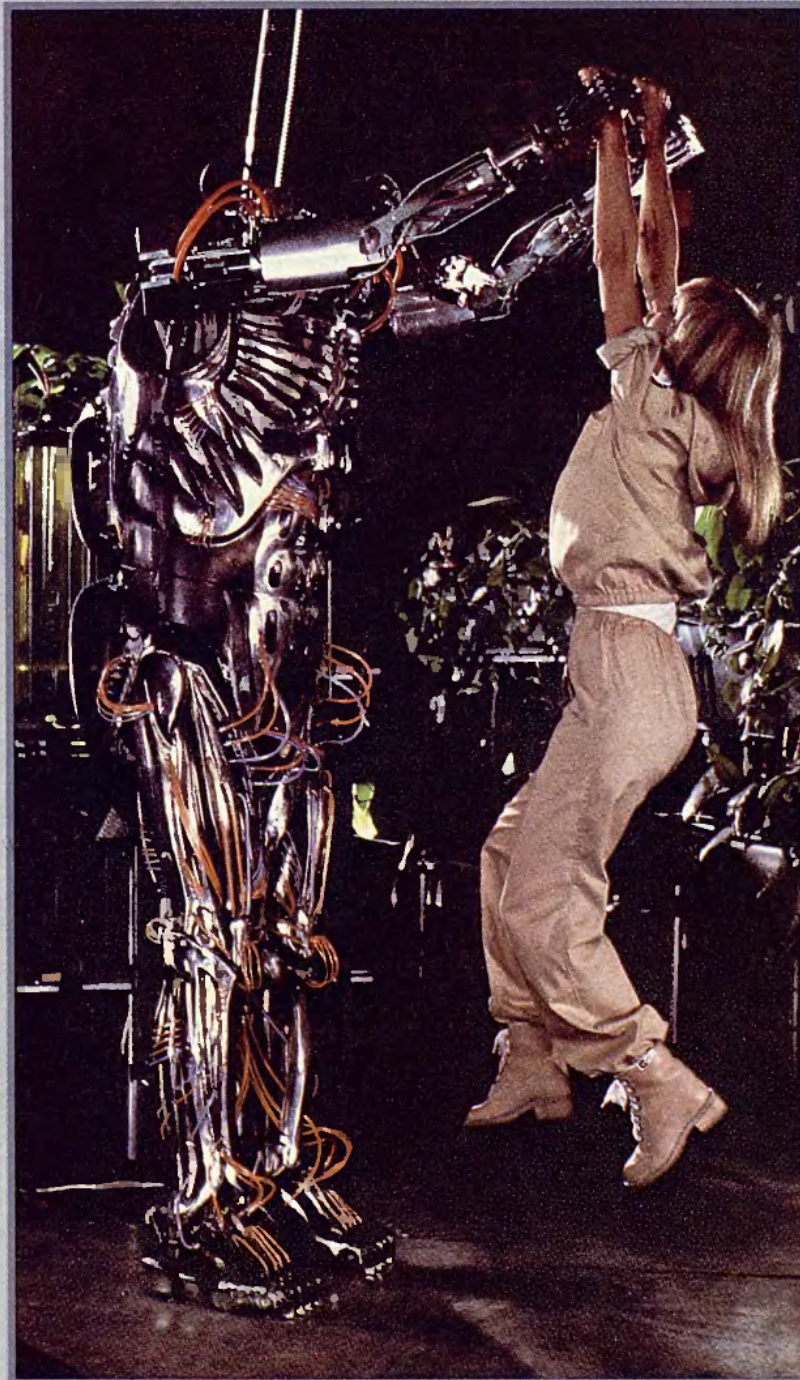
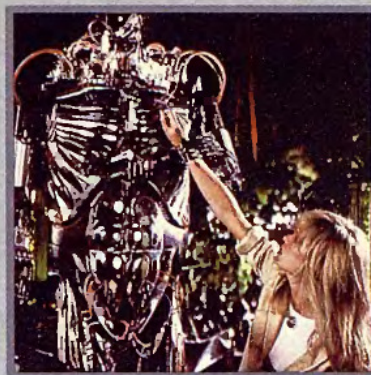
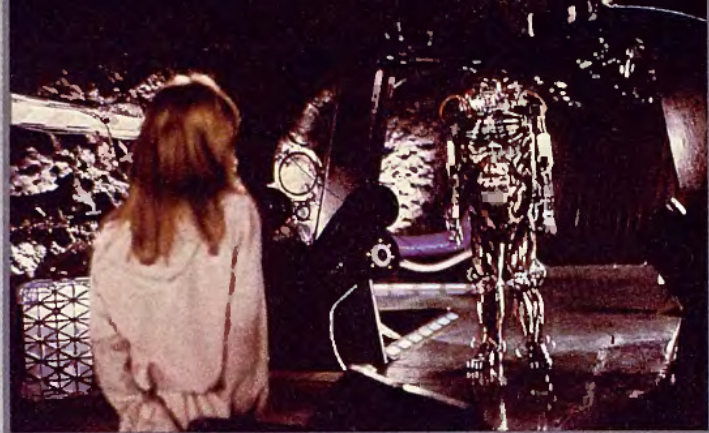
Programmed to absorb the demented James' every thought, the robot also acquires his creator's taste in women—including a powerful and perverse lust for Alex. In spite of Adam's reassurance, she is terrified of the silent Hector. Somehow the android conveys the menace and morbid fascination she has also sensed in the evil James.



In a frenzy of jealous desire, the robot relentlessly pursues Alex and Adam through a maze of duct-like corridors that criss-cross the laboratory complex. Even his creator James is terrified of the mechanical "Hulk" gone berserk.



Together, Adam and James manage to disarm Hector—and frantically dismantle him. But when Hector's still-functioning brain activates three other resident robots to reassemble him, he dismembers James limb by limb—in a grisly imitation of what had been done to him—and sets out on the rampage once again. Adam finally has to take him on alone in a life-or-death struggle between flesh and metal—the ultimate confrontation between man and machine.



Following the brutal murder of James, the menacing Hector overpowers Adam and sets out after Alex. There is no doubt about his intentions...His brain is on fire with robot passion. Even in the large confines of Saturn 3, there is no escape for Alex. Finally, Hector grabs her in the crushing clasp of powerful metal-clamps. Will she escape the mad lusts of Hector? Is Adam alive and will he find them in time to save her? Or will Alex be lost in space forever... a victim of the cruel and inhuman Hector? The answers are available at a theatre near you on February 15th.



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



CLOSE ENOUGH

There's nothing more confusing than landing in a strange city and then trying to track down your luggage at a crowded airport. Well, photographer Mark Gubin has seen fit to add a bit of extra confusion to the lives of passengers aboard planes heading for Milwaukee's Mitchell Field. On his studio roof, near the approach to the airport, is cheerfully printed in large block letters: WELCOME TO CLEVELAND. Scared the hell out of hijackers, too.

PAINTED BIRDS

They don't let women in New York's Century Club, although its prestigious membership prides itself in being a good judge of fine feminine forms. At least, they all did until author and club member Jerzy Kosinski showed up. Kosinski decided to participate in a members-only photography exhibit. And so, there among photos of trees and kids, appeared three of his pictures of exotic, big-breasted nude women. The snaps, titled *Woman 1*, *Woman 2* and *Woman 3*, delighted viewers until someone leaked the information that Kosinski's trio of lovely ladies wasn't composed of ladies at all but of transsexuals.

Century Club members were shocked. Kosinski was quite philosophical. "They're perfectly beautiful and feminine," he said. "But genetically, they're men." When confronted by his stunned peers, the author merely shrugged. "The law has never defined sexuality. Why should I?"

Beats us, Jerzy. But give us a call if you change your mind.

ALTERNATIVE ENERGY: SOVIET STYLE

While American scientists debate the pros and cons of gasohol, a mixture of gasoline and alcohol, a Russian coal

miner has proved, without a doubt, that you can get more miles to the gallon by using pure vodka. Aleksandr Markeev, after polishing off two bottles of the stuff, fell asleep in his boat. Without knowing it, he drifted across more than 100 miles of ocean, taking him from Siberia to Japan. Waking up off the shore of Hokkaido, Aleksandr immediately spotted a small fleet of local fishermen curiously approaching his vessel. Fearing an invasion of Mother Russia, he fired a shotgun off into the air. He was promptly arrested by Japanese police, who didn't think much of his remarkable voyage. That's OK, Alek, the Department of Energy has its off days, too.

The Washington Post reports that during a Silver Spring, Maryland, high school class's study of onomatopoeic words—those like hush or jangle, formed to imitate natural sounds—the teacher asked a young fellow to define onomato-

poeia. "That's Spanish," he replied, "for 'I have to go to the bathroom.'"

BYE, BYE, CHEESECAKE

Ted Griffin, director of the Convention and Visitors Authority in Miami Beach, will forever live in infamy in the hearts of surf-cutie connoisseurs. Griffin has ordered all his staff photographers to stop snapping those hot little promotional pictures of young beach bunnies on the Florida sands, calling the practice "out of style." Out of style, maybe, but not out of mind.

LONG-DISTANCE MINK

In New York, some joggers have found a way not only to keep their bodies in shape but to slim down their wallets as well. Bloomingdale's is now offering an all-mink warm-up suit for the *très chic* to sweat in. Dyed blue with red stripes, the outfit lists at \$10,000. One catch, though. The suits are sold only in size eight. The store's attitude: If they're not loaded and lean—let them wear polyester.

BUSS STOP

A shapely British schoolgirl, described as "an 11-year-old nymphomaniac," followed a shy Irish bus conductor home from work in London and wooed him into bed because, she later explained, she had a thing for men in uniform. The 29-year-old conductor, who had scored in the sack on only one previous occasion, was arrested for doing vile things to a minor. The minor, however, was deemed a major by sympathetic Lord Justice Shaw. He freed the still stunned bus conductor, saying that the lad "was no match for the young temptress." It seems that the girl had herself been seduced at the age of eight and had since taken 12 lovers. The bus conductor's



only defense was the fact that he thought the girl was over the age of 16 because she was taller than he was.

MOVING VIOLATION

Gee, patriotism sure ain't what it used to be. Just ask 17-year-old Frank DeSiena, president of Boys' Nation in Albany, New York. Touring Washington, D.C., with a group of fellow straight arrows, Frank paused at the Jefferson Memorial with the other fellows. Frank's mom picks up the story from there: "They were looking around, reading the plaques, when they became so overwhelmed with patriotism that they began to sing *God Bless America* and mean it."

Less overwhelmed was a National Park Service officer on duty, who told the guys to piss off. They needed a permit to sing there. The boys finished their aria outside the monument. Frank's mom promptly complained to the National Capital Parks director, informing him menacingly: "Next year, they're voting."

HIS LAST BROKEN PLAY

Robert Rogez, a 145-pound high school junior, was tossed onto the ground during the opening minutes of the Purcell, Oklahoma, football-season opener. He heard something crack and was taken out of the game with a sore neck. Returning a few plays later, he finished the game with nine tackles and a 33-yard runback of a pass interception. Taken to a hospital later, he was told that his football days were over forever. He had broken his neck. "I just figured it was jammed," he explained.

I HAVE A GUB

If you laughed when Woody Allen bungled his famous stick-up in *Take the Money and Run*, you'll probably appreciate the plight of Richard Asup and Victor Woods in their two-trip hold-up attempt that wound up resembling a *Bonnie and Clyde Meets Abbott and Costello* film festival. Asup, on the first attempt, had literally to be pushed into the bank and urged to hold it up by his companion. Pulling an obviously toy gun, the robber approached a teller. Clutching his gun, he lost his nerve and wound up asking directions before running out.

A few hours later, no longer armed with his plastic weapon, Asup walked into the same bank. Unfortunately, it was now swarming with plainclothes detectives. Strolling up to a teller, Asup passed her a note. It was illegible.

"What does this mean?" the teller asked.

"This means it's a bank stick-up," Asup explained.

The teller held the note above her head. "This guy just passed me a note,"

she announced. At that point, others in the bank recognized the toy-pistol bandit and, pointing their fingers at him, announced in unison, "That's him!" Asup was jumped by a detective.

Meanwhile, outside the bank, wheelman Woods sat stoically in the getaway car when he was approached by a cop. "Can I help you?" Woods politely inquired.

"Yes," the cop politely replied, "get out of the car. You're under arrest."

On the front seat of the car, the police found the toy gun Asup had decided not to use in his second try. Unchoreographed crime does not pay.

CHECKING IN



Barry White may have the deepest voice in popular music. In celebration of White's new album, "Sheet Music," we asked Associate Editor Walter L. Lowe to talk with him at his mansion in Sherman Oaks, California.

PLAYBOY: How old were you when your voice changed?

WHITE: Fourteen. I went to bed on a Tuesday night and on Wednesday morning it happened. I'll never forget it. Every morning, my brother and I would get up and say, "Good mornin', Momma, how you doing?" That Wednesday morning, I rolled out and said, "Good mornin', Momma." Scared the shit out of her. Scared the shit out of me, because I could hear the vibration in my throat. She laughed, she cried. She said, "Lawd, my baby's now a man!" And we can't relate it to anyone in the family. Nobody's voice in my family is as deep as mine, nobody's. It's tremendously deep, man. The resonance is incredible.

PLAYBOY: We've heard that some research indicates that blacks have deeper and more resonant voices than whites because they are more relaxed in the chest area and breathe more deeply. Do you believe that? Are there any white singers you admire?

WHITE: I know for a fact blacks have deeper and stronger voices. The only white singers I can think of that I admire are Frankie Valli and Frank Sinatra.

PLAYBOY: Do you listen to disco music much?

WHITE: No, I listen to jazz. Ahmad Jamal, John Coltrane, Miles Davis. My favorite artist right now is Hank Crawford.

PLAYBOY: What inspires your lyrics?

WHITE: There's no one certain thing. A true creator is inspired by many facets of life, 'cause there's many things going on.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in life after death?

WHITE: No, not at all. I know this is it. If a man goes out and tries to do something and he hits it, it's his heaven. If he don't, he's catchin' hell just the same. So what the hell is the difference? Heaven, hell, whatever those words mean, are right here on earth.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in flying saucers?

WHITE: Oh, yeah. Especially beings from other places. 'Cause I've been shown in my 35 years that nothing's impossible. Too many people have seen them. And I know enough about the Government to know that even when you know you saw them, they make you feel like you didn't.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite drink?

WHITE: Don't have one. I'm probably one of the few people in the record business who don't drink. Don't take drugs of any kind. All I do is smoke cigarettes and make music. I'm just a normal dude, man. I don't get into that other freaky shit.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been in a physical fight?

WHITE: Oh, shit, yeah. I've had 11 physical fights in my whole life. Won every one of them.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite ice cream?

WHITE: Baskin-Robbins' cherry vanilla.

PLAYBOY: Do you wear boxer shorts or Jockey shorts?

WHITE: Boxer shorts.

PLAYBOY: Do you dance much?

WHITE: Not anymore. But I used to be a killer on the floor. I'm talkin' about a young kid who could really dance, man. But as the years went by, I realized I didn't want to dance anymore. But you can feel my dancing in my music.

PLAYBOY: Do you watch television?

WHITE: Oh, hell, yeah, I'm a freak for television. The old movies, not the new shows. I'm a James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, Betty Grable, Marlene Dietrich, Carole Lombard fan.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite place to take a vacation?

WHITE: Vegas. I'm probably one of the



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A
FEELING!

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MEAN.



HOW TO GET THROUGH TO ALMOST ANYBODY, ANY TIME

There comes a time in a person's business life when he absolutely *must* get through on the telephone to someone who is far more important and busy than he is. And that person's secretary will do everything she possibly can to see that he doesn't.

There's a reason for that. If truly important executives returned all the phone calls they received, they would never get their work done. Important people talk only to names they recognize. Although you may sympathize with this attitude, it doesn't do you one bit of good.

Here, then, are some suggestions on how to get through.

Beginner Plays

"I'm calling to pay back the \$500 I owe him."

"I'm calling to find out what his intentions are toward my daughter."

"I'm calling about his gambling debts."

"This is his computer dating service. We have a really hot, new referral for him."

"He's attending the \$1000-a-plate fund-raising dinner next Thursday, and I have to ask him if he wants sirloin steak, fish or creamed chipped beef on toast."

"It's about our fender-bender occurrence last night. Would he rather settle for \$50 or should I turn it over to my lawyer? I think I have whiplash."

"Farrah Fawcett is dining at my house Thursday night and has expressed an interest in meeting him."

"This is the bank. He asked us to call if the yen went over 230 and it's going through the roof today."

"He is named as corespondent in a divorce suit being filed."

"I want to buy him a drink to thank him for the favor he did me last week." (If he doesn't recognize your name—and he won't—that will *really* boggle him.)

Meaner and Tougher

"I'll give him exactly two hours to call me back. Then I'm going to the police with what I know."



"We're on our way to his home. Does he want us to dump the 50 yards of cement in his front or back yard?"

"I have to ask him a few questions to determine if he's the missing heir to a \$1,000,000 fortune."

"My daughter says he's the father of her baby."

"He didn't attend the [name of any club here] meeting last week and they elected him president as well as membership chairman *in absentia*. I want to know if he'd like me to help him out with the membership chores."

(Or, if you're a woman, or can get a woman to help.) "This is the stewardess he met on his flight last month. He asked me to call."

"We're leaving in five minutes to fumigate his house. It's just a reminder that he can't come home for three days. But we'd like him to call and confirm."

"His wife is here at the XYZ fur shop and I need his OK on her check for \$45,000."

"It's about his taxes."

Really Desperate Tactics

Many secretaries will appear to be helping you by asking, "Can I tell him what this is about?"

Answer by saying cheerfully, "Oh, by all means." Then launch into your spiel. Let your story ramble. Fill it, if possible, with scientific or engineering gobbledeygook, or obscure terms from your own business. Make it so dramatic, complicated and confusing that the secretary will recognize its urgency (and also the fact that you are talking completely over her head) and will put her boss on the phone.

One cautionary note: The mood your man is in when he returns your call may not be pleasant. It's then up to you to convince him of the legitimacy of your need to talk with him—and the fact that his secretary has hopelessly botched up his message. "Your secretary must be crazy. This is Mr. _____ of _____ Co." And if that doesn't work, gracefully charm him out of his "lack of a sense of humor." Good luck. —AURIEL DOUGLAS

few people in the world who can go there without gambling. I can go there and stay in my room for three or four days and never leave. But when I go to gamble, I go to get 'em. I take 40 grand. Aside from Vegas, I like to go out on the ocean on my boat, or visit my ranch in Hidden Valley, where I raise horses.

PLAYBOY: Do you sing in the shower?

WHITE: Never have. I've been afraid of showers all my life, hearing about people slipping in them. To me, that ain't no place to be singing.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any other fears?

WHITE: Definitely a fear of the shower. Also, I don't like to fly at night, because I always say if the plane's in trouble, maybe I can see something the pilot doesn't see. But if it's dark, shit, I'm just as much at God's mercy as he is.

PLAYBOY: How old were you when you lost your virginity, and how was it?

WHITE: I was 15 and it wasn't shit. I was dealing with a broad who didn't know nothing. So I went out and bought some books and started reading up on my thing.

PLAYBOY: When you were young, did you believe in the Easter bunny?

WHITE: I believed in the Easter bunny and I believed in Santa Claus until my brother and I busted my daddy on Christmas Eve. We set out some sodas and stayed up to see Santa Claus drink them. There was my old man drinking the shit and that was the end of that.

Boogie fever may be sweeping the nation, but it hasn't hit the tiny hamlet of Disco, Illinois, as yet. "Disco has been here a lot longer than disco," says Lucille Smith, a native of the town, "and Disco still will be here when disco is gone. Who needs disco in Disco, anyway?"

Lucille says that the town's 50 residents are quite content marching to the beat of a nonexistent drummer. "Absolutely nothing is going on at night around here except an occasional affair at the nearby First Methodist Church," she beams.

LAST CHARACTER ACTOR

Actress Kristy (*Family*) McNichol doesn't seem to feel the urge to follow in the footsteps of such famed character actors as Lon Chaney, sometimes known as the Man of a Thousand Faces. Said 17-year-old Kristy recently: "I've never played anyone older than I am. It would be impossible, anyhow. My body is very flat." No sweat, Kristy. Chaney didn't really have a hunchback. Honest.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

When asked why he married so often, Norman Mailer replied: "To get divorced. You don't know anything about a woman until you meet her in court."

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TELEVISION

Would you believe that one of the most enticing bundles from Britain to be aired by PBS early this year will include a four-week-long, four-hour teleplay based on *Rebecca*? In the suspense realm, of course, nobody does it better than Alfred Hitchcock, whose 1940 version of the Daphne du Maurier novel is a certified film classic. This time around, Jeremy Brett (looking very Olivier) and Joanna David co-star in a faithful, romantic and surprisingly effective remake. True, the solid *Rebecca* it has sent over relies on rich realistic detail to disguise the absence of genius. So why bother? That's a good question. The answer must be that *Rebecca*, which doesn't get under way until March, may reach a whole new audience as the third offering in a series called *Mystery!*

To launch *Mystery!* (on Tuesday, February 5, at 9 P.M. EST, but check local PBS outlets), Malcolm McDowell and Eileen Atkins top the bill of *She Fell Among Thieves*, a campy 90-minute thriller that has caves, castles, car chases and an arch-villainess named Vanity Fair. Being a bookish English squire is not essential to full enjoyment, but it helps. Far more likely to captivate American audiences is *Rumpole of the Bailey*, the follow-up four-week series starring Leo McKern as a portly, gin-swiggling London barrister who spoofs courtroom drama with every case he bumbles through. "Lawyers and tarts," he wheezes, "the two oldest professions in the world, and we always aim to please." At worst, McKern and the cast of caricatures around him are funnier than nine out of ten sitcom clowns at their best.

Any viewer who stays with the series through *Rumpole* and *Rebecca* will probably hang on for *The Racing Game*, three one-hour shows set at the track (and written by Dick Francis, a retired royal jockey). After that comes Scotland Yard's *Sergeant Cribb*, crime busting in Victorian England, reportedly all very tallyho and tut-tut, though not available for previewing.

Millions of Americans are too young to remember the events recalled in *Edward and Mrs. Simpson*, and I suspect that millions more simply do not give a damn about the English monarch who quit his throne to marry a commoner back in 1936. Their story has been told before on television—certainly in documentary form and once, I think, in a dramatization starring Faye Dunaway and Richard Chamberlain. The six-part *Mobil Showcase* series opening on January 21 stars Edward Fox as Edward VIII, who gave up his kingdom for a clotheshorse—American divorcee Wallis



Rebecca's Joanna David, Jeremy Brett.

PBS slates some superb
(as usual) British fare,
plus (for a change) Americana.



Harris, Fox as the Windsors.

Simpson. And *there's* the unspoken truth that adds a cutting edge to this bitter-sweet saga and to Cynthia Harris' subtly bitchy portrayal of Mrs. Simpson as a snobbish, ruthless, fiercely ambitious social climber who was ready to challenge England's constitution—and might have revoked the Magna Charta, if need be—in order to win herself a crown. Both Fox and Harris are superb at playing a pair of highly privileged lounge lizards, neither of them noble enough to fill the bill as the most famous star-crossed lovers since Romeo and what's-her-name. *Edward* is a refreshingly cynical slice of modern history, though your patience may be taxed, week after week, unless you harbor insatiable curiosity about the English ruling class.

Dedicated Anglophiles have found a new home on public television, where

the best of everything often happens to be made in England. Far be it from me to sneer at good British woolens, Waternes beer or the BBC. Nevertheless, when there's some native product equal in quality to any of the TV imports, you want to put your feet up and settle down with it—with a cold beer in hand—like a tired Yankee tourist back from extensive travels abroad. That's the sort of relief afforded by *The American Short Story* series, introduced in 1977 and starting a new season with a new batch of eight meticulously adapted classics on Monday, February 4, at 9 P.M. EST (again, check local listings). In Ring Lardner's *The Golden Honeymoon*, which will launch the series, director Noel Black (best known for *Pretty Poison*) skillfully guides Teresa Wright and James Whitmore through a delicate vintage comedy about an old couple arguing away their second honeymoon in St. Petersburg, Florida, back in the Twenties, when "\$4.20 for two little sirloins" was considered highway robbery.

Subsequent works by Twain, Faulkner, Hawthorne, Thurber and such literary lights will continue on Mondays through March 17, after which *American Short Story* begins repeat telecasts of its 1977 season series. Anything it does may have to be measured against *Paul's Case*, by Willa Cather, the excellent February 11 show, directed by Lamont Johnson, with young Eric Roberts proving that his flashy debut in *King of the Gypsies* was no fluke. As a dreamy turn-of-the-century schoolboy whose passion for art, music and New York theater prompts him to abscond from Pittsburgh with \$2000, Roberts wears his vulnerability like an open wound. He's a stifled poet, longing for the finer things so palpably that it hurts. On February 18, Brad Davis and Carol Kane romp into Thurber's *The Greatest Man in the World*, a satire about hero worship—with Davis just dandy as a fairly loathsome drunken aviator who plans a round-the-world flight to make Lindbergh look like a sap.

To play back all the series highlights is impossible here. Tommy Lee Jones in Faulkner's *Barn Burning* finds his sullen strength put to better use than ever before on film. Among other dependable actors in the wings are Kristoffer Tabori, Kathleen Beller, Geraldine Fitzgerald and Robert Preston. Valid objections could be raised to the very idea of putting great short stories on television in the first place, since watching them undoubtedly takes as much time as reading them. There *are* still people who read, however, and television at this attractive middlebrow level may function as a commercial for good books. —B.W.

EARLY TIMES. THE WAY IT WAS, IS THE WAY IT IS.



1870. The first transcontinental train trip.

On May 23, eight of the most elegant train cars America had ever seen steamed out of Boston for the Pacific Coast, with 129 distinguished guests aboard.

And when they gathered to celebrate in the mahogany-paneled smoker, what other Kentucky whisky would have been more appropriate than Early Times?

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1860

TODAY

When your taste Winston out-

BOX: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, KING: 20 mg. "tar",
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

A man with short brown hair, wearing a brown and black plaid shirt, is shown from the chest up. He is holding a lit cigarette in his right hand and looking upwards and to the left with a slight smile. The background is a warm, orange-toned landscape with a large evergreen tree on the right. In the bottom right corner, a pack of Winston cigarettes is prominently displayed, tilted. The pack is white and red, with a gold band. Text on the pack includes '20 CIGARETTES & CIGARETTES', 'KING SIZE', 'Winston', 'FILTER-CIGARETTES', 'FULL RICH TOBACCO FLAVOR', and 'Soft Pack or Box'.

**grows up,
tastes them all.**

Only Winston's Sun-Rich™ Blend
of the choicest, richest tobaccos
tastes this full and satisfying.

Winston after Winston.

MOVIES

Any resemblance between the late Janis Joplin and Bette Midler as *The Rose* is more than coincidental, though comparisons are not especially important to the movie made by director Mark Rydell from a story and screenplay credited to Michael (The Deer Hunter) Cimino, among others. Achievements in cinematography are so usual nowadays that they can almost be taken for granted, though the work of Vilmos Zsigmond still stands apart. If it's nothing else, *The Rose* is gorgeously filmed. It happens to be something else, however; above all, a spectacular movie debut for Midler as the down-home, stomping super Slut who publicly shrieks that the best things in life are "drugs, sex and rock 'n' roll!" Of course, what *The Rose* really wants is love, and she damned near finds it in this tinselly, tough-minded, entertaining soap opera about the decline and fall and ultimate demise of a big pop star. Take it from one who has never been an ardent Midler camp follower, the lady has style and dramatic power to burn. Watching her burn them at both ends is impressive, for she whips through a series of showstopping scenes—musical and nonmusical—that spell out Oscar nomination in neon. Like Barbra Streisand in *Funny Girl* and Diana Ross in *Lady Sings the Blues*, Midler is striking pay dirt in this role and she goes for broke. Equally good, if much less noisy, Frederic Forrest vaults closer to moviedom's glittery prizes, too, as the good ole country boy who's chauffeuring a limo when *The Rose* picks him to be her main man. He's also a kind of antidote to the star's greedy manager, a ruthless Svengali played by Alan Bates in reasonable facsimile of every pop-music promoter since God created rock.

The Rose's story is downhill from start to finish: a world of stoned, empty-faced musicians surrounded by anonymous groupies. Streisand's *A Star Is Born* was pure custard compared with the Midler portrait of an angry, immature waif.

If there is a better American movie actor to be seen anywhere than Robert Duvall in *Apocalypse Now*, it would most likely be Robert Duvall in *The Great Santini*. For the first time—and high time, too—Duvall has won top star billing to portray a Marine Corps fighter pilot named Bull Meechum, nicknamed Great Santini, a role not far in spirit from his vivid showstopping stint as Colonel Kilgore, the surf-obsessed war lover of *Apocalypse*. Meechum could easily be Kilgore declawed, during the early Sixties when there were no towns to search and destroy or dogfights



The Rose finds her Forrest.

Miss M's divine in *The Rose*; Duvall, Hoffman and Streep score points, too.



O'Keefe, Duvall tangle in *Santini*.



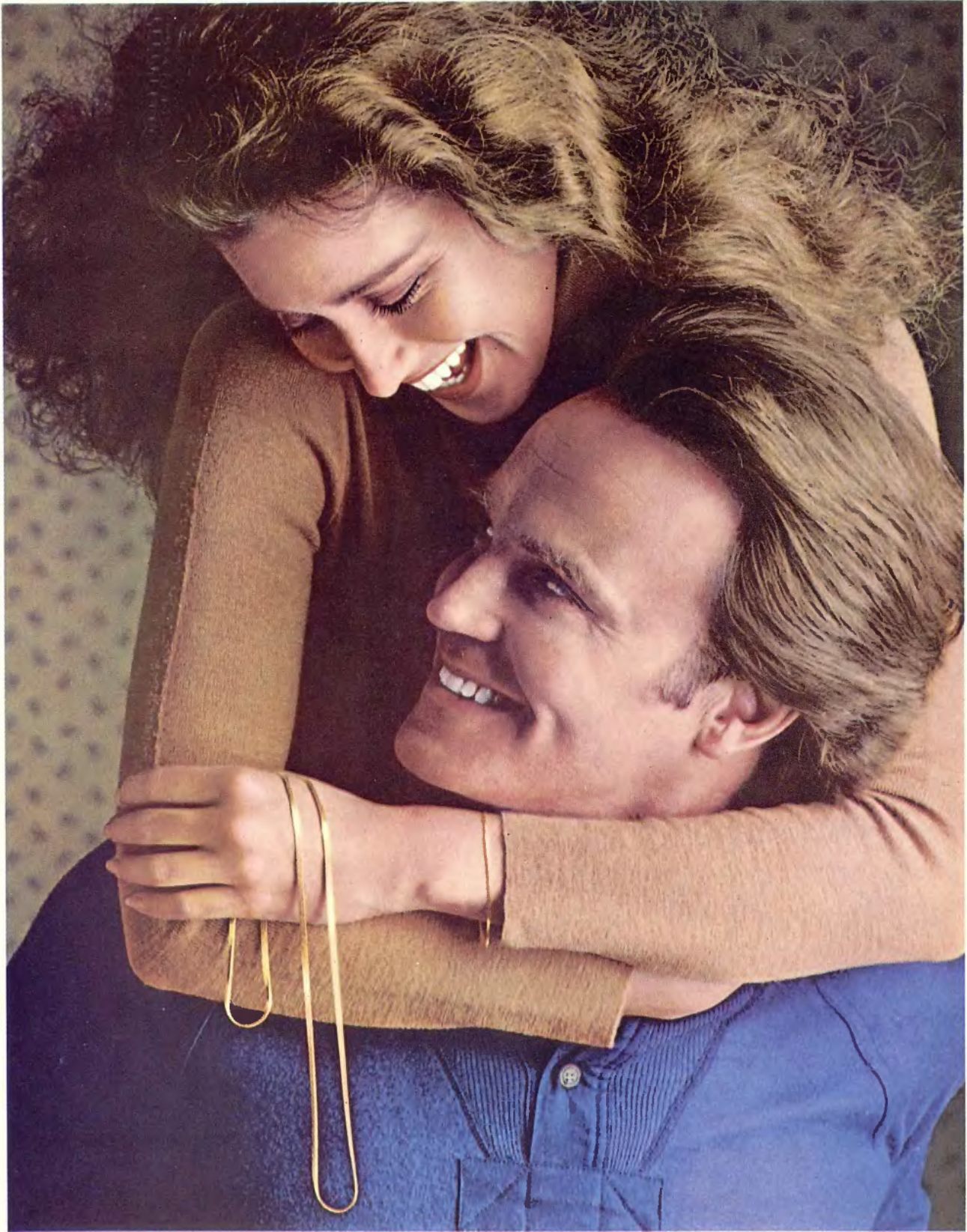
Kramer vs. Kramer's Dustin, Justin and Meryl.

to win. It's peacetime at an air base near Beaufort, South Carolina, and Meechum the flying ace must invent enemies for Santini, his idealized warrior self, who

attacks every problem with heavy artillery. Writer-director Lewis John Carline's perceptive adaptation of the novel by Pat Conroy affords anguished, intimate glimpses into the private world of a professional soldier who rules his own home as if it were boot camp. He browbeats his wife, pushes his teenage son so relentlessly—he will not permit his boy to be a loser—that at one point he disrupts a high school basketball game, raising more hell than General Patton in the thick of World War Two. Duvall gets strong support from Blythe Danner, shrewdly underplaying a wife whose gentleness is her strength; and he nearly meets his equal in the boy, young Michael O'Keefe, a scene stealer even against two such pros. Stan Shaw as Toomer, O'Keefe's black chum featured in a crucial subplot, is also fine. Admittedly, I'm a Duvall fan, yet this minor drama of toe-to-toe confrontation between a rigidly programmed father and a rebellious son who loves him but won't obey him could make it on substance even without Duvall's gritty, low-glow brand of stardust.

Writer-director Robert Benton's *Kramer vs. Kramer* (from the novel by Avery Corman) lifts a bitter custody battle into higher orbit as an emotionally supercharged battle of the sexes. On the lower level, it's an erratic, manipulative marital drama made memorable by several knock-'em-dead courtroom scenes—Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep taking turns on the stand as if they were out to win qualifying heats for Best Actor, with further testimony from perennially splendid Jane Alexander, as a close and overwrought friend of the broken family. While we're on the subject of actors, *Kramer* also introduces two notable newcomers—Justin Henry, the most unaffectedly charming movie moppet I have seen in several years, as the split couple's son, and Jobeth Williams, as a girl at the office who brings Hoffman temporary comfort from the pangs of single parenthood.

Between the crackling lines, this movie never quite conceals its heart of gold, yet *Kramer vs. Kramer* is much more than a blow-by-blow description of divorce, American style. The divorce itself gets such short shrift that you may feel there's a scene missing. Instead, Benton draws a tandem portrait of the new American male, a sensitive softy, and the liberated new American woman. He's Mr. Vulnerable, who discovers he would rather be both father and mother to his son than a big wheel in the ad game; she's a useless appendage who deserts her husband and child when she



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—OVID, 13 B.C.

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Why get salt in your eye when you can swim in the romance of Mare Tranquillitatis! Get next to a real rille. Make a mascon your mascot. How will you rate your crater: with dimples, eumorphic and smoothly sculpted or completely denuded? Check out Plato, or the man with the golden nose: Tycho. Spend a little time with a piece of Copernicus' mind and your moon. Make your hound howl when you mount your papyrus over your moontle. And peruse your mini-moonual crammed with moonconsciousness expanding moonsense, and little

understood facts. Exempli Gratia — Did you know that your albedo is roughly the same as the moon's.

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Furthermore, \$1.00 of the price will be set aside in trust to further specific efforts to enable all deedholders to visit their lunar estate. The scheduled due date is one saros cycle (18.6 yrs) from today. A separate trust account will receive \$.32 from each contribution, which proceeds, in toto, shall be utilized to alleviate world hunger.

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To the historic first 1,000 moon pioneers, Commander Kallas is pleased to announce window seats on the inaugural flight of the Moonflower as well as engraved names for the esteemed 1,000 on a slab of basalt.

realizes that she cannot be anything to anyone without first establishing her own identity. By the time she reappears in the story a couple of reels later—wiser, more womanly, wanting her child back and earning more money than her astonished former husband—it's clear that the force is with her. Conquering the handicaps inherent in a role that makes her look like a neurotic, self-absorbed bitch at the outset, Streep winds up smelling like a rose and looking as much like an old-style, big-time movie star as any actress on the horizon. She'll wring you out. The kind of contemporary role switching depicted here touches many of us in places where it stings. There's a lot of pain expressed, yet *Kramer* succeeds too well to be classified as a tearjerker—because the pain is real, alleviated by touches of credible human comedy. Substantial credit for that goes to Hoffman, whose career has not exactly been zooming recently. Now he can move straight back to the head of the class.

Writer-director Steven H. Stern's *Running* **YY** might well be described as the thinking man's *Rocky*. Essentially much, much better and more honest than *Rocky* but with none of the broad emotional grandstanding that guarantees money in the till. Michael Douglas, who walks softly but surely in father Kirk's footsteps, delivers a creditable low-key performance as Michael Andropolis, a handsome ne'er-do-well who has dropped out of law school, medical school, marriage, fatherhood and many another adult responsibility. He's a Greek-American bearing gifts that often feel like empty boxes; his one link to a noble ancestral heritage is a burning desire to qualify for the Olympic Marathon, to win at the Olympics in Montreal. Meanwhile, Andropolis holes up in a dingy Manhattan apartment hotel, an embarrassment to his kids and a heartache to his wife (Susan Anspach), who is rather reluctantly divorcing him. Intelligent, engrossing, even poetic in its orchestration of hard runs and punishing rest stops, *Running* winds up with a racing sequence, but not to single out winners and losers. Douglas plays a man who runs for his life, to survive, to salvage what's left of his self-esteem and relationships. Still sounds a lot like *Rocky*, huh? The difference is that Stern makes the symbolism seem unforced in a story about a jock who's got trouble because he's complex not because he's a simple one-cylinder slob.

Underdogs are definitely "in" as movie heroes, all graduates of a trendy school of thought that I think of as the Stallone school. It's a straightforward formula. Some lovable loser wins big or busts a gut trying to, while thousands cheer, usually to thunderous orchestral accom-



Michael Douglas in *Running*.

Struggle and self-sacrifice, with Douglas as a marathoner, Deacon as a bloodless Christ.



Brian Deacon as Jesus.

paniment. *The Black Stallion* **YY½** appears under Francis Ford Coppola's banner, with Coppola himself as executive producer, and is an enthralling boy-horse story that's absolutely calculated to make every male from eight to 80 feel like a kid again. Based on Walter Farley's novel—which has had 16 sequels—*Stallion* conjures up pure sound-and-light fantasy with breath-taking images set to the sounds of pounding hooves and lots of exuberant musical exclamations. In other words, cinematographer Caleb Deschanel and the sound man are the real stars of the movie competently directed by Carroll Ballard, a documentary film maker on his first outing with a full-length feature. It's presented as precisely the kind of tall tale a kid might imagine—with himself as the boy who is saved from a shipwreck by a magnificent black steed and becomes the animal's

trusted friend in a tropical never-never land far from the madding crowd of grownups. Fourteen-year-old Kelly Reno was only 11 when he left his ranch home in Colorado to ride high in *Black Stallion*. Left alone in their surreal paradise, boy and horse (an Arabian named Cas-solé) are born winners, though the movie handicaps them pretty heavily after they are rescued, brought back to civilization and more conventional adventures with Mom (sympathetically played by Teri Garr), an old horse trainer—former jockey named Henry (Mickey Rooney in fine form) and various race-track types. The more *Stallion* becomes like *The Champ* or a Disney epic, the more it loses momentum as a delirious adventure. There's a last-reel horse race that throws in everything but a slice of Mom's warm apple pie to get the crowd worked up.

Deliver me from the calendar Christ depicted in *Jesus* **Y**, a sober and bloodless biography based on Scripture (New Testament, *Gospel According to Luke*), with a handsome British actor, Brian Deacon, working rather matter-of-fact miracles in the title role. Considering its source, the language of *Jesus* sounds quite stubbornly colorless. The movie was made in Israel with an unknown cast of thousands, and though the official production notes promise a high level of realism characterized by "donkey dung and garbage," I'm afraid there's just not enough genuine down-to-earth donkey dung to fill the bill. This costly epic resembles nothing so much as the kind of dull, reverential "authorized" spectacular that might be praised to heaven by a congress of ultraconservative ecclesiastics. It's hard to believe that the founding father of Christendom was the boring fellow portrayed here.

Unless I have lost count, *Lovers and Other Relatives* **YY** is the sixth Laura Antonelli movie unveiled in the U.S. during the past year. The latest is a rediscovered oldie by director Salvatore Samperi—made as a kind of encore to *Malizia*, in which Laura became Italy's reigning sex goddess. It's also a goodie, for the most part, with Antonelli shedding contemporary threads instead of the usual period costumes while she beguiles, bedazzles and finally seduces her teen-aged brother-in-law. Nice.

Already a huge hit in limited early engagements—with well over \$11,000,000 in the till and profits of \$40,000,000 projected—*A Force of One* **YY** snuck up on me as a pleasant discovery. It's probably a cause for rejoicing among the late, legendary Bruce Lee's hordes of fans—they know all about karate and have a new hero in blond superguy Chuck Norris, who retired undefeated after holding the title of world middleweight karate champion six times. Norris may not be



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an actor in the strict sense, but whatever he does, he does very well in *Force*, part two of a martial-arts trilogy (*Good Guys Wear Black* launched the series, with *The Octagon* yet to come). His co-star is Jennifer O'Neill, who bobs her hair and drops her ice-queen image to go butch as a lady cop in a lively B movie about police corruption, drug dealing, cop killing and karate. Producer Alan Belkin and director Paul Aaron (the same team responsible for a worthy but neglected 1978 movie called *A Different Story*) have fashioned a solid escapist entertainment from a tight script by Ernest Tidyman.

Lee Strasberg's feisty performance almost saves *Boardwalk*, a movie that might otherwise just disappear into the cracks. Made by writer-director Stephen Verona, whose *Lords of Flatbush* in 1972 was a virtual El Dorado of fresh young talent (Susan Blakely, Perry King, Henry Winkler and Sylvester Stallone all scoring career points), *Boardwalk* is a geriatric melodrama about sad old Jews and vicious young blacks on the watery edge of Brooklyn. If you like this sort of thing, welcome to it. Seems to me that Verona tries to outdo *Death Wish* with the film least likely to diminish racial tension. Kim Delgado, as the leading neighborhood terrorist, has the advantages of youth and good looks in a menacing one-note role. Everyone else but Strasberg, as Kim's favorite target for mugging and vandalism, is a turn-off—probably because I'm tired of tales about pathetic little people, terminal cases or frightened, quirky old folks with one foot in the grave and the other foot tap-dancing into senility. I get especially tired when the tapper is Ruth Gordon, not my favorite crone.

All in all, the best film I saw at the 1979 New York Film Festival was *Best Boy*, Ira Whol's eloquent, enlightening and heartfelt piece of *cinéma vérité* about his mentally retarded 52-year-old cousin Philly. Some other festival fare worth watching for or seeking out includes such off-the-beaten-path efforts as *Wise Blood*. The weird little movie made by John Huston from Flannery O'Connor's first novel is grotesque but gloriously funny at times—with Brad Dourif as a Southern-fried, self-styled savior. As for *The Marriage of Maria Braun*, if this isn't the symbolic history of Western Germany, director Rainer Werner Fassbinder has remade an old Joan Crawford movie by mistake; either way, it's a dazzling star turn by blonde Hanna Schygulla in the title role. Director Ariane Mnouchkine's biographical *Molière* takes more than four hours, revealing next to nothing about the famous playwright against a fabulous panoramic slice of life in 17th Century France. —REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current flicks:
ratings by bruce williamson

The American Success Company $\frac{1}{2}$ Bianca Jagger's movie debut. Not bad, either, so we can all breathe easily. Jeff Bridges and Belinda Bauer are the mainstays of an erratic but appealing caper comedy by William Richert, a director to watch.

... And Justice for All $\frac{1}{2}$ The key words are Al Pacino Al Pacino Al Pacino, brilliantly playing a humane Baltimore lawyer. This one-man show has script problems, but who cares?

Apocalypse Now $\frac{1}{2}$ When it is good, it's very, very good—and when it is bad, it's Brando. But even a seriously flawed epic by Francis Ford Coppola is a movie event not to be missed.

Best Boy $\frac{1}{2}$ Reviewed in this issue.

The Black Stallion $\frac{1}{2}$ Reviewed in this issue.

Boardwalk $\frac{1}{2}$ Reviewed in this issue.

La Cage aux Folles $\frac{1}{2}$ Another bride, another groom and a couple of top-notch fairy queens (Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi) in a French comedy famous for producing nonstop laughter.

A Force of One $\frac{1}{2}$ Reviewed in this issue.

French Postcards $\frac{1}{2}$ American college kids abroad, brought to you by the team that wrote *American Graffiti*. Just passable.

The Great Santini $\frac{1}{2}$ Reviewed in this issue.

Heart Beat $\frac{1}{2}$ Nick Nolte makes it all worth while as the guy who lived Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*, the Beat Generation Bible. With John Heard as Kerouac, Sissy Spacek doing the pots and pans.

Jesus $\frac{1}{2}$ Reviewed in this issue.

Kramer vs. Kramer $\frac{1}{2}$ Reviewed in this issue.

Lovers and Other Relatives $\frac{1}{2}$ Reviewed in this issue.

The Marriage of Maria Braun $\frac{1}{2}$ Reviewed in this issue.

Molière $\frac{1}{2}$ Reviewed in this issue.

The Rose $\frac{1}{2}$ Reviewed in this issue.

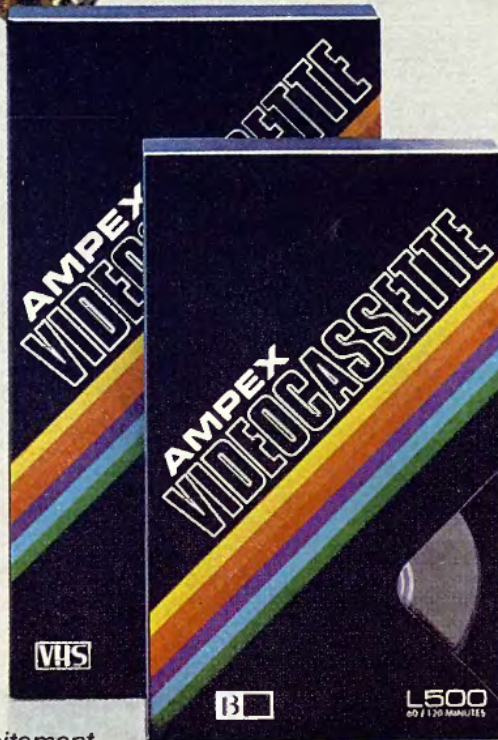
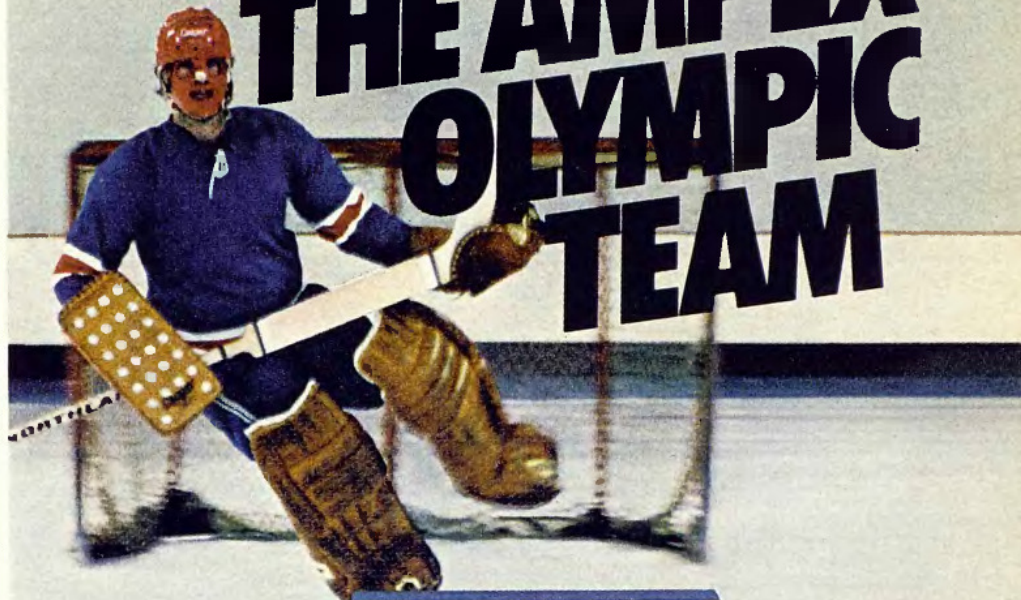
Running $\frac{1}{2}$ Reviewed in this issue.

"10" $\frac{1}{2}$ In Blake Edwards' hilarious romantic romp, Dudley Moore is the dreamer, delectable Bo Derek the dream girl, Julie Andrews a sensible side dish.

Wise Blood $\frac{1}{2}$ Reviewed in this issue.

Yanks $\frac{1}{2}$ John Schlesinger's impeccable ode to Anglo-American romance during World War Two, with Richard Gere, Lisa Eichhorn, Vanessa Redgrave and William Devane as the loving couples up front.

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William Maxwell's *So Long, See You Tomorrow* (Knopf) is one of the truest, deepest and best novels of our time. In this age of perpetual overstatement, that praise may sound like hype. It isn't. The book begins in the early Twenties with the murder of a tenant farmer, the victim of a love triangle, and then moves ahead 50 years to the remembrances of an old man who, as a boy living in a small Illinois town, had been a friend of the tenant farmer's son. Maxwell focuses on boys growing up, on the land and the people and on fathers and what they mean to us when we lose them. The writing is impeccable, without the *glitz* or *dreck* that clogs up the communication lines of so many modern novels. What makes this book so specially structured is the guilt that the old man has swallowed. In his own mind, he played Judas to the farmer's son. Maxwell reminds us that boys, young and old, carry special burdens with special grace.

•
Lawrence Lader in *Power on the Left* (Norton) has tried to write a history of the American left and has partially succeeded. Lader covers the years from 1946 to the present. The first 100 pages are the most authoritative and interesting part of the book; they trace the rise and fall of Vito Marcantonio, Harry Truman, Henry Wallace, the Progressive Party, the C.I.O. and Joe McCarthy. Lader is at his best in the Forties and Fifties. But when he moves into contemporary times and tells us many things that we already know, the survey of a fragmented and foundering ideology becomes somewhat superficial. The value of this book then becomes Lader's original thesis: "It has too often been assumed that every left movement in America must be a Communist movement. . . . It is the intention of this book to show that the left in recent decades has been essentially pragmatic, nurtured by American needs and not a closed system from abroad." That thought is worth the documentation Lader gives us.

•
A Secret History of Time to Come (Knopf), by former *PLAYBOY* Fiction Editor Robie Macauley, is a spooky and chilling novel set in the future, a time so distant that not much of our civilization is remembered. A man named Kinkaid comes across a book that recounts the story of the destruction of Chicago, a journal that ends with a line that has been heard before in history: "There is a knock at my door." The rest of the action revolves around Kinkaid's journey through wastelands, down rivers, meeting lost tribes of survivors, deciphering an ancient road



So Long: pastoral pathos.

Eloquent remembrances of murder and betrayal; semisuccessful history of the American left.



Power on the Left: home-grown politics.

map with the strange title *Esso Road Map: The North Central States*. We do not, in spite of the rumors, have apocalypse now—but Macauley hands us a very probable vision of apocalypse as it may be.

•
Vance Bourjaily introduces a very interesting central character in *A Game Men Play* (Dial). His name is Chink Peters and he knows a lot of things. We first meet him as he is taking a load of horses by ship to New Zealand. He is more than middle-aged and he has just learned that the children of one of his best friends have been found murdered in Greenwich Village. Chink will eventually help solve those murders, but along the way, we will also learn about

his life, which turns out to be as rich as Bourjaily's writing: From a Russian father and a Mongol mother through prep school and Yale, World War Two and OSS, and then the CIA, this fictional biography reads well. The plot may not always hold up and the ending of the novel may be anticlimactic, but Bourjaily provides us with his usual first-class ride.

•
Not all of the five pieces in John McPhee's *Giving Good Weight* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) are up to his usual standards: Two of them are merely average McPhee, not super McPhee. Of course, that's like saying average Yastrzemski or average Staubach; McPhee is a smooth old pro who is always fun to read. But the three others are exquisite, and McPhee proves once again that a writer's style can be clean, powerful and sensuous all at the same time. In one article, he describes the research and thinking that are going into plans for nuclear power stations that float on the ocean; in another, a trip down-river in a canoe with friends; in the best essay, *Brigade de Cuisine* (which, when it first appeared in *The New Yorker*, caused a tremendous flap among food experts), he takes us into the kitchen of a master chef and writes about cooking with gusto, making us hungry for both food and words. McPhee's healthy and rational sense of life comes through on every page: a good diet for a harassed planet.

•
Although her father, John, had to wait until he was 45 to publish his first novel, Susan Cheever is enjoying some better luck. *Looking for Work* (Simon & Schuster) has a female slant to it, but that doesn't mean you shouldn't give it a try. It's about a young woman and the dissolution of her marriage. Cheever writes tightly and sensibly. The novel is neither angry nor pretentious; it is often very good. Our hope is that the next one will talk more directly to the men in her audience.

•
There's an old saying that God created man but Samuel Colt made men equal. Frederick Forsyth, the author of *The Day of the Jackal* and *The Odessa File*, is the proponent of a more modern theory: God created conspiracies but a man with good connections in the military-espionage complex is the equal of any. The plot of Forsyth's latest, *The Devil's Alternative* (Viking), follows a Ukrainian loyalist, an aging British spy and a Norwegian supertanker captain through a plot based loosely on the Russian wheat deal. You figure it out.

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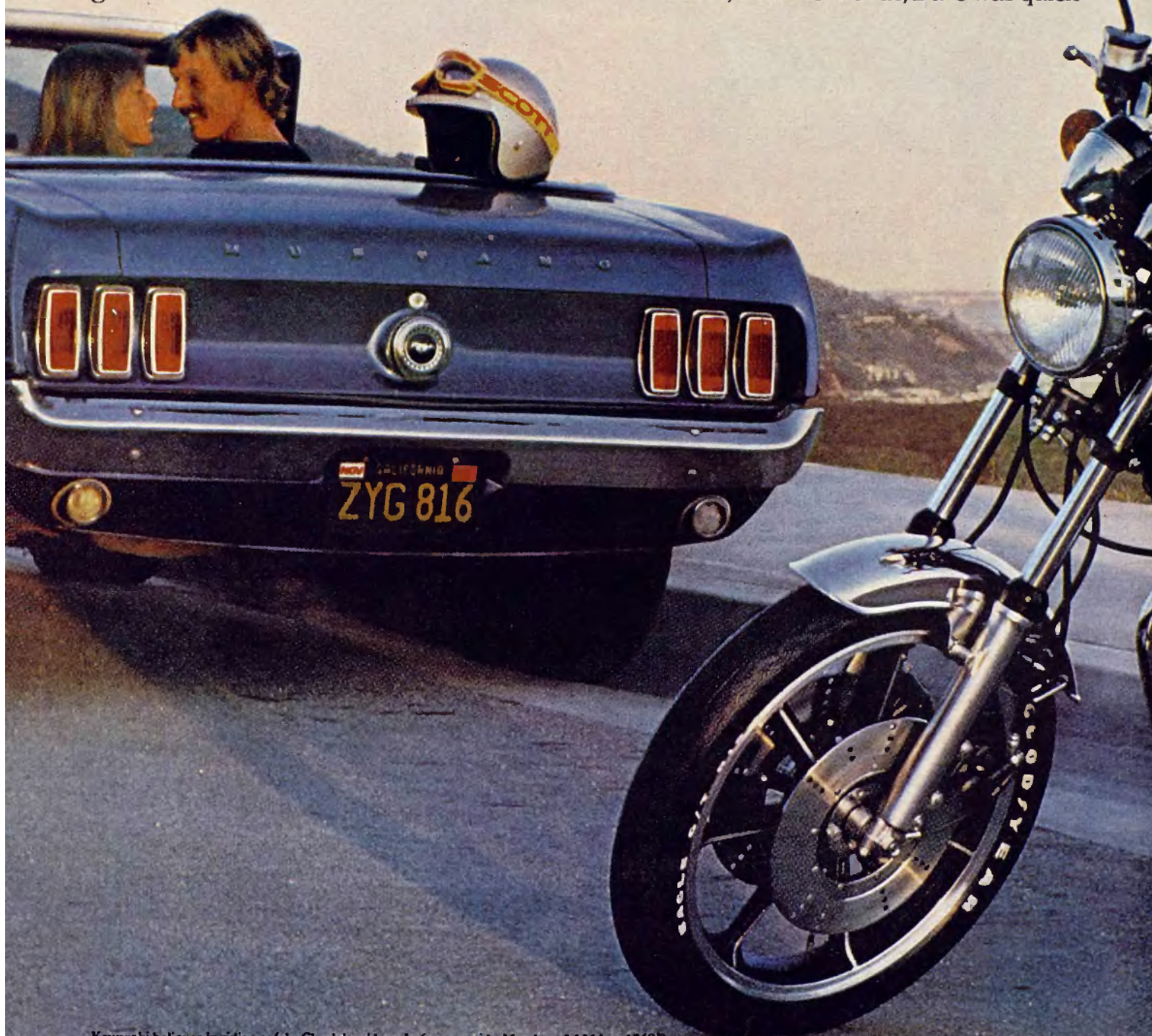
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to point out how reliable the 1015cc engine was; that it was easy to maintain with its transistorized breakerless ignition. He raved about the way it handled and the excellence of the three drilled disc brakes. He would mention that his was the engine that holds most major drag records and the world land speed record.

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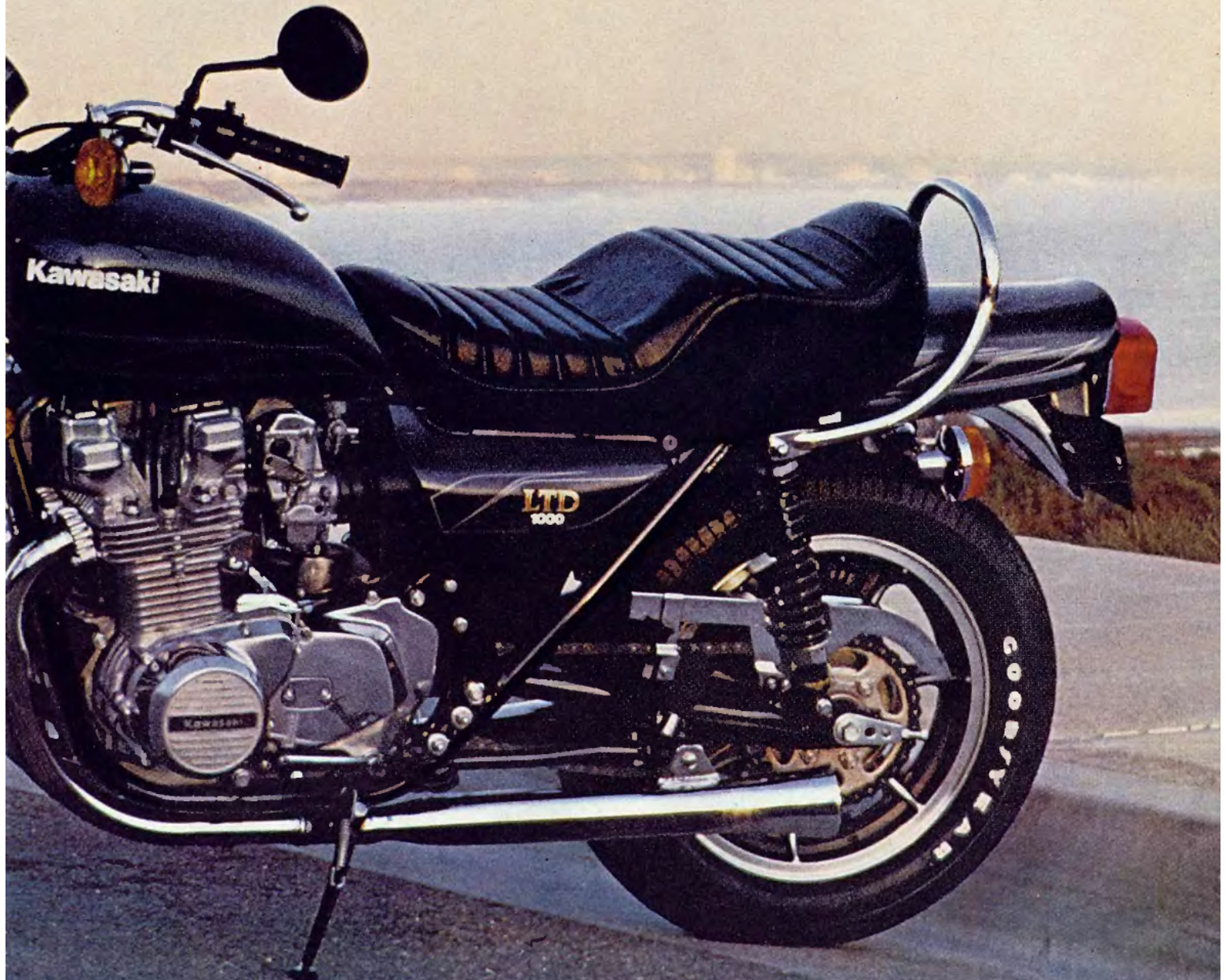
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TRAVEL

Perhaps the most frightening nightmare in the contemporary catalog of horrors is the specter of handing over your credit card for some payment or other, having it inserted into the validating machine and having the machine report back, "Kill this person at once!" Yet that is how an innocent businesswoman who had checked into a Holiday Inn in Rochester, New York, must have felt. On one of her weekly business trips, she had routinely presented her VISA card to the reservations clerk as she checked in. It is the practice at that hotel (as it is at many others) to ask all guests for a credit card as a means of payment prior to handing over a room key, and it's widely assumed that the main purpose of that now common procedure is to make certain that the guest has the wherewithal ultimately to settle the bill.

More than an hour after our traveler had obtained her key and headed for her room, she was startled to receive a call from the hotel's credit department, advising her that VISA had denied her credit because she had "exceeded her credit limit."

The woman knew there was no way she had spent all of the \$1500 credit that her VISA card permitted, but before making plans to blow up the hotel's (or VISA's) credit department, she decided to call her husband to make sure he had not somehow run barefoot through the family's available credit.

Not only did her call reveal that he had not charged anything on his own but he was able to put his hands on their current VISA bill, which showed a total of only \$130 owed. So he called VISA's local authorizing supervisor and when he mentioned that his wife had been making weekly trips to Rochester, the supervisor's confusion vanished and he exclaimed, "That explains it!"

The VISA supervisor went on to explain that hotel, motel and car-rental companies make a practice of calling credit-card companies and reserving for themselves amounts substantially larger than the prospective charge is likely to be. Not only is that credit-card slip you sign in advance intended to ensure payment to the supplying firm or establishment but it is apparently utilized to be sure that you do not squander your available credit *elsewhere* in the interim.

What often happens, in very general terms, is that a hotel that is about to rent you a room for, say, \$50 requires that you sign a blank credit-card charge slip at the time you check in. Very soon after you leave the reception desk, the hotel contacts your credit-card company and asks it to have an amount of about \$200 "held" for that prospective transaction. That is not necessarily a mali-



You and your bank card: Who's putting a hold on whom?

cious act on the part of the hotel but, rather, what the hotel's management perceives as prudent to make sure you have sufficient credit to cover all the potential meals, booze, laundry or "wear and tear"—a category most often used to describe such mischief as breaking the furniture or appropriating the TV set—that might be charged to your account.

The major problem with that procedure comes when the traveler is about to check out. For if he or she has merely gone quietly to bed, without ordering anything to eat or drink from room service and not having checked the TV into a suitcase, the total bill will be no more than the \$50-per-night room charge.

And that is the total amount our hypothetical traveler will ever ultimately be asked to pay. But that doesn't mean there still isn't some substantial embarrassment possible, because, though the traveler has not really spent very much of the \$200 "hold" on her account, that hold order will normally remain in effect for some time—until the actual amount of her bill has been received and the amount on her account reconciled. That may well make it impossible for the traveler to obtain the additional credit to which she should be entitled down the road.

The phenomenon is obviously one that manifests itself most often for holders of the so-called bank credit cards—VISA (the old BankAmericard) and Master Charge. Although the so-called trav-

el and entertainment cards (American Express, Diners Club, Carte Blanche) have their own subtle credit inhibitors, they are not normally such a clear and present nuisance. And since VISA and Master Charge are not really functioning monoliths—they are, instead, each composed of hundreds of franchised banks whose credit procedures and charge processing may often differ—there is little opportunity to address the problem meaningfully.

The banks themselves concede that credit holds are common practice and point to the fact that they are entirely legal and commercially appropriate. There appears to be nothing in the banks' agreement with their service establishments that strictly limits the amount hotels or car-rental firms may request, and it is largely assumed that the individual establishments will release any frozen credit once the actual bill amount has been determined. In practice, that is seldom the case.

When I discussed this with attorneys from the U. S. Treasury Department and the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, they said that the practice of putting holds on credit is not covered specifically either in the Federal Truth in Lending Law or in the Equal Credit Opportunity Act regulations. The Federal Trade Commission says that all the service establishments are doing is reducing a customer's credit availability, not actually tying up real money. So the customer apparently has no statutory claim to his credit limit, though most consumers seem to believe that right belongs to them as naturally as life and liberty.

Only in New York State did an assistant attorney general (Stephen Mindell, in charge of special projects for the Consumer Frauds and Protection Bureau) concede that there appeared to be a real loophole in the law and express the feeling that loss of credit without prior notice represented a "material nondisclosure." He is proceeding with an investigation of the situation, with a view toward preparing remedial legislation.

Although action by state or Federal regulatory agencies may eliminate this credit peril in the future, it's not likely to happen in time to be of much help to the woman in the Rochester hotel who found herself without available credit and about a buck and a half in her purse. As with most things these days, it appears that the frequent traveler—especially one who regularly uses his bank card to settle hotel and/or car-rental bills—had better do some frequent checking about the status of his available credit, or else prepare for the very real risk of having his credit card declined.

—STEPHEN BIRNBAUM



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KNOT KNICE, KNACK—THAT'S A KNO-KNO! If you've been looking for one, there's a solid reason for knocking if knot knuking The Knack. Remember the album cut of *Good Girls Don't*, with those literally juicy lyrics about getting in her pants and her sitting on your face? Well, when they released it as a single, the lyrics were magically cleaned up in a couple of places. On AM radio, she's giving you a chance and putting you in your place instead. Don't want to scare Mom and Granny, you understand. And so, for bowdlerization beyond the call of duty, we bestow this month's Golden Boulder Award on The Knack for acting in the best *Greed über alles* tradition of the music business.



Question: What have you been listening to lately?



TIM WEISBERG: 1. Doobie Brothers / *Minute by Minute* (Warner Bros.). 2. Dan Fogelberg / *Netherlands* (Full Moon). 3. Boz Scaggs / *Slow Dancer* (Columbia). 4. Carly Simon / *Anticipation* (Elektra). 5. Rimsky-Korsakov / *Scheherazade*, the New York Philharmonic, conducted by Leonard Bernstein (Columbia).



BOB WELCH: 1. Graham Nash / *Earth & Sky* (Capitol). 2. Bad Company / *Desolation Angels* (Atlantic). 3. Bonnie Pointer / *Free Me from My Freedom* (Motown). 4. Neil Young / *Rust Never Sleeps* (Warner Bros.). 5. Fleetwood Mac / *Tusk* (Warner Bros.). 6. Doobie Brothers / *Minute by Minute* (Warner Bros.).



RUSSELL SMITH: 1. Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros.). 2. Ray Charles / *True to Life* (Atlantic). 3. *The Best of Bill Monroe* (MCA). 4. Rodney Crowell / *Ain't Living Long like This* (Warner Bros.). 5. James Taylor / *Flag* (Columbia).



JOHN PRINE: 1. Hank Williams / *24 Golden Hits of Hank Williams* (Warner Bros.). 2. Van Morrison / *Too Late to Stop Now* (Warner Bros.). 3. Leon and Mary Russell / *Wedding Album* (Paradise). 4. Rolling Stones / *Big Hits (High Tides and Green Grass)* (London). 5. Elvis Presley / *The Sun Sessions* (RCA).

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS OF THE STARS: Glenn Shorrock (lead singer, Little River Band): "To keep practicing conception."



Eddie Rabbit: "I resolve to make a 24-kt.-gold album."

Ashford and Simpson: "We've decided to create a musical for Broadway."

Chaka Khan: "To never tell another lie and to *always* be a better mommy."

Joe Walsh: "To be elected President of the United States in November and, if elected, change Washington to Walshington."

Charlie Daniels: "Not to get horny every time I look at PLAYBOY's centerfold."

Steve Goodman: "I hereby resolve to sing the national anthem at any world-series game played in Chicago this year."

Roy Orbison: "I'm gonna start livin' life as we know it."

Walter Egan: "No more heroes."

Rachel Sweet: "To give it up when they mention what you wear more often than what you say."

Tom Waits: "Never sleep with a girl named Ruby. Never play pool with a guy named Fats."



HEY, DERE'S LADIES HERE! We'd hate to be accused of chauvinism, but some of the very best albums we've heard lately are by female vocalists: Carlene Carter's *Two Sides to Every Woman* (Warner Bros.), Rosanne Cash's *Right or Wrong* (Columbia), Ellen Foley's *Nightout* (Epic) and Bonnie Raitt's *The Glow* (Warner Bros.). Carlene and Rosanne are stepsisters—daughters, respectively, of June Carter and Johnny Cash. So Carlene's pipes go straight back to the source, to Mother Maybelle herself, and she just married New Wave's own Nick Lowe—which makes for interesting results on *Two Sides*. There's a new collaboration with husband Nick, *Do It in a Heartbeat*, that sounds like a classic you've been hearing forever on jukeboxes, by The Orlons or somebody. An original called *Swap-Meat Rag* isn't about trading quilts and thimbles on Sunday morning and would, we bet, have made Mother Maybelle blush behind a bouquet of wildwood flowers. On *Right or Wrong*, stepsister Rosanne is a little less adventurous in

FAST TRACKS

terms of material, a little closer to her country home, but that doesn't hurt a bit. We especially like her version of Keith Sykes's title song and her driving remake of *Man Smart, Woman Smarter*. You may not have heard of Ellen Foley, but you've heard her—she was the one singing back at Meat Loaf by the dashboard light on *Bat Out of Hell*. Her debut solo album, *Nightout*, was produced by Mick Ronson and Ian Hunter, and features them as players. *We Belong to the Night*, which she co-wrote, is a big theatrical rocker out of the Phil Spector Sound Skyscrapers school—and her hot reprises of *What's a Matter Baby* and the Stones' *Stupid Girl* alone are worth the price of admission. Good as all three of these first solo albums are, all three women can learn something from a real pro—Bonnie Raitt. Her choice of material is impeccable—Mary Wells's *Bye Bye Baby*, Robert Palmer's *You're Gonna Get What's Coming*, Jackson Browne's *Sleep's Dark and Silent Gate* and a wonderful men's lib twist on an oldie with Bobby Troup's *The Boy Can't Help It*—and she sings them all with feeling and authority. *The Glow* will give you one.

It would be easy to nudge Joe Jackson aside as just a disciple of the Elvis Costello school, "I'm sick of being fucked over" writers/singers. But while Costello rages against the world, Jackson fights his battles in a more personal trench. His second album, *I'm the Man* (A&M), is full of pot shots aimed at the problems of maintaining relationships, and all done with an infectiousness that makes the saddest themes seem not quite so bad.

Do you and your friends like to get obnoxiously bombed and play ear-splitting rock music? Tired of Ted Nugent? Try Nick Lowe's newest, *Labour of Lust* (Columbia). Nick is this year's Phil Spector, and *Lust* is a coagulum of everything that has ever been called rock. It's richer, raunchier and better than his last LP.

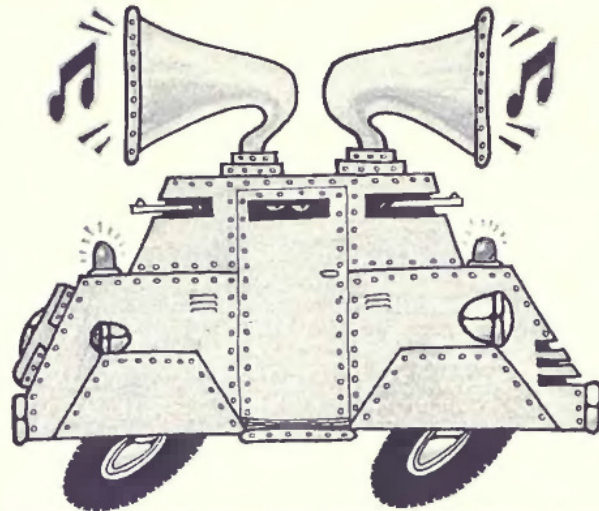
SHORT CUTS

Hounds / Puttin' on the Dog (Columbia): Hard Alpo rock that ought to come with a complimentary pooper scooper.

Ian Lloyd / Goose Bumps (Scotti Bros.): Maybe not exactly goose bumps, but there's something here for most tastes—from good rock 'n' roll to the Bee Gees.

Cheap Trick / Dream Police (Epic): There's no sleeping through this Ann Landers nightmare—it's rock 'n' roll without letup from start to finish.

Barry Manilow / One Voice (Arista): The Victor Skrebneski portrait of Manilow stares out at you from the album jacket vaguely but benignly. That pretty much describes what's inside. The songs are commercials without products—over-produced but underpowering. They'll probably be big hits.



THEY COULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT DEPARTMENT: A South African firm has announced plans to market a special anti-riot vehicle that broadcasts disco music through powerful loud-speakers in order to soothe the emotions of demonstrators. For those who can't get into the Village People or Gloria Gaynor, the vehicle is equipped with a water cannon and tear gas. Is that any way to run a country?

RANDOM RUMORS: Barbra Streisand is suing *High Society* magazine for \$5,000,000 for publishing photos that show her nude from the waist up. The pictures were allegedly taken when she was filming *The Owl and the Pussycat*. . . . Now we've heard everything: A&M Records has angered many rock critics by refusing to ship copies of the new *Styx* album to reviewers. Executives at the record company claim they want to avoid bad reviews. If critics were unkind before, this fracas isn't going to improve anything. . . . Noel Redding, former bass player in the late *Jimi Hendrix* band, says he's owed about \$8,000,000 in unpaid royalties. . . . Our favorite product endorsement this month weds country singer *Charlie Daniels* and Copenhagen, Skoal and Happy Days chewing tobacco. "Skoal is the first thing I reach for when I come off-stage," says Charlie. Sorry, groupies.

REELING AND ROCKING: Plans for a movie called *Birth of the Beatles* have been called off by the Apple corporation. Apple, which holds all rights for *John, Paul, George and Ringo*, has sued producer *Dick Clark* and ABC-TV to prevent them from either using the singers' names or employing look-alikes of the fab four in the planned picture. . . . New Wave rocker *Bram Tchaikovsky* has given his nod of approval to *The Who's* new film, *Quadrophenia*. The *Who's* classic tale of the battle between the Mods and the Rockers is quite authentic, says Bram. The most fearsome rocker of the time was called *King Rat*, who usually wore a spike-topped German helmet that had a real dead rat impaled on the spike. This ought to go a long way

toward reassuring all those people who think New Wave is new. . . . *Francis Coppola's* masterwork *Apocalypse Now* has created renewed interest in *The Doors*, whose song *The End* is prominently featured in the movie. *The Doors'* keyboardist *Ray Manzarek* was originally asked to arrange some of the group's songs for the epic and was unable to, due to prior commitments. *Manzarek* now plans to bring out a solo album using some of his *Apocalypse* ideas.

NEWSBREAKS: Guitarist *Robert Fripp* has caused a lot of music-industry types to take notice of his unorthodox touring methods following his recent U.S. and Canadian concerts. *Fripp* played exclusively in 200-seat clubs and in local record stores and actually made money. . . . *Art Garfunkel* believes that he and former partner *Paul Simon* just might do another album. "I do believe there is at least one more good album in us," says Art. . . . Is this the beginning of the end? A survey by trade paper *Cash Box* indicates that disco radio is being abandoned by a growing number of stations that switched over last year. . . . *Led Zeppelin* will be touring the U.S. this spring and reportedly will be playing three hours of music at each concert, with no opening act, no theatrical effects and no fog machines. . . . Phonogram and Mercury records are coming out with two new albums that work backward. You'll put your record needle at the end and the disc will spin outward. The records are called *Counterrevolutions in Rock* and *Counterrevolutions in R&B*. What else did you expect?

—BARBARA NELLIS

★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

DOL GOSSIP: Hollywood, in its constant search for new subject matter, is quietly exploring incest. Whether **Bernardo Bertolucci's** *Luna* has broken the ice or not is anybody's guess, but sources tell me that a number of producers are either looking for or commissioning scripts on family affairs. . . . Speaking of controversial subjects, **Richard Burton** and **Tatum O'Neal** will star in the Canadian film *Circle of Two*, a love story involving a 16-year-old schoolgirl and a 60-year-old artist. **Jules Dassin** will direct from a screenplay by former *Esquire* editor **Thomas Hedley**. . . . Pinball wizard **Ken Russell's** next project (following postproduction on *Altered States*) will be *The Monster of Loch Ness*. The film will chronicle the effects of radioactive fallout and ecological negligence on the 300-foot creature. . . . **Clint Eastwood** will star in and direct *Bronco Billy*, scheduled to be shot in Idaho. The flick is a contemporary tale about a wild West show. . . . **Monty Python's John Cleese** will play the role of a count in the French Revolution sequence of **Mel Brooks's** *History of the World Part I*. In the same episode, Brooks will portray a court valet who attends to the royal chamber pots. . . . And while we're on the subject of scatology, rumor has it that the film *Caddyshack* will begin with . . . a fart.

BLAKELY ACTING: In my November column, I said that actress **Susan Blakely**



Blakely

had been overheard saying that she was tired of acting and was thinking about getting into film editing. Well, guess again. You can catch Blakely acting, not editing, in a TV-movie remake of *Tender Is the Night*, in which Susan will play the role of Nicole Diver. At presstime, the part of Dick Diver had not yet been cast, but I understand the producers are hoping to get **Frank Langella**.

THE CHAPMAN REPORT: "I'm very pleased with the controversial reaction to *Life of Brian*," says **Monty Python's Graham Chapman**, who plays the unwilling Messiah, **Brian Cohen**, in the flick. "We

hoped it would make people think a little." The madcap Python gang hopes to have a script for a new film done by next month. "It'll be a period piece," Chapman says, "but a little more recent than the last period we dealt with. I



Chapman

can't say any more about it, really—if I did, the others would beat me up." Asked if the next one will shape up to be as controversial as *Brian*, Chapman says, "I don't think the peak of blasphemy has yet been reached. There'll be a few corns trodden on in the next one, but of course, that's never our goal. We always start out simply to amuse ourselves." In the meantime, Chapman is working on a comedy-adventure about pirates called *Yellow Beard*.

THE ODD COUPLE, TAKE TWO: 20th Century-Fox-TV has commissioned playwright **Terrence McNally** to write a sitcom about two gays—tentatively titled *Frankie and Johnny*.

SMART MOVES: Silliness on the big screen may reach new highs (or lows, depending on your point of view) with the release this summer of *The Nude Bomb* (formerly called *The Return of Maxwell Smart*). Starring **Don Adams** (who else?) in the TV role he made famous, the flick boasts 110 stunt people, 115 special effects and Agents 34, 22, 36 (**Sylvia Kristel**, **Andrea Howard** and **Pamela Hensley**). The plot? Smart tries to avert a



Adams

KAOS plan to drop a nude bomb and render the whole world nude (and therefore dependent on **KAOS** for clothing).

The gadgetry includes a boot phone, a shoe phone, a red patent-leather Presidential shoe phone and an answer-phone shoe that takes messages when Smart is out of his shoe. As for special effects—the entrance to **KAOS** headquarters is fastened by the world's largest zipper. At 15 feet long, it probably holds the title in the *Guinness Book of World Records* and—believe it or not—actually works.

TV GUIDELINES: For years, **Norman Lear's** production company, T.A.T./Tandem, was one of the few truly innovative forces in TV. Now a 36-year-old executive named **Alan Horn** has taken over the reins from Lear and the company is looking seriously into the future. Horn will oversee the seven sitcoms now being aired, a slate of TV movies and programs for pay and cable TV. "TV will evolve into whatever will best benefit the consumer," says Horn. "As long as the most important criterion for success is ratings, lowest-common-denominator programming will prevail. Pay and cable will give us an opportunity to do something for a selective audience. My first objective is to do a series that's commercially viable but intelligent comedy as well, something that leaves you with a message."

ANIMAL HOUSE: "Our family physician is a plastic surgeon!" says actress **Tippi Hedren**, who with her husband, **Noel Marshall**, is making what may be the most hazardous wildlife film ever—*Roar*. Some 150 lions, tigers and cheetahs roam freely around the couple's



Hedren and friend

Soledad Canyon ranch. (I wonder if they keep a BEWARE OF THE DOG sign in their front yard.) The project has so far taken eight years and cost \$9,000,000, mostly in feed bills (the animals consume about \$7000 worth of meat per week). Like Noel, Tippi is prepared to overlook the unavoidable injuries and dangers for the sake of the thrills. "Some people fly airplanes, some people sky-dive," she says. "You think they're not taking their lives in their hands?"

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL





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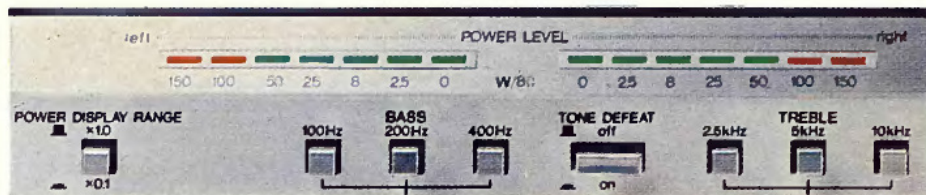
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Sony's exclusive fluorescent Digital Plus display moves with dial pointer.

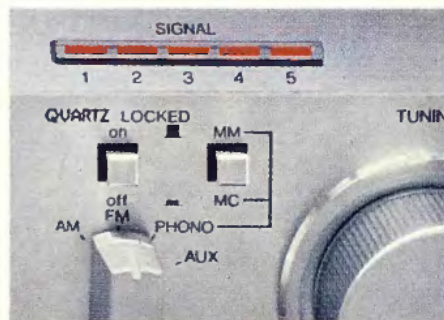
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Then we added a whole set of features that you won't find anywhere else. Like Digital Plus frequency display. Sampling Quartz Locked tuning. Built-in moving coil cartridge pre-preamplifiers. Triple Turnover tone controls.



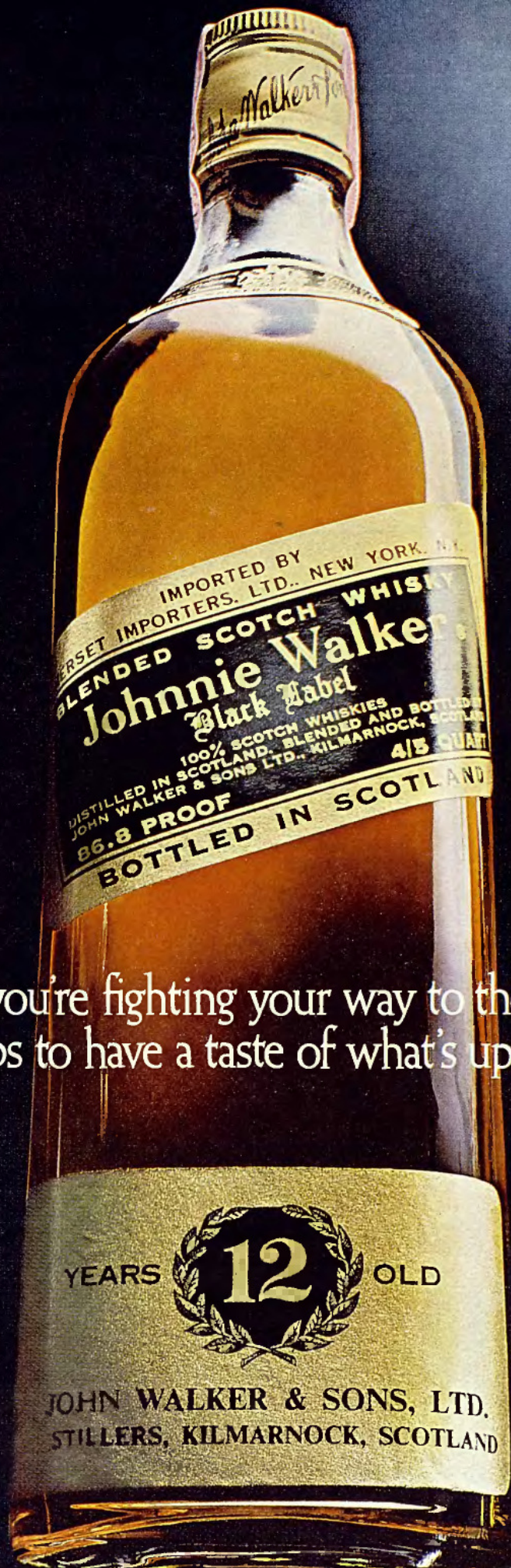
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

How can you tell when a woman is sexually excited? I've been cruising singles bars and discos for several years and I have never been able to tell when someone is responding to my come-on. I recall reading in a book by Desmond Morris that blushing and sweating are sure signs of sexual arousal. Is there any truth to that claim?—W. C., New York, New York.

Some, but not enough to help you make it through the night. There are four stages to sexual arousal—excitement, plateau, orgasm and resolution. The physiological signs of excitement are not exactly neon. The more common signs are the erection of the man and, in the woman, vaginal lubrication, nipple erection and a slight increase in the size of her breasts. On occasion, a woman may experience a sex-tension flush (a reddening of the skin on the breasts, shoulders and abdomen) near the end of the excitement stage. The full-tilt blush doesn't occur until later stages, so unless she's having an orgasm right there, chances are it's something you said. Mark Cook and Robert McHenry, two English sex researchers, have suggested that by the time a man is in the position to see a woman's sex-tension flush or observe vaginal lubrication, he already knows that she is sexually excited. Obviously, they've never been to Studio 54. Spontaneous sweating does occur in one out of three women—but only after orgasm. Then again, maybe the air conditioning just quit or her roll-on stopped working. There are many studies that claim body language is a good indicator of interest, if not arousal. Psychologist Elaine Walster notes that people who like each other tend to stand closer together, and actually lean together, as though shutting off competitors. (Great, unless you're on a subway.) Other sociologists have pointed out that eye contact is a good sign—in an average conversation, people look at each other only 30–60 percent of the time. The more you like someone, the more you look at her. (You don't want to let her get away do you?) In any case, the best sign is verbal: a simple yes.

I'm thinking of upgrading my stereo system with a better pair of speakers. The salesman at the local store asked me what kind of power my amp had and what kind of music I liked to play. I said that I liked loud rock and had a 30-watts-per-channel amp. He said that wasn't enough power, that if I played rock loud on my small amp, I would fry the speakers. That doesn't sound logical. I would think that only big receivers blow speakers. Was he just try-



ing to make a sale?—J. R., Chicago, Illinois.

Yes. He was also telling the truth, within limits. You can melt down many speakers by playing them loudly for hours on end, or by dropping the needle when the volume's at maximum. However, undernourished speakers are more prone to failure than are well-fed mothers. The reason is this: On a rock recording, the bass and drums make up most of the sound; consequently, the woofers end up doing most of the work. If you turn up the volume, the woofer can suck up all the power your amp has, and then some. A sharp peak will exhaust the power supply. The amp responds by sending out a high-frequency alarm signal (the harmonics) that zaps the tweeter. Amen. There are some solutions. Compact acoustic-suspension speakers require muchos watts, but your 30 per channel should be enough to cause permanent deafness using high-efficiency units such as Klipschorns for loud rock. (Jazz and classical do not make the same demands on your stereo system.) If you can't find high-efficiency speakers to suit your taste, save your bucks, invest in a bigger amp and blow out the front of your apartment building.

Please settle an argument that is going on in our office. One of the girls has come up with the theory that she can tell whether or not her spouse has had sex within the past week. This is done

by examining his testicles for tightness, with any limpness obviously showing recent sexual activity. The males contend that is no indicator, because other variables, such as underwear and weather, affect the way they're hanging. Is that a dead giveaway, or does this girl just have an unusual husband?—Miss D. M., Raleigh, North Carolina.

No. The husband has an unusual wife. Her theory implies that she hasn't had sex for a week, unless you count her copping a feel as sex, which we don't. The testes rise and fall according to temperature, short-term excitement, fear and danger. They rise just prior to orgasm. The left testicle, incidentally, usually hangs lower and roves more. In this case, it may rove out of the house.

My girlfriend wants me to film our next vacation, a cross-country tour of the United States. Frankly, I've never had any luck with still cameras and have no experience at all with movie cameras. I do know that 16mm outfits produce better images than Super 8, but they're also more complicated. Could I learn to use one in a few months? What's the difference in cost between the two systems?—R. F., Boston, Massachusetts.

If you've had bad luck with still cameras, we can understand your caution about moving into movies. We suggest a little practice first. Try renting some units for a weekend. If you find you've overexposed half your reels, you might try a portable video-cassette recorder. With a VCR unit, you get on-the-job experience. You'll be able to see the results of your efforts immediately; that is, if you take along a small portable TV. The start-up costs of a VCR system may be a little more than a film system, but in the long run, it comes out cheaper. Processing two hours of Super-8 film, for instance, can run around \$200, whereas a two-hour video cassette will cost \$15–\$20. Add to that the possibilities of recording TV programs, buying pre-recorded movies and/or preserving your own erotic triumphs (in private) and you're sure to get your money's worth. Your final consideration may be based on the quality of film image vs. TV image. There's something special about movie film—gala openings, popcorn, the works. And, well, TV is still TV.

Last year, for Valentine's Day, my boyfriend gave me a Prelude 3 vibrator. I have used it well and often (he goes to school out of state and we see each other only on weekends). It has greatly enlarged my sexual horizons, teaching me a

great deal about pleasure. My problem is this: What can I give him in return? Vibrators are great for women but don't seem to be the thing for men (even with the attachments that are supposed to fit around the penis). Any suggestions?—Miss M. C., Amherst, Massachusetts.

Sure. Kinsey once observed that men are more easily aroused than women by the sight of sexual stimulus, while women seem to respond primarily to touch. That may or may not be true—but it does suggest a gift. A subscription to PLAYBOY. Or, better yet, next time he's in town, borrow a camera and take a few sexy shots of yourself. Something in a bikini or less. Have the best one blown up to a discreet size—11 x 14 or so. Or maybe put 12 of them together in a calendar. He'll appreciate the thought. As they say—one good hand deserves another.

Lately, I've been hearing a lot about digital recording. The fidelity is supposed to be fantastic. Since I plan to buy a new recorder in the near future, it sounds especially interesting to me. Is it as good as they say it is? What manufacturers offer that kind of equipment?—M. P., Topeka, Kansas.

You can buy a fantastic digital recorder for just a little less than what you'd pay for a medium-sized yacht. The system, also known as PCM (pulse code modulation), just hasn't made it big in the consumer market yet. What it does basically is translate music into numbers and numbers back into music. Currently, it's being used mostly for recording masters and for duping, since it is possible to make many copies with no loss of fidelity. Pricing makes it readily available only to recording companies right now, though a Beta-compatible video-tape converter, the Sony PCM-1, is now available for \$1000. Frankly, by the time home sets are available at anything approaching a reasonable cost, regular recorders (analog) using metal-particle tape may have progressed to the point where the difference will be inaudible to all but audio engineers and Doberman pinschers. In any case, we're talking about a few years, so leave the digitals to the pros and pick up a good metal compatible system. You'll be happy and your friends will love your new yacht.

A friend claims that ginseng increases sexual desire. He says that the Chinese sages use it as a remedy for sexual ills (it supposedly increases fertility). What's the true story?—W. L., Chicago, Illinois.

Judging by the population of China, those old sages don't have any sexual ills that need curing. Certainly, their fertility is not in need of restoration. In this country, ginseng has enjoyed a popular reputation as an aphrodisiac. However, there is little research to support that

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San Miguel Square Richardson..... Promenade Shopping Center San Antonio..... Sunset Mall San Antonio..... Best Shopping Center San Antonio..... 8503 Broadway San Antonio..... Oak Ridge Shopping Center San Antonio..... Windsor Plaza Shopping Center San Antonio..... 3209 Wurzbach Road Tomball..... Central Mall Wichita Falls..... 286 Sikes Center	UTAH Bountiful..... Colonial Square Murray..... 5460 S. 900 East Ogden..... Country Hills Plaza Ogden..... Ogden City Plaza Orem..... Grand Central Plaza Taylorville..... Carriage Square	VERMONT Bennington..... Bennington Square Burlington..... Burlington Square Mall	VIRGINIA Hampton..... Coliseum Square Hampton..... Valley Mall Norfolk..... Janal Shopping Center Norfolk..... Ward's Corner Richmond..... Fountain Square Springfield..... Backlick Plaza Virginia Beach..... Hilltop Plaza Virginia Beach..... Shopping Center Virginia Beach..... Independence Shoppes	WASHINGTON Aberdeen..... Wishkah Mall Bellevue..... North Bellevue Shopping Center Federal Way..... Pacific Ave. & 312th Puyallup..... Meridian Plaza Redmond..... Overlake Square Seattle..... Lake City Shopping Center Silver Star Center	WEST VIRGINIA Morgantown..... Mountaineer Mall St. Albans..... St. Albans Plaza West Huntington..... Ceredo Plaza	WISCONSIN Fond du Lac..... Forest Plaza Milwaukee..... Northridge Mall West Bend..... Washington Mall	WYOMING Rock Springs..... White Mountain Shopping Center	CANADA Kitchener, Ontario..... Market Square Ogden, Ontario..... Billing's Plaza West Hill, Ontario..... Morningside Plaza Windsor, Ontario..... Pickwick Plaza	PUERTO RICO Carolina..... Plaza Carolina San Juan..... 1104 Ashford Ave. and more opening every week.
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This is a comfortable sportsman's billed cap. Black mesh (air cooled) and adjustable to any size head, with an official "Jack Daniel's Field Tester" patch on the front. Guaranteed to shade your eyes and start a lot of conversations. My \$5.25 price includes postage and handling.

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contention. One study found that seven percent of the people using ginseng claimed it enhanced their sexual performance. Those are probably the same seven percent who believe that Virgos are better in bed—in other words, it is not statistically significant. In the same study, users reported that ginseng acted as a stimulant and a mild euphoric—it made them less fatigued and increased their sense of well-being. The August 1977 PLAYBOY reported on a study by Russian scientists that claimed ginseng improves concentration, coordination and physical stamina—all of which are useful in bed. The simple fact is, if you're feeling good to begin with, the sex is always better.

A few months ago, my wife and I saw a film called "10" that had Bo Derek and Dudley Moore trying to make love to Ravel's *Bolero*. It was hysterically funny and launched a conversation about what kind of music was best for sex. I said that for a couple to have a good long-lasting relationship, the male and the female would have to enjoy listening to the same music while making love. My wife said that the two would work that out the same way they worked out other sexual differences. Since she likes disco and I like rock, that could present some problems. What do you say?—S. J., Canton, Ohio.

We say what Tina Turner says: "First we're gonna do it nice and easy, then we're gonna do it nice and rough." Take turns. As for Ravel's "Bolero"—we added that one to our Frisbee collection in college. This is a serious moral question, and one of the few situations in which honesty is not the best policy. Tell your wife that there are scientific studies that show disco is not conducive to good sex. Indeed, that babies born to parents doing it to disco show a higher incidence of birth defects and may end up in Government. If she does not respond to lies, buy headphones, and take turns playing "Name That Tune" in bed.

Enjoying a good game of chess is my favorite pastime. The problem is: I'm running out of opponents, at least the kind that can beat me. I've heard that the new electronic chess games are pretty good, but they're also expensive. Before I invest in one, I'd like to know how good they really are and how long it will be before I outstrip them, too.—M. B., Kenosha, Wisconsin.

The question really is: How good are you? As you probably know, chess players are rated according to tournament play. And computers have only recently been allowed to enter tournaments. If you're approaching the master level, you're at the high end of the machine's capabilities. Masters have no trouble beating the little computers and only a

little beating the big ones. That means that right now, electronic games are best for beginners and intermediate players. As the programs improve, that will inevitably change. If it's mental exercise you want, they'll give it to you. But for superior play right now, you'll still have to rely on flesh-and-blood buffs.

It seems to me to be fashionable these days to downplay the male orgasm while glorifying the female's. Hasn't this service to women's lib gone far enough? OK, specifically: Just how many contractions or spasms do most men seem to have during ejaculation? A recent magazine (women's) article stated a man "usually" has between three and eight contractions, with the second half of them being weak and irregular. Three to eight!? Listen, I've counted, and during what I'd call an average orgasm, I never have as few as three and nearly always more than eight. And my first six or seven contractions are all strong and intense. My orgasms are always longer and more intense than those described in most articles. The contractions do not really weaken until after seven or so, and then they still continue through as many as 14. So what's the story out there, you guys?—S. A. W., Rochester, New York.

The male orgasm has two phases—emission and ejaculation, or perhaps more simply, load and fire. In phase one, the internal organs (the prostate, the seminal vesicles, the internal part of the urethra, etc.) pump seminal fluid into a staging area (the prostatic urethrae). In stage two, the urethral sphincter contracts at .08-second intervals, expelling the seminal fluid. (Interestingly, this is the same frequency with which the female experiences her orgasmic contractions.) These are probably the contractions you notice. For most men, the first two or three contractions are pleasurable, but the most sensation comes from the feeling of the volume of the ejaculate. According to Masters and Johnson, the force of the first contractions seems to develop a slight anesthesia—many men do not notice subsequent contractions. Obviously you do. Your orgasm is your own responsibility. Don't try to measure it or compare it with others. There are two things that writers can't describe. One of them is a sunset.

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.



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

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

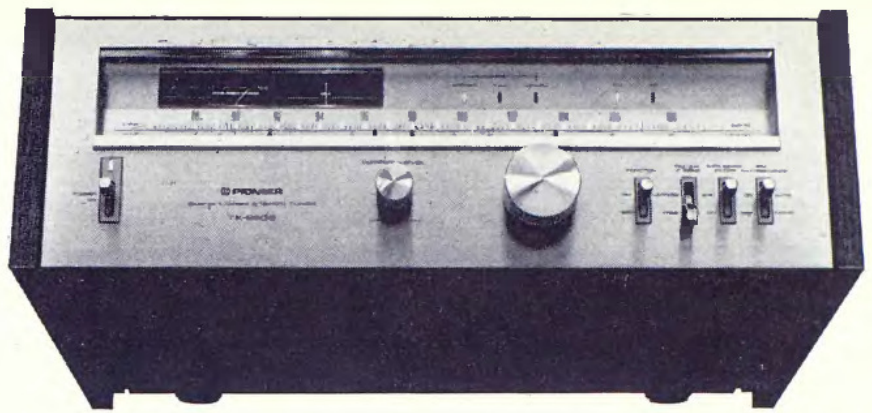
Lem Tolley (the other man) learned to still whiskey from his uncle Lem Motlow, who learned all he knew from his uncle, Jack Daniel. And Mr. Tolley, who's retired now, handed down all this knowledge to young Frank. Some folks say Frank learned his lessons so well he even looks like a Motlow. We're not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



Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop. Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

PIONEER WINS THE AMP & TUNER BATTLE WITH A TECHNICAL KNOCK-OUT.



THE PIONEER TX-9800 TUNER.

At one time the struggle between amplifiers was won by the amp that had the most muscle. And the tuner that brought in the most stations also brought in the most acclaim.

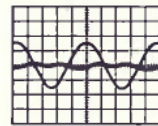
Today, there's one series of amplifiers whose technology has put it in a class by itself. And only one series of tuners that is its match.

They're Pioneer SA-9800 amplifiers. And TX-9800 tuners.

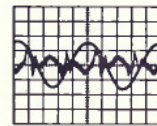
Until Pioneer's SA-9800, you had two choices when selecting an amplifier. Either you paid through the nose for a heat producing Class A amp. Or you paid through the ear for a distortion producing Class B.

Pioneer's SA-9800 offers the efficiency found in the finest Class B amplifiers. With a distortion level found in the finest Class A. An unheard of 0.005% at 10-20,000 hertz.

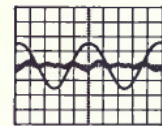
What's more, instead of slow-to-react VU meters that give you average readings or LED's that give you limited resolution, the SA-9800 offers a Fluorescan metering system that is so precise and so fast, it instantaneously follows every peak in the power to make sure you're never bothered by overload or clipping distortion.



CLASS A AMPLIFIER.
LEAST DISTORTION
BUT MOST HEAT.



CLASS B AMPLIFIER.
MOST DISTORTION
BUT LESS HEAT.



SA-9800.
LESS DISTORTION, LESS
HEAT, AND MORE POWER.

And while you're certain to find conventional power transistors in most conventional amplifiers, you won't find them in the SA-9800. Instead you'll find R.E.T. transistors that greatly increase frequency response. So instead of getting distortion at high frequencies, you get clean clear sound. Nothing more. Nothing less.

Obviously, it took revolutionary engineering to build Pioneer's new series of amplifiers. But that same technology and skillful engineering also went into Pioneer's new line of tuners.

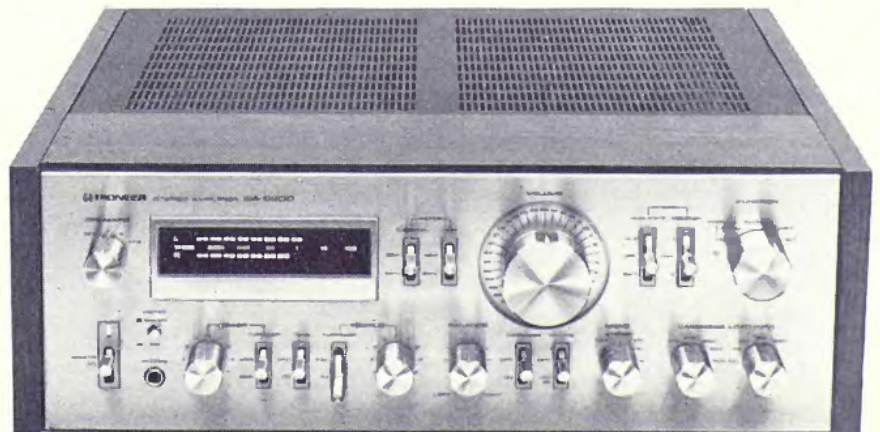
While other tuners offer features that just sound great, every feature in Pioneer's new TX-9800 helps to produce great sound.

Like Pioneer's new Quadrature Discriminator Transformer that helps reduce distortion to 0.05% at 1 KHz and raise signal-to-noise ratio to 83 dB. A specially designed Quartz Sampling Lock Tuning System that automatically locks onto your desired broadcast. And automatically eliminates FM drift. And two band widths for both AM and FM stations.

By now it must be quite obvious, that when it comes to engineering only a few amps and tuners are in Pioneer's class.

But when it comes to value there's **PIONEER**® no contest. We bring it back alive.

THE PIONEER SA-9800 AMPLIFIER.



THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

DOWN WITH DOMINANCE

Down with Adrienne Burnette and her "Down with Dominant Women" (*The Playboy Forum*, September), because she isn't fooling anyone, at least not me. If you buy her assertion that men are reduced by dominant women to crippled, resentful, selfish, vulnerable, weak, submissive and docile creatures, then you buy the idea that our old values and sex-role conditioning are still in full force. Perhaps they do reign supreme for women like Burnette, who seems to want the man to make all the moves so she can only "lie back and enjoy it." Personally, I and my friends *hate* that routine and would love nothing better than to see more women take the lead, pay their fair share and make their share of the moves. I don't feel the least bit threatened by aggressive women. Through strong language ("castrate," "cripple") and a feigned concern for the welfare of men, Burnette is attempting to brainwash us males into accepting her position. As far as I'm concerned, women have had us by the balls for years, and Burnette is afraid that she's losing her grip.

John Hays
Huntington Beach, California

When I hear a woman express female assertiveness as a threat to male self-confidence, I wonder from what cocky rogue or chauvinistic fraternity she formulated her opinion. One should not assume that a man will freeze to death when stripped of his so-called assertiveness in bed by the woman who lies next to him, clothed and secure in her new dominant position.

I feel that life manifests itself as a series of choices. Through my own experiences, I have learned not to choose a man who will allow my assertiveness to destroy "that joy a man can give." Like some male victims of sexual domination, I, too, have suffered. I have "withdrawn feeling crippled and resentful, selfish and vulnerable to the overpowering, dominant partner" who, at the risk of himself feeling "diminished," would not even allow me to show him where my clitoris is. If a man is destroyed by the mere communication of my needs, I will not lie back and feign enjoyment, I will simply lay off.

Terri Tamase
Beverly, New Jersey

The problem, it appears, is one of semantics, not of basic disagreement. One person's crippling aggressiveness is

another's refreshing assertiveness. Of course, we could straighten all this out in one masterfully reasoned paragraph (about 10,000 words long), but that would exhaust an entertaining topic for "Forum" debate.

FUEL FOR THOUGHT

Rumor has it that a new alliance is being forged among the oil have-nots of the world in response to OPEC. The

"If she were going to be such a tease, I figured I might as well play along."

alliance is to be named the Organization of Fuel Using Countries. And the next time OPEC jacks up its prices, you can be sure to hear the anguished cries of OFUC!

Arthur O. Spaulding, Jr.
Reno, Nevada

ROAD WORK

There aren't enough good "sex and the engineer" stories coming out of Pittsburgh these days, so, being an engineer, I guess it's my turn.

I was lucky enough to be carpooling with a secretary from my company



who was young, pretty, self-assured and carefree; not the kind of woman your average engineer gets a chance to mess with. Riding to and from work together, we became very close friends and, as time passed, we began to have very intimate conversations. One day, and with a completely straight face, she asked me if my girlfriend had ever given me a baby-lotion hand job. I rather dryly responded that my girlfriend didn't have that much imagination. We were caught in Friday-afternoon rush-hour traffic and I still thought that she was kidding, but if she were going to be such a tease, I figured I might as well play along. Soon I noticed her out of the corner of my eye rooting around in her purse. Then I saw that she was pouring baby lotion onto the palm of her hand. She warned me that it could be a little messy and asked me if I would mind. "Naw, I don't mind," I said.

She slid across the seat and very soon my mouth dropped open. I just couldn't believe it. I looked at her with this big, dumb, stunned look on my face and decided to take the first exit and find a place to stop. She pulled my cock out and gently poured the lotion over it and then proceeded to give me a soft, teasingly slow, wet and wonderful hand job, all the while laughing and blowing in my ear.

That was the good news; now it's time for the bad news. When I suggested that this was the only way to travel, she announced that she had found another job and what I'd got was simply a little going-away present.

(Name withheld by request)
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

LAWS OF THE LAND

On behalf of the Central Michigan chapter of the A.C.L.U., I represented a Caro, Michigan, man who was arrested for swearing in front of his wife. The incident and resulting litigation is reported as #25,366 of the December 1978 issue of *Clearinghouse Review*.

I think this backwoods civil-liberty clash will interest your readers, who may be surprised to learn that a supposedly modern Northern industrial state still has an 1897 statute on its books, haphazardly enforced, that prohibits the use of "indecent, immoral, obscene, vulgar or insulting language in the presence or hearing of women or children."

The occurrence and dismissal of this

prosecution received no news coverage. No appeal was taken, so this bizarre statute is still available for enforcement by any policeman or prosecutor wild enough to utilize it. The A.C.L.U. of Michigan is considering a project to push for repeal of this law as part of a general house cleaning of the state criminal code.

William T. Street
Attorney at Law
Saginaw, Michigan

From the materials submitted by attorney Street, it seems the defendant was arguing with a sheriff's deputy at the time of the offense. For students of legal jargon, we'll quote briefly from the prosecutor's affidavit in which he deposes:

That he [the prosecutor] verily believes that testimony from prosecution witnesses at trial will show that the defendant uttered the following words toward the police as the basis for his arrest under M.S.A. §28.569, MCLA 750.337:

- A. Fuck or fucker
- B. Bitch
- C. Assholes

Further affiant saith not.

MODEST PROPOSAL

To the well-meaning fools who make their personal and political decisions on the basis of theology instead of common sense, I offer this little story about real life. A Chicago court layed a 40-to-80-year sentence on a man who had starved and later beaten to death two of his children, ages two and three. According to the newspaper, when the sentencing judge asked the man why he ever chose to have children, he answered, referring to his wife, "She wasn't into abortion."

All the self-righteous, theologically inclined, hard-nosed, uncompromising anti-abortionists are, in my opinion, idiots who should be required by law to put their names on a national list of people of their own "pro-life" persuasion and be willing to assume responsibility for all unwanted babies, regardless of color, creed, etc.

(Name withheld by request)
Skokie, Illinois

THE DEATH PENALTY

When Nevada executed murderer Jesse Bishop, I watched the news accounts of his last hours with interest and a growing sense of concern. I've never had strong convictions one way or another on the death penalty; except for a queasy feeling that it's a bit barbaric, I'd be happy to revive lynching for modern-day horse thieves, since my second ten-speed was ripped off. I also think any woman who kills a rapist or any shopkeeper who blows away a robber should be awarded medals and a new box of bullets.

But in the Nevada execution, I thought Bishop had the last laugh and

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

DISCO DANGER

TOWSON, MARYLAND—A woman who was kicked and wounded in the leg while disco dancing in a "careful, cautious and prudent manner" is suing the alleged kicker for \$200,000 as compensation for the injury and time lost on



the dance floor. The woman, a real-estate agent, stated that she frequently danced for recreation and that the injury "put me out of commission and spoiled my summer."

SEX LAW VOIDED

SACRAMENTO—The California Supreme Court has declared the state's sexual-solicitation law unconstitutional, but has upheld that portion of the statute banning soliciting or engaging in "lewd or dissolute conduct" in public after specifically defining those acts. Essentially, the court held that such solicitation of a noncriminal, private sexual act cannot be prohibited unless the person charged knowingly offended someone. Thomas F. Coleman, the gay-activist attorney who argued the case, said the decision would protect the personal liberties of all citizens and presumably reduce police harassment of homosexuals for such acts as dancing together or kissing in public. He added that the court's ruling was retroactive and should permit many persons found guilty under the old lewd-conduct law, and who then had to register as convicted sex offenders, to return to court and seek reversals. (See "Sex News," page 234.)

Meanwhile, a Federal judge in San Diego declared unconstitutional a Cal-

ifornia law permitting a policeman to arrest a person simply for refusing to identify himself when ordered to do so by the officer. Similar statutes in Texas and in Michigan have been ruled unconstitutional by the U.S. Supreme Court.

TOUGH RAPE LAW

SACRAMENTO—Governor Jerry Brown has signed a bill giving California one of the toughest rape laws in the country. The new legislation doubles sentences for repeat rapists, requires a prison sentence for all forcible sex crimes and requires some young rapists to be sent to adult prisons. The penalties for first-offense rape range from two to six years and sentences for more than one offense must be served consecutively. Opponents of the bill had argued that harsher rape penalties make jury convictions harder to obtain.

CENSORSHIP IN UTAH

BOUNTIFUL, UTAH—The Davis County library has voted three to two to fire a local library director for refusing to remove the 1971 novel "Americana," by Don DeLillo, from its shelves. The director, Jeanne Layton, had worked for the library a total of 20 years and had been its director for the past nine. She was fired on a motion by county commissioner Morris Swapp, who considered the book obscene, had checked it out, then claimed he had lost it. Local citizens opposing the board's action have since donated more copies of the book.

SPARE THE ROD...

BALTIMORE—A Maryland schoolteacher and his wife, both in their 30s, have been charged with kidnap and assault of an 18-year-old boy over a small amount of marijuana. Police said the couple burned the victim with cigarettes and lighter fluid, stuck a loaded pistol in his mouth and threatened to cut him up with a chain saw. The youth was hospitalized with third-degree burns and the couple was held on a bond of \$75,000 each.

SEXUAL MOLESTATION

LOS ANGELES—After conducting a study on the sexual abuse of children, a University of Southern California researcher reports that most molesters are not "dirty old men," as widely believed, but men between the ages of 25 and 35. Dr. Barbara Star has found that

even with molesters over 50, most of them committed their first sexual offense against a child before reaching 20. She added that in 75 percent of the cases, the molester is a relative, friend or neighborhood acquaintance of the victim or the victim's family, and that at least 60,000 children are sexually abused each year.

PARAQUAT PROGRAM

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The United States has informed Mexico that it has found health hazards associated with paraquat and will no longer fund the spraying of that herbicide on marijuana fields, but the action is not expected to make much difference in present practices. Mexico indicated it has since acquired its own supply of paraquat, and drug experts familiar with the spraying program in that country consider it unlikely that Mexican drug officials could, even if they wanted to, limit spraying to poppy fields, a program the U. S. is continuing to fund with some \$10,000,000 during fiscal 1980.

JILTED

MARTINSVILLE, VIRGINIA—A salesman from Roanoke made the mistake of picking up a woman hitchhiker and offering her only ten dollars for sex. According to the local sheriff's office, the two stopped and went into some



woods, the man undressed and the woman ran away with the salesman's pants, containing his wallet and \$283.

HAPPINESS HORMONE

SEATTLE—The reason some women feel relaxed and near euphoric during childbirth may be that their bodies are producing what a Seattle researcher calls a "happiness hormone." Dr. J. C. Houck, a biochemist and director of the Virginia Mason Research Center,

reports that the hormone beta endorphin, which tends to relieve pain and anxiety, has been detected in the human placenta and in the pancreas. Other researchers have found that the pituitary hormone, discovered in 1976, may eventually prove useful in combating the withdrawal symptoms of heroin addiction and in treating depression and schizophrenia.

PORN IN DENMARK

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA—Sexual offenses against children have declined by 85 percent in Denmark since pornography was legalized over a decade ago, according to a prominent Danish criminologist. Speaking at a conference in Vancouver, Dr. Berl Kutchinsky of the University of Copenhagen said that his studies also found that people quickly become disinterested in pornography when it's widely available, with book and magazine sales falling from some 4,000,000 in 1967 to 1,500,000 in the early Seventies. He speculated that Denmark's rape statistics have remained nearly constant over the past decade because rapists seem to have little interest in porn.

BIGMOUTH

PENSACOLA, FLORIDA—A 37-year-old suspected car thief managed to talk himself into a ten-year jail sentence without ever going to trial. After a bond-reduction hearing, the defendant began squabbling with his jailers and was hauled back into the courtroom, where he continued his outburst and told the judge, "If you ever want to tell me anything, mail it to me."

The judge responded, "I won't have to mail you this—I'm finding you in contempt of court and sending you to county jail for one year." The exchange between the defendant and the judge proceeded as follows:

"Why not make it five years?"

"All right, you've got it."

"Why not make it ten years?"

"You've got it—ten years in county jail."

The defendant then dared the judge to raise his bond to \$50,000; the judge did just that and by the time the man was back in his cell facing ten years, his total bond was \$100,000.

PEEPING DICKS

DENVER—When vice detectives dropped a dollar into a slot to check out a new peep show in an X-rated arcade, they were surprised to see a live performance of a nude woman dancing. When the woman concluded her dance with the suggestion that customers could participate in the show for

additional payment, the detectives placed her under arrest. Police conceded the idea was novel and dubbed the peep show a "sex vending machine."

WEED PROBLEM

CASPER, WYOMING—The agricultural curiosity of a Casper barber cost him a \$155 fine, \$100 of which was suspended on the condition that he not grow any more marijuana during the next year. The 53-year-old defendant explained to a municipal judge that he never had smoked pot but had planted a few seeds just to see if they would grow.



They not only grew but spread, and police said they found more than 100 pot plants, some taller than six feet, thriving amid corn and other garden vegetables.

BAD TRIP

NEW YORK—A Uruguayan bride on her honeymoon in New York fell 18 floors to her death in what police called a tragic freak accident. Police officials said the woman, 20, was with her husband and was playfully bouncing on their hotel-room bed when she lost her balance and fell through a window.

HIGH COST OF CENSORSHIP

MEMPHIS—At the recommendation of the U. S. Justice Department, a Federal district judge has dismissed charges against ten persons and five corporations still facing trial for distribution of the porno film "The Devil in Miss Jones." The action ended a series of obscenity prosecutions dating back to 1974. Those included two trials over the movie "Deep Throat," which resulted in several convictions at a cost to taxpayers of over \$5,000,000. The convictions are presently on appeal before the U. S. Sixth Circuit Court in Cincinnati.

made the death penalty and our entire criminal-justice system look *dumb*. Most officious and most righteous but *stupid*. Instead of pleading and groveling, he thumbed his nose at Nevada and the A.C.L.U. alike and went to his death like a movie hero who not only refuses the blindfold but also spits in the eye of

his executioner. Another Gary Gilmore performance, only cleaner.

Which brings me to wonder if we don't have hundreds, maybe thousands of antisocial, emotionally disturbed, loser-mentality young criminals looking for just such a spectacular way to self-destruct. I came away from that experi-

ence thinking to myself, I'd rather die on that stage than be a loser and a nobody. Execution is not, I fear, going to solve the murder problem in this country.

George Williams
Chicago, Illinois

You, we and quite a few criminologists share that concern. In January

THE JOHN HOUR

guest essay By WILLIAM SAFIRE

As a reporter, novelist, lexicographer, columnist and former White House speechwriter, William Safire has always had a way with words. Here he uses some choice ones to discuss the interesting scheme cooked up by New York mayor Ed Koch to combat prostitution. They appeared as an essay in The New York Times and we're privileged to share them with our readers.

The mayor of New York, eager to prove how ardent a feminist he can be, announced this week that men convicted of patronizing prostitutes would have their names broadcast over the city-owned radio station, WNYC.

"We're going to call it *The John Hour*," said this new impresario of public shame. "We're not allowed to put people in stocks anymore, so instead, what I'm going to do is to focus public attention by putting their names in stocks. . . ."

Chew that over. Half a world away, in Iran, the Ayatollah Khomeini enforces his strict notions of public morality by shooting adulterers and beheading prostitutes. Here in New York, the Mayatollah Ed Koch enforces public morality by reaching back three centuries to come up with a broadcast version of a humiliation Pilgrims called the stocks.

What happens to ordinary mortals when they are put in a position to dictate their personal morality to others? Upon what meat does this, our mayor, feed, that he has grown so fatuous?

Prostitution, we can all assert with righteous vehemence, is a sin. Selling sexual services has been castigated as immoral since morality began. It corrupts the individual, offends society and, worst of all, adversely affects property values. Bad, bad, bad.

But prostitution should not be a crime. The purchase and sale of sex—when it is a private, commercial arrangement between adults—is no business of government at any level.

First, prostitution was a practice of humankind before lawyers were invented, and will be with us after the last lawyer in office has given up making a tort out of a tart. We tried



the prohibition of liquor a couple of generations ago, and later admitted our mistake; the time is ripe to do the same with local prohibitions of sex for sale.

Second, the laws against prostitution breed disrespect for the law. When people get used to breaking the law on "victimless" crimes, law enforcement itself becomes the victim. Morality should be taught, not legislated; if we scorn a cop misplaced in the pulpit, we are more likely to scorn him on the street.

Third, laws against prostitution breed disrespect by lawmakers for individual privacy rights. Enforcement is based essentially on entrapment or enticement, which is government encouragement of lawbreaking for the purpose of catching the lawbreaker. That perverts and debases the law.

From the libertarian conservative point of view, that last point is the most important. The police assigned to the demeaning job of tape-recording a solicitation from a streetwalker will soon be wire-tapping the telephones of callgirls, and then of Johns—customers—who are suspected of calling prostitutes. As electronic snooping improves, vice-squad investigations open a door to massive invasions of everyone's privacy.

The Mayatollah, a liberal Democrat, would express shock and horror at any such intent to violate civil liberties. After all, he is only trying to be nonsexist in his newest campaign; by harassing the male customers of prostitutes, he thereby attaches a kind of affirmative-action fervor to harassment previously limited to women of the profession.

By publicly broadcasting the shame of the customers (including, in order to be nonsexist, the customers of homosexual prostitutes, which should send a chill up Third Avenue), he thinks this will somehow even the score for the female retailers of sex, who have borne the brunt of arrest and embarrassment until now.

But when you have been wronging women, the solution is not to wrong men equally; the answer is to stop wronging both. The worst answer of all is for government, for the first time, to use broadcasting facilities for the purpose of criminal punishment. (Televised executions, anyone? Great deterrent, sure-fire ratings and—if sponsored Olympic style—a nice source of government revenue.)

The New York Police Department's vice squad spends \$945,000 a year running prostitutes in and out of court. Add to that the portion of the budget spent by the five district attorneys for this useless activity, the burden on the Legal Aid Society to represent the accused, the court time and overhead and the expenses of the Department of Corrections to spin its revolving door.

Couldn't that taxpayer money be saved or, better, directed at nailing and jailing the major pimps, or in expanding the \$410,000 Youth Board budget to help the exploited children now in prostitution?

Hizzayatollah should stop trying to appeal to feminist bluenoses by coercing judges who must deal with real criminals and don't want to waste time on what consenting adults do in private. Commercial sex is recession-proof and politician-proof.

The Communist government of China has spent 30 years indoctrinating its people to eschew sexual interests: Women wear unisex clothes and face heavy penalties for moral transgression. In Peking, Jay Mathews of *The Washington Post* this week quoted an official of the Chinese Foreign Ministry on the campaign's success: "There is no prostitution in China. However, we do have some women who make love for money."

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1977, we published the following in an editorial: "The prospect of being locked up in a cell for life and forgotten by history holds no great appeal, but the prospect of being catapulted from anonymity to celebrity, selected by the state for ceremonial execution—to 'ride the lightning'—can provide a stronger motivation to kill than to live." The death penalty is no doubt a powerful deterrent to the people who support it, but they don't go around robbing and killing people—except an occasional spouse during a family fight, and that's generally not a capital crime.

"A POLICEMAN'S LOT"

Over the years, I've read many letters in *The Playboy Forum* in which policemen are scrutinized, criticized and picked apart. It's not often that I read a letter of appreciation or praise.

Those who feel honored to "pin on the badge" each day realize that we are being constantly observed by those awaiting the moment when we make an error. It's usually those finger pointers who don't stop to think that should an electrician, plumber, real-estate person, cook, mechanic or whoever make an occasional mistake, it is both expected and tolerated; no one is perfect. But let a cop commit a simple human error or a bad judgment he has had to make in a split second, he has to face not only his superiors but often his city, state and the press.

Thank you for printing "A Policeman's Lot" in your November issue. I wish that before citizens decided to judge the police poorly, they could read it and consider its message. I have so much damn respect for my profession I want to keep on thinking that there are those who believe in us.

Michael L. Janin, Police Officer
(Address withheld by request)

SCHOOL CENSORSHIP

PLAYBOY readers concerned about the future of First Amendment freedoms need to know about the pall of orthodoxy that may be cast over American public schools if the recent decision of a Federal judge on Long Island is upheld.

U. S. District Court Judge George C. Pratt has ruled that the Constitution does not prevent school-board censorship of these books: *Laughing Boy*, *Black Boy*, *Slaughterhouse-Five*, *The Naked Ape*, *Down These Mean Streets*, *Best Short Stories by Negro Writers*, *Go Ask Alice*, *A Hero Ain't Nothin' but a Sandwich*, *Soul on Ice*, *A Reader for Writers*, *The Fixer*. The Island Trees school board in Levittown called those books "anti-Christian, anti-Jewish and just plain filthy" and ordered them out of all school libraries in the district. The case, in which several students are plaintiffs, is now being appealed.

In 1968, the Supreme Court said pub-

lic authorities may not consider students closed-circuit recipients of only that which they would have them learn. We'll soon know whether or not the Justices were serious.

Judith F. Krug, Executive Director
Freedom to Read Foundation
Chicago, Illinois

The Playboy Foundation is supporting the F.R.F. in this important case.

YANKEE, STAY HOME

You've gotta be kidding! In reply to James Douglas Clarke's tale in the September *Playboy Forum* about his eight days in Mexican custody, you generously suggest that perhaps Mexican authorities were picking on *turistas* ("once a protected species") only because they'd run out of hippies. Where in the hell have you been for the past 50 years?

During my senior year in high school in 1940-1941, I and many other teenagers in Texas' Rio Grande Valley acted

"We should err on the side of decency and the personal safety of women."

as guides for tourists visiting Mexico. Reynosa (the scene of Clarke's 1978 misadventure) was our main point of entry. The Mexican cops—excuse me, *authorities*—always had an old Model A Ford parked at the second intersection after the bridge. That car looked like it had barely survived Armageddon. I learned how to dodge it, but unsuspecting visitors—usually kind, law-abiding oldsters from the North—weren't that swift. The Model A would shoot into the intersection and crawl all over the gringo car to the tune of \$50, or whatever the cops could extract on the spot.

I could go on with a dozen other ploys favored by Mexican authorities, but you get the point. Our neighbors to the south have had a hard-on for gringos since Santa Anna got his butt whipped at San Jacinto. There's nothing recent about it.

Robert M. Chandler
Houston, Texas

VIOLENCE PORN

The position that pornography is socially harmless has been threadbare liberal dogma for too many years now. I'm sure the basis for it has been the highbrow's traditional need to take what he fancies to be a "progressive" position on all issues and demonstrate his intellectual superiority over the rabble—the religionists, moralists and conservatives who may, in fact, express themselves poorly and who tend to be rural and unfashionable but who seem, through-

out history, to have demonstrated that they have a much sounder grasp of social reality than either academicians or cocktail-party gurus.

Their defense of pornography is always cloaked in terms of constitutional rights that by any reasonable interpretation were never intended to protect smut. From there they take the offensive and cite the several major literary works that were illegal in this country in the days of "censorship." That censorship, I say, is a small price to pay for keeping our country free of the maggot-infested filth that has poured through the sewer valves opened by the courts to accommodate a few books that might qualify as literature but could hardly be called essential reading.

I believe that common sense alone is adequate ground for presuming that pornographic sadism is socially unhealthy, and my understanding is that the connection between sex and violence is at last being detected by researchers not brainwashed by liberal rhetoric that tolerates anything on the excuse of freedom. If it can't be established with something close to absolute certainty that pornographic violence does *not* inspire rape, then I think we should err on the side of decency and the personal safety of women, ignore abstract constitutional quibbles and suppress this material in the common interest and by whatever means necessary.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

We can't think of anything that can be stated with absolute certainty, especially if one goes into semantics and abstractions. You make the issue even more difficult by combining sex and violence, as if they were equal components of something generically called pornography. It doesn't fail to concern us that somewhere, sometime, some mentally deranged and predisposed person might be triggered into an act of sexual violence by something he reads or sees. But we submit that those acts of insanity, like mass murders, are statistically too rare to justify yet more laws limiting the rights of an entire population. We find the depiction of sexual violence loathsome, but we don't find it as pervasive as you seem to indicate or sufficient reason to reinstitute censorship. (See Robert Shea's article in this issue, which takes a hard look at the violent-pornography issue and at some of the new studies.)

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



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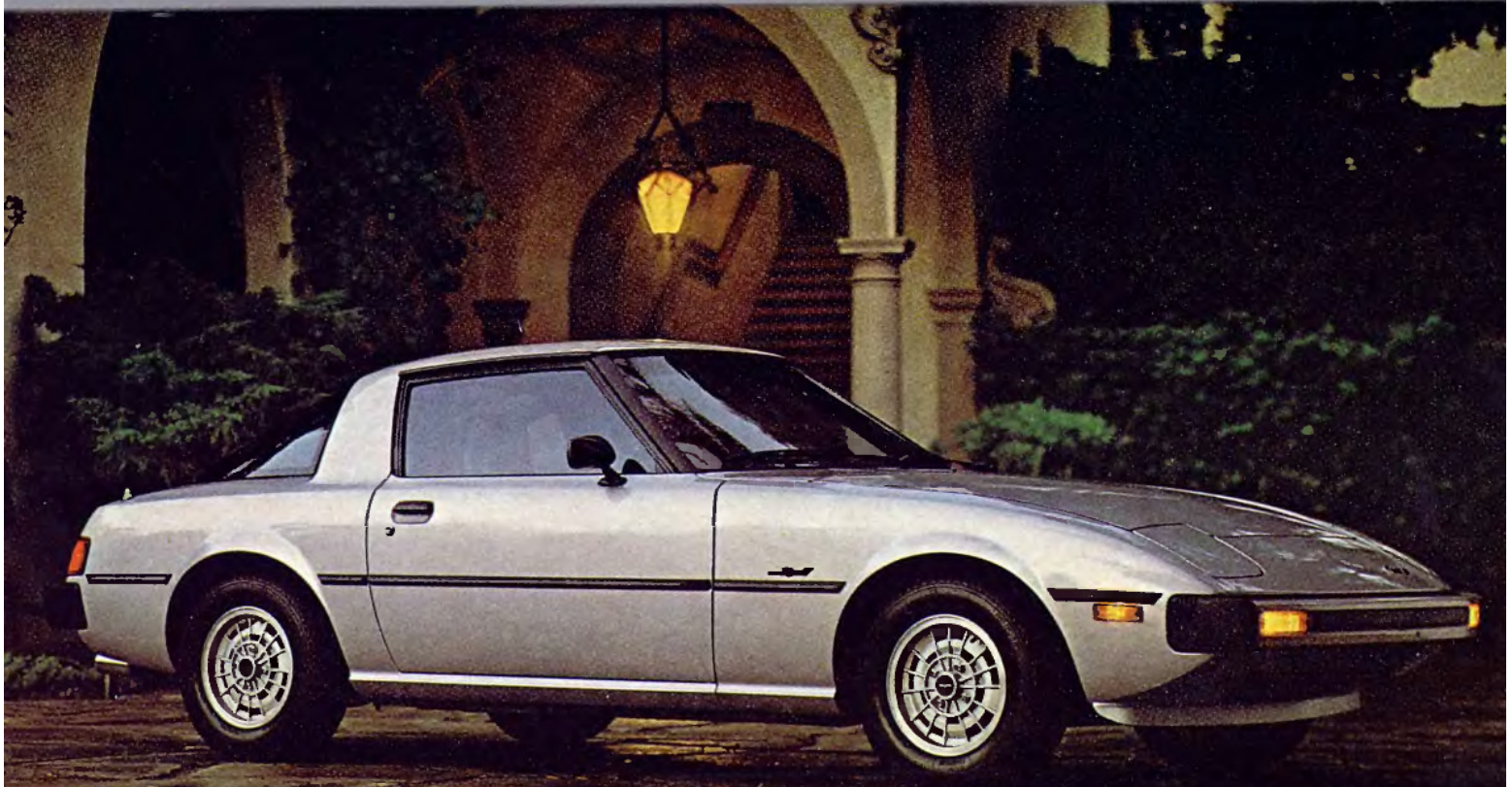
\$7995*

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for GS Model shown. S Model \$7195. Slightly higher in California. Actual prices established by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, optional equipment and any other dealer charges are extra. (Wide alloy wheels shown \$275-\$295.) Prices effective Dec. 1, 1979. All prices subject to change without notice.

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

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PAT CADDELL

a candid conversation with president carter's young pollster-advisor about the campaign, ted kennedy, the white house staff and our "crisis of spirit"

"The most influential private citizen in the United States is not a billionaire banker, a powerful publisher or even the chairman of Exxon," wrote columnist Richard Reeves last summer. "It's Pat Caddell." An unlikely label for an unlikely man.

The man is big and moody and, until the recent growth of a full beard with a premature swath of gray, was known fondly among his friends as "the chinless wonder." He has the dark, brooding eyes of an Irish poet and the sartorial splendor of an unmade bed. He is a mechanical nincompoop—he cannot type and only recently learned to operate his own Xerox machine—but he drives a gold-colored Mercedes. He is an inveterate gourmand whose sole culinary talent consists in boiling water in an uncovered saucepan for instant coffee in the morning. He is an overweight bachelor (down from 210 to 180) who squires beautiful women around Washington, New York, Boston and Beverly Hills. He is Patrick Haywood Caddell, pollster and personal advisor to the President of the United States.

Caddell, only 29, is the youngest of

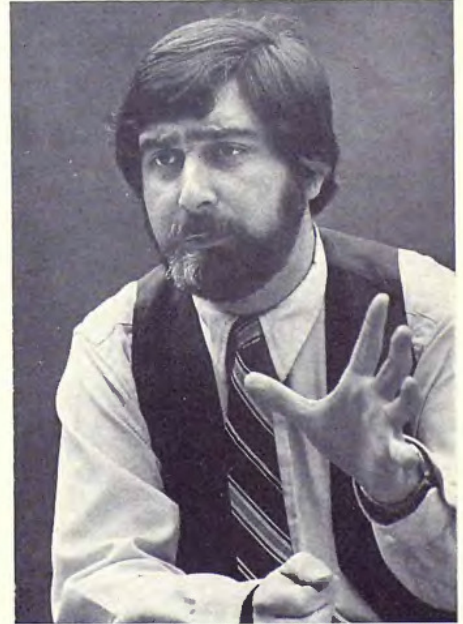
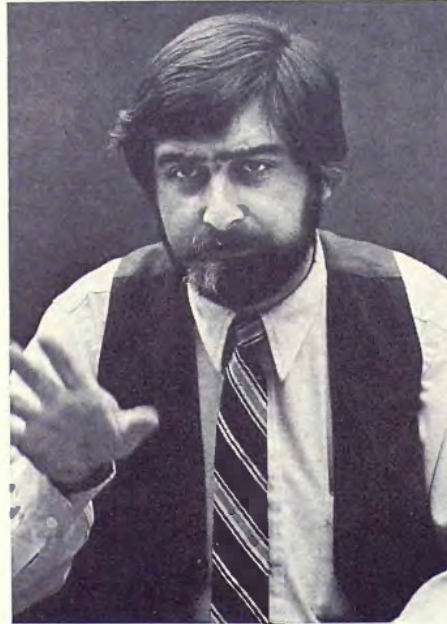
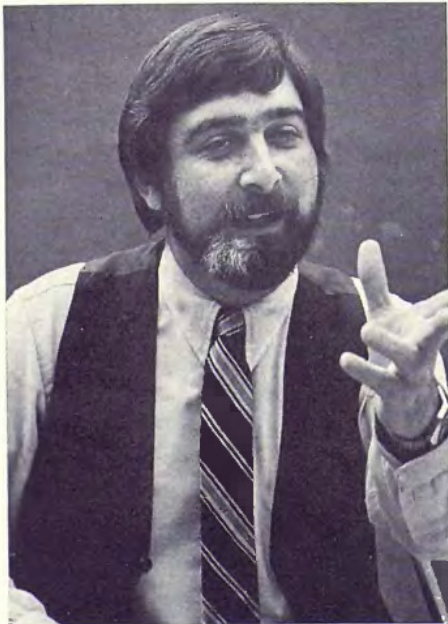
President Carter's small coterie of short-in-the-tooth personal advisors. Along with White House Executive Senior Assistant Hamilton Jordan, Press Secretary Jody Powell and advertising executive Gerald Rafshoon, Caddell is part of the President's political inner circle. With the remarkable wizardry of his numbers as a political pollster, Caddell played a key role in Jimmy Carter's unexpected primary victories during the 1976 Presidential campaign. After Carter took office, Caddell eschewed any official job and instead became an insider-outsider with entree to the President.

He continued to function as Carter's chief ear to the ground through the device of a polling contract negotiated with the Democratic National Committee for upwards of \$200,000 per year. As an advisor with unique access to the President's ear, Caddell is often seen scurrying up and down Washington's Pennsylvania Avenue (his office is only five minutes from the President's), sheaves of closely guarded papers under his arm and his permanent White House pass flapping in the wind.

Caddell was hardly born to the role

of kingmaker. First in his high school class in Jacksonville, Florida, he was a whiz kid who went to Harvard on scholarship, even though his mother thought it might be an unsavory place in 1968. Caddell had to assign his first love, baseball, to his fantasy world, and compensated for his bookish tendencies ("I was reading history by the time I was four or five") and a lack of sporting prowess with a natural acumen for political power. In his senior year of high school, Caddell was elected student-body president.

But that was not his most notable achievement. Caddell's early and enduring claim to fame has been an uncanny ability to predict the outcome of other people's political races. At 16, to complete his advanced math project in high school, Caddell created a model for forecasting a state legislative election. The results were astounding: Caddell's predictions were so accurate—he called every race correctly—that the politicians crowding into the county courthouse on election night spent as much time around the young high schooler's desk as they did watching the official results being posted by the registrar's office. Two



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN WHITMAN

"I wish just for one day I could get my hands on the levers of power, the machinery of Government. Of course, there are plenty of people who are glad I can't—even for one day."

"With so many schmucks in the political system, it bothers me to see two of the best people going at each other. The President is disappointed. I think he and Kennedy like each other personally."

"The stories about Hamilton Jordan have made him a virtual prisoner in Washington. White House people work under enormous pressure and now they can't go anywhere to relax and let off steam."

weeks later, Caddell's face appeared on the cover of a youth magazine put out by the local newspapers.

Seeing his face in magazines and newspapers and on television has become routine for Caddell. His fame went national in 1972, when he was still a student at Harvard but doing state-wide polls for primary-winning George McGovern. "I started flying off to places I never heard of and holding press conferences, for Christ's sake," he remembers today. By the time the 1972 election was over, McGovern was a devastated politician, the Democratic Party was badly riven and Pat Caddell was a household word in liberal political circles. The pollster extraordinaire was the boy wizard of politics.

That campaign also catapulted the young man with the magic numbers into the world of glamor and jet-set fame. He became a close friend of such active McGovernites as Warren Beatty and Shirley MacLaine, each of whom he often visits when on the West Coast. He is comfortable in the drawing rooms of the Eastern establishment—his friends include John Kenneth Galbraith and Barbara Howard—as well as at the pool-sides of the California entertainers. By the time he joined the slightly ragtag Carter campaign in 1975—it was then known among Georgia journalists as "the children's crusade"—Caddell was one of the few members of Carter's merry band of young volunteers with an academic pedigree—Harvard honors—and real national experience from one coast to the other. He soon went from pollster for hire to committed member of the future President's inner circle.

Together with political pal and equally close Presidential advisor Gerald Rafshoon, Caddell opened a suite of offices on Pennsylvania Avenue just a block and a half from the Oval Office shortly after Carter's election. Rafshoon, an Atlanta advertising man who is the President's so-called image advisor, joined the White House staff for a year but has now returned to his private status in order to work almost full time for Carter's re-election campaign. Caddell, meanwhile, has beefed up his Washington staff for the election year, drawing on the 30-odd employees of Cambridge Survey Research, Inc., and Cambridge Reports, Inc., the Boston-based companies that he opened with two partners from his Harvard days. While Caddell plays Presidential advisor, his partners mind the store.

Among the men closest to the President, Caddell is unique. He is a true child of the Sixties—nurtured on television and schooled in the life of the counterculture—which is not a critical part of the backgrounds of the other members of the Georgia Mafia around President Carter. So, as the 1980 political

rages heated up with Senator Edward Kennedy's decision to challenge President Carter for the Democratic nomination, PLAYBOY sent Washington-based Contributing Editor Peter Ross Range (who did our interview with former UN Ambassador Andrew Young) in pursuit of the thoughts and plans of the man who figures to play a key role in the President's 1980 political strategy. Range's report:

"Caddell's life is a series of missed appointments and postponed plans. He seems to live with a telephone hanging out of his ear. I had to visit his office three times before we could set a real interview date. We talked in his house, in my house, in a taxicab and even in my open sports car as we pulled up in front of the White House one day—the tape rolling all the time. Only the Baltimore Orioles' world-series loss to the Pittsburgh Pirates—which Caddell took as a personal tragedy—threatened to supersede politics during some of our interviews. Because he had just been through the intense sociopolitical reading program that led President Carter to reassess and reinvigorate his Administration through his July 1979 speech on the 'crisis of spirit' in America, Caddell put me through the same intellectual paces he had gone through himself to reach his conclusions.

"Since Caddell is the first political pollster who has ever gone on to become an intimate advisor to a President of the United States, we began by talking about the best way to define his role as we enter the primary season."

PLAYBOY: You are in the unique position of being not only the President's pollster but also one of his closest advisors. How do you like to be referred to?

CADDELL: Well, pollster is not my warmest word. Statistics don't mean anything unless you know how to interpret them. I was in politics before I got into public-opinion surveys. I would hope to be remembered for something more than just providing the President with some numbers.

PLAYBOY: Yet you've apparently attained a level of power that no other opinion surveyor ever has.

CADDELL: Yeah? Well, if I had half the power people think I do, we might not be in the fix. . . . No, I'm not going to say that!

PLAYBOY: Columnist Richard Reeves has called you "the most influential private citizen in the United States" and suggested you should go on the White House payroll so you could be held accountable, as any other public official.

CADDELL: When the President was elected, there was some brief talk about a place for me on the staff, but I just wasn't interested. And I think I give a

lot better advice by coming in from the outside. I'm not caught up in that strange sort of macho mentality that can take over a room when the President walks in. . . .

PLAYBOY: What macho mentality?

CADDELL: Well, there's a sort of *machismo* thing that happens in meetings. I've also seen it with heads of corporations, where nobody wants to look weak, everybody wants to look like he's doing something and there's nobody who sits there and says, "Hey, why are we doing this?" "Hey, why don't we do nothing?" Which is sometimes the best thing.

PLAYBOY: How can you be a personal political advisor to the President and maintain enough objectivity to do polls for other politicians?

CADDELL: That's apples and oranges. First of all, I never poll for two politicians running for the same office. For instance, I polled for Ted Kennedy's Senatorial race in 1976 while polling for Jimmy Carter's Presidential race. There's no conflict there.

PLAYBOY: Yet it means you're giving advice to different politicians on the national scene.

CADDELL: It is no different from a doctor treating various patients. Or take journalists. They can be very objective professionally and still have very strong private opinions about politicians.

PLAYBOY: But a journalist couldn't write speeches for a politician and write for a newspaper at the same time.

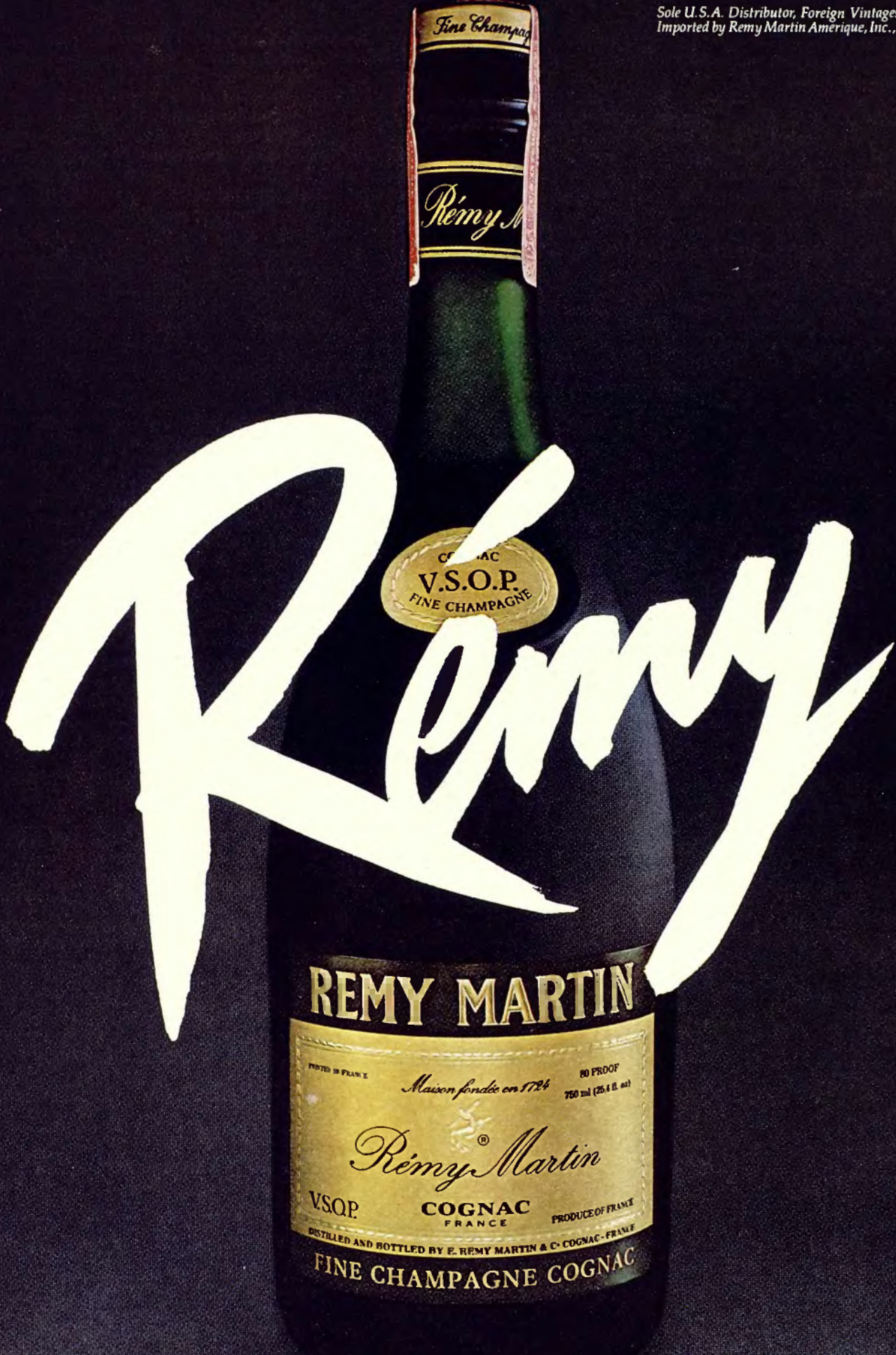
CADDELL: A journalist votes, doesn't he? My involvement with the President is separate from the professional service and advice I provide for paying clients.

PLAYBOY: What about the financial conflict of interest? You have quite a few business clients, too. Who's to say you're not getting rich right now off your association with the White House?

CADDELL: Oh, Jeez, that has been charged and rebutted for years now. First of all, none of my business clients has ever asked me to intercede anywhere in Government. I don't represent them as an advocate—like a lobbyist or a lawyer does. We only provide them with survey research and specific advice about how the public feels on a certain question. As a matter of fact, we lost a few business clients after I became involved with this Administration. They simply wanted to avoid even the appearance of peddling influence. Sure, our reputation is well known and our business is good. But actually, the time I'm investing working with the White House can't even be compensated. I mean, I could spend the same time out hustling contracts and make a lot more money. If I had wanted to get rich after Carter's election, I would've just shown up for Inauguration, had my picture taken with the President and gone out after clients.

PLAYBOY: We'll come back to the subject

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of polls, but for now, as a personal advisor and Carter's pollster, how do you see the primary battles between him and Senator Kennedy shaping up?

CADDELL: With great foreboding. It is going to be a six-month series of brutal, bloody, messy skirmishes. It will probably be a long, difficult and unpleasant experience for everybody. The problem with primaries that end in a blood bath is that they usually alienate some of your people in your own party. The side that loses.

PLAYBOY: As the political season heats up, we assume you're working more and more closely with the President.

CADDELL: I just spent an hour and a half with him in the Oval Office two days ago. And we're going off to a planning session at Camp David.

PLAYBOY: What did you talk with him about in the Oval Office?

CADDELL: I'm not going to tell you. The President is fond of saying that one of the unstated rules in the history of this country is that the advice you give a President remains confidential. That's the deal. And I have always honored that except in a general sense.

PLAYBOY: How about a hint? What was the President's mood?

CADDELL: Oh, he's ready. He's in a combative mood. Maybe not combative, but he's very comfortable with the situation. He likes nothing better than a good fight. At the first whiff of grapeshot, you see those nostrils flaring.

PLAYBOY: Grapeshot? Is this war?

CADDELL: Yes. Politics is the closest thing we have in this society to warfare. Campaigns *are* wars.

PLAYBOY: Why does the President love a fight so much?

CADDELL: Well, he's got a lot of the bantam-rooster thing in him. People used to ascribe that to George Wallace, but I always thought it was not real in him, just a stage presence, mostly bluster. With Carter, I think it is real. It's that confident kind of I'm-going-to-show-you attitude.

PLAYBOY: How is he showing that readiness for this campaign?

CADDELL: His dominance of the situation, his willingness to take political risks. All the accusations that Carter is using his Presidency to his advantage, in terms of appointments to commissions and such, are true.

PLAYBOY: Is the rest of the White House ready for this fight?

CADDELL: Yes, everything is highly energized all of a sudden. As Mark Twain once remarked, there is nothing like the prospect of hanging at dawn to concentrate your mind the evening before. Kennedy has really served as a galvanizing force for this Administration.

PLAYBOY: Twain's analogy to a hanging

may be apt, because it seems to be coming a little bit late for Carter.

CADDELL: You know, I'm just beginning to think that Carter is like a great pressure baseball player. He goes through the season like Reggie Jackson. He has some good years but never quite wins the batting crown—until you put him under pressure. Like Reggie Jackson in a world series, Carter really comes through. He's a great October's child. When the stakes are very high and there's no exit—or only one way out—he rises to the occasion. That is what he did last summer during the domestic summit at Camp David.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean you have to keep a crisis going all the time?

CADDELL: Or an election every week! Except this one depresses me very much.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CADDELL: Because with so many schmucks in the American political system, it really bothers me to see two of the best people we've got going at each other. To have them going head to head seems almost a tragedy. I know the President is disappointed. I mean, I think the two men like each other personally. I think

*"Carter is like a great
pressure baseball player.
He goes through the season
like Reggie Jackson."*

there is more mutual admiration than their supporters would like to think.

PLAYBOY: How is the President disappointed?

CADDELL: Well, he understands that Senator Kennedy is ambitious. All politicians are ambitious. He would just rather the Senator be ambitious some *other* time.

PLAYBOY: You studied at Harvard, worked for Kennedy briefly ten years ago, in your student days, and have done some polling for him in Senate races. How do you feel about the whole business?

CADDELL: I feel as if it is 1861 and I'm saying goodbye to all my Northern friends before putting on the Confederate uniform in the Civil War. Except that this time I'm defending the Federal Government.

PLAYBOY: Why do you put it that way?

CADDELL: Well, I was in Boston in October for the dedication of the John F. Kennedy Memorial Library. Of course, all the Kennedy people, past and present, were there. I spoke to Teddy for a few minutes. Since I have occasionally done some work for him, I know a lot of the people around him. I always assumed that someday I would be work-

ing in a campaign for Kennedy for President. Now we're choosing sides.

PLAYBOY: What about the Confederate analogy?

CADDELL: Well, after the dedication, I was at a party at the home of John Kenneth Galbraith. All the Kennedy people were there, and a lot of them are my friends. It felt very much like we were saying goodbyes before the fight, the same way people did just before the Civil War started. I almost felt like General Thomas, the Rock of Chickamauga, a Virginian who stayed North. One of the things we talked about a lot, in fact, was whether or not our friendships could withstand a political campaign.

PLAYBOY: It does seem ironic for a liberal intellectual with a Harvard education to be fighting Ted Kennedy rather than working for him. You would seem to be a natural Kennedyite. Had Jimmy Carter not come along—

CADDELL: But Jimmy Carter *did* come along. And remember, Ted Kennedy took himself out of the race in 1974.

PLAYBOY: But suppose he hadn't.

CADDELL: I'm sure I would have worked for Ted if he had been a candidate in 1976. I've always been a great admirer of Ted Kennedy's. He's a person who believes in a lot of things and cares what happens. There is another small irony. I found that Teddy and I had the same room in the freshman dormitory at Harvard, Wigglesworth C-21.

PLAYBOY: Would you care to predict the outcome of this primary battle?

CADDELL: You know what I really fear? This is shaping up as a titanic contest that could end up with no winners. It could be a Pyrrhic victory in which both candidates destroy each other and we could end up with a Republican President, which is the last thing the country needs.

PLAYBOY: Even though you and your friend, advertising specialist Gerald Rafshoon, are not members of the Administration, you're considered part of Carter's inner circle. Who else is in the inner circle?

CADDELL: I don't see it any different from anyone else, I guess. Stu Eizenstat, Frank Moore, obviously Hamilton Jordan and Jody Powell, Tim Kraft on some things. On critical political things, it's more the four of us.

PLAYBOY: Who are the four of us?

CADDELL: Well, Jody, Hamilton, Jerry and myself.

PLAYBOY: How did you, a non-Georgian with a Northern education, become part of that inner circle?

CADDELL: I don't know, exactly, except that it happened pretty fast. You know, when I first met Carter, we hit it off very quickly. I remember going through Atlanta with George McGovern during



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the 1972 Presidential campaign and spending a night at the governor's mansion. After McGovern went to bed, a bunch of us stayed up talking for several hours with Governor Carter, sitting around on kitchen counters. I was drinking beer. We talked about my college thesis, which had been on Southern politics. It was a really good conversation.

PLAYBOY: Besides you, nobody else there had any real experience in national politics, right?

CADDELL: Well, Presidential politics is truly a game of amateurs. There aren't many pros in the country who understand what Presidential politics is about.

PLAYBOY: What happened next?

CADDELL: Well, I got drawn into the Carter campaign in Florida in 1975, doing some work for hire. And the more time I spent with Carter, the more I was attracted to his mind. He had developed an instinct during his travels around the country about how people felt that matched my feelings about where the country was going—the impact of Watergate, Vietnam and so forth. What I eventually did was confirm for him in a more analytic way things that he felt and sensed strongly.

PLAYBOY: How did that get you into the inner circle?

CADDELL: Well, I already liked Jody and Hamilton and Jerry, and we got along very well. But Carter has strong, individual relationships with each person, not dependent on anyone else's relationship. He relates to you directly. He won't tolerate any jealousy; at the top. And when he's mad at you, it's direct.

I had heard people talk about those steely eyes. When he focuses on you and he's really mad. . . . The first time it happened to me, I was just terrified. He really bawled me out about something in the campaign. I was really stung and I got upset. And Jody turned to me and said, "What are you bitching about? Welcome to the club."

And that's when I knew I'd crossed some kind of line. It also gives you the license to fight back. Having people around who will always tell the President the truth is extremely important.

PLAYBOY: By the way, since you were on the campaign trail with Carter at the time, how did you feel about his famous *Playboy Interview* in 1976?

CADDELL: His *Playboy Interview* was a political disaster. I know: I was doing the polling. It was very serious. Carter started losing tremendous ground when that story broke. The reason was not because of the interview itself. I mean, the press went crazy with it. Nobody took it in context. They concentrated on a few words. I read the interview and I didn't think it was that outrageous.

PLAYBOY: OK, continuing with *your*

Playboy Interview, how often do you give the President blunt advice?

CADDELL: There have been times when I've really gone to the wall with him, taken on the whole Government.

PLAYBOY: Over what?

CADDELL: I told you my advice to the President is confidential. Anyway, one time it was so bad that I got carried away. And I was so chagrined that I sent the President a note the next day saying that in the future I would try to remember that he was the President and I was the advisor.

PLAYBOY: Are you the President's Svengali?

CADDELL: No, but I guess I'm an intellectual gadfly. Some have accused me of being Rasputin, using the czarina to get to the czar.

PLAYBOY: That's because of your friendship with Rosalynn Carter. That sounds pretty apt.

CADDELL: The main difference between me and the people on the White House staff is that I have the luxury of touching bases everywhere and I have none of the administrative responsibility. I can float in and out like a butterfly—

PLAYBOY: And sting like a bee?

"Sitting next to Carter on the balcony, I kept thinking, There may be some son of a bitch out there with a gun."

CADDELL: I wish. I wish just for one day I could get my hands on the so-called levers of power, the machinery of Government. Of course, there are plenty of people around the Administration who are glad I can't—even for one day.

PLAYBOY: How do you go about being a member of the inner circle without even having an office in the Executive branch?

CADDELL: Very poorly, sometimes. I mean, sometimes you're in the right meetings, sometimes you're not. Sometimes I feel like I've had some influence and then nothing happens. It's like what Truman said about Eisenhower just before he left office. "Old Ike is going to come in here and give an order and nothing's going to happen." Even the President, you know, is a captive of his own bureaucracies. His power, as Harvard professor Richard Neustadt points out, is chiefly the power to persuade.

PLAYBOY: Well, how do you persuade the President? Do you walk up and down the corridors of the West Wing, sticking your head in people's doors?

CADDELL: Yes, I do that. But they're very busy. I'm not really part of what they call the loop—the decision-making loop. Sometimes I just go straight to the Presi-

dent. I'll write him a note or call him up. That's really bizarre.

PLAYBOY: What's so bizarre about it?

CADDELL: Well, I mean, you'd think if the White House staffers are too busy to see me, the President would be even busier. But sometimes I find it a lot easier just to go straight to him.

PLAYBOY: Where do you meet with him?

CADDELL: Usually in the Oval Office. But the important meetings this year were over in the residence, the Presidential living quarters. That Truman Balcony is really something. To go out on the Truman Balcony, which I have done, and have a drink and talk with the President, sitting there at sunset, is just breath-taking. First of all, you have the view straight to the Washington Monument and all the way to the Potomac River. You're looking over the whole White House grounds. It sure beats kicking around the primary states.

PLAYBOY: This may sound morbid, but we've always wondered if that balcony is protected. It looks totally exposed from the street. Is there anything to shield the President?

CADDELL: I wanted to ask that question, too. Because sitting out there next to him on the balcony, I kept thinking, you know, There may be some son of a bitch out there with a gun who's been waiting all this time. So, like, maybe I should move over.

PLAYBOY: And catch the bullet?

CADDELL: No, no, no! I wasn't being brave. I mean move *away!* I figure fate would intervene one way or the other. But I would just like to be out of the line of fire. I'm not that brave.

PLAYBOY: So that must have been your big moment in the White House.

CADDELL: No. It was the day I had lunch in the White House mess with Carl Yastrzemski after he got his 3000th hit. That was a big moment for me. And the following day, I got to shake the hand of Pope John Paul at the President's reception for him. Those were my two finest days in the White House.

PLAYBOY: Do the Carters often invite you to their living quarters?

CADDELL: Oh, no. Actually, if they have any free time, I suspect we—the advisors—are the last people they want to see. The President really likes to have his evenings to read, mostly books. And to think. I usually communicate with him in writing. I have been known to write some long memos.

PLAYBOY: Your memos are legendary around Washington. Especially the first one, titled "Initial Working Paper on Political Strategy." It got leaked and was frequently quoted, saying that you recommended "style over substance" to the President.

CADDELL: That's the trouble with leaks



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and being quoted out of context. I was not recommending anything like that at all. It was a parenthetical comment. Do you have it there? [Points to a folder] Read it.

PLAYBOY: Well, this 60-page opus is fairly heavy going. It is in the section where you discuss how to "sell these themes" to the public in order to "buy time" for greater accomplishments. You warn the President against becoming bogged down in "worrying about the day-to-day affairs of Government." Then, in parentheses, it says: "The old cliché about mistaking style for substance usually works in reverse in politics. Too many good people have been defeated because they tried to substitute substance for style; they forgot to give the public the kind of visible signals it needs to understand what is happening."

CADELL: Yeah, that's it. I wrote that in December 1976, before Jimmy Carter raised his hand and took office. And I think it explains a lot of what has happened since then. It was prophetic.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

CADELL: Well, it is precisely because the signal-sending process broke down that the President got into the situation he is in, I think. You see, in the first three months of his Presidency, Carter gave his "sweater talk"—the fireside chat—held the radio call-ins, got rid of the big limos, reopened the doors of the Justice Department, had an enormously successful town meeting in Clinton, Massachusetts—all of the symbolic things we recommended to make good on his promise to bring the Government close to the people.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like a good enough start.

CADELL: Yeah, but then my memo leaked in late April 1977, around the time that the President made his "moral equivalent of war" speech on the energy crisis. Two things happened: Jimmy Carter for the first time used his political mandate to take on an extremely unpopular issue—energy, a matter of great substance. And, at the same time, the Administration came under great attack for all its symbolic acts. We got gun-shy about the press and the President didn't hold another fireside chat for a year.

For about the next year, the Administration concentrated very heavily on substance over style, if you will. But within that year, we came under fire for loading up the Congress with too many initiatives. We probably should have just ignored the press after my memo leaked.

PLAYBOY: How did that get him into his present political troubles?

CADELL: Well, it is like I said in my initial memo; if you devote all your attention to substance without any attention to giving the public the visible

signals that it needs to understand what is happening, you can accomplish a lot and still be in trouble. I think this is what has happened to Jimmy Carter.

PLAYBOY: Which sounds like a somewhat complicated way of saying that he was not a very good politician.

CADELL: This President has essentially not been a very political President.

PLAYBOY: That is an astonishing statement. How did that happen?

CADELL: To lead, you must be both substantive and political. And yet politics has become such a dirty word in our society. I'll give you an example of taking care of substance without taking care of politics. By the time this interview comes out, the price of home heating fuel is going to be a real big issue. Yet six months ago, if you remember, the attacks on Carter were that he was not going to have the country ready for winter—that there would not be enough heating fuel. The price was not the issue.

Well, the President took care of the substance. He worked on the problem so that as we go into winter, we have a larger stock of home heating fuel than

"This President has essentially not been a very political President."

we did last year at the same time. We have enough. But the public does not realize he has done that. And this is, in part, because of the difficulties we have filtering these accomplishments through the adversary process with the press. Whenever an Administration spokesman goes out to make a speech and lists the accomplishments like this, the people are amazed, because they haven't heard about it. And part of the President's problem has been not paying enough attention to getting this message across. One thing this Administration does not do is set up straw men and then knock them down to make itself look good. And it does not try to hide crises.

PLAYBOY: How is that politically damaging?

CADELL: What happens is, this Administration, until very recently, has tended to divorce its substance from its politics. Substantive decisions were taken in a political vacuum.

PLAYBOY: How can you have a political vacuum in the most political of all institutions, the White House?

CADELL: Well, the White House is a big place and the decisions all reach beyond it. Take an issue like inflation. You have the Council of Economic Advisors, with Charley Schultze, Jim McIntyre at the

Office of Management and Budget, the Secretary of the Treasury, domestic-policy advisor Stu Eizenstat—and all their staff people. These are people who are specifically geared to this kind of issue, not generalists who think a lot about the electorate and getting votes. They take a decision according to what their information tells them is the best thing—but not necessarily asking, "Is this understandable to the general public?" That's what you need political generalists for.

PLAYBOY: Like you?

CADELL: Well, yeah. The nice thing about having generalists around is that they can ask tough questions any time, like, "Why the hell are we doing this?" You need the devil's advocate in Government. I try to be a devil's advocate.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't every President had this problem? How did Johnson and Kennedy handle it?

CADELL: I think they had more political people around. Decisions were taken in a more political context. Government is too important to be left to the experts. I would argue that in the Carter Administration, the political people have not spent enough time dealing with matters of substance—making judgments on behalf of the President. What the President needed was someone sitting there saying, "At the heart of this policy is something that's going to cause so-and-so to get really pissed." Or to warn him, paraphrasing the famous words of former Attorney General John Mitchell, "You're going to get your tit caught in a wringer over this one."

PLAYBOY: If Jimmy Carter loses this year, what would you say was the chief cause?

CADELL: Fewer votes.

PLAYBOY: Thanks.

CADELL: Seriously, I'm afraid the substance people will have to bear more of the weight of that than the political people. This President has taken on an enormous number of unpopular issues for which he has paid a high political price. The energy crisis, which every other politician avoided for six years, inflation, the B-1 bomber, the nuclear carrier that everybody wanted but made absolutely no sense, unemployment. I could have written a scenario that would have been more successful politically, just by avoiding some hard decisions.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you?

CADELL: This President doesn't operate that way. And, actually, it is one of the things I most admire about him: I know that he really cares about what is right and wrong. Almost every decision he makes is based on that, not on its political benefit to him.

PLAYBOY: You sure are blowing Jimmy Carter's horn.

CADELL: There's no question in my mind

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INTERVIEWER: So you're a real photography whiz.

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CHERYL: It's fully automatic. I just look through the viewfinder and the little red dot tells me everything I need to know. And if I'm shooting with a flash, my OM-10 actually *blinks* after the shot — to tell me if the exposure was okay.

INTERVIEWER: What else?

CHERYL: The OM-10 is part of a complete system. You can add almost anything. Personally, I'm a pushover for the winder that shoots off three frames-per-second. By the way, would you like to see some of my photographs now?

INTERVIEWER: I thought you'd never ask.

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that Jimmy Carter deserves to be re-elected.

PLAYBOY: Deserves? What does that word mean in politics?

CADDELL: What if I argue that Carter needs it because *I* need it? That'd be unique! Can that be off the record? No?

Now, seriously, you have to consider that Jimmy Carter came in after eight years of Republican administration in which so many important things on the national agenda were simply not addressed. And they left us with a budget deficit of 60 to 70 billion dollars. I think the second-term consideration is important. Some of the problems in this country will never get solved until you go through the first stages of learning about the Presidency. And in a second term, the President does not labor under the cloud of another election campaign. I've even thought about the merits of a single six-year term for President. A few years ago, I would have thought that was the worst idea around. But now, I might be in favor of it.

In addition, Jimmy Carter has tried to be an activist President at a time when the tides were running against activism. And still, he has accomplished a lot. In a recent story in the *Congressional Quarterly*, it's said that he has gotten more of his legislation through Congress than any modern President except Johnson in his first two years in office.

PLAYBOY: People don't seem to be too impressed with that.

CADDELL: Well, that's also because he has kept us out of trouble. At this point, he's been in office something over two and a half years, and so far he's the first American President since the Twenties under whom no American has died in combat. Presidents always talk about peace, but very few of them end up where they can say that for nearly three years, no American boys have been killed. That has to do with the kind of calm judgments he made during the Iranian crisis when the shah was deposed in early 1979 and after our Ambassador was murdered in Afghanistan. During the student take-over of the American Embassy in Tehran, for instance, he showed great patience at a time when he easily could have become a demagog. He told the families of the people being held hostage that he didn't care how his course of action would affect him politically, he just wanted to do what was necessary to get their people back safely. The real test is in carrying forward a diplomacy in which you don't get forced to opt for the use of force. I mean, the easiest thing for a politician to do to rally support is to kill people.

PLAYBOY: How so?

CADDELL: Oh, a little war does a lot for your ratings in the polls. But the absence of war, or the threat of war, does not

translate into political points. Any President can force the country to rally around him with decisive, martial action. Eisenhower had Korea and Lebanon. Kennedy had Cuba and Vietnam. Johnson and Nixon and Ford had Vietnam. Ford also had the Mayaguez incident. But Carter has kept the peace.

PLAYBOY: And he gets no political points for that?

CADDELL: Not many. Not even when he returned home from the Middle East with a peace treaty. You'd expect his rating to have gone up after that, at least in the short term, but they did not move much. You would normally expect people to be jumping up and down over something like that. Here, for the first time in 30 years—really 1000 years—of fighting, Jimmy Carter has Egyptians and Israelis sitting down to sign a peace treaty together. He did more in two years than all previous administrations for 30 years, including all those people who were supposed to know so much more about foreign policy than he does.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think he did not get much credit for it?

CADDELL: Well, this is what the President was trying to address in his July 15th speech about the crisis of spirit in the American people. The people's concerns are elsewhere, and so is their faith. People don't believe in their Government



or their institutions anymore. And they don't believe Government can make a serious effort to solve their problems.

PLAYBOY: How do you know that?

CADDELL: Because my firm, Cambridge Survey Research, Inc., is constantly sampling public opinion on a wide variety of questions. We have 35 people working full time in Boston. Besides specific polls for a given political race, my partners, John Gorman and Gene Pokorny, conduct a general survey every three months that involves two-hour interviews with about 1500 people.

PLAYBOY: Let's spend a moment on this topic. A common feeling people have is that those tiny samples you pollsters use couldn't possibly represent the opinion of an entire country. How can 1500 people give you a representative sampling of opinion in a nation of 220,000,000?

CADDELL: That has been proved by the laws of probability. Most public-opinion surveys involve from 200 to, at the most, 2000 people. We consider 600 people enough to sample political opinion in a state, 1500 enough to take a national sample. This yields a correct result 95 percent of the time, with a margin for error of plus or minus three percent.

PLAYBOY: But wouldn't it be a lot more accurate to interview a lot more people?

CADDELL: No, it would be a *little* more

accurate and a *lot* more expensive. I'll give you some examples. Let's assume we're doing lengthy, complicated in-home interviews at \$45 apiece. To sample 1000 households will cost you \$45,000 and give you a margin of error of three and a half percent. To sample 2000 will cost you \$90,000 and yield a margin of error of three percent. To get the margin of error down to plus or minus *one* percent, you would have to sample 6500 homes. This would cost you \$292,500, which is absolutely prohibitive for the purposes of most surveys. For speed, economy and effective information, the three percent margin of error is usually OK. That's why 1500 in-depth interviews are enough to give us a broad and reliable sampling of public opinion.

PLAYBOY: The importance of the pollster's numbers seems to have started when Lou Harris helped John F. Kennedy get elected President in 1960. Then Johnson was famous for going around showing people polls that supported him. You helped McGovern with his primary victories in 1972 and then you helped get Jimmy Carter elected President. What is the magic of the numbers?

CADDELL: Well, Lyndon Johnson ran around with his polls showing how popular he was until he wasn't popular anymore. They were just toys for Johnson, they weren't tools. Polls are legitimate in the sense that they can help

leaders who want to lead. Their best function is to say, "I want to move the American people somewhere; how do I do it? How far have I gone in moving them? What don't they understand?"

PLAYBOY: That answer seems specifically geared to work in Carter's favor—polls were toys to Johnson and tools to Carter. But aren't they, in fact, used by politicians to suit whatever is their purpose at the time?

CADDELL: The polls are overrated. I resent the assumption many people make that Jimmy Carter is running the country according to my polls or anybody else's. If he ran the United States according to the polls, he would *not* be sitting where he is in those polls today. Either that or I am a very bad pollster. For instance, why would he have worked so hard to push through the Panama Canal treaty, returning control of the canal to Panama? *That* was a patently unpopular issue that could in no way help him in the polls.

PLAYBOY: Is that why his ratings fell to the lowest point of any modern President's last year? One poll gave him only a 19 percent approval rating in September.

CADDELL: If it is written 10 or 15 years from now that Jimmy Carter fell to 19 percent, that will be bad history, very bad history. That was the finding of the A.P./NBC Poll, which is a new poll. It has tended to show Carter lower than

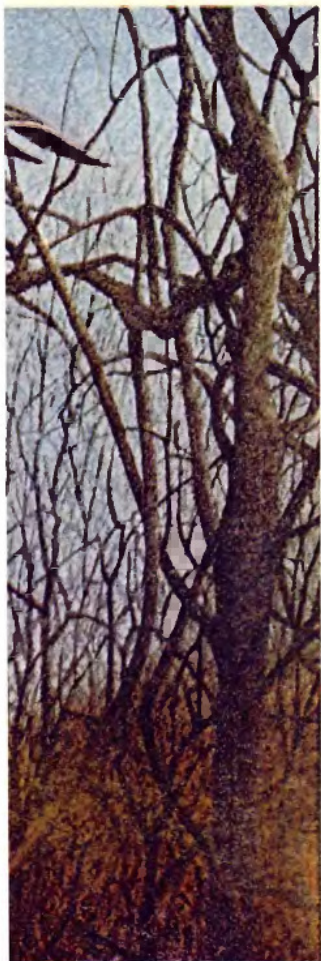
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the others. Carter has been coming in around the mid-20s in the Harris Poll, low 30s in Gallup and upper 30s in the Roper Poll—depending on the question being asked. To compare Presidents historically, you need to stay with a poll that has done it over several Presidencies with the same questions and methodology—such as Harris and Gallup have done.

PLAYBOY: Be that as it may, doesn't any rating below 40 percent make President Carter's chances for re-election look pretty dim?

CADELL: To read those polls as though you can transfer situations that exist a year before the general election or six months before the first primary into what will exist after the dynamics of the campaign take hold is very risky thinking. During primaries, each week's campaign builds on what happened the week before. Remember, at this point in 1971, Nixon was running behind his major Democratic opponents in the polls and he went on to win by the biggest landslide in history.

PLAYBOY: And yet we seem to get a poll a day in the newspapers, and modern politics seems to be run accordingly.

CADELL: I long for the days when there were only two national public polls—Gallup and Harris. At least they have a standard for comparison over a long period of time and a record of reliability. The trouble is today, the American press lets the polls set its agenda. It'll quote any poll that comes along. The polls and television have in some ways been a great disaster for the political process.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CADELL: Well, they have hastened the decline of the political parties. They have become the preselectors of who can run for office in this country. Modern technology overwhelmed the process and drove out some very good people who did not know how to adapt to it. We have produced a professional class of politicians who pose for TV cameras but never do anything else and who are among the most gutless group of people I have ever seen.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to your work for Carter in 1979, what did you find out about people's beliefs that led to the President's crisis-of-spirit speech?

CADELL: Toward the end of 1978, we began to see some very alarming trends in the way people thought about themselves, the institutions and their own futures. We saw an enormous growth of pessimism. We test this with two detailed questions that measure a person's feelings about the future outlook for the country as a whole and for themselves as individuals. And we ask them to compare the present with five years ago and with five years in the future. Tradition-

ally, most Americans always rated the past lower than the present and the future higher than the present. And they always rated their personal expectations quite a bit higher than their expectations for the society as a whole.

Back during the traumatic periods of Vietnam and Watergate, the first oil embargo of 1973 and the recession, people began showing a higher degree of pessimism about the country's future. But they continued to rate their own personal future as holding great promise. Toward the end of 1978, however, they started becoming much more pessimistic about the country's future *and* about their personal future. During the worst points in 1974, during Watergate, and 1975, after the loss of Vietnam, the measure of people who were "long-term pessimists" about the country as a whole was only 30 percent. By the end of 1978, it was up to 48 percent, nearly half of the American public. During 1978, the

*"The polls and television
have in some ways been a
great disaster for the
political process."*

percentage of people pessimistic about their long-term *personal* futures rose from 20 percent at the beginning of the year to 32 percent at the end.

PLAYBOY: Given the state of the economy, that's no surprise.

CADELL: Sometimes the state of the economy *is* a surprise, though. President Carter once said that considering the predictions of economists, he might as well see the local fortuneteller in Plains.

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, don't the economic pressures account for the general pessimism?

CADELL: To a great extent. But we faced a serious recession and an oil embargo in 1973 and people were not so pessimistic. And it goes a lot further than just financial worry. Measures of efficacy are also way down. This tests the question of whether people think Government can do anything about the problems, whether politicians care, whether it makes any difference which party is in power. For instance, in 1978, we found only about 45 percent of the people believed—that Government *could* do anything about such problems as inflation and taxes. But, much worse, only ten percent of the people believed that it was very likely that the Government *would* do anything about the difficulties facing the nation. And only 18 percent believed the politicians they voted for in the last

election even *cared* about solving those problems.

PLAYBOY: That might just as easily be proof that Jimmy Carter has not been a good leader.

CADELL: These figures don't have much to do with Jimmy Carter. In fact, at the time we started getting the sharp rise in long-term pessimism, Jimmy Carter's personal ratings were going up. This was after the Camp David accords between President Sadat and Prime Minister Begin. It was also at a time when inflation had slowed down for a while and economic indicators were not so dire. Yet the pessimism about America's future was much higher than in, say, late 1974, early 1975, when we had double-digit inflation, a massive recession, the Nixon resignation and the Ford pardon, the crumbling in Vietnam. I was very concerned.

PLAYBOY: The way you describe things, it almost sounds as if no national leader could survive.

CADELL: There's some truth to that. How do you solve problems in the modern age if you're a political leader with a weakened Presidency? Congress is stronger than it has been since before Roosevelt, but it is fractured, atomized. The special interests are stronger than ever. The political process is perceived to be more isolated from the people than ever. How can a democracy function if it gets its act together only when facing total chaos and destruction?

PLAYBOY: So you're claiming, in effect, that Jimmy Carter got caught between the rock and the hard place of history.

CADELL: I think so, yeah.

PLAYBOY: And if he loses to Kennedy, are you saying that time may show his Presidency got caught up in a transitional period of American history?

CADELL: I think he knew this was a transitional period. But things are happening faster than we expected.

PLAYBOY: After unearthing all those grim prospects in your surveys back in 1978, what did you do about it?

CADELL: I ran around screaming my head off. People at the White House thought I had really gone over the edge this time. I wrote a very alarmed memo that I thought would go off like a bomb. I sort of ran by and threw it over the fence. And nothing happened.

PLAYBOY: Did you talk with the President about it?

CADELL: That was at a time when nobody, including the President, was listening to me very much. He had enough people beating him over the head, telling him what he was doing wrong—and none of us was telling him any answers. I was considered an alarmist for a while.

PLAYBOY: Did you stop alarming them after a while?



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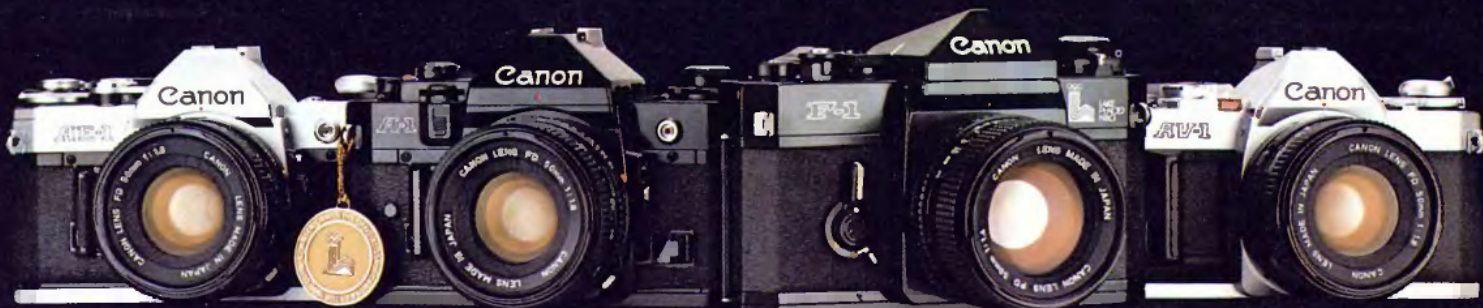
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CADDELL: Well, something started happening in the spring. At the dinner for the Middle East peace-treaty signing in March, the President introduced me to President Sadat and said, "This is my pollster. He brings me a lot of bad news, but I still love him anyway." And I kind of figured things were getting better.

PLAYBOY: So did you throw something else over the fence?

CADDELL: No. I got very frustrated. I sensed that the situation in the country was going to deteriorate rapidly and that the President was going to get into deeper and deeper trouble. He had not gotten great long-term gains out of the Middle East settlement, which was a clue that something was not right. Inflation was now beginning to rampage. I spent a lot of time talking to Jody Powell, who is a thinker—when he's not on the phone—and finally I went to the First Lady.

PLAYBOY: To Rosalynn Carter? Why to her?

CADDELL: Well, Rosalynn has inordinately good political instincts. Her antennae are really good. And she is one of the most genuine people I've ever met.

PLAYBOY: That certainly fuels the charges that she has inordinate influence over the President and the American ship of state, even though she was never elected to that job.

CADDELL: Well, she's given the President some of the most brutal advice anybody ever has, but she doesn't interfere with his job or anyone else's. She asks questions. She says the hard things that need to be said. She acts as the skeptic to the President. For instance, she instantly understood during the 1976 campaign that there was a problem when Carter made his "ethnic purity" remark. But it took him a couple of days to come around to that realization. That's partly because of his stubbornness, because he knew he had not made a racist remark. But Rosalynn never forgets she's Jimmy Carter's wife from Plains.

PLAYBOY: So you took your concerns to the First Lady.

CADDELL: Yes, I called her on a Thursday or Friday and said, "I really would like to come and see you. It's very important. And I would like several hours." Now, you usually never ask for a time block like that. Rosalynn didn't say a word. She could tell, I think, by my voice that it was very serious. I knew she was worried. She just quietly told me, "I'll schedule breakfast next week." So I had breakfast with her on Monday.

PLAYBOY: And what happened?

CADDELL: Well, I laid out all the numbers for her and laid out what I thought was happening in the country, and to some extent what I thought the President's

problem was. But I also told her I thought there was an opportunity that he could really grab hold of to do something bold. I quoted Napoleon's line about every crisis bringing a new opportunity: "Glory comes only in great danger."

So she decided we should also meet with Jody, who had come around to this thing over the weekend. We agreed that I would begin writing something, a working paper on all this, and we had a meeting with the President.

PLAYBOY: What did he say?

CADDELL: At first, he was resistant, because he thought Jody and I were coming in there with the First Lady just to badger him about why he was in trouble. Rosalynn made it very clear to us that we should stress that it was an opportunity to do something, not just for his own political situation but also historically and for the Presidency.

PLAYBOY: And thus began the train of events that led to the famous "meeting on the mountaintop," the domestic summit at Camp David last July?

CADDELL: That's right, though we did not plan it that way. I just went off and began gathering resource material from the leading sociologists and Government scholars I had been reading—James MacGregor Burns, Christopher Lasch, Daniel Bell, Robert Bellah, Alexis de



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Tocqueville and others. It turned out the President had just read De Tocqueville's classic, *Democracy in America*, and Burns's book *Leadership*, which I had wanted to recommend to him. We began sort of a shared reading program over the next few months, with lots of recommendations back and forth. For me it was like going to graduate school. And we began to sense that the problems in our society were much deeper than political. Indeed, politics was the lagging, not the leading, indicator of those problems.

PLAYBOY: Where did all that lead?

CADDELL: Well, we had a series of meetings during the spring, inviting some of the scholars in for dinner at the White House, too. Then, while the President spent most of June abroad, for the SALT II treaty signing with Leonid Brezhnev in Vienna and the economic summit meeting in Toyko, I prepared a long memo that became known to a very small circle of White House people as "the plan." Some people called it the "blue book."

PLAYBOY: Why?

CADDELL: Because I happened to put it in a blue binder.

PLAYBOY: That was when Carter unexpectedly canceled his planned energy speech and began the reassessment that led to his July 15th speech on the crisis of faith in America, wasn't it?

CADDELL: That's right. The first surprise was canceling the speech. Hamilton called and told me the President was reading my stuff and wanted us to come up for a meeting at Camp David.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction to that?

CADDELL: I was struck with terror. I suddenly had that sinking feeling, Oh, my gosh, what have you done? Is it the right thing? Are you leading him down a primrose path? Is he just too exhausted? So I sat down and reread the plan, and then I felt a lot better about it. I think it is good for Presidential advisors, when their advice is being taken, to ask themselves those questions.

PLAYBOY: So you were called up to Camp David?

CADDELL: Yeah. We all knew something serious was up. Hamilton, Stu, Jody, Rafshoon, a bunch of us met at my house to talk for a while. Then we went over to the Vice-President's for an iced tea and took the helicopter from there. I took clothes for only one night and ended up staying about a week.

PLAYBOY: That was the week the country didn't know what the President was doing.

CADDELL: Well, that was almost hilarious, after working all day on some very serious questions, to sit up there and watch the evening news and hear some people saying that maybe the President had gone crazy or something. But when they

quoted some White House sources, it wasn't very funny. Jody and Hamilton got on the phone to the White House and let people know the man was in full command of his faculties and just taking some time to deal with some very serious issues facing the country.

PLAYBOY: We know that during the next ten days, the President listened to advice from his inner councils as well as from various groups that were invited for private talks to Camp David. The result was a speech on July 15th in which he laid out some stringent new energy proposals but that was more famous for its discussion of a crisis of confidence in America. Everyone assumes you had a lot to do with that part of the President's thinking. Is that true?

CADDELL: Well, in that part, there were lines from various people, some suggested by the President; I guess there were a lot of my lines in there.

PLAYBOY: Come on, all modesty aside, what percentage of it was yours?

CADDELL: I'm not worried about modesty, I'm worried about my ass! I have often said some of the same things in my own speeches. I guess I had a good chunk of it. Maybe half.

PLAYBOY: We know the President was concerned about a crisis of confidence in America. But a lot of people did not understand how he reached that conclusion. What had you been telling him

about the way the country was going that led to that extraordinary statement?

CADDELL: Well, first you have to understand that no government or leader can do for the people what they are not willing to do for themselves. And there are cultural movements going in the country that I find very disturbing, as I told you. People are dropping out of the political process in droves. We had millions fewer voters in places like New York, Pennsylvania and California in the 1978 elections than in previous off-year elections, even despite the population increases. The national interest, it seems, has given way almost completely to the individual interests, to special interests, to plain old self-interest. Right here in Washington, the attitude is, What's mine is mine and what's yours is negotiable.

PLAYBOY: But isn't that the basis of our system: competing self-interests?

CADDELL: Not to the exclusion of national interests. De Tocqueville wrote 140 years ago that when self-interest began to predominate to the exclusion of everything else, it would ultimately lead to the breakdown of the conditions of freedom. Self-interests are fine within the framework of an agreed-upon national interest. That is what some scholars call *civitas*, or the covenant, within which various demands among peoples and groups, Government and the special interests, are met. Without such a restraining context, the result is chaos. In America today, the covenant itself is threatened.

PLAYBOY: What are the sociological signs of the breakdown?

CADDELL: Well, it sort of started with the "me" generation mentality. People are seeking immediate gratification with no long-term faith in the future—their own or the country's. That tends to weaken the cultural bonds that hold us together as a continuing society that is concerned with what will be passed on to the next generation.

PLAYBOY: Where does Presidential leadership come into this?

CADDELL: Well, I argued that there were historical movements going on for which President Carter would be held responsible. The President, as the leader of society, is not just held accountable for his role as leader of the Government. He is also the leader of the society and is held responsible for the large question of national purpose and what was happening to the people.

PLAYBOY: So you encouraged him to pay more attention to his job as leader of the society?

CADDELL: That's right. And when he called us to Camp David, I sensed that he was ready to roll the dice. By the time we got to working on the speech, it was obvious that all the chips were on the table. We all understood that if he

didn't get the attention of the country and the support he needed, particularly for the energy package, we'd come into a situation—

PLAYBOY: A point of no return?

CADDELL: That's right. I think it would have been an effective end at that point, had the speech not gone over.

PLAYBOY: The beginning of a lame-duck Presidency?

CADDELL: That's right.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that his speech on July 15th turned that possibility around?

CADDELL: That's right. And it was a marvel. What has gotten lost in all the interpretation afterward is what a tremendous success that speech was.

PLAYBOY: What did you expect? The President shocked everyone with his Cabinet firings later that week—which reminded everyone of Nixon's Saturday Night Massacre.

CADDELL: Well, it was mostly the Washington press that was shocked. It wasn't as big a story in the rest of the country. Those changes had been on the agenda for some time and the President felt that it was something he had to do and get over with. I think when the history of

"Washington views the rest of the country with contempt—you know, 'those people out there, the masses.'"

this Administration is written, everybody will remember the July 15th speech and nobody will talk about the Cabinet changes.

PLAYBOY: But that seems clearly to have taken the bloom off the President's rose. How could you have made such a tactical blunder?

CADDELL: The bad part is that it changed the national focus away from the President's message. And once that is gone, it's difficult to get it back. I hold myself culpable that I did not give enough attention to what the follow-up should look like. I mean, all our energy that week was concentrated on making sure that the Sunday-night speech was good. Of course, it is easy to say this in hindsight. We didn't even know if the speech was going to go. We were gambling. And I also acceded to the fact that there were some strong feelings that the President needed to get control of the Government.

PLAYBOY: That must allude to the famous feud between Hamilton Jordan and such Cabinet members as Joseph Califano and Michael Blumenthal.

CADDELL: I'm not getting into personalities.

PLAYBOY: What was the public response to the speech?

CADDELL: Tremendous. Something like 79 or 80 percent of the people polled afterward agreed with what the President said about the moral and spiritual crisis in the country. And the mail was extraordinary. Carter got 112,000 pieces of mail in three weeks, which is higher than anything in history except for the invasion of Cambodia by Nixon and for the pardon of Nixon by Ford—and they generated all negative mail, while Carter's was all positive. But the interesting thing was the kind of letters. I had the mail-analysis office put a sampling together for me to read and give to the President. People got very personally involved. They would start a letter with "I've never written to a President before," or, "I didn't believe the Government cared, but now. . . ." The people who have handled White House mail for 25 years say they have never seen anything quite like it.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps, but as you've suggested, the White House immediately squandered its advantage. In any case, after the speech, much was made of the fact that the President attacked Washington as an isolated "island." Many people felt that was a phony issue.

CADDELL: Only in Washington did they feel that, naturally. This is a city of elites—except for the poor blacks, who are as bad off here as anywhere else in the country. But this is the most bizarre town in the world. You have the bureaucratic elites, the political elites and the media elites. You have only elites talking to elites. This area is now the wealthiest part of the United States. Washington views the rest of the country with contempt—you know, "those people out there, the masses." It's kind of a Hollywood of the East. In Washington, we choke on trivia. People here are wrapped up so much in things going on here that this place has broken away from its moorings. Something has happened to the political process such that it has allowed this city to drift off like a balloon. Minnesota governor Al Quie, who was here in Congress for 22 years, said the feeling in the country about Washington today is approximately the same as the feeling of the Colonies was toward King George III just before the Revolutionary War.

PLAYBOY: Somehow, this all smacks of an attack on the press. Are you saying that there was, indeed, some fire behind Spiro Agnew's smoke about the Eastern press establishment?

CADDELL: Of course there was. You're part of an elite, I am part of an elite, most of our friends are members of elites. I mean, I *like* Washington. I have a lot of friends in the media. This town is full of



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people who read, who talk, who are interested in ideas. Washington has been very good to me.

PLAYBOY: If the elites read and talk so much, why are they out of touch?

CADDELL: I'll give you an example. The elites don't watch television. During the evening news, they're all still at work—you, me, everybody. The elites who run the country still basically read newspapers. If we all watched as much television as the rest of the country, you can bet your bottom dollar that somebody would have paid some more attention to the problems we are having.

PLAYBOY: That also sounds a bit like a defensive reaction to the problems some members of the Carter Administration have had in being accepted by Washington society. We're thinking particularly of some of the problems Hamilton Jordan has had because of his lifestyle.

CADDELL: Hamilton would admit that he's gotten himself in a lot of trouble just because he left himself vulnerable in some ways. The first thing that happened to Hamilton in this sense was the comment about the Egyptian ambassador's wife. It was in Sally Quinn's piece in *The Washington Post* about the Georgians and the way they dealt with Washington.

PLAYBOY: The account said that he fingered her bodice and looked down her dress at the dinner table, commenting that "I always wanted to see the Pyramids." Did that really happen?

CADDELL: Well, she denied it and Henry Kissinger denied it and everyone else at the table denied it. But the denial didn't stop the story from going out. The truth of the matter, as I understand it, is the comment may have been made in jest, privately, to a reporter, not to the lady and not at the table. It was the kind of joking comment one of us might make to another in private. That was repeated and that's how it eventually ended up being twisted into a story in the newspaper.

Now, I can assure you that if Henry Kissinger had made that comment, it would not have been in print. And Kissinger was generally known to say ribald kinds of things in a joking fashion to individuals in this town without being persecuted for it. Now, if that's not a double standard, what the hell is?

PLAYBOY: Why would there be a double standard?

CADDELL: Because there is in this town a lot of feeling that somehow the Georgians, these kids, are not interested in playing along with the established system. And, to that extent, they have paid the price for it. That was a price that was unanticipated.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you anticipate it?

CADDELL: Well, I guess we have to face the fact that, frankly, we could have co-opted Washington a whole lot easier

and better than we did. When we came to town, we had two options: We could have burned the place down, figuratively, which would certainly have carried out the President's mandate, and some argue that we should have done just that. Or we could have come and shrewdly co-opted Washington. But we did neither.

PLAYBOY: Explain figuratively burning it down.

CADDELL: Well, just not bring anybody from this town into the Government. Bring in only outsiders from around the country. It would have been warfare from the minute we arrived. I mean, people were scared to death of what Jimmy Carter was going to do when he got here. They really thought he was going to torture them right after the Inauguration.

PLAYBOY: Of course, you are not a Georgian and you had lots of friends in the Washington establishment before you moved here. How did your new-found fame affect your social life in Washington?

CADDELL: I cannot say that I have always

"Kissinger was known to say ribald kinds of things in a joking fashion to individuals in this town without being persecuted for it."

lived here in a manner conducive to my eternal salvation.

PLAYBOY: Some say you're the Henry Kissinger of this Administration: slightly overweight but always surrounded by beautiful women.

CADDELL: I resent only the overweight part of that comparison. As for the other, if only. . . . You know, sometimes we've sat around my house watching stories on television about all the wild life that's supposed to be going on in our house and we look at each other and say, "Where are they now?"

PLAYBOY: Despite your undisguised interest in social life, you never seem to have any problems in the press. What is it that has caused Hamilton Jordan to have so many problems?

CADDELL: Well, you'll notice that all the reports that have been a problem, like the Pyramids comment, like Sarsfield's bar and the Leo Wyler party in Los Angeles, took place around the end of 1977. You have not heard of anything since then. And I think we learned a few things after that first year.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

CADDELL: Such as how not to associate

with people you didn't know well. And how people might try to take advantage of you. And of the things people will do when they're jealous.

PLAYBOY: Sarsfield's bar is where Jordan was reported to have spewed amaretto and cream down the dress of a lady who spurned him. Did it happen?

CADDELL: I wasn't there, but it was denied by all kinds of people, dozens of people. I think they had a set-to and exchanged some words. And yet the spitting-ice version has gone out in the press as gospel truth. The denials go nowhere. The story takes on a life of its own.

These stories have made Hamilton a virtual social prisoner in Washington, so that he is afraid of going out in public. I mean, these people work under enormous pressure at the White House and now they can't go anywhere to relax and let off steam except in the privacy of their own apartments.

I remember when Hamilton lived in my house for a while, he was terrified to go out. One of the few times he went out was to a Fleetwood Mac reception that Warners gave in a private club in Georgetown. And somebody threw a pie in his face. I remember Hamilton coming back to the house, very, very upset. It meant that he could go nowhere.

PLAYBOY: Nowhere?

CADDELL: Yes. That was at the time that Rafshoon was also living here, just before he got married. So the night before his marriage, we decided to take Jerry out for his last bachelor dinner at The Palm, which is a nice restaurant where a lot of political people go. But Tim Kraft and I literally had to drag Hamilton, because he was so worried that someone would create an incident.

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, isn't it fair to report unseemly behavior in public by the President's top aide, who is, in essence, White House Chief of Staff?

CADDELL: Well, this is unique in White House history. I mean, there are all kinds of stories from previous administrations—Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon—of things people did that weren't reported. The rule was, if it had no connection with official duties, it wasn't proper to run it. Now they're changing the rules. They're willing to give credibility to sources they would not normally give credibility to because the story is hot or titillating. You've got sleazy stories coming from people with mixed motives. And the two-source rule is not ever applied.

PLAYBOY: Besides President Kennedy's recently reported exploits, what kinds of stories have you heard from other administrations?

CADDELL: I hate to get into examples. Well, take one case where a guy—

PLAYBOY: A high official?

CADDELL: A senior White House aide in a Democratic administration since I was

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born, which was 1950. Anyway, he was married, and a reporter ran into him at a resort with another woman—

PLAYBOY: *Flagrante delicto?*

CADDELL: Well, it was in public. He wasn't flaunting it, but he wasn't hiding it. It was obvious what was happening. But it had nothing to do with his job and it was not reported.

But because of Watergate, the rules have been changed. Good barriers were broken down in pursuit of a hot story. I know some people complained about it at the time of the Peter Bourne affair [in which the President's drug advisor resigned because of a prescription written to a fictitious name]. People who have been involved with reporters doing the same thing now found those same journalists saying, "The rules have changed."

I mean, most of the reporters involved are a product of the same postwar baby boom that produced the cultural revolution in the Sixties. A new set of standards was developed as to what was proper conduct vis-à-vis the outside world. And now we find a little bit of hypocrisy being practiced.

Jesus, this is beginning to sound like a tirade against the press!

PLAYBOY: For the record, Peter Bourne was quoted in *The New York Times* as saying—

CADDELL: Don't ask those questions. I'm not going to answer them, so don't even bother asking them.

PLAYBOY: We'll ask anyway.

CADDELL: Don't ask. It's not your business or anybody else's. I'm not going to go around saying those things about people.

PLAYBOY: Bourne was quoted as saying there was a considerable use of marijuana in the White House and some cocaine usage in the White House by White House people. Any comment at all on that?

CADDELL: I have no comment on that whatsoever, ever, any time, any place. I'm not going to speculate about people's private lives. The problem with questions like that is that they so strongly *imply* that those things really happened—no matter *what* answer I give. And I think your preoccupation with the lifestyles of some young people, compared with some of the other things that go on in this country, is a little outrageous.

PLAYBOY: Call it outrageous or call it clarifying something already on the public record, last summer, *The New York Times* began aggressively pursuing the story that Hamilton Jordan might have used cocaine at Studio 54, the New York disco, and other places. The first information came from the owners of Studio 54, which many people saw as a bald-faced attempt at plea bargaining, since they were then under a Federal tax-evasion indictment. Do you think *The New York Times*—

CADDELL: Let me just jump your question and say that because *The New York Times* was so badly beaten by *The Washington Post* on Watergate, so late on the real crisis in our time, that that has become an excuse for it to dispense with good journalistic judgment and perspective for what is the newspaper of record in our country. For it to almost go on a witch-hunt like it did on the story about cocaine, where it took witnesses who had no credibility and made them credible by the way it treated them in its pages, pursuing angles and things that it would never pursue in order to try to make up for some sort of—because it got its ass whipped on a serious issue.

PLAYBOY: You were with Jordan on the night he allegedly used cocaine in the home of Leo Wyler in Los Angeles. What happened there?

CADDELL: Nothing. I mean, nothing happened!

PLAYBOY: How did it start?

CADDELL: Well, we were attending this Democratic dinner at the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles and there were a lot of Jerry Brown's people there. This was the night when Brown got up and did one of the most tactless things I've ever seen. He introduced the President by just saying, "I will now introduce the President of the United States, I guess . . ." and sat down.

Then, after the dinner, Leo Wyler and his gofer, Mickie Chung, prevailed upon us to go up to Leo's house for a drink. Chung was pleading with us to come up there. But as soon as we walked into the place, I could feel a lot of tension, because the place was full of Jerry Brown's people. We ended up kind of separate, with most of the Carter people in the kitchen, drinking beer or wine and laughing and talking. I was playing backgammon with my date. Most people had dates. And after a while, everybody just got up and left.

PLAYBOY: But Wyler made an allegation about people going in and out of the bathroom.

CADDELL: My point is that why, all of a sudden, does Wyler come out and announce all these allegations that he hears? Except that one of the logically interesting things is that he was in the living room while this was supposed to be going on, from which you cannot see his bathroom, as far as I know. And I don't remember seeing him drift around that much.

PLAYBOY: So you are not too happy with the press's response to this?

CADDELL: If I were a reporter, I would not be particularly proud of my profession. The truth of the matter is, everybody thinks the press should be proud of Watergate. But except for a few brave guys, most of those people were in hiding

during Watergate, afraid to touch the story until after the real trouble became obvious.

PLAYBOY: Yet it often seems to many observers that President Carter is shooting his own toes off one at a time through the peccadilloes of his staff. Do you think that if he is defeated this year, history will record that Jimmy Carter was brought down by a series of dinner-party mistakes, as it were?

CADDELL: Those stories won't amount to a thimbleful of history. Most historians ten to fifteen years from now will say about us what they say today about the Truman Administration. Truman's Administration was rocked with scandal, but now we hardly remember that. Good old graft and stealing. We're not accused of anything like that, of course.

I think the historians will write, "My God, Jimmy Carter went against the tide of the times, which was not very activist, and really got a lot of things done."

PLAYBOY: There must be some special joys to getting those things done. What kinds of perks are there for a Presidential advisor?

CADDELL: Well, you have cars to go places when you need to on official business, and support staff and communications. You can get things video-taped. You can get things moved quickly. You can reach people around the world—fast. The greatest thrill in the world I ever had was picking up the phone on Air Force One and calling the ground and having a conversation. There's nothing like saying, "Hi," and they say, "Where are you?" and I say, "I'm on Air Force One. We're just flying over—"

PLAYBOY: Were you perhaps calling a girlfriend in that connection?

CADDELL: I'm not going to talk about that. I don't know what Government policy is on that. I'm sure it could be justified in the larger context of the big picture.

PLAYBOY: Certainly. Since you're a confirmed night person, we wonder how you work so well with a former peanut farmer who is notorious for getting up to work at dawn.

CADDELL: I don't know why, but I'm sure there's a biological reason why we are like that. I mean, when the sun goes down, I really light up. Sometimes the President calls me about something with great glee early in the morning, especially on Sunday morning. I can tell from his voice that he is secretly delighted that he woke me up.

PLAYBOY: So as you pursue your strange, nighttime, polling, advising role, what calms and consoles you?

CADDELL: The advice Lou Harris once gave: He said, "The higher a monkey gets up a tree, the more rear end he's got showing."





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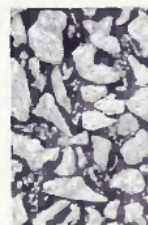
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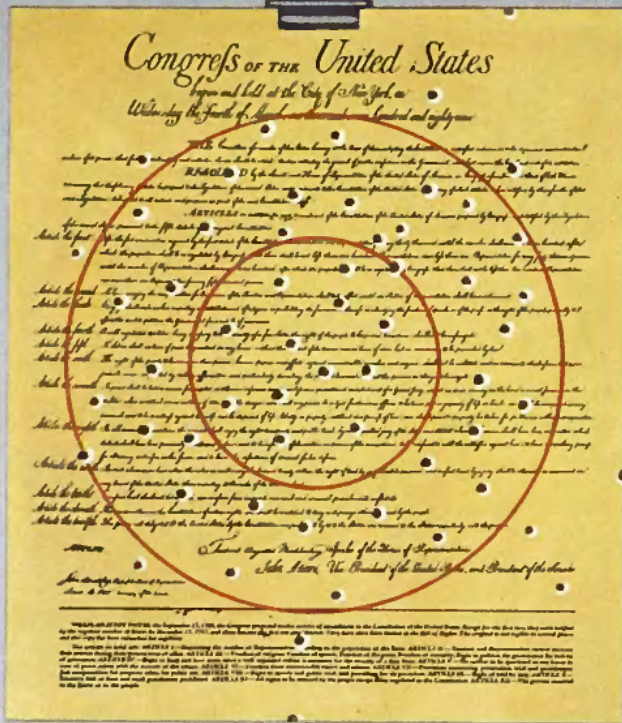
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FOR ONE WING of the feminist movement, the hot issue these days is not equal pay, job opportunities, day-care centers, the Equal Rights Amendment or abortion rights but pornography. Last September, a New York-based organization called Women Against Pornography (WAP) sponsored a two-day conference at which an audience of 700 heard Gloria Steinem, Bella Abzug and other luminaries inveigh against Demon Porn. Susan Brownmiller, author of *Against Our Will*, a book on rape, has been leading widely publicized tours of the Times Square pornography bazaar, starting from a storefront that WAP opened in the area. Similar groups have appeared elsewhere around the country. In San Francisco, Women Against Violence in Pornography and Media (WAVPM) held a Take Back the Night march in 1978, which climaxed with a demonstration in the commercial-sex district on Broadway Avenue. Similar marches have been staged in other cities; one in Minneapolis last August drew 4500 supporters.

Other feminists have been attacking porn in less conventional ways. Women's groups have prevented showings of *Story of O* in several cities by such tactics as bomb threats and disturbances in the theaters. In Perth, Australia, feminists confiscated sex movies outright. In Denver, the Bluebird Five spray-painted and pasted leaflets on a local porn theater. In Cologne, West Germany, a feminist stole \$50,000 worth of merchandise from sex shops, leaving a leaflet signed "Red Zora, Avenger of the Oppressed."

Nor are pornography outlets the only targets for angry feminists. At 3:15 one morning last summer, a woman named Marcia Womongold fired a rifle bullet through the window of Reading International, a respected bookstore in Harvard Square. The store's offense was selling *PLAYBOY*, *Oui* and *Penthouse*. Elaine Noble, a member of Boston mayor Kevin White's staff, quickly spoke up in Womongold's support: "I think she has guts," she said. "We're going to have to give her a mayor's citation."

As Womongold's exploit shows, this feminist crusade is not aimed at hardcore pornography alone but against any sexy material that arouses its ire, including newspaper ads and men's magazines. Using the term loosely in this way, the women attacking pornography say it is linked with rape and other sex crimes. Some believe it is a direct cause of such crimes. They charge that pornography creates a cultural climate in which men are encouraged to abuse and humiliate women. And they say that porn is an insult to women, just as racist propaganda



while a few vocal feminists are blasting away at something they vaguely call pornography, their scattershot tactics are threatening our basic rights

WOMEN AT WAR

is offensive to minority groups.

What do they want to do about it? The dominant position in this movement at the moment seems to be to avoid an outright call for censorship. As Abzug put it at the September WAP meeting, "I do not believe it is necessary for us to interfere with anyone's constitutional right to produce pornography. But that doesn't require us to encourage and assist in the proliferation of pornographic materials on the streets and in the stores." Last October 20, about 5000 antipornography protesters, mostly women, marched down Broadway through Times Square to the beat of a big bass drum, with Abzug, Brownmiller and Steinem in the lead, waving hand-lettered placards and chanting slogans like "Two, four, six, eight, pornography is woman hate." Every so often, the marchers broke ranks to slap Day-Glo stickers on advertisements and ticket windows. Rallying in Bryant Park, just behind the New York Public Library, they heard speeches claiming that pornography is filled with murder, rape, mutilation and torture. They also heard Lynn Campbell, a WAP organizer, call for a boycott of stores that sell PLAYBOY. The women hope to arouse public indignation through demonstrations and other publicity, thereby making pornography socially unacceptable.

Abzug's statement notwithstanding, there are many women in the movement who favor outright censorship. Brownmiller applauds what the U. S. Supreme Court has done to uphold the constitutionality of bans on obscenity and argues that it just hasn't gone far enough. WAP's literature calls for a rewriting of the legal definition of obscenity.

Still other feminists advocate what they call the direct-action approach—the sabotage of pornography outlets, destruction of material and harassment of customers. The WAP conference devoted one of its workshops to such action.

This drive against porn gets its steam from fear of rape and other violent crimes against women and children. While no one knows whether the actual number or rate of sex crimes is going up or down (because historically so few were reported to the police), there is a widespread impression that they are on the rise. We do know that the annual rate of reported forcible rapes nearly doubled between 1969 and 1977. At the same time, the sale of sexually explicit books, magazines and films has been a booming business, and some of this material portrays violence against women and the sexual abuse of children.

Women are alarmed and angered when they are told that there is a subculture out there that pays money to see depictions of women being raped, tortured

and killed. When the news page of the morning paper brings stories of sexual atrocities and the amusements page carries ads for movies in which women are brutalized, it is easy to become enraged and to want to strike out against pornography.

Easy, yes. But is it reasonable or useful?

A great many feminists do not think so. Commenting on the September WAP conference, *Village Voice* columnist Ellen Willis, a founder of the radical feminist organization Redstockings, points out that an attack on pornography can be an attack on women's sexuality: "Over the years, I've enjoyed various pieces of pornography—some of them of the sleazy 42nd Street paperback sort—and so have most women I know. If feminists define pornography, per se, as the enemy, the result will be to make a lot of women ashamed of their sexual feelings and afraid to be honest about them. And the last thing women need is more sexual shame, guilt and hypocrisy—this time served up as feminism."

Some feminists see a positive value in pornography. Artist Betty Dodson, quoted in *Ms.* magazine, says, "I call myself a pornographer . . . because I think the word ought to be legitimized. I think that anything that has to do with sex should be good. Sex is something people do, and there should be nothing bad about showing it. If women shy away from this kind of art, it's only because of their conditioning."

Like many people who urge the suppression of pornography, Susan Brownmiller admits that it has not been scientifically proved that sexually explicit material helps cause sex crimes. "But," she writes in *Against Our Will*, "does one need scientific methodology in order to conclude that the antifemale propaganda that permeates our nation's cultural output promotes a climate in which acts of sexual hostility directed against women are not only tolerated but ideologically encouraged?"

Another feminist author, Robin Morgan, puts it more succinctly: "Pornography is the theory and rape is the practice."

There is a good deal of ambiguity in such accusations. Foes of pornography tend to use language implying that it causes sex crime in intangible ways not amenable to scientific investigation. They have taken this tack ever since the Federally appointed Commission on Obscenity and Pornography spent two years and some \$2,000,000 to sponsor and sift through 39 investigations on the subject. In 1970, the commission issued its findings: "Empirical research designed to clarify the question has found no reliable evidence to date that exposure to explicit

interviews by
KATE NOLAN

DOES PORNOGRAPHY LEAD TO RAPE



This is a tangled, emotional issue that brushes against the country's most sensitive moral and legal nerves. PLAYBOY assigned Assistant Editor Kate Nolan to probe the delicate area of pornography, sex crimes and the First Amendment, and she rounded up an all-star cast of experts—behaviorists, sexologists, criminologists, journalists and others qualified to speak on these subjects. The questioning zeroed in on two areas: the links between pornography and sex crimes; and whether or not any limitations should be placed on pornographic material. Here's what the experts said.

**DO YOU KNOW OF ANY
EVIDENCE LINKING
PORNOGRAPHY TO SEX
CRIMES AND OTHER VIO-
LENT ACTS? DO YOU FEEL
THERE IS A LINK?**

Shana Alexander
Journalist

I don't think that pornography causes rape. I think it probably works the other way, as a safety valve for sexual impulses that are not dischargeable in a more direct way. And I think that you will find, if you talk to some criminologists, that the most violent sex criminals, the ones who really do disastrous sex crimes, are the people who are most opposed to pornography.

I don't think that what I would call erotica or sexual activity, no matter how explicit, or big pictures of sexual organs or of sexual congress of any kind that we could imagine, would cause crimes of violence or increased sex activity. Because I think watching the pornography tends to drain off the libido or whatever the right word for it is. Aggressive pornography is sick stuff for sick people.

Gene Abel
Psychiatrist, Columbia University,
studies rapists

I find it quite difficult to define where erotica starts and pornography starts, quite frankly. The movie I saw this week (*Bloodline*) depicted the brutal murder of three or four women while a movie was being made of the murder. That constituted a fairly large portion of the movie and it seemed to be, quite frankly, tangential to the plot. Now, that must not have been pornographic, because it was allowed to be shown; as a matter of fact, it was depicted in a regular old theater.

And this is exactly what I'm saying. It's a depiction of woman as victim and man as aggressor and I think as long as these types of depictions continue, they serve as models for both aggressors and victims of aggressors. Another side of it is that some of the rapists and child molesters I see use pornography to cool off their sexual arousal during masturbation to ejaculation and they report that it is less likely, then, that they carry out the crime. So any time you talk about what impact does pornography have, you've gotta talk about which impact, which patient at which time. It's not just a clean oh, yes, these de-

pictions are bad or these depictions are good. They do different things at different times.

I don't think there's clear evidence one way or the other that rapists use more pornography than nonrapists, because it's difficult for me to find anyone who can clearly define what is pornographic and what is erotic. People just can't make that distinction.

Michael J. Goldstein
Psychologist at UCLA, co-author of
Pornography & Sexual Deviance

Average males usually don't find real rape pornography exciting. They don't show a reaction to it physiologically or psychologically. If there's real harm being done, even in a simulated way—beating up, force, no excitement shown, and so forth—it is not sexually exciting to the average person. Which is, after all, the standard the courts are concerned with.

And so I would think that a lot of these films with the real harm and real abuse of women being shown must cater to a very specialized audience. Whether there's an audience that acts out these things or merely gets some kind of compensatory fantasy gratification, I don't know. I don't know who watches them.

Judith Rossner
Author of *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*

I haven't thought a great deal about rape. I mean, if you ask me whether pornography causes rape, that's like asking, I guess, whether food causes it. It keeps the guy alive. And maybe pornography fans the flames.

William Simon
Sociologist, University of Houston

The hardest thing in science is to prove that something doesn't exist. You know, a positive finding is very clear, then you can argue about whether there's more than you found or less than you found. You can never convince the world that you didn't find it because it doesn't exist; they will persist in believing that you didn't look hard enough or that you didn't look in the right places. There's been very little research added since the work of the [President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography], and the work of the commission is fairly consistent on [rape as a result of pornography]. The effects are extremely minor, just enough to say that people who commit rape don't read pornography. They are probably less likely to read it than are large num-

bers of those who don't commit rape, but there's no causal relationship.

Sex offenders—particularly rapists—tend to grow up with a deficiency of exposure to pornography. And the modern theory is that they really have grown up in a very rigid, very puritanical environment that made the sexual appear to be a very fearful thing, such that they hated themselves for feeling that way and hated those people who evoked those feelings in them. And, in a curious way—though I don't subscribe personally to that “lightning rod” that pornography saves us from rape—that it is the rule that repressed pornography produces the rapist.

Edward Donnerstein
Psychiatrist, University of Wisconsin,
researching effects of pornography
on aggression

It's a complex issue, because there's a lot of research that shows it does just the opposite. In fact, the stimulation that people use to reduce aggression—it's PLAYBOY stimuli. That seems to be the type of stimuli that reduces arousal, reduces anger and reduces subsequent aggressive behavior. And that's just been commonly known. We found that when male subjects view aggressive erotic films, in which the woman is a victim of aggression—film of rape—that even without angering the subjects, we will get increases in aggression against a female. . . . There is some very interesting research. . . . I don't think it ever appeared in the pornography commission reports, but, in fact, once you start censoring material, you do get increases in aggression. People don't like the idea of things' being censored.

Flo Kennedy
Attorney, writer, feminist

Abuse of women goes back to the Biblical days and I can't see how we can blame it on Larry Flynt or Hugh Hefner or any of the rest of these people now. So, in my opinion, there is not a solid view on who the enemy is to women. And I think more women are lured into marriage and more men are titillated about sex by movies and women by the women's magazines. What we ought to be marching against is the *Ladies' Home Journal*, because whatever happens to women happens because most of us read *Ladies' Home Journal* and most of us don't read *Hustler*. We have an attitude of roles that was presented by the ideal *Ladies' Home Journal* heroines.

(continued on page 186)

sexual material plays a significant role in the causation of delinquent or criminal sexual behavior."

At the time the commission published its report, material fusing sexual activity with violence was a minor item on the pornography market—therefore, the commission spent little of its resources on investigating the connection between sexuality and aggression. Since then, though, there has been an increase in hard-core pornography that includes violent elements. And researchers are publishing studies that raise such questions as whether or not erotic material can arouse aggression and whether or not violent, aggressive pornography promotes increased aggressiveness toward women.

Edward Donnerstein of the University of Wisconsin has carried out a series of experiments measuring the effects of various kinds of erotic material on aggression in male college students. In a recent study, men were made angry by receiving low ratings on essays they had written. To add injury to insult, they were punished for their poor performance with electric shocks. Then they were shown a neutral film or a film of sexual intercourse without violence or one in which a man with a gun rapes a woman. They were then given a chance to give electric shocks to either male or female victims. Donnerstein found that males who had seen the neutral film administered the mildest shocks. Those who had seen the rape film delivered the most severe shocks, and they gave the strongest shocks of all to the women. "Given the increase in sexual and other forms of violence against women that is depicted in the media," Donnerstein concluded, "a concern over such presentations would seem warranted."

Measuring people's aggressiveness by having them administer electric shocks to others is quite a popular experimental device these days. It has also been used at UCLA by Seymour Feshbach and Neal Malamuth, who have been trying to learn whether or not reducing sexual inhibition will release people from internal restraints on aggressive behavior. They found that men and women who had read erotic passages gave more severe shocks to others than did members of a group that had read neutral passages. In another experiment, they gave students two versions of a detailed description of a rape. In one, the victim was in pain throughout the experience; in the other, she gave in and enjoyed it. Women were not aroused by either version, but the men who read about the victim's enjoying the rape were aroused. Feshbach and Malamuth reasoned that erotic material

does not turn people on when it violates their ethical standards but that intensified sexual fantasy can overcome this inhibition in men. "We share the belief," they announced, "that the depiction of violence in erotica and pornography could be harmful."

The Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography has been under heavy fire ever since it came out, nine years ago. Critics say the commission was remiss in not paying more attention to the relationship between sex and aggression. Writing in *Psychology Today*, journalist Garry Wills, for instance, weighs in with a comprehensive critique of the commission's report, charging it with "failure to examine in any thorough way the connection between depictions of sex and of violence." A paper published in WAVPM's antipornography newsletter points out that one commission-sponsored study, by Percy H. Tannenbaum, found that exposure to erotic material, and especially erotic-aggressive material, heightens aggressiveness—yet that finding was barely mentioned in the report.

Some attacks have zeroed in on the commission's studies of pornography and sex crime in Denmark. In 1965, erotic material became widely available in Denmark, and by 1967, the Danish parliament took all legal restrictions off the sale of written and pictorial erotica. The commission reported that the annual number of sex crimes, including the combined figure for rape and attempted rape, had decreased between 1965 and 1967. The report's detractors now argue that the drop in Danish sex crime is due to changes in the laws, legalizing such activities as homosexual prostitution. Also, critics say, there was no decline in the number of rapes per year.

Even after allowances are made for changes in the laws, the fact is that Danish sex-crime statistics really did drop. There was a decline in many individual types of sex crime from 1965 on, the most significant being in peeping and the molesting of preadolescent girls. Berl Kutchinsky, one of the Danish researchers for the commission, suggests that in those two areas, but only those two, legalization of pornography may have provided a safety valve for antisocial impulses. Rape, considered by itself, did not decline between 1965 and 1970, but neither did it increase. If pornography did encourage rape, one would expect the incidence of rape to have risen in those five years. Last September, attending a seminar on pornography and sex crime at Simon Fraser University, British Columbia, Kutchinsky stated that rape had neither increased nor decreased in Denmark by 1973 and that the rate of all sex crimes other than

rape went down by about 75 percent from 1967, when pornography was legalized, to 1973.

Those who want pornography banned hail all the new research and the recent criticisms of the report as evidence that the commission's findings amount to a scientific house of cards. The researchers themselves are careful to point out that their work scarcely adds up to an indictment of pornography; they've even come up with findings that will never be reported in antiporn literature, such as Donnerstein's discovery that when angry men look at nude and seminude pictures from PLAYBOY, their aggressive feelings fade away. And even when they are considering violent images, which they do think may be connected with actual violence, these researchers stop well short of calling for a ban on such material. "As psychologists," say Feshbach and Malamuth, "we would support community efforts to restrict violence in erotica to adults who are fully cognizant of the nature of the material and who choose knowingly to buy it."

Nine years after the commission's report, we still have no proof that pornography, even the violent sort, causes sex crime. We have only studies that show that in a laboratory setting, for a brief period, men who have previously been made angry and who see erotic or erotic-violent films will act more aggressively toward women *when permitted to do so by an authority figure*. It is doubtful that it ever will be possible to prove that exposure to literary or pictorial works can move a person to criminal behavior.

As for the charge that the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography failed to examine the connection between pornography and violence, in the preface to its report, the commission explicitly excludes violent obscenity from its purview, limiting its investigation to "sexual obscenity, including sadomasochistic material, because the legislative history indicated this as the focus of Congressional concern as reflected by the linking of obscenity with pornography in the act creating the commission." The commission was interested only in sexual arousal by sexual materials.

There is certainly data in some of the 39 studies that doesn't fit neatly into the report's over-all conclusions, and there are some findings that contradict other findings. If there were no inconsistencies and contradictions among so many separate studies of the effects of pornography funded by the commission, that fact alone would give grounds for suspicion. As anyone who has ever worked in a college physics lab can testify, honest science is messy.

Still, the pattern of evidence that



Shyan

"When you turn the little ball upside down, it snows!"

emerges supports the commission's conclusions. For example, in the commission-funded study of pornography and sexual deviance by Michael J. Goldstein and colleagues—the study that discovered that such a high percentage of rapists had seen explicit sexual photos in early childhood—the other findings about rapists point to a sexually inhibited, repressive childhood environment, a lack of experience with sexual material and a generally negative attitude toward it. For example, 18 percent of the rapists as children had been caught with erotic materials, and in all cases, their parents had become angry and punished them. In the control group, 37 percent had read erotic materials with their parents' knowledge; only seven percent had been punished. It was on that over-all pattern, rather than on the one anomalous statistic, that the commission based its conclusion that erotic material has little influence on rape.

To examine in detail the efforts of WAP, WAVPM and their supporters to prove that pornography is dangerous is to make the rather disheartening discovery that this supposedly new movement is, for the most part, reiterating the tired and fallacious arguments conservative procensorship outfits such as CDL have been spouting for decades. Brownmiller, Womongold and the rest haven't advanced an inch in their thinking beyond earlier crusading prudes such as Charles H. Keating, Jr., and J. Edgar Hoover, for whom the fact that some sex criminals were found by police to possess porn was proof enough that pornography incites men to sexual violence.

The women's antipornography movement recognizes that many feminists respect the First Amendment and are unwilling to advocate censorship. In an attempt to deal with this issue, WAP has issued a leaflet titled "Where We Stand on the First Amendment" that states:

We do not advocate censorship. We respect First Amendment strictures against the imposition of prior restraints on any form of speech, and we do not wish to deprive pornographers of their due-process rights. . . . We have not put forth any repressive legislative proposals, and we are not carving out any new exceptions to the First Amendment. . . . We want to change the definition of obscenity so that it focuses on violence, not sex, but we do not propose to alter the basic process by which obscenity laws must be enforced, in accordance with the procedural guarantees of the First Amendment.

In other words, on the First Amendment, WAP stands shoulder to shoulder with the current U.S. Supreme Court. That puts it well to the right of most civil libertarians. It is no concession to say that one is against censorship by prior restraint. The Court has traditionally held that prior restraint—prohibiting the publication of disapproved material—is unconstitutional, and even CDL accepts that. The way censorship operates in this country is to prosecute the offender after the book, magazine or movie has been offered to the public. WAP is saying, in short, that it isn't asking for any new laws, because it is satisfied with the laws already on the books. An important exception is its desire "to change the definition of obscenity so that it focuses on violence, not sex."

Civil libertarians have long been arguing that such terms as obscenity and pornography express subjective value judgments differing greatly from one person to the next. Obscenity is a legal term; pornography is not. Pornography, however, is the term this feminist movement usually uses to describe what it is against. Pornography, from *pornographos*—writings of, or about, prostitutes—has always had a connotation of sinfulness. The Commission on Obscenity and Pornography avoided using "pornography" in its report: "The term 'pornography' is not used at all in a descriptive context because it appears to have no legal significance and because it most often denotes subjective disapproval of certain materials, rather than their content or effect. The report uses the phrases 'explicit sexual materials,' 'sexually oriented materials,' 'erotica,' or some variant thereof, to refer to the subject matter of the commission's investigations."

A classic definition of pornography was offered by Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen in *Pornography and the Law*, in which they describe it as the depiction of sexual acts for the sole purpose of arousing the beholder in such a way as to violate all conventional morality, with no emotion displayed other than lust and its satisfaction. The Kronhausens contrast that with erotic realism, which may also depict sexual activity explicitly, but in the context of a full range of human feelings and concerns.

How do those on opposite sides of the porn fence define the subject of their disagreement? The various definitions put forward in the WAP literature and its public statements have a clear central theme but tend to be fuzzy around the edges. Most definitions are some variant of Brownmiller's statement in a newspaper essay that "pornography's intent is to degrade and dehumanize the female

body for the purpose of erotic stimulation and pleasure. We are unalterably opposed to the presentation of the female body being stripped, bound, raped, tortured, mutilated and murdered in the name of entertainment and free speech." This definition is usually presented with the qualification Brownmiller offers in her essay, that "we believe that explicit sexual material has its place in literature, art, science and education."

So much for generalities. But once we get into specifics, that old devil subjectivity intrudes. One might suppose that a large portion of the sexy writings and pictures available today would be acceptable to WAP and its sister organizations, but, in fact, they find hatred of women everywhere. Among examples of pornographic materials displayed in the slide show that introduces its tour of the Times Square area, WAP shows the posters for the movies *Dracula* and *The Wanderers*, a department-store ad showing two smiling little girls modeling sweaters and skirts, a record-album cover featuring a nude girl barely into pubescence and an advertisement for Gloria Vanderbilt jeans.

In an antipornography pamphlet, Womongold, the rifleperson of Harvard Square, includes in a list of horrible examples of pornography "a Bloomingdale's full-page ad in *The New York Times* of July 10, 1978, showing a nude woman, flat on her back, face obscured by a sun hat, with her empty swimsuit lying in the foreground." In her newspaper article, Brownmiller describes as pornographic "still shots using the newest tenets of good design" on the covers of *PLAYBOY*, *Penthouse* and *Hustler*. Brownmiller also finds the daily newspapers full of pornography: "To buy a paper at the newsstand," she says, "is to subject oneself to a forcible immersion in pornography, to be demeaned by an array of dehumanized, chopped-up parts of the female anatomy, packaged like cuts of meat at the supermarket."

Throughout the movement's literature, the ritualistic hostile references to *PLAYBOY* and other magazines crop up frequently. *PLAYBOY*, of course, refuses to be defined by its detractors. "Nobody can agree on what pornography is, though nearly all definitions have a negative connotation," says *PLAYBOY*'s Associate Publisher, Nat Lehrman. "*PLAYBOY*'s popularity is not based on pornography, hard- or soft-core. All the sexual images we originate are positive. They have no implication of aggressiveness, hostility or exploitation. Eros was the god of love. And our erotic images are exactly what that word implies—loving images.

(continued on page 179)

whether you've been there or not, the most spectacular way to visit Paris is on a supersonic flight followed by a romantic weekend—yes, weekend—in the city of light

TO PARIS— WITH LOVE AND THE CONCORDE

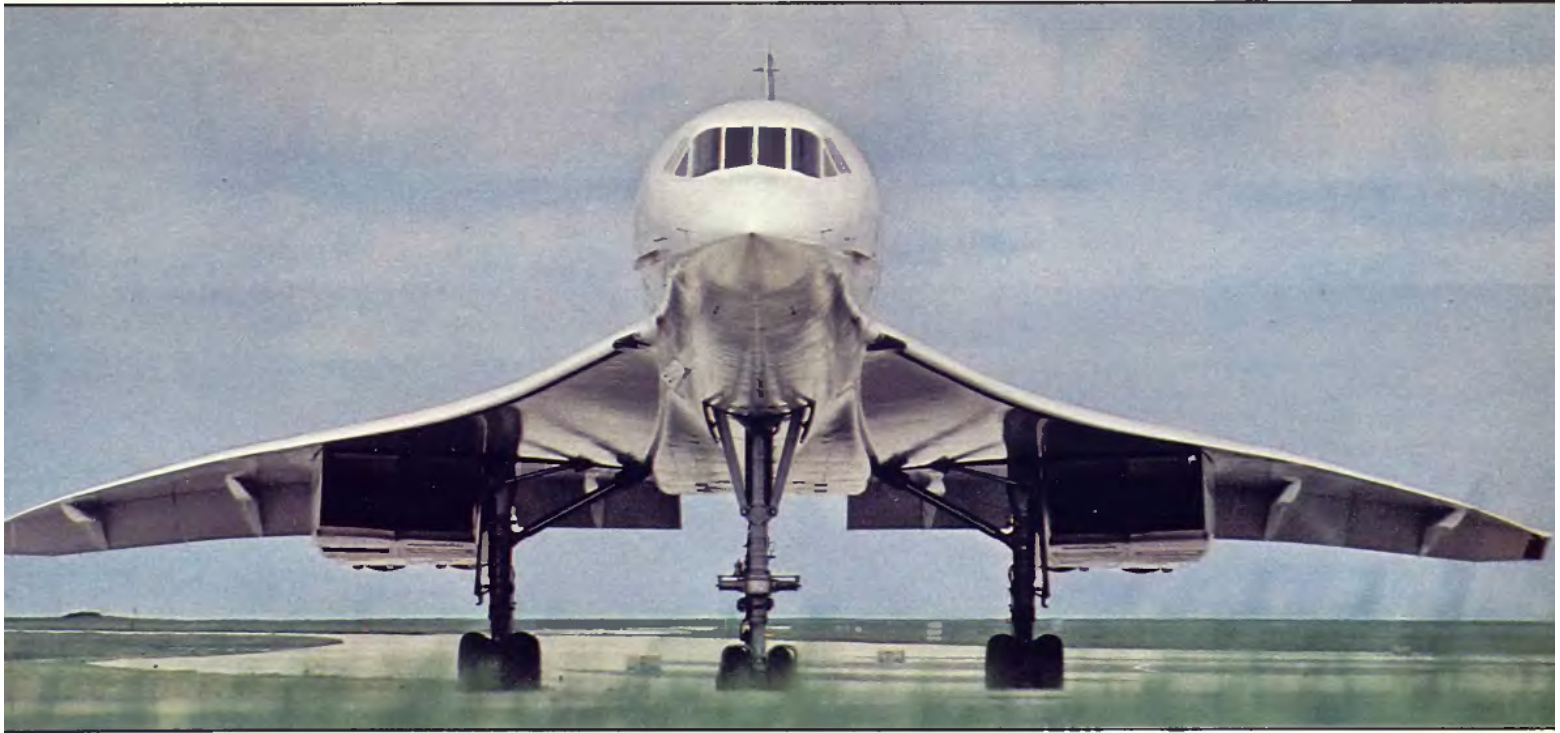
travel By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

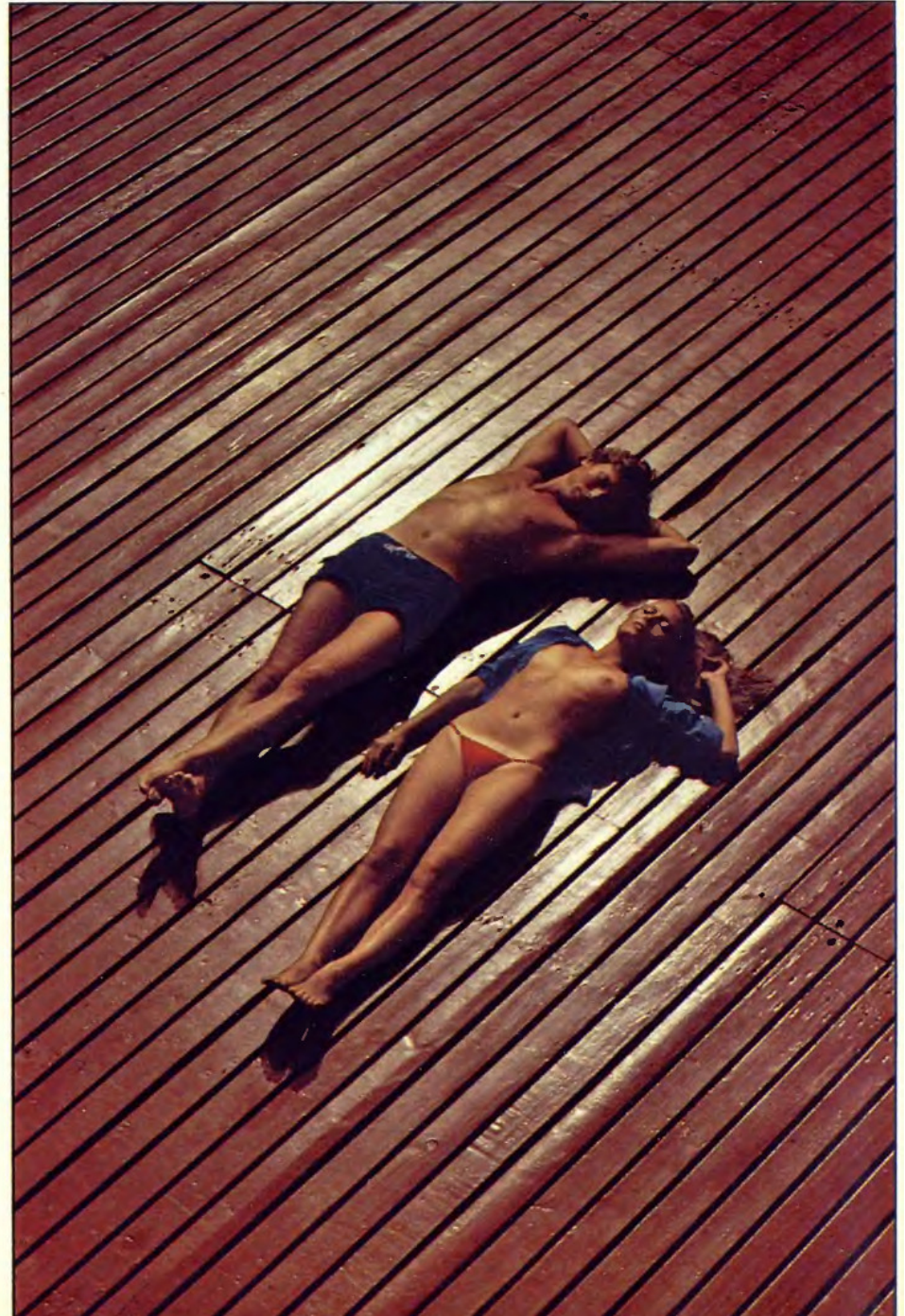
Below: Air France's sleek Concorde taxis to depart New York's Kennedy Airport bound for the Charles de Gaulle Airport near Paris. Bottom left: The surprisingly small jet slices through the sky. The "weekend"—say it with a French accent—is the Concorde's *raison d'être*. It can scoot you from J.F.K. to C.D.G. in three hours, 20 minutes. Hence, no jet lag, more party time.

THERE WAS A TIME, not really so long ago, when a trip to Europe was a once-in-a-lifetime undertaking, and the rare adventurer who actually managed to make the trip could dine out on his experiences for years. But the coming of huge, wide-bodied jets—to say nothing of even wider discount and promotional fares—dramatically changed all that, and now it's far more common that the reason a young file clerk doesn't show up on Monday morning is that her plane has been delayed in Europe.

Since this once extraordinary journey is now so common, any proposition that's designed to sweep a lady off her feet must necessarily show some imagination. And this is not so difficult, since it's not only possible but absolutely (text continued on page 192)

Bottom center: This could be part of the *Star Trek* movie set, but it's one of the many conveyor-equipped tubes that interconnect the many buildings of C.D.G. Having to walk after being whisked across the Atlantic does seem pedestrian, after all. Bottom right: The machometer announces the plane is traveling at over twice the speed of sound, though you'd not know it.





Top left: Paris is a city for lovers. Everywhere you look, people are smooching. That is because in Paris—as in most European cities—there's a housing shortage. Folks make time where they can. The Tuileries gardens are a favorite among Parisians for this purpose. And although our travelers have no housing shortage—they've checked into the *très chic* Hôtel Meurice—they catch a wayward buss and act cheeky just the same. Top right: Some people drink the water everywhere—even from a Tuileries fountain—but we recommend more caution. The weekend is too short to be sabotaged by a bug. Stick to wine or one of France's famous bottled waters. Above and right: Our couple get their feet wet at the Piscine Deligny, Paris' famous swimming pool on the Left Bank. This is no time to be shy, natch.



Top left: Statues dot the Parisian landscape as debris litters other cities. This one apparently caught our lady traveler's fancy. Top right: The City of Light has been described as the ideal city for walking. It's also a great place for jogging, especially along the Left Bank near the Pant Notre Dame. Above: The French believe if you've got it, share it. And they maintain an open-door policy in the changing room of the Piscine Deligny. Left: Our travelers and some new-found friends try out their English and French on one another. Cultural note: The French appreciate your giving their language a try—even if you're not particularly good at it. Intentions count.



Top left: If you're in love, Paris will turn up the volume; if you're not, the city will still give you some pretty giddy ideas along those lines.

Top right: Back of their suite in the Hôtel Meurice, located on one of Paris' most elegant corners, where the Rue de Rivoli meets the Rue de Castiglione, our lady cools her heels and scons the Paris Yellow Pages. Now, if

she could only coax the insouciant local telephone system to work. . . . Above: Cocktails are served in the room tonight and, of course, champagne is *de rigueur*. And, yes, that's a Havana cigar our man is firing up. They're perfectly legal in France, but U. S. Customs still takes a dim view of their being brought back by travelers from any country other than Cuba.



Top left: Our lady, having put on her dance pants, finally puts the finishing touches to her face. Top right: They grab a quick *bise* and practice their dips at the Pant Royale. Above: She could have danced all night at one of the fountains in the Place de la Concorde, but he's hungry and it's dinnertime at Lasserre. It was in the Place de la Concorde that Louis XVI lost his head. While there, keep yours but check out the Obelisk—an 1829 gift from a viceroy of Egypt.



Top left: *Mademoiselle's* curiosity gets the best of her at a showing of erotic sculpture at the Galeries Sylvia Bourdin, while a local *artiste* grabs a bit of *gusto* for himself. Top right: Our twosome gets a tour of the magnificent wine cellar at Lasserre, one of the world's most deservedly famous restaurants. The service and food are impeccable and the

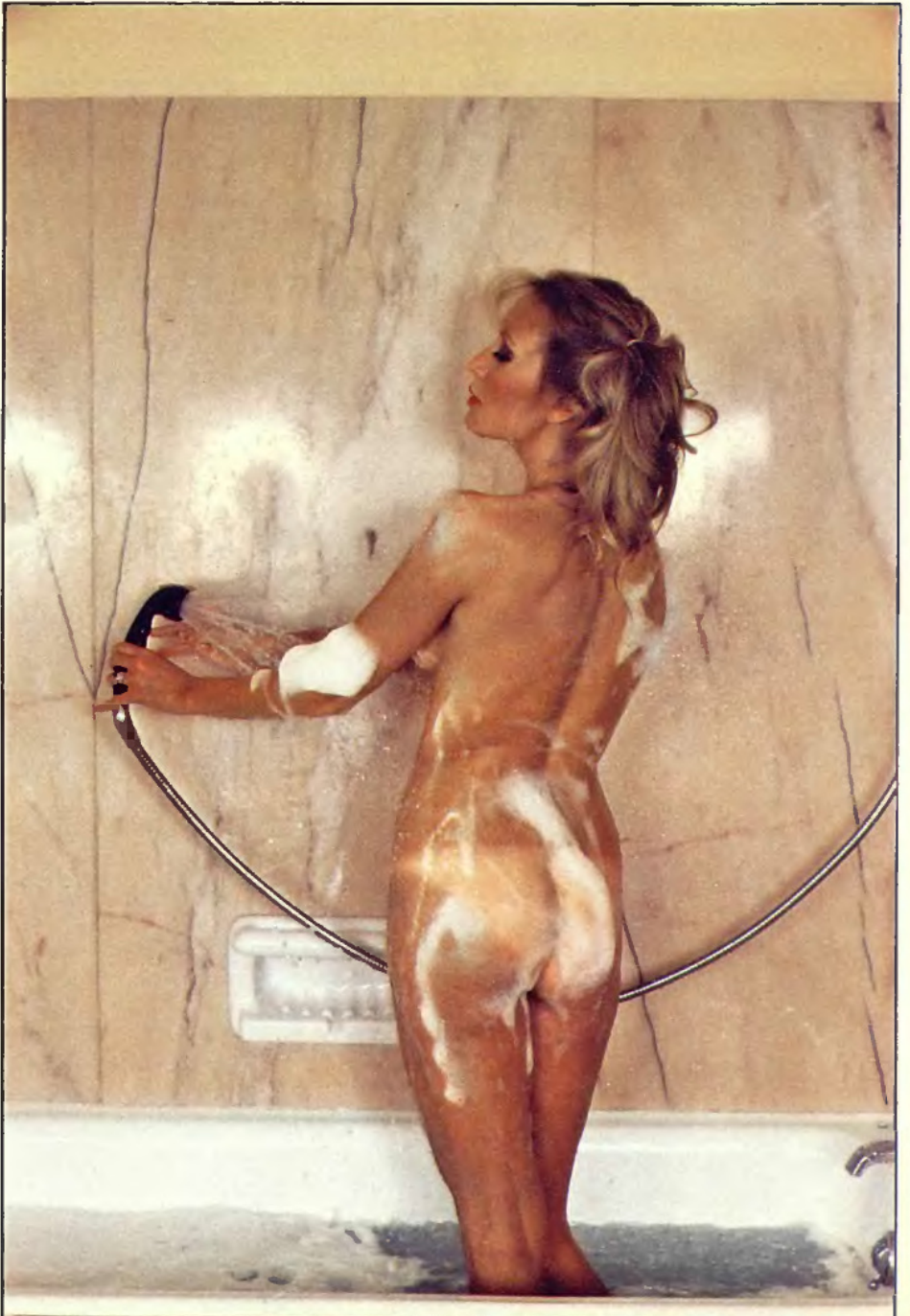
staff is innocent of haughtiness. Lasserre's wine cellar houses more than 140,000 bottles. Above: Our couple at the *Poradis Latin*, where at the show's climax the ceiling opens and an enormous amount of confetti falls on the audience. The entertainment of *Paradis*, in the tradition of Parisian cabarets, is an eclectic mix of costumed musical skits.



Top left: The main dining room at Lasserre. There are also private dining chambers for those who want a serving of intimacy with their elegance. After dinner, it's a short stroll across the Champs Elysées. The lady would probably stop traffic even without a fortuitous gust of Paris wind; but for the rest of us, French drivers are to be feared. Rumor has it that they get points for grazing tourists. One of the best-known Parisian night clubs—the Crazy Horse Saloon—is all done up in a wild West theme. At least its owner Alain Bernardin's rather fanciful notion of what America *should* be like. The doormen, for example, are outfitted as Canadian Mounties. Well, you don't go there for the interior decoration; you go there for the most gorgeous gaggle of female flesh this side of Playboy Mansion West. Above: The girls wave a strategic "How-dy-do." Left: Our visiting firewoman sneaks into the undressing room and tries on a few costumes.



Above: As the weekend continues, our couple makes another pilgrimage to the Tuileries at dusk. They also squeeze in a quick stop at a restaurant in Montmartre (below) near the church of the Sacré-Coeur. Above right: It's back to the Meurice for an afternoon slow-down, a quick nip and a change of clothes for the evening. Right: Modemoiselle rinses off her soap sculpture with one of those nifty French shower heads. For some reason, bathing, like everything else, is more exciting in Paris.





Above left: What can you say about French maid service except that it's superb? Above right: A three-day-weekend jaunt to Paris may be quite Continental, but to do it up right, you should surprise your traveling companion with at least one outrageously priced token of your esteem. Here, he gifts her with a fur coat from the famed local establishment of Faurens Sack. If, by chance, a fur coat isn't the type of luxe bauble to leave her feeling that you're the

greatest thing to come along since sliced baguettes, remember that the *haute couture* houses—Dior, for example—have the best, sexiest underwear in the world. And it's not expensive. Remember, too, that Paris is the home of Cartier, Hermès and Louis Vuitton; often you'll find items on sale that aren't stacked in U. S. branch stores. Below: Our couple lingers beneath the Eiffel Tower before preparing for the Concorde journey home. Here's to good friends!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



*are we afraid of
something evil inside
this slick young klan
leader—or of the dark
thing he seems to know
about the human heart?*

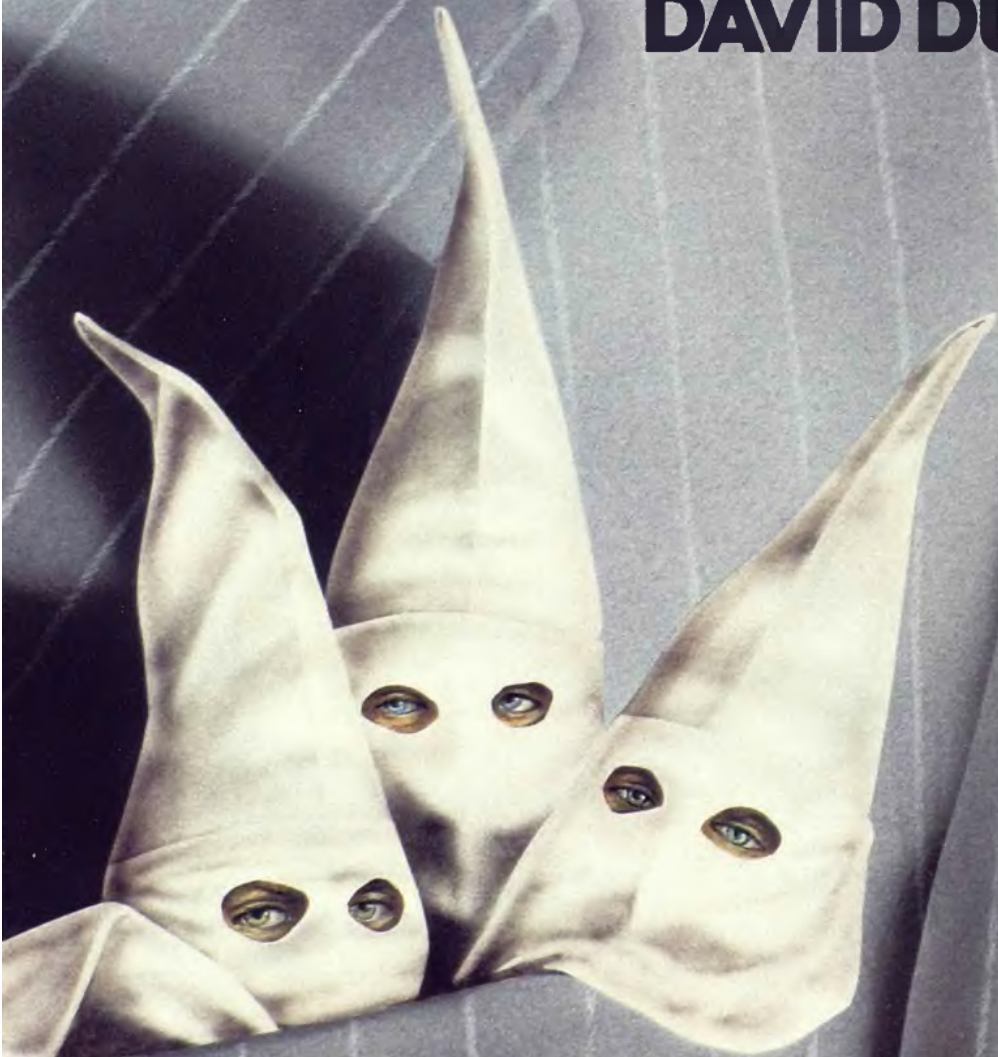
article **By HARRY CREWS**

WE WERE STANDING in front of the Holiday Inn in Rogers, Arkansas, the two of us, waiting for a car to take us to the armory, where the rally would be held. The man I was with, smiling, shifting from foot to foot, kept glancing up into the cloudless sky and talking about what a beautiful day it was. He was 28 years old, 6'2" tall, lean and well muscled, almost heavily so in the arms and shoulders, blond, very fair-skinned. But the thing you noticed about him first and always was his magic eyes, eyes that were a little crazy—crazy, as it turned out, with belief, with commitment to his life's work, with his obsession to do a job he felt had to be done to save Western civilization from collapse and ruin.

Some days back in Metairie, Louisiana, the city that stands cheek by jowl with New Orleans, he had told me: "I live it, breathe it, dream it, eat it. It is my life, my only life." At that time, I had just met him and had no way of knowing if what he was saying was empty rhetoric or the truth. Now, after traveling with him halfway across the country, I knew that he believed what he said and



**THE BUTTODOWN
TERROR OF
DAVID DUKE**



acted upon that belief every waking minute of his life.

He was a nonstop proselytizer, talking to anybody who would listen: waitresses, bus boys, cops, teachers, anybody and everybody—as long as they were white. He was David Ernest Duke, Grand Wizard of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. To hold such a title in the Klan at the age of 28 is unprecedented, but then, David Duke is unprecedented, or nearly so, because for good or evil, he is that scariest of beings, the True Believer. There is never a doubt in his head or heart that the job he is doing has to be done, done at any cost, and he is the best-qualified one to do it, the only one to do it.

I had given the past three days of my life to chasing planes and cabs, sleeping in motels, which I hate, and listening almost without relief to interpretations of history, current and past, so incredible at times that I found my jaw hanging slack and drooling as any idiot's. I had taken the assignment because I believe that the decade of the Eighties will be the bloodiest of times, with men set against one another for real and imagined evils, urban guerrilla warfare such as this country has never seen, schools with as many police in the hallways as students, the National Guard standing duty in front of grocery stores and more, much more.

And I believe David Duke will be right in the middle of it all. Duke will not have caused it to come to pass; he will only try to give it direction, feed off it and rise higher than he has already risen on the strength of what lives in the crazy magic of his eyes, on the strength of his really incredible speaking ability and on his not inconsiderable intellect. But, to repeat, he will not have caused it. The hatred, the raging, burning hatred, is already out there in every village, town and city of this country. It is mostly disguised, and mostly denied, but it is there. I have heard its voice in too many places in too many accents not to believe it, radical as that may sound.

Duke and I were going now to the armory so he could check it out. The rally at which he would speak would be later that night.

"How long have you had an organization here in Rogers?" I asked.

"Two months," he said, flashing a brilliant smile. He was forever flashing that smile. It was a constant under those eyes that never smiled. "Two months ago, there wasn't a Klansman in this town. I don't know what to expect tonight. There may only be five people there. If that happens, I'll still give it everything. Every man who is willing to stand up with us is important."

Rogers, Arkansas, has a population of about 15,000. A pretty little town, but a

pretty little town with hair on its belly, as I would find out. Since we had arrived that morning, I had checked every way I could think of to find out how many blacks lived in Rogers. The answer was two families and there were virtually no others there in northwest Arkansas, except the few who attended the University of Arkansas, about 20 miles away. It seemed to me there may, in fact, be only five people in the audience that night.

When we had flown into Tulsa earlier in the day, we were met by two men, both college professors. Duke introduced me to them. They did not say whether or not they were members of the Klan. Names and numbers of Klansmen are never given out. It is, after all, called the Invisible Empire, and it pretty much lives up to that name. The only way you can know if a person is really a member of the Klan is if you see him robed and hooded at a rally or maybe wearing one of the Klan's T-shirts with the Klan emblem emblazoned on the left side—a circle with a cross in the middle of it and at the axis of the cross a diamond that has at its center a black, so-called blood drop. It is not unusual to see the words RACIAL PURITY IS AMERICA'S SECURITY printed above and below the emblem. Duke wears a silver Klan ring on the little finger of each hand, and both rings have the blood-drop emblem cut into the top of them. He constantly touches, twists and plays with the two rings as he eats or talks or walks along the street.

The two professors had never met Duke, but as we got into the car and started the three-hour drive across the border to Rogers, they began the long, almost word-for-word verbal dance I'd been having with Duke for the past three days. The professor driving whipped the car over the narrow road twisting through the Arkansas countryside.

So there we were, three college professors and Duke, graduate of LSU, with a reported I.Q. of 170, taking curves in power slides, passing on double-lined, blind hills and having a conversation right out of *Alice in Wonderland*. Or at least the two guys in the front seat were talking a lot. Duke and I were more or less silent and rigid, because the guy driving was scaring the hell out of us.

"How things down in New Orleans?"

"Well," said Duke. Then stopped and glanced at his watch. "Say, we've got plenty of time. I don't believe we've got to drive so. . . ." But then he shut up and turned as white as any Klansman anywhere could ever want, as the car went into a long curve, tires squealing, engine whining.

"Niggers and Commies'er still in the saddle," said the other professor. "I know that."

This is as good a place as any to point out that I never once heard Duke use

the words nigger or racial supremacy. He consistently uses the words Negro and white power, and for Jew he prefers the word alien. I mention all of this not because it changes anything substantially but to suggest that if such subtle (if subtle is the word, and I suspect it is not) changes in language are made, it puts a much smoother skin over the same old beast. I liked Duke and many of the other members of his organization. When they broke out of their racial monologs and rampant paranoia, they were great guys to travel with or talk with or eat with. But I always had the feeling that if you took a Phillips-head screwdriver and loosened the four little screws that held the plates on the backs of their heads and looked inside, you would see that at least two fuses were burned out.

Now rapid as gunfire between the professors in the front seat, the one driving looking as much at us as at the road:

"The history of the nigger in Africa is a blank. Hell, it is a blank."

"Primitive. History shows anything, shows that. Couldn't even write."

"Couldn't count neither. Try counting if you don't have any numbers. And they didn't. Not even a one, much less a two."

"Didn't have a wheel."

"Didn't have fire."

"Used heads for money."

"Where was Michelangelo and David cut out of pure rock?"

"Damn FBI—and I wouldn't trust them suckers far as I could throw Michelangelo and David—but sometimes they do tell the truth, even if it's an accident, and the FBI's done told us, niggers have ten times as many bastard children as us."

"The more we feed, the more they breed." (This last is a kind of slogan that is all through Klan literature and printed on clothing. As a matter of fact, everything the two professors were saying I'd seen printed in one place or another in *The Crusader*, a newspaper founded and published by Duke. It was as though somebody had dropped a quarter into the two guys up front and they were giving him back his own subject matter. I don't know what he thought of their recital, but I know the driving had got to him pretty good.)

"Niggers done thirteen times as many murders and things."

"Really, you could slow down, we. . . ."

"Ten times the rapes. . . ."

"This sure is pretty country. We went slower I could. . . ."

"Nigger kid's I.Q.'s eighty. White one's over a hundred."

There were no slams for the Catholics, because Duke admits Catholics to membership in his organization, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, because Catholics rode with the Confederate general

(continued on page 164)



THE WINTER OLYMPICS: PLAYBOY'S PICKS

although football and basketball are his turf, our fearless prognosticator sportingly agreed to set foot on what he hopes won't be thin ice

By ANSON MOUNT

THE FUN BEGAN in the winter of 1924 in Chamonix, France. Although some figure-skating events had been scheduled in the 1908 summer games in London and again at Antwerp in 1920, winter sports had been mostly ignored in the Olympics since the modern games began in 1896. Complaints of discrimination from the Scandinavian and Alpine countries finally moved the International Olympic Committee to schedule a full slate of winter sports preceding the regular summer games.

To most of the world's sports buffs, the new winter games were a second-rate attraction. Until 1956, the Scandinavian countries dominated many of the events, to the widespread disinterest of most other countries. But—as in other areas of human endeavor—technology has wrought its revolutionary wonders. Enclosed ice rinks, refrigerated bobsled runs, snow-making machines and ski lifts have brought (continued on page 168)

IT TAKES A MOUNTAIN

*what do you call someone who
careens 85 miles per hour
down an icy ski trail? a downhill
racer, among other things*

By JOHN SKOW

LET US ADMIT to a scrupulously fair-minded prejudice: It is skiing, as only a figure skater's mother could fail to recognize, that brings the winter Olympics closest to grandeur. The ice sports are admirable but flat. The best of their spiraling touches no mystery, and the worst calls to mind the old Chinese curse: "May you live in interesting times and watch pairs figure skaters."

The mountain sports, on the other hand, have a plunging daftness about them that reaches something mad and primitive in the minds of those who watch. Mountains are where the gods live, and there is tension in the air beyond the normal edginess of competition when a skier makes his run. Danger is not the whole of it. What is sensed is hugeness and complexity; resonances are set up in the high country that prevent even the most simple-minded of the mountain events, huge sledding and bobsledding, from being entirely ridiculous.

Yes, yes and yes. But, as any journalist sent out to cover ski competition learns instantly or before his feet freeze, whichever comes first, there is a grievous drawback to this *Hall of the Mountain King*



NOT YOUR BASIC SKI LESSON



TECHNIQUE: The top of Whiteface is a miniature giant-slalom course that tests the racer's ability to make tight turns on an almost sheer cliff of blue ice. You can win or lose here.



BALLS: Thirty seconds into the course, the racer points his skis straight downhill and "looks for speed." The 70 percent grade called Niagara rockets him to 85-plus mph. Geronimo!



TIMING: Two thirds of the way down, the racer hits Bump One—a sudden drop-off that claimed 16 skiers in last year's Nationals. He must hit the prejump on cue or learn to fly.



THE GLIDE: With the race almost over, the skier tries not to blow it, maintaining a streamlined tuck and riding a flat ski for speed. A final jump keeps him honest; then victory.

magnificence. It is this: There is no way, using the conventional naked-eye ball technique of watching what is going on and then writing about it, to get more than a fragmentary view of what is happening. Of course, it is not only journalists who are muddled; ordinary spectators, ski coaches and even the athletes themselves are as ill informed during an event as cowering townspeople during a medieval siege. The exception is ski jumping; it is possible to mill around the base of a 90-meter jumping hill and actually see the heroes fire themselves down the monstrous in-run, ejaculate at precisely the highest point of the lip and float through the firmament, stiff with ecstasy. Bring your binoculars and you can count the hairs in a jumper's ears.

Not much can be seen of racing, however; a few gates of a slalom run, a swoop and a half of giant slalom, a blur of the downhill, and then the course vanishes around a bend and down a headwall. It is not quite accurate to say that the great racers of the past—Ernie Allais, Ernst Hinterseer, Toni Sailer and the rest—earned their reputations in total seclusion, because every turn they made was observed with wonder by someone. But it was fluidity admired in bits, and it is small wonder that it took other racers a long time to figure out what the great innovators were doing that made them go so fast.

Television was the answer, of course, but it took television some years to learn how to cope. So many cameras! All that cable! In the meantime, fascinated by the mystery of the thing, perhaps, a lot of us went right on watching ski races by hand. And listening to them. World-class slalom racers going down a tight, steep course slam their skis around so acrobatically that they make a lot of noise if the snow is hard; whacks and grunts are what you hear. The giant slalom is a faster, more rhythmic race, looping through a course of long, round turns, and the sound is of heaving lungs as the skiers suck air. The downhill is frighteningly fast, with most of the turns determined by the mountain itself, not by pairs of flags, and it is nearly silent. The soft hiss of skis is all that can be heard in the moments when the crowd is quiet, and that sound, as it happens, is caught precisely by the French word for the event: *descente*.

The slalom is snaky and quick, and the giant slalom is the most beautiful of the Alpine ski events (or so the glimpses we got told us), but it is the downhill, in which skiers must deal not just with a cleverly devised succession of gates but with an entire mountain, around which the legends have grown. A few seconds into the Hahnenkamm downhill run at Kitzbühel, memory says,

and just after a steep schuss, there was a large bump, followed by a sizable section of mountain never rutted by ski tracks on race days, because the racers did not ski it. They flew over it for 80 or 100 feet, having been thrown into the air by the bump. Then they landed and, while absorbing the extreme compression of the jump, instantly negotiated, or failed to negotiate, a fast turn that fell away steeply to the right into an icy chute. This prankish succession of bump, flight and turn was called the *Mausefalle*, or mousetrap, and it was the worst (meaning the best) stretch in the best (meaning the worst) downhill race course in the world. A few years ago, when the world was new, we used to get up early on race days to stake out roosts along its sides.

There, while we passed around bottles of Kremser white wine, we would watch airborne bodies hurtle into view from beyond the horizon, which is to say from the uphill side of the bump. Between pulls of Kremser and bitten-off hunks of a superior mule-meat sausage called *Jägerwurst*, we awarded style points to the racers. The intention of a downhill approach to the *Mausefalle* is almost exactly the reverse of what a ski jumper wants to do, which is to fly as high and as far as possible. The downhiller goes faster on snow than in the air, in part because an airborne skier presents a greater surface to the braking force of the wind. So the racer reduces the length of his flight by jumping before the bump—jumping over it if he can and, if not, at any rate damping the unwanted upward thrust it will give him.

We would jaw learnedly about this prejumping, and about holding a tuck while in the air (a skier who loses nerve or balance and breaks out of his crouch will not slip subtly through the wind). Eventually, the bodies would stop sailing or tumbling by us, and that would be the race, the renowned Hahnenkamm ("rooster comb," named for the mountain on which it is held). We would finish our wine and ski sedately to the finish line, not knowing till we got there who had won, though in those days we always assumed that it would be Karl Schranz. Years later, we told each other stories of the marvels we were sure we remembered seeing Schranz perform.

The television people had bought themselves down jackets by now, and they were learning their trade. For some reason, it was almost impossible to photograph steepness so that it looked steep, but the flow of a downhill race, seen heretofore only by circling buzzards, was caught superbly by the tube. Even so, it was not till four years ago that most of us really saw a downhill. When we saw it, however, it stayed seen,

and anyone who had the set turned on that day can start a cassette player in his head and watch the whole thing again.

The scene was Innsbruck-on-the-Tube, during the 1976 winter Olympics. Austria, the host country, was not doing well. The games were winding down and the local team had yet to win a gold medal—or, for that matter, a silver or bronze. The men's downhill was the last solid hope, and in the first seed of 15 racers, it was the Swiss Bernhard Russi, not one of the early-running Austrians, who was in the lead after a glittering run. The last Austrian who had a realistic chance was the 15th skier, Franz Klammer, a big, tough mountain man who had started an amazing streak that would carry him to eight straight World Cup downhill victories. But the Olympic games generate more pressure than any single World Cup competition, and if Klammer did not beat Russi, his great year would be waved away by his countrymen with a "*Ja, aber...*" ("Yes, but...").

Klammer, wearing yellow, slung himself out of the starting gate on sheer arm power, the way Jean-Claude Killy used to do, and within a few seconds was going too fast. He hit a bump awkwardly at the beginning of a fast, sweeping right turn, and his left ski—the outside ski, the one that carries the stability in a conventional right turn—skidded out from under him. "He's in trouble!" yelled ABC's Bob Beattie, who had coached the U.S. team at the Grenoble Olympics eight years before. Klammer recovered. "And again!" Beattie hollered. Klammer held again. He was going crazily fast, but his tightrope walker's arm waving during his recoveries had cost him time. At the half split, his time was .12 second behind Russi's. He plunged on, at the edge of what was possible, wavering over that edge, style gone, control in shreds, retaining nothing but speed and a rickety balance. And—Austria was saved, the Turks were driven back at the gates of Vienna—he beat Russi by half a second.

"*Besser kann man fast nicht fahren*," said Klammer three years afterward: "It is nearly impossible to ski better." It was not a boast, merely an accurate and somewhat rueful recollection. He had gone on to win the 1977–1978 World Cup downhill competition, but last year his best results in nine races were a couple of fifth-place finishes at Val Gardena, Italy, and his World Cup position had dropped to 19th. He was 24 years old last March as the disappointing season ended drearily at Whistler Mountain, British Columbia, when bad weather forced the cancellation of the last World Cup downhill race. He is a lean, weathered man, about six feet tall, big for a skier. Like most European

(continued on page 222)

Crabson



"You didn't think I bought this baby to tape 'Masterpiece Theatre,' did you?"



NORTHERN DELIGHT

coming from wisconsin makes modeling easy for sandy cagle. she just says "cheese"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

UP IN WISCONSIN, there's a factory that churns out some of the nicest women you'd ever want to meet. Uncomplicated, guileless, fresh-faced and outdoorsy. How they do it is anybody's guess, but we're thankful it's in operation. Otherwise, we'd never have met Sandy Cagle. The secret may lie in the location: Smack in the middle of North America, far enough from both coasts to avoid being overwhelmed by pop-culture trivia, Wisconsin quietly goes about its business of producing milk, cheese, heavy machinery and, in its largest city, Milwaukee, the gentle brew that's synonymous with its name. Milwaukee also produced Sandy and she still lives in its southern suburb of Franklin.

A few years ago, Sandy left Wisconsin and came to Chicago. She was a little frustrated. She had tried secretarial work in a hospital and found satisfaction

"I like to get away from the people and the crowds. Outdoors, I feel more relaxed. I use that time to get my mind in order so I know what I want to do."



Sandy will admit to a certain amount of shyness. "I have to know someone pretty well before I can relax with him. I've always been a little leery of strangers."





Modeling, Sandy finds, forces her out of her shell, painlessly. "It's a freedom for me, a release. I can express myself better that way than verbally. It's like an actress going into character."

lacking. "Believe it or not," she says, "I just couldn't stand the paper cuts." A short stint as a Playboy Bunny at the Playboy Resort and Country Club at Lake Geneva was too confining. Another job, making carburetors, proved no more suitable. *Somebody* has to make carburetors, but Sandy Cagle making carburetors is an obvious waste.

She was not wasted in Chicago. As soon as she crossed the state line, the alarm went off in PLAYBOY's 11th-floor Photo Studio and her career was launched as a photographic model. Before long, Sandy was all over the magazine. You may have seen her many times as one of the beautiful but nameless models in a product shot or a fashion layout. Anything that called for her special brand of Wisconsin freshness. While we found her captivating, our colleagues in Japan found her practically irresistible. So much so that she was used as the cover girl of our Japanese edition four times in one year.

When the Overseas Press Club magazine, *Dateline*, was produced as a PLAYBOY look-alike (see *The World of Playboy*, February 1979), Sandy got the call for that cover, too.

If all that exposure conjures up images of an aggressive, big-city mannequin, think again. Miss Cagle is soft-spoken almost to the point of being



You can't be as active as Sandy likes to be and not take care of your body. She stays in shape by working out at a local health club, eating health food and taking plenty of vitamins. She has tried just about every sport imaginable and likes all but racquetball. "I can't breathe that fast," Sandy says.



inaudible and so timid only her closest friends know what she's really like. Big-city living, she thinks, is for making money. For fun, Sandy takes to the country, where she winds up a snowmobile to the red line through the Wisconsin countryside. Or she'll take off for a camping trip, horseback riding or bicycling. Any activity that puts her in touch with nature and, through the solitude, with herself.

Because she's in such great shape, she's often called for modeling duties that require athleticism. Such as the jeans commercial she shot in Alpine Valley that required that she fall down a hill on skis, wearing the client's jeans, of course. They did 20 takes of her falling, plus 12 takes of her on the towrope. The shot they finally used: Sandy walking upright, skis on her shoulder.

It's no wonder she likes to get away. Back to the country, where things make sense. "Wisconsin is the most beautiful place in the world in the fall. And year round there's so much to do, everything from skiing to sun-bathing." Which doesn't mean she's going to give up modeling. Clients will just have to call her in America's Dairyland. That's where she'll be for the near future, planning her modeling career, saving money for her own health spa and communing with nature. City slickers, eat your hearts out.





At home near the range (below), our outdoor girl proves she can cut it indoors, too. A Method model, Sandy says, "To get the proper sexy look for this shot, I just thought about Warren Beatty."



Regulars at Playboy's Lake Geneva resort miss Sandy (left) since she left the hutch to model. At Studd's Pub in Milwaukee (above), Sandy finds admiring company while quaffing the local product.



MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Sandy D'Agyle

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Sandra Joyce Cagle

BUST: 35 1/2" WAIST: 25 HIPS: 35 1/2"

HEIGHT: 5'5 1/2" WEIGHT: 118 SIGN: Aquarius

BIRTH DATE: 2-2-57 BIRTHPLACE: Milwaukee, Wisconsin

GOALS: To someday own and operate my own health spa and have a successful modeling career.

TURN-ONS: Men with brown eyes, a crisp fall morning, Old English sheep dogs, suntans, roller skating.

TURN-OFFS: Jealousy, riding on the bus, rude people, crowded elevators, cigar smoke.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Gino Vannelli, Fleetwood Mac, Laura Nyro

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: Soap, 60 Minutes, Eight Is Enough, The Twilight Zone

FAVORITE MOVIES: Papillon, Casablanca, Young Frankenstein

FAVORITE ACTIVITIES: Horseback riding, camping, working out at the gym and bike riding

IDEAL EVENING: Sharing a bottle of Rothschild '64, good conversation and a warm fireplace on a snowy evening with a special man.

SECRET DREAM: To ride a hot-air balloon across the country.



age 1, My first mocking job



age 11, Catching a few rays.



age 17, Captain of Cheerleaders

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Matters had somehow progressed to the point where the young man and his date were naked in the motel bed, when the girl had a change of heart. "Are you going to tell me now, Mary Ann," asked the rejected youth bitterly, "that I'm not Mr. Right?"

"That's a silly old romantic notion," laughed Mary Ann. "I'm actually waiting for Mr. Big!"



The Pharaoh was dictating, and his scribe was busily chipping away at a stone tablet. "I have plans . . . to form," the monarch said slowly, "a personal bodyguard . . . of stalwart . . . and virile . . . young men."

The chips flew . . . but then suddenly ceased flying, and the perspiring chiseler looked up inquiringly. "Excuse me, your Majesty," he asked hesitantly, "but is virile spelled with one or two testicles?"

"I was really primed for some tits and ass last night," the bumbling would-be Lothario reported with a groan, "but all I got in the fucking singles bar was twits and sass!"

A California sperm bank's bumper sticker: WE'RE PULLING FOR YOU!

There's a gay prison chaplain named Locke
With a weakness for hard convict cock.

For his asshole ways
In his Alcatraz days,
He was nicknamed "the piece of the Rock."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *geriatric copulation* as a loose connection.

It's a recurring and rather disturbing dream," the patient told the psychiatrist. "It's 1996, and I go down to my cellar, unlock the massive padlock, swing open the heavy door, enter the small room, take down a bottle from a rack and shine my flashlight on its label. Then I say to myself, 'Ah, yes—1980. A great year for gasoline!'"

"I certainly hope," said a clear and firm young female voice in the jam-packed elevator, "that someone behind me is carrying a mini umbrella."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *blunderbuss* as kissing the bride at a shotgun wedding.

And to think," murmured the rosy-glow-feeling adolescent to the girl with whom he had just scored, "that a few short years ago I thought happiness was a warm *puppy*."

Even though the marriage had degenerated into virtually nonstop bickering and fighting, the husband asked, out of habit, what his wife would like for her birthday. "What I'd like is a divorce!" shrieked the woman.

"I'm sorry," responded the man, "but I wasn't thinking of spending that much."

What went wrong on your date with that new guy last night?" the girl inquired of her roommate. "You were back before midnight."

"Talk about selfish!" exploded the roomie. "The jerk turned out to have one of those special condoms with the massaging fingers!"

"That's selfish?"

"He put it on inside out!"



It was at the turn of the century in decadent Paris that two middle-aged roués had a group of demimondaines brought to their luxurious apartment for selection. One chose a well-upholstered redhead and the other a tiny slip of a blonde girl. "But that is going too far, Maurice," remonstrated the first man. "You have picked a mere child! She probably doesn't even have hair on her pussy."

"That can be remedied, Gustave," smiled Maurice, stroking his luxuriant mustache.

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"I prefer to be on top, I'll be getting out first."

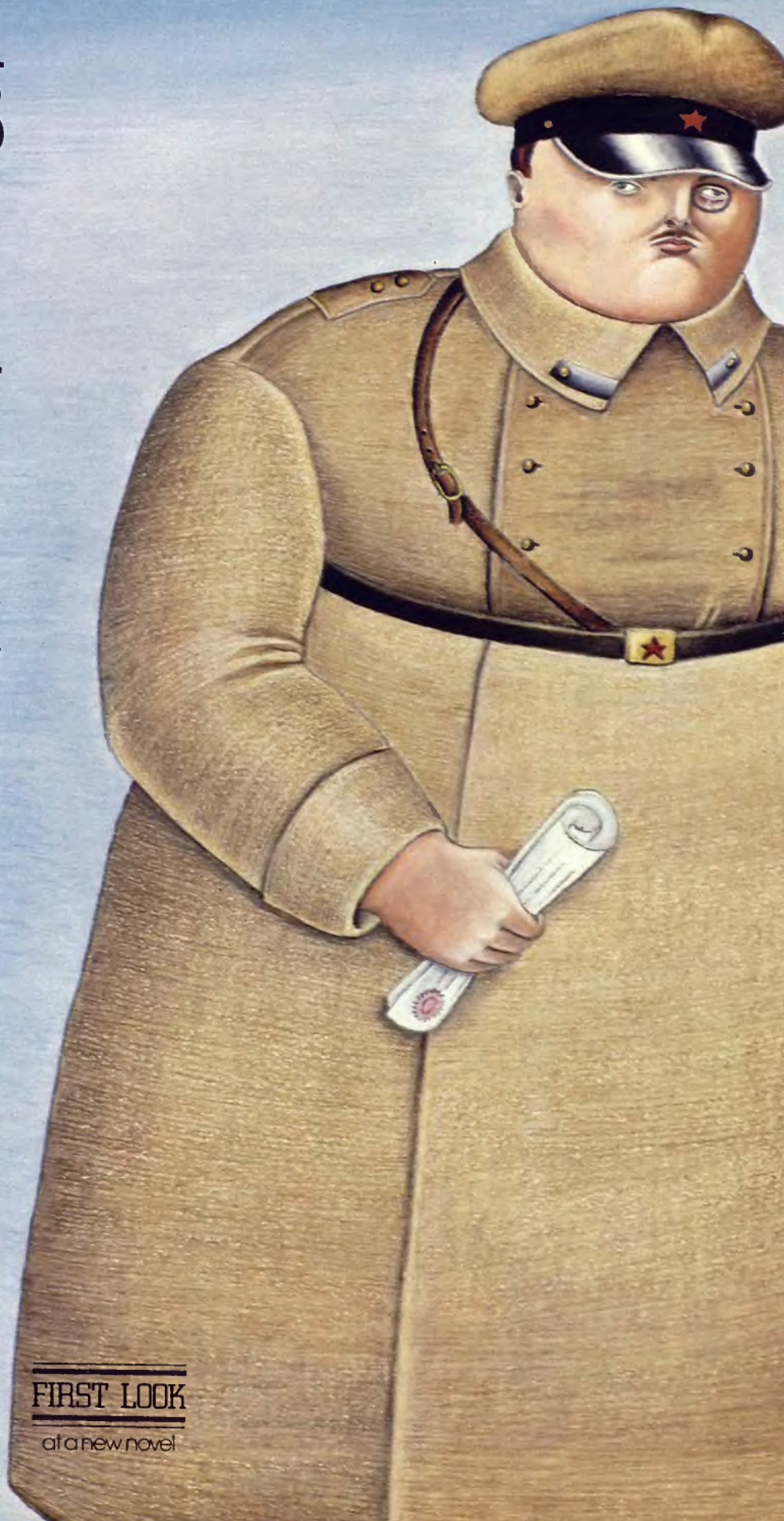
WHO'S ON FIRST

*verdict: secret agent blackford oakes
guilty of betraying the revolution.
sentence: hang by the neck until dead*

fiction by

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

HE HEARD THE ROAR of an oncoming truck. The noise broke the silence of his fourth-floor apartment on Dohany Street. It was the first sound of a motor vehicle he had heard since, finally, late in the afternoon of the preceding day, the last sniper's shot was fired. The last, he gathered from the short-wave radio, of the resistance in Budapest. During the breath-catching days of liberty, one full week, the high emotional point reached with the elated release from prison of Cardinal Mindszenty on Wednesday, rumors had swept Budapest that the Russian army was grouping for an assault. But the optimism had been overwhelming: Russian tank drivers would refuse to fire on the students. . . . The Secretary General of the United Nations would fly in to abort any attempted Soviet military reoccupation. . . . The people of the other satellite states were in open revolt. . . . Khrushchev would call back his divisions from Eastern Europe before the week was out. When the Russians did move—with eight divisions—at four A.M. on Friday, the protests poured in from European capitals. The Security Council was convened at three in the morning. President Eisenhower publicly deplored the turn of events. But the



FIRST LOOK

at a new novel



S. HENDLER

voice of BBC soon lost that flush of excitement as it acknowledged the fall of Budapest and the "desultory resistance" in the countryside. The BBC attempted to coordinate transmissions from pockets of resistance, relaying directly broadcasts from the Freedom Fighters who had begun by using government facilities—they controlled them: They were, were they not, the legal government of Hungary? When the Communists, with their unerring eye for the ganglia, seized the radio stations, the broadcasts resumed from short-wave transmission sets secreted in the outskirts of the city and in the country. These dwindled in number, and then there was that last haunting voice at 0924 that had addressed the outside world and ended with the simple words "Help! Help! Help!" It was 15 minutes after midnight when broadcasting resumed and the Hungarians informed that they had been saved from "the rebirth of fascism." Blackford Oakes sat in his stuffed easy chair, in the little suite at the Hotel Sarkany. He knew that nothing emanating from the White House or the State Department would have stopped a Russian ballet, let alone 200 Russian tanks. The American Ambassador at the UN merely uttered a sharp rebuke. Oakes could imagine Khrushchev and Gromyko playing games the Sunday before—Khrushchev liked that sort of thing, though he was heavy-handed—imitating the excoriations from the West, including gestures. Gromyko, Oakes thought, reaching back to his own experiences of 13 years at, or near, the top of the Soviet diplomatic establishment, would say: "The more emphasis the Americans put on the UN, comrade, the less we have to worry about."

Oakes's ruminations were interrupted as the sound of the motor got louder, and he rose and opened the window discreetly to look down the street, in the direction it came from. He saw leading the column a jeep with four men, the civilian next to the driver holding in his hand a clipboard. Behind him two officers, one of them studying a map spread out over his knees. There followed a half-track armored car, a half-dozen soldiers with machine guns seated on the platform to the rear of the driver's cabin. There rose from the same platform what looked like a small gantry. Swinging gaily from it—Oakes stopped breathing—was a clearly discernible noose. Instantly, his eyes turned to the building across the street, two doors down. "Theo!"—the word formed itself in his throat. But no. The room in the quiet old boarding-house, the small, tidy room maintained by the little salesman who regularly paid the rent but was seldom there, was surely inviolate. When on the Wednesday night two weeks ago young Theo told him the action was about to begin,

Oakes had made a gesture. "If it goes sour, you'll be safe." Had Theo taken refuge there? Theo, aged 20, had taken to sleeping at Frieda's house whenever Frieda's mother was in Vac, looking after her orphaned nephew and niece. Perhaps Theo was hiding at Frieda's. Perhaps he had been killed, or captured.

Oakes remembered the utter elation in the young student's face when he met Blackford at the tavern, during the tense week before the assumption of power by Imre Nagy. Theophilus Molnar was slight of build but the star soccer player at the university. His fingers were slender and his voice had a premature gentleness, that of a philosopher who, along the way, decides that, really, there is nothing left in the world worth raising one's voice about. The excitement was internalized. Theo knew Blackford Oakes as Harry Browne, a young engineer hired by an Austrian firm as a purchasing agent for special American equipment required to construct the huge new municipal aquarium. They met first irregularly, and then two or three times a week, usually at the same tavern, a favorite of the students and the younger teachers. At first, Theo talked mostly about the soccer games, occasionally about his absorption in classical studies; but gradually about his determination, and that of his friends, to strike out and free their country from the Soviet Union. One night he brought Frieda, almost as tall as Theo, with bright eyes and intense manner, passionate in her convictions, inquisitive about Blackford, exultant over her command of English, so much more fluent than her fiancée's. Theo spoke usually in German, occasionally in a lilting English into which he effortlessly insinuated the German when he did not know the English word. He had told Harry that their plans were not mere abstractions. That they intended to take power. How? By actually forcing the resignation of the satellite Prime Minister and replacing him with a patriot. What would the Russians do? The Russians, he explained earnestly, his dark hair falling loosely over his young, unlined forehead, could not *hope* to hang on to the satellite empire. Theo spoke in his still, soft way, playing with a bread stick, which he looked down at as he whispered discreetly. The Russians, he reminded Blackford, had had troubles earlier in the year in Poland. Czechoslovakia was restive. Bulgaria and Romania would be tougher to pry loose and East Germany probably the last to assert itself. But—he smiled, showing his small, even teeth; a smile with the assurance distinctive to the truly innocent—the Russians would accept *fatalistically* the nationalism that was about to take over. Stalin was dead. He had been denounced only eight months ago by

Khrushchev himself. Khrushchev had spoken of a thaw and released thousands of prisoners. It is God's will, Theo said, that man should be free. The emancipation of the satellites was a necessary next step, didn't Harry think so? Blackford Oakes, taller than Theo by several inches, older by 11 years, with hair lingeringly blond, his blue eyes expressive, the tiniest crease of experience visible at the corners, bore himself in the relaxed manner of the perfectly proportioned young American male, totally relaxed physically. He replied in a voice tenser than Theo was used to hearing: "Don't count on it."

"Wouldn't the Americans help?"

"What could they do?"

"What could they *do*? Harry, what could they *do*! The Americans control the world! One word from the White House and that's it!"

"Theo. Listen. Listen hard. If one word from the White House were all that was needed to free Hungary, that word would have been uttered a long time ago. The White House can't give it until internal conditions are ripe."

"What I'm telling you," Theo said excitedly, "is that those conditions are ripe *right now*. I meet twice a week with"—he paused. Embarrassed, Theo looked down at the bread stick and finished his interrupted sentence—"people. People who know. The Americans won't make the mistake of missing *this* signal. It will be *very* clear."

"But Theo. What if the White House gives the magic word and the Russians ignore it?"

"There will be chaos, stretching from Danzig to Trieste. The Russians can't contend with chaos."

Blackford said nothing. Then he thought, and spoke quietly, but the tone of voice was decisive. "Be careful about yourself. Now repeat this." Theo looked up, curious, tense, silent. "Repeat after me: Forty-one Dohany Street, room four C."

Theo understood, and his clean-shaven face was perfectly solemn when he said, as though an acolyte, "Forty-one Dohany, room four C."

"Don't mention that address to anybody."

"I won't."

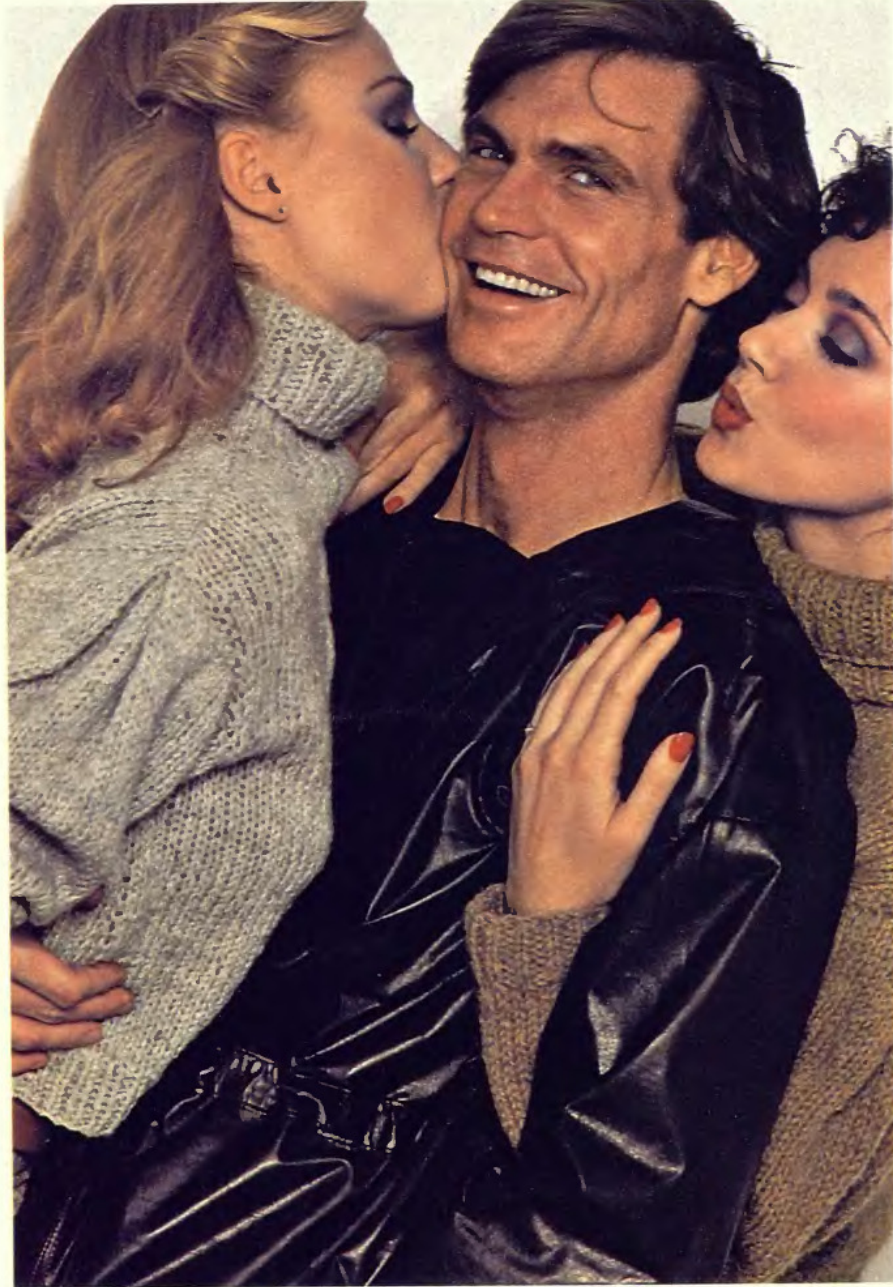
Blackford rose and shook hands. Theo felt the slim cold object, and deftly he slipped the key unobserved into his pants pocket. Three days later, Nagy made his move; two days later, the statue of Stalin was ripped down from its imperious domination of the Kossuth Square, to the shouts and cheers of what must have been half the population of Budapest, though not including Blackford Oakes, who had been given strict instructions

(continued on page 134)

attire by DAVID PLATT

First came leather jeans on the disco scene (birthplace of a host of fashion trends), and suddenly hide was hot. Leather, both smooth and sueded, moved out of its traditional forms of coats, rugged sportswear, motorcycle jackets and the like and into roles it had never played before. A pair of comfortable summer shorts in leather

that don't look like *Lederhosen*? Why not? A cowboy shirt in suede? Sure, pardner. Want more color, from a conservative gray leather jacket to a green pigskin shirt or a cobalt-blue baseball jacket? Do it! Looking for a shorter, reshaped sports coat? Go leather! Leather's gutsy. It feels good. It looks good. It's fun to wear. That's fashion, folks.

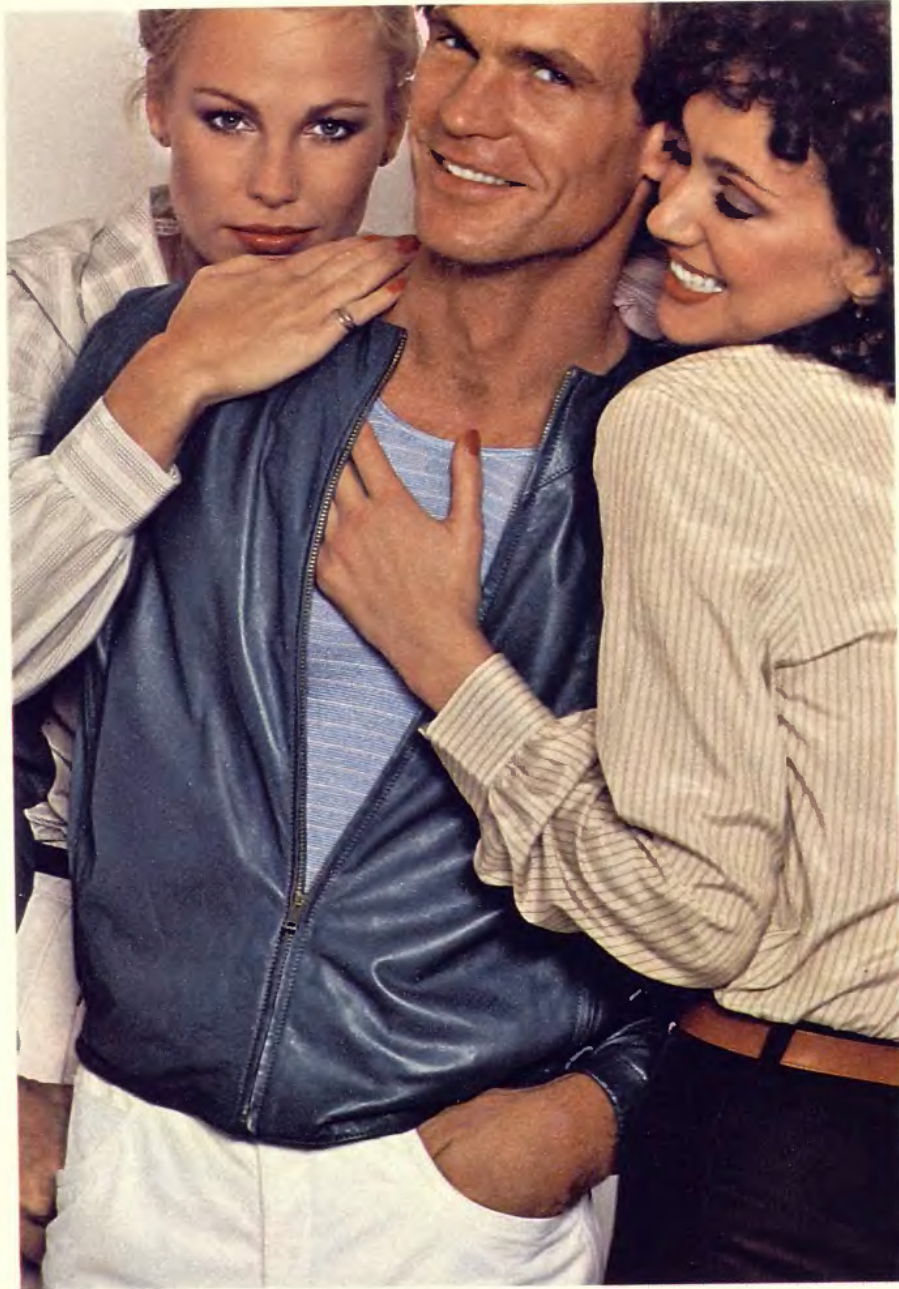


THE LEATHER REPORT

*we're forecasting a stylishly
diverse future for hides and suedes*

Leather is the name of this fellow's game and, from the looks of things, he's playing it well, wearing a hooded drum-dyed leather jacket featuring a drawstring waist, about \$350, plus a pair of handsome leather slacks, about \$300, both by Randy Allen.





Left: There's little doubt he's hot to trot in his leather shorts, about \$200, that are combined with a nonbrushed-cotton boat-neck sweat shirt, about \$30, and (over his shoulder) a leather two-button single-breasted jacket, about \$390, all by Calvin Klein.

Above: Mr. Wonderful, that's he—and you'd be just as lucky, we bet, in a leather collarless zip-front jacket with two zippered slash pockets, about \$450, worn over a silk round-neck shirt, about \$110, and leather Western slacks, about \$425, all by Al B. Arden.



Above: These two young things are hell-bent for leather—and so's the guy in the leather jacket, about \$250, cotton shirt, about \$38, and rayon/silk slacks, about \$55, all by Nino Cerruti Sport; plus a tie, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, about \$10.

Right: These moments of hide and seek behind that cowboy hat are destined to have a happy ending, what with his wearing a suede Western shirt with leather trim, from Wyly's of Arizona for 8eged-Or, about \$375; and jeans, by Jordache, about \$34.



Paintin' Her Fingernails

By Shel Silverstein

She's paintin' her fingernails, waitin' for somethin' to happen,
Listenin' to love songs and watchin' the clock on the wall.
She could fix a cheese sandwich, but someone might ask her to dinner,
So she's paintin' her fingernails, waitin' for someone to call.

There's a torn yellow photograph stuck in the edge of the mirror
By the Raggedy Ann doll she played with when she was a child.
There's a top dresser drawer filled with jewelry and pills and old letters,
And she's paintin' her nails, dreamin' of Paul Newman's smile.

There's a sink full of dishes left over from three lonely breakfasts
And some old *Glamour* magazines all very neatly arranged.
But the magazines just make her feel that she's fat and she's ugly,
So she's paintin' her nails, waitin' for somethin' to change.

On her desk is the macramé she started back last December
And the bright gilded Christmas card he sent her three years ago.
So she stretches her legs in an exercise she's been neglectin',
Paintin' her nails, hopin' the gray doesn't show.

And it dawns on her the telephone just might be out of order.
She picks it up—hears the tone and sets it down again.
Hell, there's lots of other men,
And if she has to, she can always call a friend.

In the fridge, there's what's left of last Wednesday night's candlelight dinner.
On her neck is the love mark he left to prove he was there.
And she should call the dentist and take her red coat to the cleaners,
But she's paintin' her fingernails, wonderin' if anyone cares.

She undresses seductively in front of—Johnny Carson,
And smiles good night to the bullfighter there on the wall,
And she crawls into bed knowin' that this time tomorrow,
She'll be paintin' her fingernails, waitin' for someone to call.



WHO'S ON FIRST

(continued from page 126)

"The long arm of the crane began to rise, tugging up, slowly, the body of Theophilus Molnar."

not to move from his hotel in the event. . . .

Blackford closed his eyes briefly and prayed that the convoy would pass by. The lead jeep stopped 20 meters down the road to his right and the soldiers jumped out and deployed opposite 41 Dohany. A detail of three men approached the entrance. Finding the door locked, the leader first rang the bell, then banged on the door, motioning one of his men to enter the abutting building, giving him instructions Blackford could hear distinctly but did not understand. In a moment, a white-haired woman dressed in black and wearing a white apron opened the door, stiffened and stepped back. The officer pushed her to one side and, followed by his subordinate, charged into the building. There was a silence. Ten seconds? Thirty seconds? A single shot rang out. The soldiers in the street tensed. Crouched behind their weapons, they looked like statues in a war memorial. Two or three minutes later, the detail filed out, dragging its quarry, who was dressed in faded brown corduroys and a blue shirt, his pale hands tied behind him. Although Theo had evidently not shaved in a day or more, his face still looked like that of a growing boy. The official dressed in civilian clothes stepped down from the jeep, adjusted his spectacles and read out loud from his clipboard in a humdrum voice three or four paragraphs from which Oakes recognized only the words Theophilus Molnar. He was led forthwith to the back of the half-track and hoisted by the shoulders to the platform. Blackford was not 35 feet from him. Theo's face was calm, his eyes closed. Now he raised his eyes and spoke in his soft voice to the senior officer. It must have been a request, because the answer was unmistakably negative. The assistant adjusted the noose around Theo's neck, and shouted out to the driver, and Blackford heard a gear engage. Whereupon, the hydraulic motor racing, the long arm of the portable crane began to rise, tugging up, slowly, the body of Theophilus Molnar, which, when his toes left the platform, began spastically to thrash about, a whine of sorts issuing from the throat. Blackford had seen him play soccer, and the hideous parallel in the physical body motions, at play and in death, convulsed him. It required over three minutes before the twirling line hung down straight again, the boy's head

bent over like the end of a shaggy black mop. A soldier pulled, from a stack of identical placards banked at the forward end of the platform, one on which had been printed certain words in Hungarian. He exhibited the placard to the half-dozen witnesses who had ventured out of their houses, and then tied it about Theo's waist with a coarse line he handled like apron strings. The order went out and the convoy resumed its promenade down the street, Theo's body a mobile exhibit. The officer in the back seat was staring again at the map. Blackford Oakes went to his door, unlocked it and walked down the staircase to the concierge. He asked him hoarsely: "What does the sign say?"

"Death to counterrevolutionaries."

"What did . . . the young man ask the officer?"

"If he might be permitted to make the sign of the cross."

Boris Andreyvich Bolgin was in Paris on his monthly visit from London and, as ever, occupied the office of the military attaché, who obligingly moved—somewhere; Bolgin never bothered to ask where. Everybody was obliging to Bolgin, ambassadors included, because Bolgin's dispositions tended to be accepted in Moscow as final.

He was one of six Soviet agents in Europe who had the privilege of a personal code. When he elected to use that code, which was frequently, he would eject the operator from the encoding room and tap out his message himself. He would be brought replies, or instructions, from Moscow in the same code, undecipherable except by himself.

When he cabled from London the number of the flight he would be arriving on, all the customary arrangements had been made. He was met by a K.G.B. embassy guard in an unassuming Renault, his little hotel suite at the Montalembert was booked and the locked suitcase, stored in the embassy in his absence, was in the room waiting for him. In it he kept a dozen paperback copies of Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Pushkin, Gogol, and several liters of vodka, in plastic containers.

He ordered the cables from European capitals, and from Moscow and Washington, brought in. One, from Moscow, was addressed to him personally. It read: "DID WE PICK UP BLACKFORD OAKES IN PARIS REPLY ILYICH." Bolgin picked up the office telephone and sent for the code

clerk. "Bring in Saturday's cables from Washington."

He leafed through them. At 1713 on Saturday, the cable had been received by the Paris chief of station, Sverdlov, "AGENT BLACKFORD OAKES DEPARTED 1000 EDT PANAM FLIGHT #104 DESTINATION PARIS." He did some quick calculation. The transatlantic flight, eastbound, would take ten or eleven hours. Oakes would therefore have arrived in Paris some time after midnight. He picked up the telephone: "Sverdlov." He was put through instantly: "Bolgin. Come, please."

The chief of station, a stocky, light-skinned man wearing an ill-fitting brown suit and gray vest, came to attention in front of Bolgin's desk—Bolgin had the rank of colonel. "Relax." Bolgin waved him toward the chair adjacent, under the picture of Lenin. He passed the cable over to him.

"No, Colonel, we didn't pick him up. We have only that one picture of Oakes, you know. You're the only person in the European theater who has ever seen him. The plane was chock-full. We managed to get a look at the manifest, but there was no Oakes listed. So we don't even know what name he's traveling under. And he hasn't been near the U. S. Embassy, which, of course, isn't surprising."

"Have you begun a hotel search?"

"No, sir. I knew you were coming in, so I thought I'd wait and see whether you wanted to do a search. I am aware, Colonel, of your instructions not to overuse our hotel contacts."

Boris Bolgin tapped his fingers on the desk while he reflected. He pointed to the cable that had just come in. "Moscow wants to know: *Did we pick him up?* What, my dear Sverdlov, do you wish me to reply? 'no'—or 'NOT YET?'"

"I understand, sir. You wish the full dragnet."

"Let me see the picture you have."

Sverdlov reached for the telephone and, presently, a stout woman arrived with a folder.

Bolgin looked at it. "Sometimes I cannot understand our Washington office. For three years, we have asked for a more up-to-date picture of Oakes. They follow him around even to airports, but they don't bother to get more pictures. It is lucky for them I am not in charge of the Washington office. Still . . . this is only . . . five years old." He depressed a button and a stenographer came in. "This is to Washington, Seryogin. 'RE OAKES CONTACT ONLY UNMADE. PROCEEDING WITH SEARCH. ADVISE IF HE DEPARTED USING ANY DISGUISE.'" And to Sverdlov: "They won't wake Seryogin up for that, so we won't get an answer until after lunch. Hold up the search until then, so

(continued on page 202)



JOHN
Demurse

"Kick off your shoes and relax, my dear."



Memory can play the strangest tricks.

Suzanne Somers was making an appearance on the Johnny Carson show recently and the subject of her former career as a model came up. She mentioned that she and a PLAYBOY photographer had done some swimsuit fashion shots in Mexico a few years back. No nude shots, of course, though the topic *had* been discussed. Yes, she had considered posing, she said, and had even gone as far as to show up at Playboy Studio West in Los Angeles. But she'd backed down at the last minute.

It would not be stretching things to suggest that several

In 1970, model Suzanne Somers posed for some commercial shots in Mexico. While there, PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer Stan Malinowski made a suggestion: What about a nude Playmate test?



SUZANNE SOMERS' PLAYMATE TEST

before she became tv's sexiest star, suzanne posed for these provocative photos . . . aren't you glad we keep such beautiful records?

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET AND MODEL RELEASE

In the event that you are selected as a Playmate of the Month for PLAYBOY, the information provided below will be essential for our story. All questions must be answered as fully and truthfully as possible, in your own handwriting.

LEGAL NAME Suzanne M. Somers AGE 22

ADDRESS (Street) 2211 Jackson St (City) San Francisco (State) Calif.

NATIONAL EXTRACTION Irish

HEIGHT 5'6" WEIGHT 112 EYE COLOR Blue HAIR COLOR Blonde

BUST 35 WAIST 23 HIPS 34

BIRTH DATE 10-16-47 PLACE OF BIRTH S.F. MARITAL STATUS Single

WHAT DO YOU DO IN YOUR SPARE TIME? I like to run through the woods of nearby Mt.

tamalpais for exercise and also study nature and plant life. Just last week I found a fantastic growth of fungus - of course, it was growing under my sink.

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO IF YOU HAD MORE TIME?

as an actress, I don't need any more spare time.

YOUR PET PEEVES ARE Picky women - for instance, those who criticize Rachel

Wells for not being tall.

YOU'RE PARTICULARLY WILD ABOUT Kissing - I kiss anything I can get my hands

on - which has led to a few embarrassing moments at the gym.

DESCRIBE YOUR IDEAL MAN (Age, Occupation, Character, etc.) ideal man must be

rich, sophisticated and worldly - like the man who was standing

next to me on the bus this morning.

DESCRIBE YOUR IDEAL EVENING being with someone I really enjoy - having him cook

a great dinner at his apartment, then going to bed with him

and getting a good night's sleep.

DESCRIBE YOURSELF (What kind of person are you?) Tim warm, gentle, kind,

loving and gregarious - but most of all - Tim

humble. - I mainly have to laugh.

IF YOU COULD CHANGE ONE CHARACTER TRAIT IN YOURSELF, IT WOULD BE to be more responsible

I tend to put things off. WHY? See example - I moved out of my apartment

in July and didn't tell my landlord until September.

AMBITIONS (What you want from life in general) I want to be a comedy

actress, the last play I did, people roared, I played the lead in

"Death of a Salesman."

WHY DO YOU WANT TO BE A PLAYMATE? I always wondered what it

would be like to be stapled in the navel.

OTHER UNUSUAL BIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION My forefathers came across

this country in a covered wagon - of course, it was last week!

impure thoughts lodged themselves in Carson's mind. In fact, you could feel the disappointment course through the crowd like a current. Damn, if only she'd gone ahead with it!

We're sure that's the way Suzanne honestly remembers it. Until now, we *ourselves* had no basis for remembering it any differently. The photographs on these pages have been in our files for
(text continued on page 144)

Before heading for the great Mexican outdoors, Suzanne and photographer Malinawski warmed things up with some indoor shots. Behind a mosquito netting, a reflective Suzanne rumbled up the bed sheets enticingly.

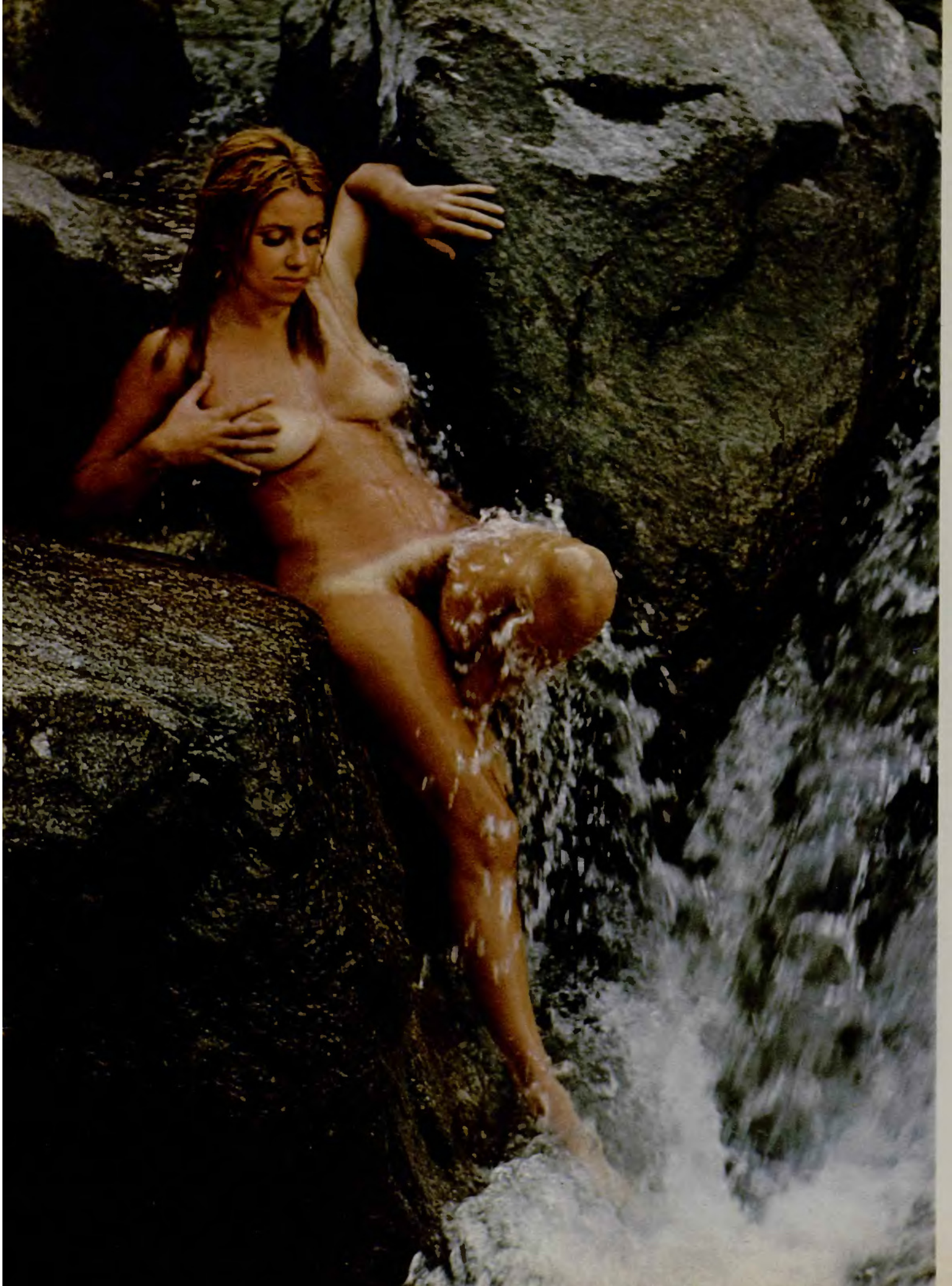


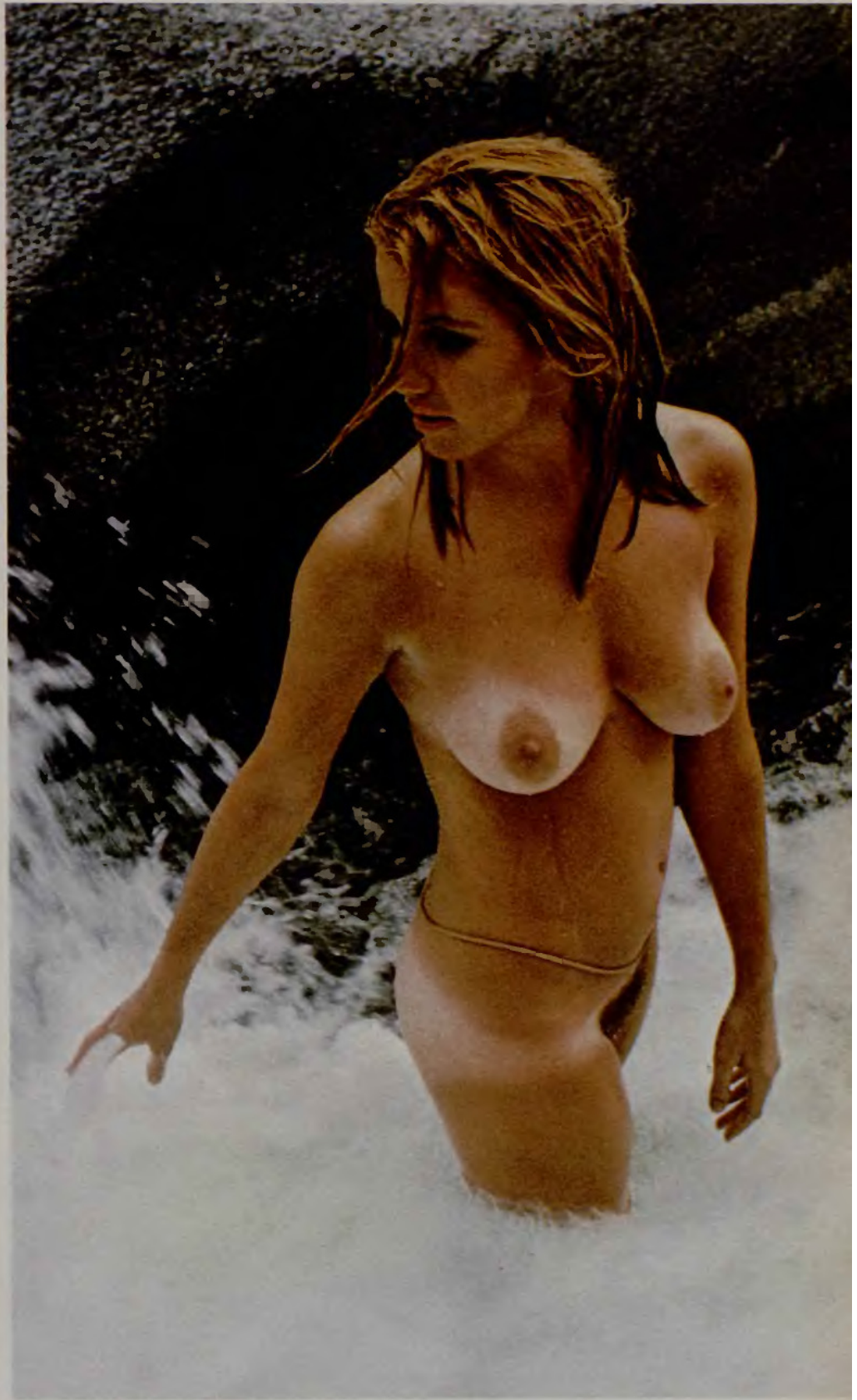


Between commercial photo sessions, Suzanne and Stan would head down the coast from Puerto Vallarta, looking for locations for the nude PLAYBOY layout. At one seaside spot, Suzonne playfully perched on a chair (above), while elsewhere, in a rocky stream that flowed into the ocean, she became increasingly comfortable with the idea of nudity. Stan remembers her as being "as natural as any Ploymate I had ever shot."









A cool waterfull just down the coast from Puerto Vallarta was the setting for Suzonne finally to give her all. Wearing nothing but a thin gold chain around her woist, the future TV sex symbol frolicked as if she'd been posing in the buff all her life.

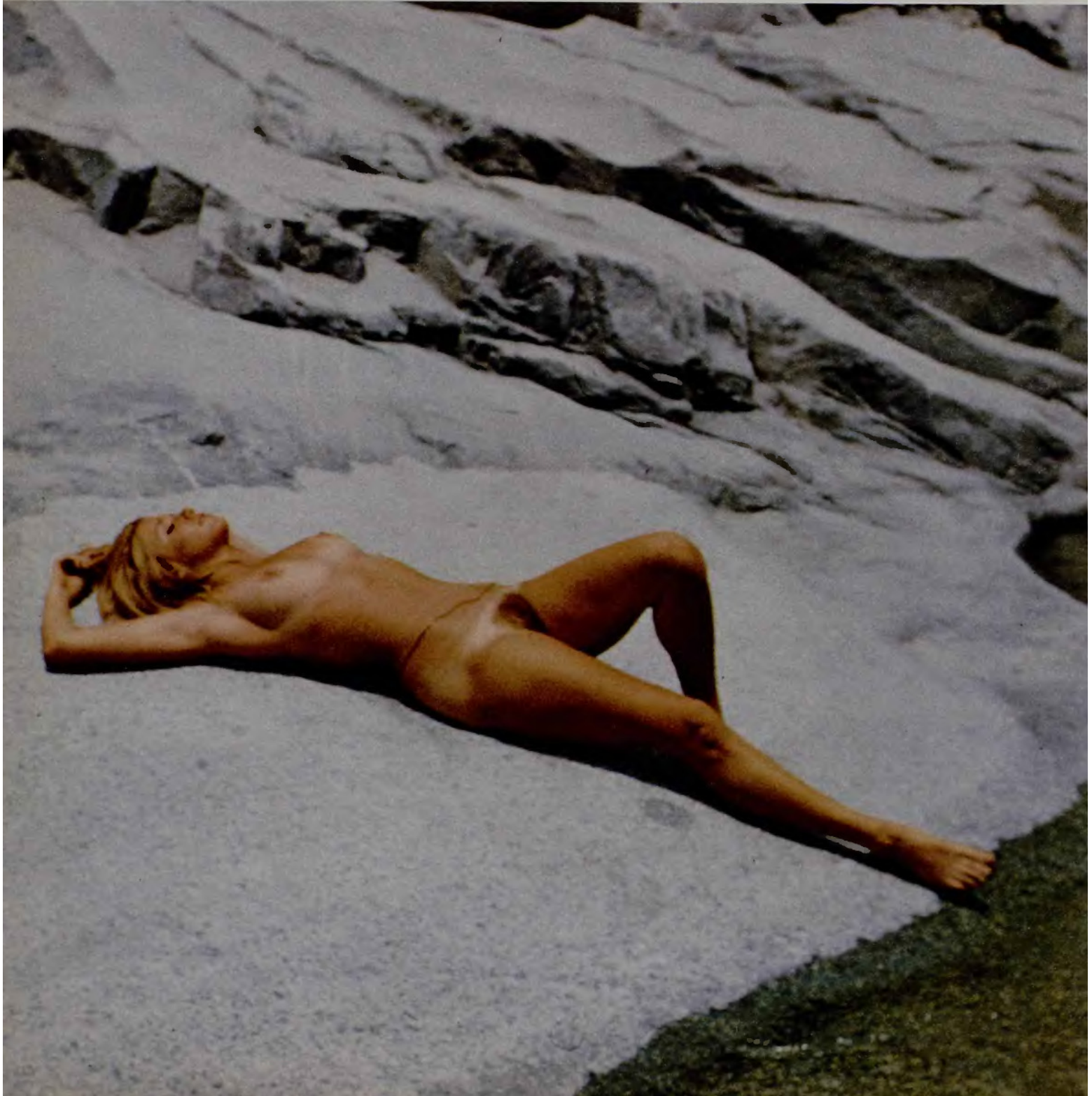


nine years, because, frankly, we forgot they were there. Our memory was refreshed only when Contributing Photographer Stan Malinowski mentioned to one of our editors, with astonishing calm, that he'd shot a complete nude Playmate test of the young woman who is now the star of *Three's Company*.

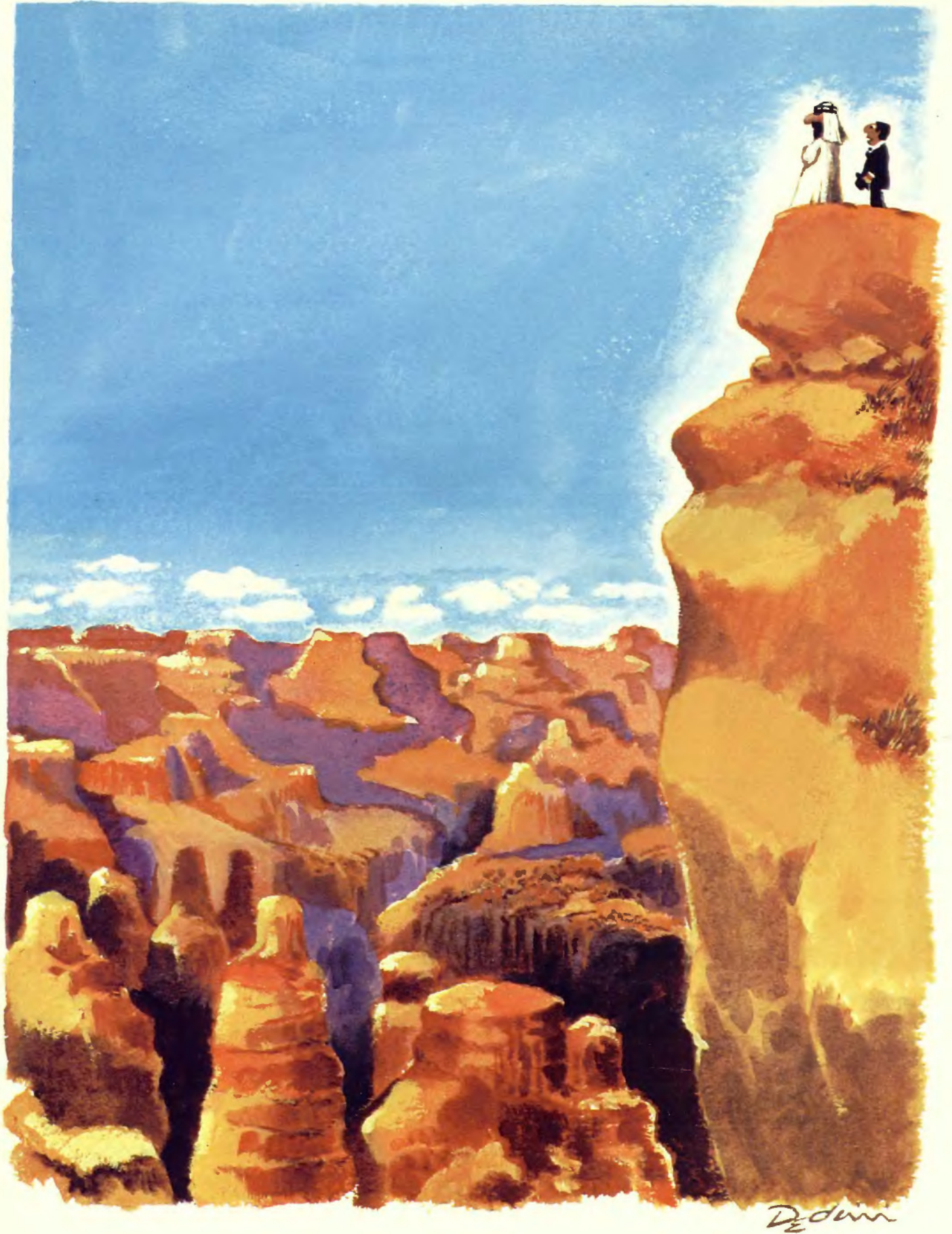
It would not be stretching things to say that a sense of professional pandemonium coursed through the offices of PLAYBOY.

The time was May 1970. Stan Malinowski had a commercial assignment (text concluded on page 201)

Suzanne, here sunning herself, lost touch with us and so never became a Playmate. Seven years later, she would have her own time in the sun as the star of *Three's Company*.







"I don't think it's for sale."

the poor student

from *Les Contes aux Heures Perdues*, by Antoine le Métel, Sieur d'Ouille, 1643

Ribald Classic

THE GOODMAN came down the street carrying on his shoulders a sack of wheaten flour from the mill. When he saw the ragged young man sitting by the wall opposite his own doorway, he hailed him.

"Who are you?"

"I'm a weary student. I left Paris at daybreak yesterday and I have been walking since without a bite to eat. I have no money and nothing to pawn for the price of lodging."

"So no wonder you look as morose as a bear in midwinter. But why didn't you ask for food and shelter at this door over here?"

"Lord, I did! But first the wife scolded me, and then the maid savaged me, and so I had to get out. I've been sitting here, just observing things, for the past hour."

"Now, by the Lord God and by Saint Nicholas, that is my house, and you'll have a hearty meal and a warm bed."

The goodman knocked at the door, but it took some little time before his wife came to unbolt it. When the two had entered, the goodman told his wife that the student had come to dine with them and asked what delicious things were in progress in her oven.

"Nothing, husband. You know that you left the cupboard bare when you went off to the mill this morning."

"Bless me," he said, "I wasn't thinking. I was so sorry for this student that I forgot the state of things. Well, in any case, take this flour and bake us some fine, golden loaves for our supper."

"Then, while we're waiting for them, we'll all sit here by the fire and have something to drink while you, Sir Student, tell us a tale out of one of those books you can read."

"We have no drink but water from the well," said the wife.

"So—just a tale, then, worthy student," the man said dejectedly.

"Ah," said the student, "the lives of the saints and the tales of the Romans are all very well, but tonight I'd like to tell you a real story that happened to me—and I promise not to put you to sleep."

"It came about that, on my first day's journey from Paris, I passed through a woods and happened upon a huge herd of pigs grazing under the oaks. They were large or small, black or pink, and many of them were fat. But there was no swineherd to be seen. Then suddenly out of the woods came a wolf and seized one of the pigs. It was a champion fat one, that pig. How can I describe it? Hmm. Well, all I can say is that it was as fat as the pig I saw the maid carrying into your kitchen not an hour past."

There was silence. The husband looked



at his wife. "Is that true?" he asked.

"Forgive me! I had forgotten. I'll go at once and tell the maid to bring us some roast pork with the bread."

"By Saint Martin, that's better," said the goodman. "Now we have no cares in the world. Please go on with your tale, Lord Student."

"Indeed, willingly. The wolf began to tear the pig and the bright blood came out. How can I tell you how red that blood was? Perhaps I could say that it was as red as the wine in the bottle that a boy was bringing to your house when I was turned away from the door."

"So there's wine in the house?" cried the husband. "What of that, wife?"

"Oh, my poor memory," she replied. "I seem to have mislaid everything. Yes, my dear, I did send for a bottle of wine for your supper, and we'll have it now."

"Happier and happier," said the husband. "In truth, your little tale does produce miracles, Count Student. Please go on with it."

They sat feasting on the warm bread and the succulent pork and drinking the hearty wine until at last the student said, "When we are finished, I will round off my tale. But, be warned, this is the surprising part. I scarcely know how to relate it. It may be that you won't believe me. Or it may be that your goodwife will be greatly upset to hear it."

"Rest your mind about that," said the goodman. "Why should I disbelieve you when all things in your tale have proved so true?"

"Nothing you say can upset me," the wife said sourly. "You have done your worst and have shown what a bad memory I have."

"Onward, then," said the student.

"When I saw the wolf devouring the pig, I produced my sling and picked up a smooth stone. I was determined to kill the beast. So I fitted the stone and made ready—I am a very good slinger. At that moment, the wolf dropped the carcass and looked up at me. How can I picture it? His yellow eyes were fierce and yet full of fear. He seemed to shudder under his shaggy black coat. His long prickstaff hung halfway down to his knees. Suddenly, he reminded me of a priest hiding, let us say, in a cupboard in somebody's house, monstrous fearful that the master will come home and catch him there." The student all the while was gazing steadily at the cupboard across the room.

"Priest? A randy priest?" roared the husband. He jumped to his feet and ran to the cupboard. He threw the door open—and, sure enough, there was a priest inside, looking quite as ugly and frightened as a cornered wolf.

Well, a lot happened very quickly. The man seized the priest and stripped off his habit. He took a quarterstaff and beat the priest black and blue. Then he threw him out into the street. And he ended up by presenting the warm habit to the student. The wife ran to her bedroom, crying.

When all was quiet again, the student and the husband finished the wine. "You can have a pallet here by the fire," the goodman said. "And you are always welcome in my house if you happen this way again. But, please, the next time, don't have a story to tell."

—Retold by Robert Mahieu





*like enticing challenges?
try curling up with one of these
little electronic teasers*

FIRST THERE WAS the vacuum tube, then the transistor, and a few years ago, the microprocessor hit the scene and was installed in everything from calculators to home computers. But because microprocessors occupy so little space and can store and retrieve enormous amounts of information, they were perfect for another type of format: hand-held games. Some of the games shown can be played solo, with you competing against the computer; others pit you against a human opponent—and all are as addictive as a bowl of peanuts. So settle down for a night of fun and games—one in which the time as well as the bleeps will fly.

Above: Our guy's absorbed by Wizard, an electronic challenge that's actually four different games: Hot Corners, Match Me, Music Maker and Break Out, by Waddingtons House of Games, about \$40.

modern living

WINNING HAND GAMES



Touch Me, for one to four players, is actually three slightly different games in which the object is to duplicate a sequence of flashing lights, signals and tones by pressing the corresponding colored buttons; scores are shown at the top of the game, by Atari, about \$30.



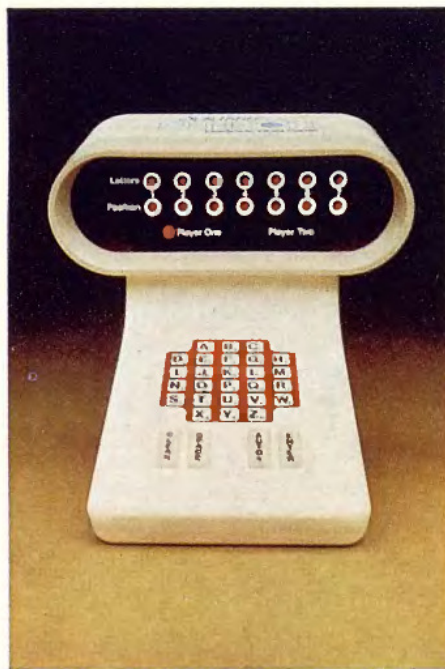
If you think you have fast reflexes, try your hand at ZAP!, a game for two in which an LED missile speeds between two ends of a field and each player must press his ZAP button to send it back toward the opponent's goal before it crosses his own, by Coleco, about \$25.



The Game Machine Jr. is a four-way challenge for one or more that includes Submarine (a search-and-destroy mission), Speedway (a race game), Black Jack (just like they deal in Vegas) and Brain Drain (breaking codes), by Waddingtons House of Games, about \$40.



Amaze-a-tron, an electronic maze game for one or two that tests your concentration and memory, has over 1,000,000 variations as you move pieces around a grid; right moves are rewarded with a musical note, wrong ones with a raspberry sound, by Coleco, about \$35.



Scrabble Sensor, a space-age word game that can be played solo or against an opponent, challenges you to discover a secret word by giving clues as to whether or not a letter is included in it, how many times and in what position, by Selchow & Righter, about \$45.



The kickiest hand-held game we've come across is electronic Soccer, which has all the features of a real playing field, including a goalie who can steal the ball and an offensive man who tries to do the scoring—and you can vary the playing speed, by Mattel, about \$30.

Silverstein

DOES A TREE FALLING ALONE IN A FOREST.



... MAKE ANY SOUND?



GS-850 Shaft: Tourer or

Suzuki now offers two beautiful examples of fine shaftsmanship.

For long distance hauls, there's the 850G sport tourer.

And for street cruising, there's the new 850GL Low Slinger. It's decked out with pull-back handlebars, teardrop tank, custom saddle and chopped megaphone pipes.

Underneath it all, both models have lots in common. Like an uncommonly smooth shaftdrive and 4-stroke DOHC engine.

Also, both are equipped with triple slotted disc brakes. Front air forks. Multi-adjustable rear shocks. Halogen headlight. And electric fuel gauge.

One more thing. Like all 1980 GS models, our 850 shafts are backed by a 12-month unlimited mileage warranty.*

Which is nice to know whether you're riding around town or around the country.



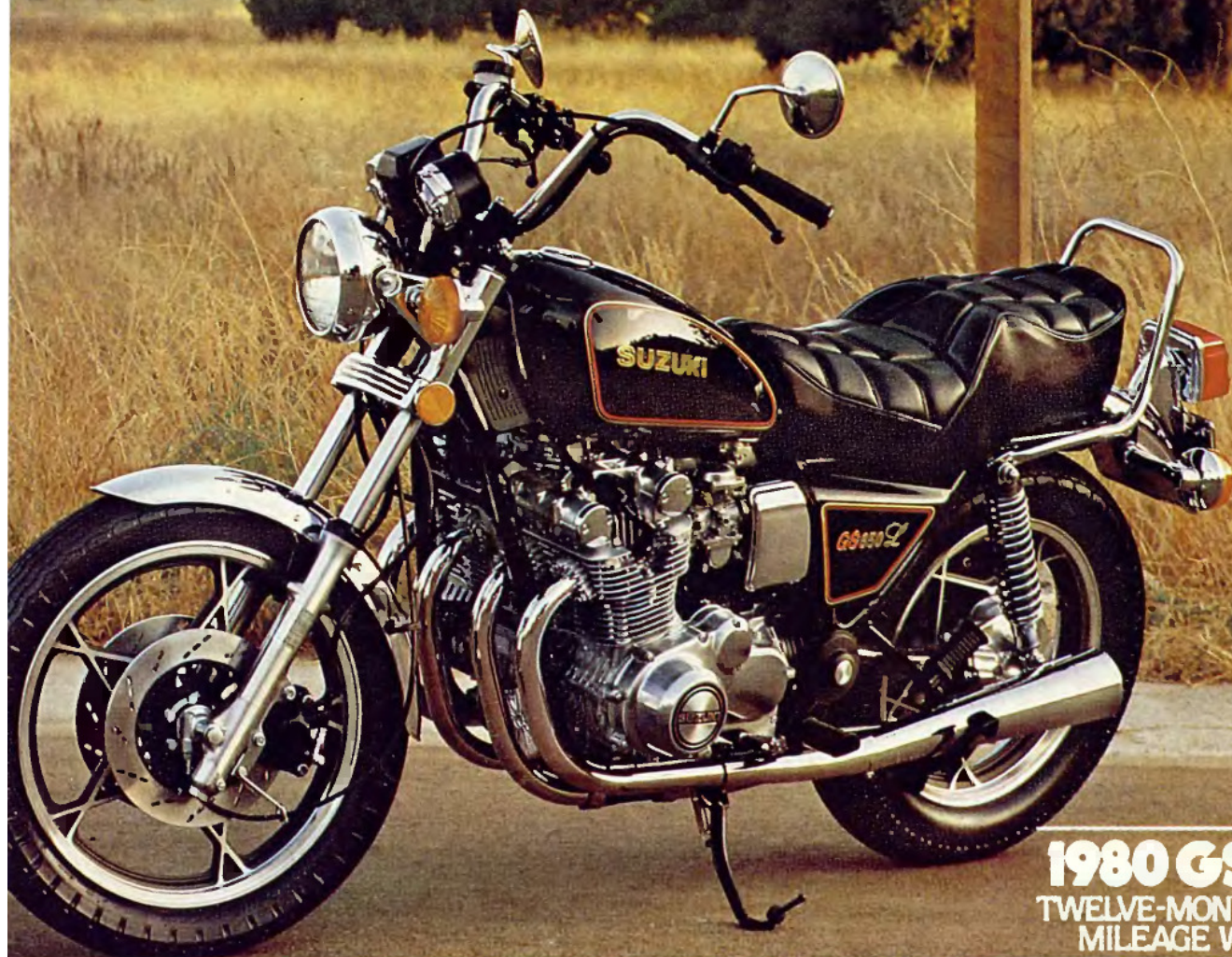
SUZUKI  **1980**

The Performer.

Ride safely. Always wear a helmet, eye protection and appropriate riding apparel. Member Motorcycle Safety Foundation



Towner.



1980 GS Model
TWELVE-MONTH UNLIMITED
MILEAGE WARRANTY*

*See "Limited Warranty" brochure for details. This warranty furnished only in the 48 contiguous United States and Alaska.

THE YEAR IN SEX

here we go again with a wild, wonderful and irreverent look at the sexual goings on and comings off of the past twelvemonth. if what we've uncovered is a clue to a trend, we may be spending 1980 playing "guess my gender"

WHILE WE MAY NOT quite agree with Studio 54 owner Steve Rubell's pronouncement that disco is passé, it certainly doesn't exert the steamy influence it did last year at this time—despite an occasional flash by the likes of Maggie Trudeau (see page 156). What seems to be replacing discos is something far campier—the confusing world of the transsexual and the transvestite. Female impersonators have been around at least since the days of ancient Greece, when male actors assumed all the roles in theater; these days, though, what with hormones, silicone and surgery, it's getting really hard to tell which sex is which—something that apparently adds to the fun of a visit to the current New York night-life hot spot, the Barnum Room. "LE FREAK, C'EST CHIC," *New York* magazine headlined a piece about the place; Stéfen Verk, writing in the gay-oriented entertainment weekly *Michael's Thing*, described it as "Fellini and Cocteau in a joint vision of Sodom and Gomorrah with an overlay of circus and disco and an underlay of totally casual decadence." Barnum's features the Disco Bats, nearly nude acrobats who wiggle their derrières toward your drink and perform simulated sex in and above a net high over the dance floor; the place is drawing more and more celebrity visitors, among them Julie Christie, Robert Redford, Henry Mancini and novelist Jerzy Kosinski. What else were the Beautiful People doing this past year? Telling all. Never have we seen such a spate of breathless confessions, from the aforementioned Mrs. Trudeau to Britt Ekland, who, while promoting *her* book, claimed that ex Peter Sellers was miffed because he'd been left out of the autobiography of Sophia Loren, who . . . oh, never mind. It was that kind of year.



One of the most successful foreign-language films ever released in the U.S., 1979's *La Cage aux Folles* stars Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi (above) as, respectively, a drag queen and his lover. At right, Cher is flanked by impersonators of Diana Ross and Bette Midler in her traveling revue at Atlantic City.



Above, porn star Marc Stevens with transsexual wife Jill Monroe at Xenon; couple split, are said to be reconciling. At right, Brandi West shows his/her all.





At left, reveler joins the fun at New York's Barnum Room, where transvestites and transsexuals entertain. The girl at center above is a girl; others are guys from Le Clique at New York's Fun House.



Posters in Syracuse (right) protested antics such as those of Chicago cops in dragnet for hookers' Johns (below).



**Dear John:
Beware
of booby
traps.**



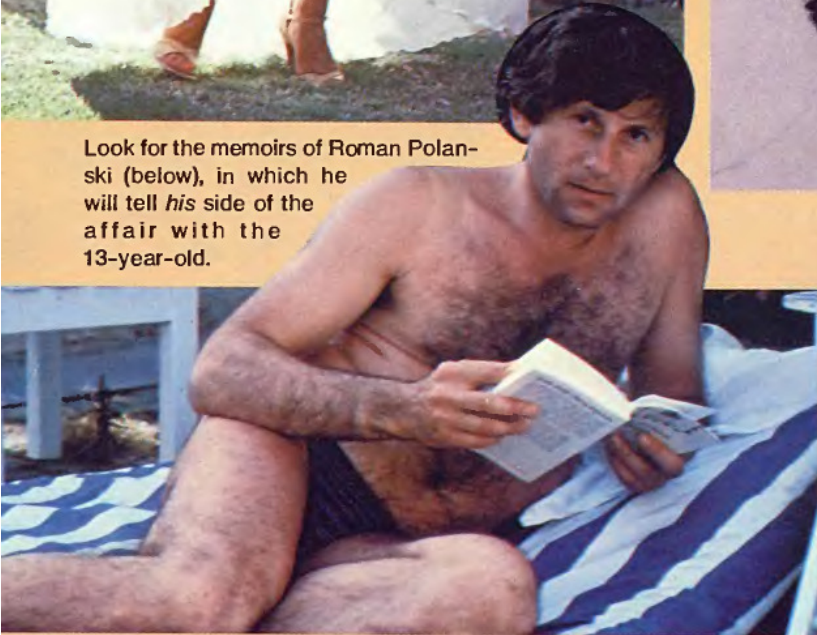
Chicago's top impersonator, Chilli Pepper, struts his stuff at the Baton Lounge (above center); Chilli was the hit of a party following *Hair's* local movie premiere. Above, the veteran Divine surveys the street scene in Manhattan.

KISS & TELLERS

Everybody's rushing into print to name names; actress Joan Collins (left) limited publication of her *Past Imperfect* to Britain because its revelations (of affairs with, among others, Harry Belafonte and Warren Beatty) were too embarrassing. Less shy of exposure was Canada's former First Lady Margaret Trudeau (below, at Studio 54), who told all in *Beyond Reason*.



Look for the memoirs of Roman Polanski (below), in which he will tell *his* side of the affair with the 13-year-old.



The partly suppressed diaries of dancer Waslaw Nijinsky (above) were sold and may be published. At left, nuptial wishes near Union City, New Jersey.



And Linda Lovelace (below) hops onto the band wagon with *Ordeal*, in which she claims she was forced into *Deep Throat*.

In *True Britt*, actress Britt Ekland (below) mouths off about a collection of celebrities including ex-husband Peter Sellers, ex-lover Rod Stewart—now into paternity (see next page).



FERTILITY GODDESSES



In *Sophia, Living and Loving: Her Own Story*, Sophia Loren (above) admitted loving Cary Grant before wedding Carlo Ponti.

Bitchiest falling out of the year featured Gore Vidal (left) suing Truman Capote (below) for libel, whereupon Lee Radziwill (below left), erstwhile pal of both, described them to a columnist as "two fags."



At the festival of *Hone Matsuri* in Komaki, Japan (left and below), phallic symbols figure prominently in 1000-year-old fertility rites designed to ensure a good rice harvest—and the birth of many children.



They may not have attended the fertility festival, but that didn't stop these ladies from getting themselves in the family way in '79. Above, actress Cybill Shepherd (Mrs. David Ford) greets Queen Elizabeth at the royal premiere of Cybill's flick *The Lady Vanishes*. Below, from left: Actress Meryl Streep with a bellyful of baby she and husband Donald J. Gummer were expecting; newlyweds Rod and Alana Stewart, who waited to tie the knot until she got pregnant (it was a girl); and Gae Exton with lover Christopher (*Superman*) Reeve.



PARTY TIME

At the Palace disco in Paris (below), folly is *de rigueur*, say the place's publicists.



One could say the same thing about Manhattan's most fashionable disco, Xenon (celebrating its first anniversary above right and right).



Plato's Retreat, the live-sex club in New York, is still going strong (that's Leslie Tulips doing her thing there at right); but its L.A. outpost, Plato's Retreat West (below), has undergone harassment by police. Among charges: operating pinball machines without a permit.



THE GAY WAY

Whatever happened to the closet? Below, gays attend a summer workshop at the University of Marseilles, France; at right, they march in Chicago's Gay Pride parade, one of several held in the U.S. in June (police estimated 250,000 persons paraded in San Francisco, tens of thousands in New York); below right, cheerleader squad does its stuff at the National Gay Softball World Series III held in Milwaukee.



NOW & THEN



On the darker side, 5000 gays rioted in San Francisco (above) in May, protesting the mild sentence given to the killer of the mayor and a supervisor, a gay-rights leader.

**JACQUELINE BISSET
AS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN
HER BEFORE!**

"SHE HASN'T PROVED... NOT ONLY IS LA BISSET HANDSOMELY TO SOCIETY... BUT SHE'S HOT!" — <i>TV GUIDE</i>	"THE SCREEN'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN." — <i>TIME</i>	"...A SLEEPER... A GEM... BEAUTIFULLY TOLD... ...THE CASE IS IMPECCABLE." — <i>PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE</i>
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Secrets

STARRING **JACQUELINE BISSET**

ROBERT POWELL • SHIRLEY KNIGHT HOPKINS • PER OSCARSSON
DIRECTED BY TARKA KINGS PRODUCED BY JOHN HANSON WRITTEN BY PHILIP SAVILLE
A LONE STAR PICTURES INTERNATIONAL RELEASE
COLOR • CFI



Pasts imperfect haunted Jacqueline Bisset, whose nude film, *Secrets*, was finally released (left), and Sylvester Stallone, seen in the altogether in *Italian Stallion* (below). Above, TV's Larry (The Last Resort) Breeding as he appeared in his modeling days.

It just wouldn't be *The Year in Sex* without a visit to Elizabeth Ray and Marilyn Chambers, and we won't disappoint you. Liz (below) bombed in her attempt to become a night-club canary; Marilyn followed a fight with Vegas authorities over her one-woman nude show, *The Sex Surrogate*, with a return to porn movies in *Insatiable* (below right), due for February release.



ARTISTS' LICENSE

Chicago artist Ellen Sandor created *Fantasies of the Classics II* in neon (right) for restaurateur Nick Nickolas. Ceramist Judith Citrin's plate (below) is on display at In a Plain Brown Wrapper, Chicago erotic-art gallery.



SALES FIGURES



Fashion news of 1979: Above, pulse-quickenng sexy lingerie catalog from Janet Reger in London; below left, one of those easily wind-blown slit skirts that brightened boulevards around the world; below right, Denise Crosby (PLAYBOY, March 1979) in a Fiorucci creation.

Sexy postcard (above) is among the items on sale at the chic Fiorucci chain of boutiques; others include the three-dimensional *Nude with a Scarf*, from Jedoll Company, Inc. (below left), and ceramic toothbrush holders by Helen Cruise (below right).



NUDES IN THE NEWS

Back home in Indiana, spectators get an eyeful of Terri Clark at Ponderosa Sun Club's Miss Nude Galaxy contest (below left) and of Vickie London and Jeff Kobilka, runners-up in another nudist contest at Naked City (below right).



We've all heard of skinny-dipping, but probably only in California would we meet up with nude sky divers (below). Fun in the sun, all right, but we hope they never land in cactus.



We thought you'd enjoy this, ah, cheeky picture of British model Gemma, who, we were told by the photographer, stays trim playing squash.



And then we have the \$1000-prize Nicest Chest in the West contest, held in Las Vegas and won for the second time by the obviously nicely qualified contestant Sue Smith (above).

STEAMING SHOWBIZ

We've given up on the whole notion of keeping 'em down on the farm after they've seen what's going on in Paris at the Deux Boules theater (left), in the Latin Quarter, and at Le Milliardaire (below), which is billed as "The Undisputed Naughtiest Night Club in Paris."



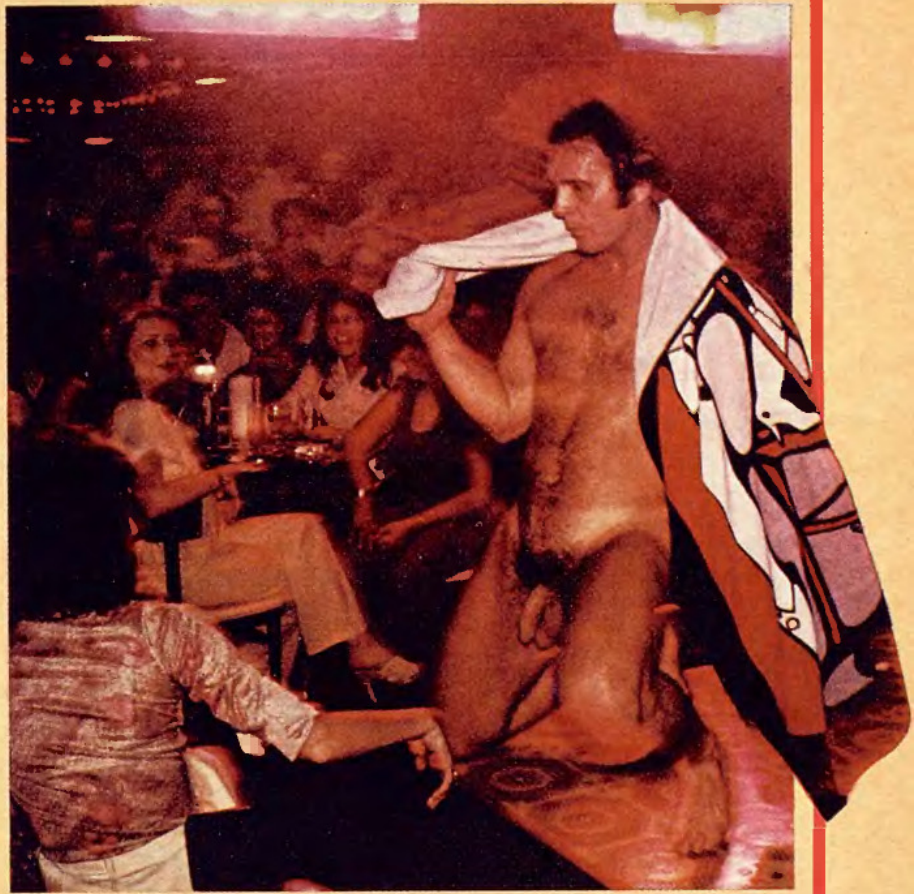
Is pants-dropping the coming thing? Check Steve Martin's attire at the Grammy Awards TV show (below left) and Screw editor/publisher Al Goldstein's at the Adult Film Association's Erotica Awards (below right).



Luckless Susannah Heartfree (Ina Jaffe) is violated at every turn (above, by Bernard Beck as a horny sea captain) in Chicago's Organic Theater presentation of *Jonathan Wild*. Below, clothes-designing sisters Tish and Snookie moonlight with their punk-rock group Sick Fucks at New York's CBGB's.



Beauty in motion: Topless swimmers perform in an underwater ballet act at the Reef Lounge in Mission Valley, San Diego (right).



Burlesque is taking on new forms. Porn star Bambi Woods (of *Debbie Does Dallas*, see inset at left) limbers up at New York's Melody Burlesque (above left); exotic dancer Larry Slade (an ex-Liberace bodyguard) heats up all-female audience at the Sugar Shack in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin (above right); and aspiring strippers learn tricks of the trade from m.c. Bob Mitchell during amateur night at the Palomino Club in Vegas (below).



DAVID DUKE

(continued from page 101)

"Duke represents the new Klan. He means to carry the day with his own special brand of logic."

Nathan Bedford Forrest, who headed the Klan in 1867. General Forrest admitted Catholics, so Duke does, too. Many chapters of the Klan, both past and present, do not, however.

They had just broken onto the subject of Jews when, thank God, we rolled into Rogers. The Klan, it seems to me from what reading and listening I've done, is much more rabid about Jews than it is about blacks. I'd already had a pretty good dose of the Jewish Menace from Duke, a dose that started in New Orleans and continued to New York and Boston and Chicago and Tulsa.

In Rogers, we were taken down a side street where a much larger car waited, driven by a very large man wearing a T-shirt with the Klan emblem. He had a black mustache and nicely tattooed arms that were of a size that caused me to sir him a lot, though he said almost nothing, even to Duke, and ignored me completely. He silently took our bags out of the professors' car and put them into the trunk of his. Duke shook hands with the professors and the man with the T-shirt took us to the local Holiday Inn by, it seemed to me, an unnecessarily circuitous route. He registered us both under the name of Green.

"Green?" I said to Duke as the man drove off.

"Security," he said. "Probably not necessary, but I do it at a rally." He looked at his watch. "He'll be back in a couple of hours to take us down and let me check out the place where I'll be speaking tonight. I think I'll catch a nap."

I watched him go off toward his room, knowing he would probably not sleep but gulp vitamins from a multitude of little bottles he carried with him. He was an indefatigable swallower of vitamins and eater of little seeds and doer of calisthenics and reader of strange histories I'd never heard of, histories written by authors I'd never heard of, who marshaled facts I could not believe (the six men who ruled the slave-labor camps in the Thirties were all Jews; the Jews fashioned and brought about the Russian Revolution and *control it today*; the Holocaust is a lie; 6,000,000 dead Jews is a lie; the stacks of dead bodies we are often shown as coming from the German death camps are actually the dead from Dresden and the German soldiers standing about looking on were painted in by Jews; at most, 20,000 or 30,000 people died in Hitler's camps—as though 20,000 or 30,000 human deaths at the hands of a

madman, even if true, would be a fact of little or no concern).

No, he was back there in the room swallowing vitamins and jumping up and down while conjuring a vision of history and the world that he believed heart and soul. He has a fated destiny and he knows you and I sure as hell are not going to stop him.

I rushed off to the desk in the office and got the necessary little card that allowed me to rush to the bar, where I had to sign in on the necessary little register so I could swallow the necessary amount of vodka that would dull my growing certainty that Duke knew something about the human heart and its predisposition to violence that I did not know, could only dimly sense.

I sat in the dark little bar, having signed up for a double vodka with no ice, and marveled at my ignorance. I was born and raised in south Georgia, where many of my kinsmen still live. Some were Klansmen and I've heard Klan stories all my life. I travel constantly across the country. And I thought the Klan was dead or, if not dead, a withered society of men and women, who if they were children would be boy and girl scouts with secret handshakes and passwords.

But listen: Can it be true that new units of the Klan have recently been chartered in such places as Adelaide, Australia; Toronto, Ontario; Bern, Switzerland; Salisbury, Zimbabwe Rhodesia; Cheyenne, Wyoming; and Fairbanks, Alaska? It's true. Just across the state from where I live, could more than 1000 people in the relatively small town of Pensacola have met to hear Duke and join him in chanting "White power! White power!?" They could and did.

Tom Wicker, in a March 1979 issue of *The New York Times*, reports a probable membership of 2000 in and around the little town of Decatur, Alabama. He also reports a rally of 5000 people right outside the same little town. Klansmen have ridden through the town openly displaying sawed-off shotguns and Thompson submachine guns while being waved to fondly by the local police.

The Armed Forces of the country are shot through with organized Klan units. I am looking at a picture right now, a picture of Dennis Campbell, a member of the United States Marine Corps and a top Klan organizer. Another picture in front of me was taken at Camp Pendleton, a Marine base in California

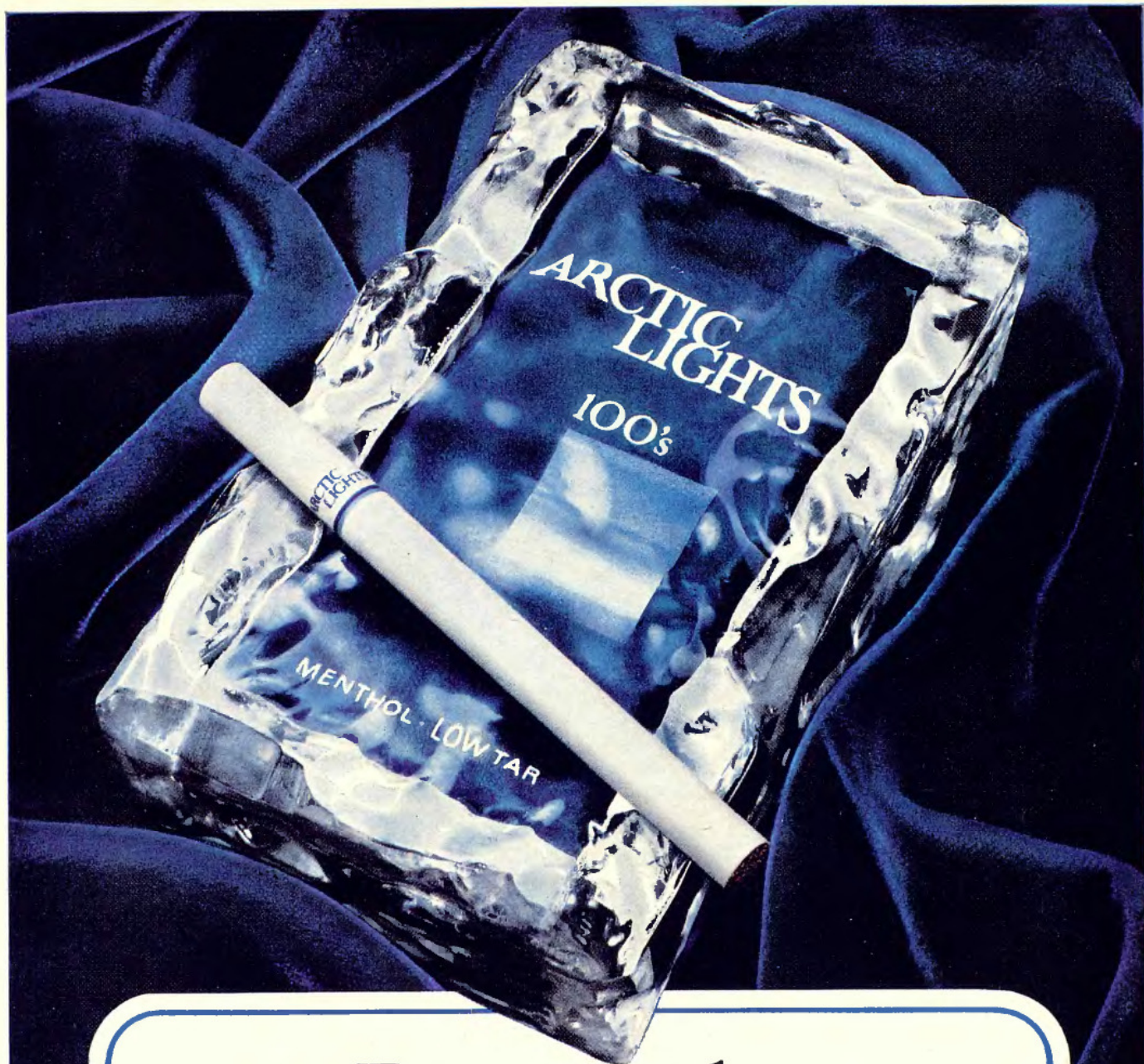
where the Klan had a substantial membership. Among other things in the picture, an unidentified woman has just brained David Duke with a picket sign shortly after he has arrived to investigate.

Duke is at the center of all this. He seems to be everywhere at once: where there are speeches to be made, where there is recruitment to be done, where encouragement is needed. And his encouragement comes in ways totally unlike that of any Klan leader from the past or any of the other wizards today. Imperial Wizard Robert Shelton may fire a crowd with shouting, violent language. But not Duke. Imperial Wizard Bill Wilkinson may lead long parades of pickup trucks full of Klansmen holding sawed-off shotguns, machine guns and heavyweight handguns. But Duke never would. He abhors what he refers to as the "Hollywood version" of the Klan. He is determined to change the image of a Klansman from that of a potbellied man with tobacco-stained teeth pistol-whipping a helpless black to that of a scrubbed and sanitized, highly educated and articulate young man who despises violence and is concerned only with the well-being of his own people, culture and country. He represents the new Klan, a Klan of the sort we have not seen before. He means to carry the day with his own special brand of logic, facts, interpretation of history and—perhaps most of all—with a continuing and effective use of mass communication.

There is no question but that he is a media expert, a man who started early, learned quickly and has been able to hold his own with some of the best in the business. I saw a copy of the hour he had on the *Tomorrow* show when he was only 23 years old, and he was slick as glass. Before taking issue with Duke, Tom Snyder called him "intelligent, articulate and charming." On the *Today* show, Barbara Walters introduced him as "a very effective spokesman for his cause." Candice Bergen did a photo layout of him and called him "a fascinating, extremely interesting person." One could go on, but the figures are too dismal, the organization alarmingly large and as unsteady in the direction it might take as a splash of quicksilver. Many of the articles in *The Crusader* end with "We are coming!" Perhaps. Perhaps.

I got out of the bar and onto the sidewalk in front of the office just in time to meet Duke, smiling, doing his little dance on nervous feet, waiting for the car to take us to the armory. The car was driven by the same guy who had checked us into the motel. He had nothing to say as he took us—again, in a circuitous

(continued on page 197)



Discover the
Arctic Lights difference.
Low'tar'..more
menthol refreshment.

- Here's more Menthol Refreshment.
- A satisfying blend of Menthol and Rich Tobaccos.
- The filter holds back 'tar', lets full Menthol Refreshment come right through.

Low'tar' Arctic Lights:
Kings & 100's

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

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

LEROY NEIMAN

• SKETCHBOOK •





ROLLER MANIA

AMERICA'S IMAGE AS A NATION ON four wheels is gradually succumbing to roller madness. Soon we'll be known as a nation on eight wheels. Little wheels. And whereas cars can be status symbols, the inescapable humor of roller skates saves pretension as well as gas. Not everyone can drive, but everyone can roll. All ages, ethnic groups and professions are spinning, jumping, slaloming and pirouetting on motorless, silent wheels. I've seen professors rolling to their classes, rabbis making their rounds, cops on their beats, waiters; good skaters all. But the hard core, the *vanguard*, if you will, of the roller-skating trend are the roller-disco maniacs. Cassette-playing headphone freaks they are, with high striped socks, jeans and sloganed T-shirts; performing free-style dance, trick turns, acrobatics, the *unbelievable*, while more conservative skaters settle for being able to merely dodge traffic and jump potholes. There's something delightfully refreshing about all this. Let 'em roll.

—L.N.

OLYMPIC PICKS

(continued from page 105)

"Even more unsettling are the ubiquitous bruises, abrasions and broken bones."

the thrills of the slippery sports to moderate climates and to recreation buffs who never before even saw a pair of skis or ice skates. Television has brought the dizzying speeds and poetic grace of winter sports to desert towns and tropical islands. As a result, spectator interest in the winter games now rivals that of the larger summer games.

In recent years, as many as 37 nations have entered the winter Olympics (the African and Central American countries being inconspicuously absent) and dominance of the games has shifted from the Scandinavian countries to those of Eastern Europe—mostly Russia and East Germany. Most of the medals won by Americans have been in the skating events, with a winner coming through occasionally in skiing or ice hockey.

American chances for a good showing in all the events are the best ever this winter. The games will be held in Lake Placid, New York, and the home-court advantage can be even greater in winter sports than in the turf-and-surf events. Also, new refrigerated bobsled and luge runs (the first and only ones in the Western Hemisphere) opened in Lake Placid this past year, which means that our participants in those sports can begin practice two months earlier than in previous years.

One of the disadvantages suffered by American contestants (as well as those of other Western countries) is the relative openness of their preparations and training, as opposed to the great secretiveness of the Eastern European countries. As in the summer games, the main competition is not so much among the athletes of individual countries as between the contingents from Communist and non-Communist countries. The East Germans are especially paranoiac in their concern for secrecy. Burly security guards hover over the East German equipment as though it were a state secret. Although there is much after-hours camaraderie among the athletes of most countries, the East Germans (almost all of whom are military personnel) keep to themselves, never go anywhere except in groups and refuse to speak to outsiders. They are especially hostile toward the West German athletes.

Western participants, therefore, rarely have more than an approximate idea of the identity or excellence of their Communist bloc competitors. Although most Eastern European countries enter the several pre-Olympic world competitions in the various sports, they don't always send their best athletes. Other partici-

pants never know whether or not the East Germans are going to show up for an event—but when they do appear, they nearly always excel. In 1976, 16-year-old East German speed skater Andrea Mitscherlich showed up for the Olympics and won a silver medal. No one in the Western world had heard of her before, and no one has seen her since.

There are other less politically relevant elements of uncertainty that make the outcome of the winter Olympics difficult to predict. Many winter-sports athletes have a disturbing tendency to hit peaks and valleys of ability, much to the chagrin of their coaches. For that reason, most countries have squads of prospective competitors in each event in full training for months before the games begin, with the final selection of the participants being made only days before the opening ceremonies.

Even more unsettling are the ubiquitous bruises, abrasions and broken bones. All winter Olympics sports are conducted on either ice or snow, and since both surfaces tend to be rather slippery, falls and wipe-outs are frequent. Thus, otherwise favored competitors are sometimes eliminated only days or hours before the games begin.

While we're waiting to see if the all-important luck factor helps or hinders our countrymen, let's take a look at the various events and see which nations and athletes (at presstime) have the best chances to take home some Olympic hardware.

FIGURE SKATING

The United States could take three of the four gold medals in figure skating, with the other one—in ice dancing—probably going to one of the Russian pairs. Such an outcome wouldn't surprise anyone, because at least half of the top figure skaters in the world today are Americans.

If the American skaters are seriously challenged in any of the events other than ice dancing, it will likely be in the pairs competition, where the Russians will also be top contenders.

American dominance in this oldest of Olympic winter sports is fairly recent. Before World War Two, the northern European countries—especially Sweden—dominated. In the late Forties, Dick Button burst onto the scene and revolutionized the sport. Button introduced a much greater athletic content to the discipline, perhaps the most spec-

tacular of which was his triple jump in the final competition for the 1952 gold medal. His performances (he also won the gold in 1948) changed the look of men's figure skating. With Button's inspiration, American skaters pioneered the enhanced athletic content of figure skating—the jumps, spins and speed elements—while the Europeans were still doing the same old twists and curls. Skaters from other nations soon began copying the American style, but the Yanks usually managed to come up with something new—and difficult—at nearly every world competition. One skating rumor has it that the 1980 Olympics could even see the first quadruple-loop jump and that it will be an American who goes for it.

At the opposite end of this trend toward athleticism is the introduction of more and more balletlike movements—the sort of thing that Canadian Toller Cranston and gold medalist John Curry were doing in the 1976 games. Although to the observer, figure skating appears always to be the epitome of effortless grace and beauty—more dance than physical exertion—the athletic demands are awesome. Most figure skaters practice six or seven days a week, year round, often between ten P.M. and nine A.M., when ice rinks are free.

If there is a single odds-on favorite to win a gold medal in any event in this year's winter Olympics, it is the U.S.'s Charles Tickner. If he receives strong competition, it will likely come from Robin Cousins of Great Britain, who has been very sharp recently, or from Vladimir Kovalev of the Soviet Union. Americans David Santee and Scott Cramer are also contenders.

Linda Fratianne is the favorite in the ladies' singles event, but she will be under pressure from the younger Californian Lisa-Marie Allen and from Carrie Rugh, also from California. If Fratianne is upset, it could be by Anett Pötzsch of East Germany or by Emi Watanabe of Japan.

The television cameras will likely spend more time zeroing in on the pairs figure skating than on any other event at Lake Placid, both because of the visual splendor of the event and because Americans Tai Babilonia and Randy Gardner are the odds-on favorites. Their main competition will come from the Russian pair Irina Rodnina and Aleksandr Zaitsev or from the East Germans Sabine Baesz and Tassilo Thierbach.

MEN'S SINGLES TOP SQUADS

1. United States: The 1978 world champion, Charles Tickner, is the favorite for the gold medal and other Yanks form a strong backup team. Look for David Santee and Scott Cramer near the
(continued on page 212)

Alka-Seltzer®

If you need fast relief this winter, we'll be there.

Whether you're at the 1980 Olympic Games or watching them on TV, if acid indigestion and headache strike, you can depend on us. We'll instantly begin to neutralize stomach acid and speed relief to your aching head. Wherever or whenever you need us, we'll be there.

We'll sled you fast relief downhill.



We'll skate you fast relief across the ice.



Consumer Products Division **MILES**

We'll ski you fast relief anywhere.



Official Sponsor to The Games of the XXII Olympiad in Moscow in 1980

If you need us, we'll be there.



Alka-Seltzer®
Plop Plop, Fizz Fizz. Oh, what a relief it is.®

PLAYBOY FUNNIES

Brooks

NEON VINCENT'S MASSAGE PARLOR

WITNESS THE MERCILESS MESSENGER OF MORAL OUTRAGE, VILLAINOUS FLESH MERCHANT!

UH, OH!

STOP OUT SMUT!

TASTE THE BITTER REWARDS OF YOUR TURBID DEPRAVITY!

WHACK!

WHAT VENAL TOLL IS EXTRACTED BY THIS SULLIED BUSINESS, CHILD?!

WHAT PRICE THIS LEWD CARNALITY?!

OH... ABOUT A GRAND A NIGHT!

STOP OUT SMUT!

THEREFORE....

I WILL PAY HARD CASH TO CONFRONT MY BETE NOIRE!

ALWAYS HAPPY T' ACCOMMODATE TH' SERVILLE TRADE, PAL.

MEET WANDA FINEBART, MISTRESS OF PAIN!

ON YOUR KNEES, YOU FETID WRETCH!

SKIP WILLIAMSON

REG'LAR RABBIT

SEE YA LATER FOR OUR BIG SCENE, REG HONEY!

Wow! Y'MEAN YOU GET TO ACT WITH LANA LAPIN WHILE THEY'RE HERE MAKIN' THEIR MOVIE IN BOONDOCK?

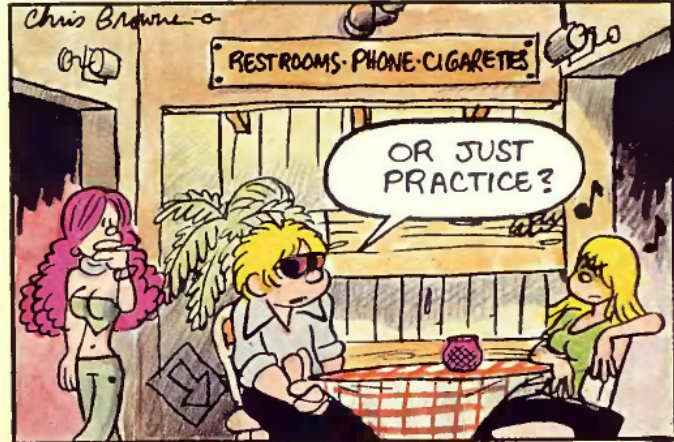
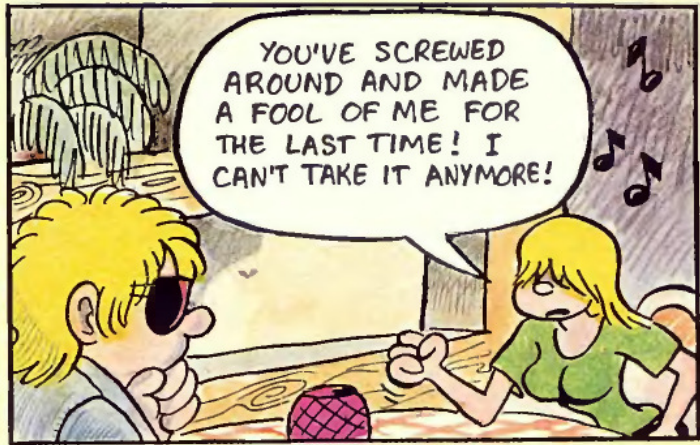
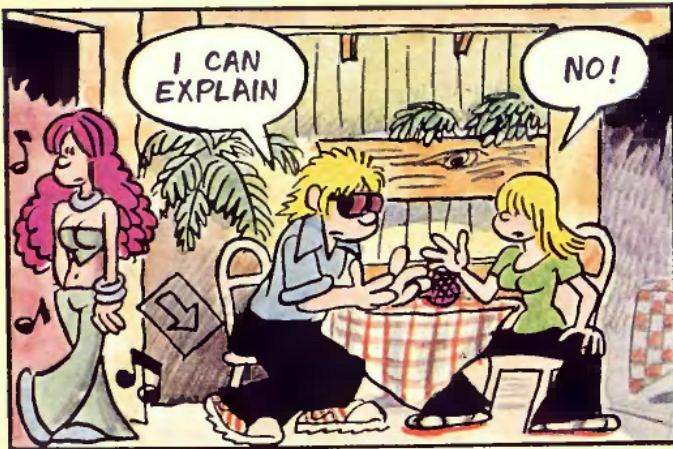
YUP!

BUT AH THOUGHT YOU WERE JES' GONNA BE A STUNT MAN FOR RABBIT REDFUD!

AH AM! AH GITS TO DO ALL HIS LOVE SCENES, 'CUZ HE'S GAY!

CRUISER

by Christopher Browne



GIVE 'EM AN INCH... by JAY LYNCH

GLARISSA HAS HER BIORHYTHMS CHARTED UP UNTIL 1985!



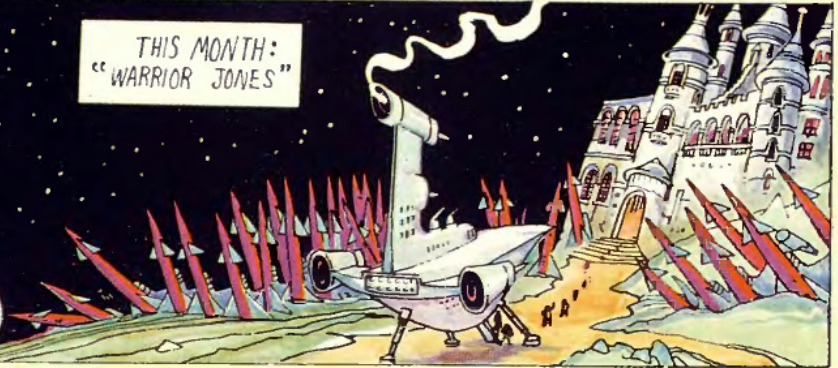
BUT HER MENSTRUAL CYCLE? WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER STORY!



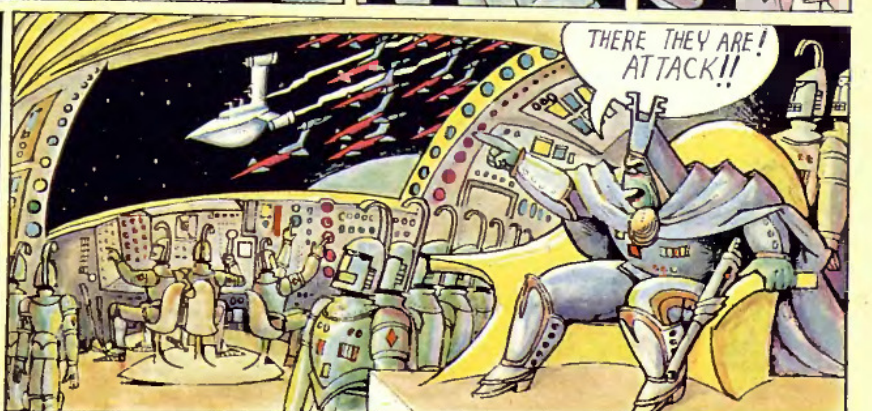
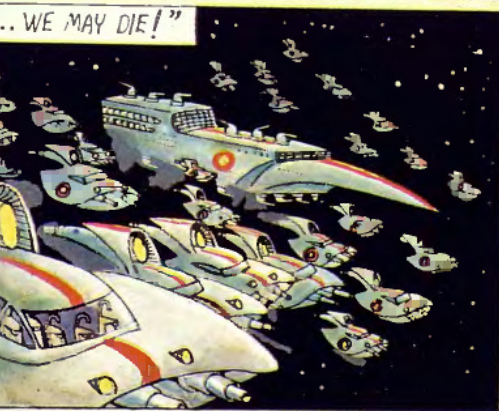
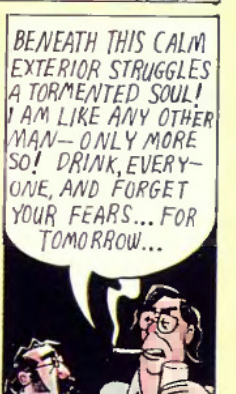
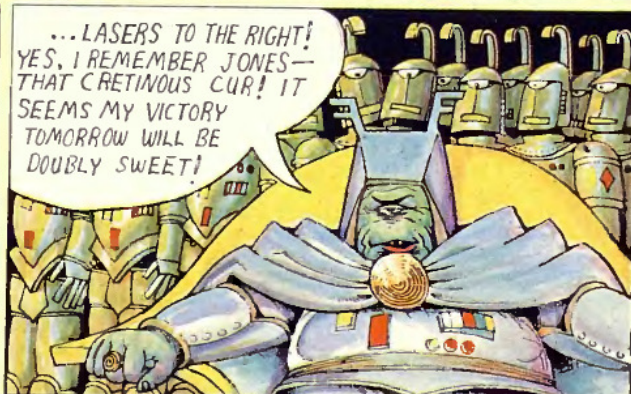
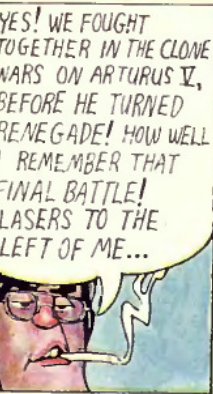
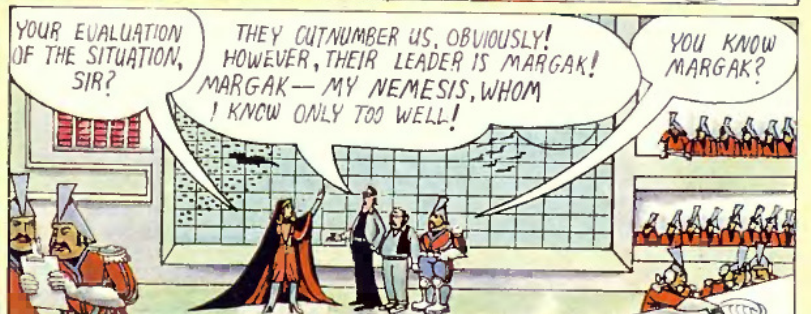
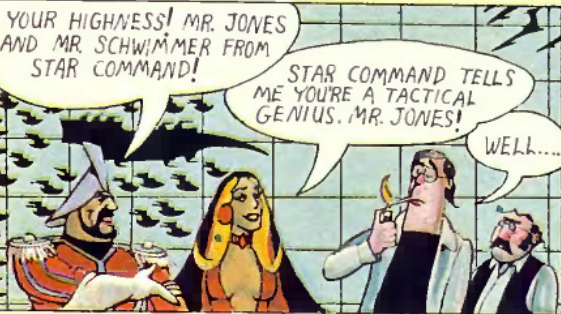
THROUGH SPACE AND TIME
WITH
**SCHWIMMER
AND
JONES**

by
Randy Jones...
Engene Alton
Schwimmer

THIS MONTH:
"WARRIOR JONES"



SOMEWHERE IN THE GALAXY IS THE PLANET ZEPON, WHERE THE SUBJECTS OF QUEEN LINIA THE GOOD ARE PREPARING TO WAGE WHAT MIGHT BE THEIR LAST BATTLE AGAINST THE APPROACHING HORDES OF MARGAK THE MAGNIFICENT!



FOR SEVEN GORMAGS, THE BATTLE RAGES, AND WHEN IT'S OVER...



WELL, MARGAK?

YOU HAVE WON, OF COURSE! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO CHALLENGE THE MIGHT OF RANDY JONES!



...THE ZEPONIAN'S ARE VICTORIOUS!

THAT EVENING, THERE IS A GREAT CELEBRATION...

WON'T YOU PLEASE STAY AND RULE THIS WORLD WITH ME?

I WANT TO, LINIA...



...BUT I CANNOT. THE GALAXY NEEDS ME! I WILL, HOWEVER, GIVE YOU THIS NIGHT!



AND SO, AFTER NIGHT HAS FALLEN...



YES! YES! OH, GOD, YES!



C'MON, YOU MORON! WAKE UP!



IF YOU DON'T WAKE HIM UP RIGHT NOW, I'M GONNA CALL A COP!

I'M TRYING! I'M TRYING!



“We Puerto Ricans know white rum makes a smoother drink than gin or vodka. We’re pleased you’re starting to agree with us.”

Enrique Vila del Corral, CPA, and his wife Ingrid.

Puerto Rican white rum and soda on the rocks with a twist. Refreshingly dry and satisfying.

You’ll also find that white rum mixes beautifully with other favorites like tonic and orange juice. In fact no matter how you mix it, Puerto Rican white rum makes decidedly smoother, better tasting drinks.

For one very good reason. By law, every drop of Puerto Rican white rum is aged at least one full year. And when it comes to

smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

Make sure the rum is Puerto Rican.

The name Puerto Rico on the label is your assurance of excellence.

The Puerto Rican people have been making rum for almost five centuries. Their specialized skills and dedication result in a rum of exceptional taste and purity.

No wonder over 85% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.



white rum & soda

PUERTO RICAN RUMS
Aged for smoothness and taste.

For free “Light Rums of Puerto Rico” recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. P-2, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019. ©1979 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico.

PLAYBOY'S PIPELINE

MAN & WOMAN

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY

As half of a couple, you must under no circumstances forget at least the following three dates: her birthday, your anniversary—the first time the two of you did something worth remembering—and Valentine's Day. Why does Valentine's Day, a holiday honoring a semiretired saint that otherwise ranks with Columbus Day and Halloween, rate the VIP treatment? Because Valentine's Day celebrates romance and it is written (somewhere) that he who forgets that romance is what relationships are all about will soon be shooting his arrow of love straight into the air.

Valentine's Day's credentials as a holiday for lovers are not particularly impressive. Romans celebrated the Lupercalia, their fertility festival, on February 15, which was the day they thought that birds did it. Boys drew the names of their partners from a box until the spoilsport Christians took over and replaced the girls' names with those of saints and renamed the occasion after their own Saint Valentine.

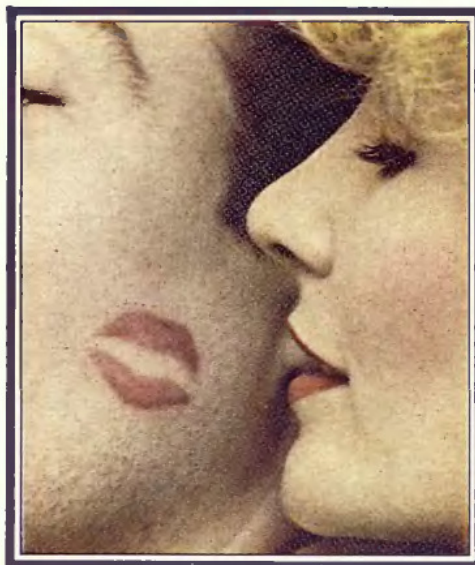
The real Saint Valentine was a conglomeration of two or three early Christian martyrs who lost their heads, though not necessarily from love. In our favorite version of the Saint Valentine story, the wicked Roman Emperor Claudius II had banned marriage because husbands made lousy soldiers and a Christian named Valentinus was busted for pushing underground marriage counseling. While awaiting execution, he miraculously cured the jailer's blind daughter and sent his no-longer-blind date a note signed "From your Valentine."

Valentinus was decapitated on February 14 and his head was so good that a 12th Century French bishop disinterred it to use for preventing plague and drought and causing crop-eating rodents to plunge into the Seine. On Valentine's Day in 1415, a prisoner in the Tower of London named Charles, Duc d'Orléans, sent his wife a rhymed love letter. The custom eventually got taken up by cardmongers, flower people and candy men, and the rest—as they say—is cupidity.

If that story doesn't persuade her that Valentine's Day is only Hallmark's very best excuse for selling cards between Christmas and Mother's Day, this year you'd better come up with something better than a Baby Ruth and a fistful of floral mutations. Since Saint Dubious Day is cunningly embedded smack dab in the middle of winter, most of you won't get away with intimate (and cheap) strolls along the beach or cozy little picnics. You'll have to drop some coin, but if you're clever, you won't have to cut your heart out.

HEARTS AND MINDS OVER MATTER

Do things yourself: Prepare her breakfast. Feed it to her with your own fingers. Write her a poem or a limerick. Use naughty words that rhyme with duck and runt and kitties. Go out to a phone booth and call her up to read your brilliant creation. Rub her feet. Don't ask her if she wants you to—just do it. Don't transport yourselves to Windsor, Connecticut, where



town clerk George Tudan annually waives the five-dollar marriage-license fee. It could turn out to be the costliest freebie you ever got.

Exploit traditional holiday rituals and symbols. Pin five bay leaves to her pillow. If she dreams of you, it means wedding bells within the year. The same holds true if a folded rose petal cracks when she raps it on her forehead. (Another tradition maintains that you'll marry the first eligible person you see on Valentine's Day, and that could mean some sticky situations for Jane Pauley.)

Drown her in hearts: Take her to watch open-heart surgery. See how pacemakers are manufactured. Serve her a heartburn special meal featuring artichoke hearts, hearts of palm and call's heart. Read her *Heart of Darkness* and listen to Captain Beefheart.

Reverse your field and hire others to do it all for you. In many cities, you can find people who will drop by to serve you breakfast in bed, administer his-and-her massages or play a gypsy violin. Go all the way and get a dream Valentine's Day produced by New York's Natalie Willner, who wrote *Bring Back Romance* from her experience as professional romance facilitator. Her idea of a good time would begin with a caviar breakfast and a swift limo ride to a private plane bound for Paris. After a leisurely afternoon at the Rodin Museum, you'd coax the city's foremost wine seller out of the bottle he was saving for his last meal and withdraw to a secret room in the Arc de Triomphe for a twilight picnic from Maxim's. The highlight of the evening would be a private parade featuring an official French government decoration for conspicuous achievement in the service of love.

DOOMSDAY PLANS

Since Valentine's Day is so easy to forget, here are some last-ditch, desperation contingency plans:

- Acquire a one-size-fits-all—occasions as well as recipients—multipurpose gift. A piece of jewelry would be ideal. Stash it where it's well hidden but immediately retrievable at the drop of a tear or the slamming of a door. Remember to replace after each use.

- Claim it's your birthday and pout all day because she forgot.
- Cop a plea based on correct women's movement rhetoric, something to the effect that you're slightly, well, surprised—no, definitely, *not* disappointed—that she still observes a holiday so flagrantly responsible for promoting traditional sexual stereotypes. It's just crazy enough to work.

- Remind her that it's Valentine's Day for you, too, and since you did everything last year, you just assumed that this time it was her turn.

- Best idea of all: Meet a woman born on Valentine's Day on her birthday. If all goes according to plan, you wind up with a triple-threat superholiday you won't ever forget.



TEXAS BRAND[®] BOOTS

separate the true West
from all the rest!

It doesn't really matter if your mount is a four-legged pinto or an 18 wheel Pete . . . the Old West that stirs within us all is as fresh as this morning's dew.

Western boots by Texas Boot are America's most honored designs with styling, quality materials and patient workmanship to assure comfort and confidence. Kick off the dust of dullness and wear your Texas Brand[®] Boots . . . just for the pure pleasure of it!



TEXAS BRAND[®] BOOTS
... an honest re-creation of the authentic West

Texas Boot Company, Lebanon, Tn. 37087

TRACTOR COURTESY PETERBILT OF NASHVILLE

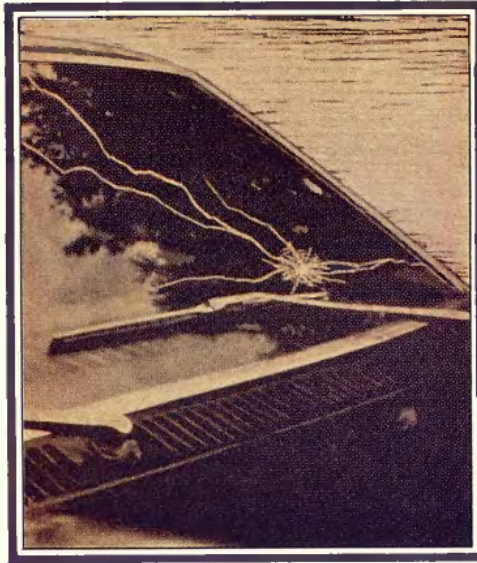
©

CUTTING THE COST OF AUTO INSURANCE

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

Automobile-insurance rates—propelled by bloated hospital and repair costs and by rampant auto theft—are roaring toward Jupiter. But you may be able to cut your auto-insurance costs as much as 50 percent.

According to the insurance department in one state, Vermont, a typical motorist can pay from \$191 to \$325 for the same coverage, depending on his insurance company. Some states report even wider spreads. That means a driver might cut his annual premium 38 percent just by shopping around. You also can save by trimming excess coverage. But you have to be careful what you trim. In fact, a key part of your policy—liability—actually may need beefing up.



PAY NOW, SAVE LATER

Liability insurance, of course, covers damage your car inflicts on other people's bodies and property. It's usually expressed in abbreviated form, such as 10/20/5, each number a multiple of \$1000. It means that for any accident you cause, your insurer will pay no more than \$10,000 per person for injuries, a per-accident total of no more than \$20,000 for everyone injured and no more than \$5000 for property damage.

Many states set minimums (usually around 10/20/5). But with today's jury settlements routinely running into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, the minimum is peanuts.

Most experts, such as Dr. Arthur L. Williams, head of the insurance department at Pennsylvania State University, say your liability coverage should be at least 100/300/25; instead of \$20,000 per accident, the insurance company would pay \$300,000. The extra coverage will cost you up to 50 percent more, but skimpy insurance could mean financial wipe-out. Paying more now could save you a bundle later.

Meanwhile, you still can cut your insurance costs. One way is by opting for a "special" policy, which many companies now offer. These policies give slightly reduced coverage, but they cost about 15 percent less than standard policies. And the reduced coverage could be in an area that, for you, is non-essential. For example, special policies usually give you and your passengers less medical coverage. But if you have health insurance, you're already protected.

CARVING INTO COLLISION

Besides switching to a special policy, you also can cut costs by trimming unneeded coverage. And a likely candidate for the scalpel is the collision part of your policy, which pays for damage to your own car when you can't collect from another driver's insurance company. If you finance your car, collision coverage may be mandatory (so the bank can protect its investment). But as Old Rusty nears senility, you may find you're paying more for collision coverage each year than the car is actually worth—then it's time to jettison that part of your policy.

But even while your car is still showroom shiny, you can save

on collision coverage by upping your deductible—the amount you must pay for repairs before the insurance company takes over. The standard deductible is \$100, which means you pay for all repairs up to \$100, with the insurance company covering any costs over that amount. If you switch to a \$500 deductible, your collision premium should drop about 45 percent. Estimate the biggest repair bill you could handle yourself and make that your deductible. Unless you're accident prone, over a few years, you're sure to come out ahead. Also, the bigger your deductible, the bigger the income-tax break you get on repair costs.

Incidentally, no-fault laws (enacted in more than half of the states) have minimal impact on how you buy insurance. Most don't cover property damage and you still need extensive liability.

Other prospects for the knife? You can save by upping the deductible of your comprehensive coverage, which pays for noncollision losses ranging from theft to hail. And you can omit road-service and towing coverage; if you belong to an auto club, you already have it. On the other hand, many auto policies exclude theft coverage for audio gear; if you have a C.B. or a stereo, you might need special coverage.

DISCOUNT FEVER

Be sure you're classified correctly. For example, if you never drive to work, you should pay less for insurance. If you do drive to work but it's less than ten miles, your rate should be less than for a longer haul.

Most companies have hundreds of such rate-lowering categories. But auto insurance pays agents so little you may have to suggest angles yourself. For instance, if you're a student, ask about discounts for good grades. And, if you can do it honestly, say your car is primarily for pleasure—rates usually are higher if you use it for business.

If you have two cars, insure both with the same company—rates for extra cars drop. No recent accidents or serious traffic violations can keep your rates down. So can driving fewer than a specified number of miles annually, such as 7500.

Craftily selecting your next car can help. Expensive cars are costlier to insure. So are muscle cars, with beefy engines and *macho* accident records. Fiberglass bodies also up insurance rates. A few insurers now rate car models for safety, charging less for insurance on the high scorers.

Some companies offer discounts to nondrinkers. Group insurance (via your profession, union, company or some other organization), if available, should be cheaper. If you commute but park outside a city, you may rate a discount. Also, paying your premium in one annual lump usually is cheaper than paying in installments.

Ask agents about their companies' special discounts. Even parking in a garage at night, instead of on the street, is good for a few dollars off with many policies. —RICHARD WOLKOMIR



No compromise
Winston Lights didn't compromise
on great taste to get low tar.
Why should I?

Winston Lights taste good
like a light cigarette should.



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

13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

WOMEN AT WAR (continued from page 92)

“Ellen Willis sums up the controversy: ‘What turns me on is erotic; what turns you on is pornographic.’”

Anyone who sees anything else in a PLAYBOY picture of a beautiful and unadorned woman should remember the motto *‘Honi soit qui mal y pense’*—“Evil is as evil thinks.”

Clearly, there can be no such thing as a definition of pornography that satisfies everyone. Perhaps Ellen Willis sums it up best: “What turns me on is erotic; what turns you on is pornographic.”

Ever since its *Roth* decision in 1957, establishing obscenity as a category of expression not protected by the First Amendment, the Supreme Court has engaged in a drawn-out and probably hopeless effort to define the obscene. In its *Miller vs. California* decision in 1973, the Court narrowed its definition to material explicitly portraying ultimate sexual acts. Material that does not portray sexual activity but focuses instead on violence—bondage, torture, mutilation and murder—is probably not subject to prosecution under the Court’s current guidelines. WAP wants to change that, which makes it somewhat disingenuous to declare that it is “not carving out any new exceptions to the First Amendment.”

If some future Supreme Court were to declare portrayals of violence obscene, new obscenity laws would, of course, be necessary. Lives there a semantic genius capable of writing those laws so as not to totally eviscerate our arts and entertainment? Our courts still have not found a satisfactory way to draw a line between obscenity and legitimate portrayals of sexual activity. Drawing the line is even more impossible when it comes to aggression. Violence has been an essential element in our literature and art from the *Iliad* and the Bible to *The Deer Hunter* and *Apocalypse Now*.

WAP cannot accept the notion of obscenity and also say, “We do not advocate censorship.” Obscenity is the key concept that makes censorship possible in this country in spite of the First Amendment. In *Roth*, the Supreme Court stated that “implicit in the history of the First Amendment is the rejection of obscenity as utterly without redeeming social importance. . . . We hold that obscenity is not within the area of constitutionally protected speech or press.” Unable to find that sexually explicit material is measurably dangerous, but unwilling to declare that it could circulate freely, the Court came up with a new justification for banning it;

it lacks “redeeming social importance.” The implications of that principle, as it might be applied to almost any kind of speech, from advertising and TV shows to unorthodox religious, political or scientific opinions, could be disastrous for freedom of expression.

As if that were not enough, Brownmiller has gone the Supreme Court one better and come up with yet another justification for depriving people of their First Amendment rights. “In San Francisco, a Jewish community went in and tore down a Nazi bookstore,” she writes in WAVPM’s newsletter. “It was just not allowed to exist because its message was so hateful. Women must do the same for the pornography establishment.” We now have a new principle to set up beside Oliver Wendell Holmes’s dictum that free speech does not include the right to shout “Fire!” in a crowded theater: “It was just not allowed to exist because its message was so hateful.”

No doubt, Brownmiller would hasten to explain that the privilege of destroying bookstores extends only to good guys and may be exercised only against bad guys. The trouble is, all of us are good guys, and all whose views we find intolerable are bad guys. The Right to Lifers who were arrested in Chicago last September for blocking the doors of an abortion clinic might plead the Brownmiller

principle in their defense: The thought of all those babies being murdered in there was just too hateful.

The comparison between pornography and Nazi propaganda is one that springs easily to Brownmiller’s pen. In *Against Our Will*, she writes:

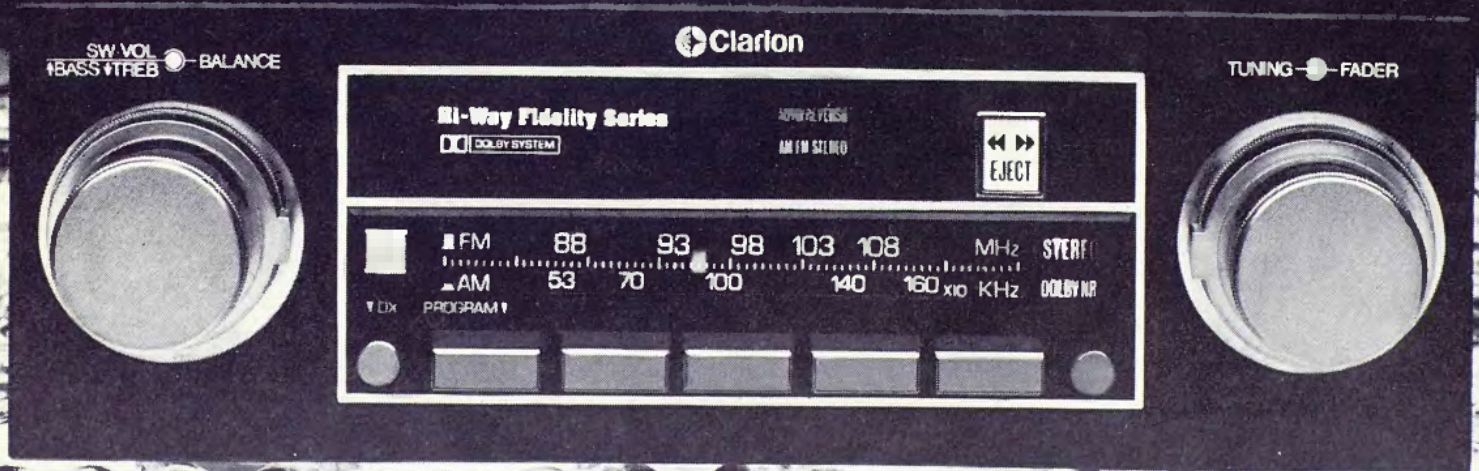
To defend the right of a lone, crazed American Nazi to grind out propaganda calling for the extermination of all Jews, as the A.C.L.U. has done in the name of free speech, is, after all, a self-righteous and not particularly courageous stand, for American Jewry is not currently threatened by storm troopers, concentration camps and imminent extermination, but I wonder if the A.C.L.U.’s position might change if, come tomorrow morning, the bookstores and movie theaters lining 42nd Street in New York City were devoted not to the humiliation of women by rape and torture, as they currently are, but to a systematized, commercially successful propaganda machine depicting the sadistic pleasures of gassing Jews or lynching blacks?

The statement that the pornography outlets of Times Square and places like it are “devoted . . . to the humiliation of women by rape and torture” is a gross exaggeration. The women’s antiporn literature would have us believe that in the past few years, pornography has come to consist almost entirely of depictions of torture, mutilation and murder.

(text continued on page 182, following Joe Oteri’s interview with Marcia Womgold on page 181)



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WHAT SORT OF WOMAN HATES PLAYBOY?



Last fall, militant feminist *Marcia Womongold* stated her case in a TV interview with talk-show host *Joe Oteri*. The following excerpt proves television hasn't lapsed into *Happy Talk*.

OTERI: Pornography has always been the subject of controversy in our society. Recently, the women's movement has been coming out with some violent protests against the use and abuse of women in pornography. One militant critic is Marcia Womongold, who lives in Boston and believes in guerrilla warfare against pornography. Marcia wrote a book, *Pornography: A License to Kill*.

Marcia, you've been compared by *The New York Times* to Carry Nation. WOMONGOLD: Well, I don't think that's really a valid comparison, because I'm not trying to prohibit the use of alcohol. I'm trying to regulate the sale of pornography, and trying to remove it from open sale; for example, on the sidewalk or on low shelves where children can leaf through it.

OTERI: But kids don't get into the kind of bookstores that sell pornography.

WOMONGOLD: It's being sold in every grocery store and every drugstore and even on the sidewalk.

OTERI: Do you think *PLAYBOY* is pornography?

WOMONGOLD: Anything that exploits women and has woman-hating elements I define as pornography. So, yes.

OTERI: You define everything as pornography that doesn't meet your standard. I've never heard that definition of pornography anywhere.

WOMONGOLD: Anything that exploits sex and is woman-hating. In other words, yes, those sexually explicit glossies are pornographic. But not because they show nudity. They're not neutral. They also show a lot of woman-hating mockery of women, calling women terms that are like animals or property of another person.

OTERI: But that's not pornography. I mean, that's offensive to women and I can understand that. But you seem to

be engaging in a misuse of the word.

WOMONGOLD: What is your definition? OTERI: Now, the definition that I use is anything that is overly bent toward sexual abuse, excretion and the force of violence, explicit sexual acts for the sake of arousing puerile interests.

WOMONGOLD: So, by your definition, a soft-core magazine like *PLAYBOY* or *Penthouse* is not, but *Hustler* would be.

OTERI: I wouldn't say *Hustler* would be. Quite frankly, I don't believe there's any such thing as pornography. I think that pornography is in the eye of the beholder, and if a person wants to pay ten dollars—

WOMONGOLD: All right. Erotica is one thing. Nudity is one thing. But pornography is making sex seem like cruelty or selfish fun or aggression. Or rape.

OTERI: I don't happen to be into S/M and that kind of stuff, but there are a lot of people who enjoy that and who go into a bookstore and—

WOMONGOLD: They also feel free to act it out on a woman.

OTERI: There's no evidence that what you say is true. But assume that *one* person in 50,000 acts it out because he reads a book—does that deny the other 49,999 the right to look at it?

WOMONGOLD: The rape rate is on the rise and the rate of woman murder is on the rise.

OTERI: The crime rate is on the rise. The crime rate is up some 65 percent over the last two or three years.

WOMONGOLD: But rape went up almost 20 percent in the last two years, where the rate of other violent crimes went down during the same period.

OTERI: That's not true.

WOMONGOLD: I've got statistics.

OTERI: When you're talking about rape going up, isn't it a fact that one of the reasons is because the women's movement has gotten involved in the rape-counseling services? Years ago, most women didn't report rapes.

WOMONGOLD: OK. I feel that fewer women are reporting them than ever

did before because we know that no one's getting convicted.

OTERI: That's crazy. There are convictions every day.

WOMONGOLD: Out of over 1000 arrests in New York, 18 were convicted.

OTERI: And I'll bet you not more than 25 went to trial. I mean, you're engaging in playing—

WOMONGOLD: It's no use for a woman to take a rapist to trial. I think she should prevent the rape in the first place by being armed and by defending herself. Now, if men are going to go around doing aggressive acts against us, setting us up to be raped with these magazines and with movies like *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, then what do they expect?

OTERI: Well, then, you're a vigilante, basically. You're saying women should carry pistols and if a guy pats them on the fanny in a bar, they shoot him.

WOMONGOLD: If a man pats me on the fanny in a bar, he deserves to be Mace or somehow hurt. Why should he have the right to hurt me?

OTERI: He doesn't have the right to hurt you.

WOMONGOLD: Well, I'm hurt if someone assaults me with his hand.

OTERI: If a man touches you—

WOMONGOLD: It's defined as assault and battery.

OTERI: I'm aware of the law. What I'm saying is if I touch you . . . please don't Mace me. If I touch you like that, you have the right to Mace me and hurt me?

WOMONGOLD: OK. Say I'm out on the street. I'm just minding my own business, trying to be a free person. Say a man pulls it out and starts urinating in front of me. That's a very offensive act.

OTERI: Granted.

WOMONGOLD: Every woman I know would probably ignore it—

OTERI: And probably rightly so.

WOMONGOLD: Except me.

OTERI: You'd shoot him.

WOMONGOLD: Rightly so. I would probably do to him what he's trying to do to me. Shock, hurt, whatever.

OTERI: How?

WOMONGOLD: In any way I could.



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that garden-variety sex is now quite passé. "Where We Stand on the First Amendment" claims, "Most hard-core pornography consists of pictures or graphic descriptions of women being raped, bound, beaten or mutilated." But, if WAP's own tour is any indication, what is actually being purveyed in the bookstores and peep-show parlors of Times Square is a good deal tamer than that.

For instance, on one such tour, conducted last October for 16 men and women (most WAP tours are for women only, but one each month admits men as well), the group was shown little other than pictures of straight sex acts between men and women, as well as various well-known, nonviolent deviations. There was one sickening photograph of a woman being tortured, but that was in WAP's pretour slide show, not on the street itself. In one bookstore, the worst that could be seen was a small section devoted to bondage magazines. WAP believes that normal men can be turned on by the pictures in those magazines and develop the desire to tie real women up, but to a man who is not into bondage, those photos of women trussed up like mummies look extremely odd and not at all inviting. The tour visited two peep-show emporiums called Peep Land and Show World, where there were dozens of booths for private viewing of the short, silent pornographic films called loops (because they run continuously as long as you keep feeding quarters), as well as other booths from which patrons could watch live, nude female dancers. For an extra five dollars, Show World customers could see a live sex act being performed.

Of the several hundred films offered for viewing in both places, only a dozen, at the most generous estimate, had titles suggesting that they dealt with violent themes. One of those, called *Hang Her High*, showed a woman being tortured with an elaborate arrangement of ropes and a belt buckled around her neck. It was every bit as ugly, frightening and offensive as the antipornography literature describes, but it wasn't at all representative of what was being shown on 42nd Street. The tour leader claimed that films such as *Hang Her High* are increasing in number (and, in fairness, it should be mentioned also that *Snuff* was playing on 42nd Street that night), but such films are still only a tiny minority. They are far outnumbered, for example, by those depicting anal intercourse. Presumably, the WAP tour shows the worst Times Square has to offer. If so, the picture WAP paints of the current pornographic scene as saturated by images of rape, torture and mutilation is, to put it kindly, hyperbole.

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observations of long-term pornography watchers. Joseph Slade, who monitors the industry's annual output for the Kinsey Institute for Sex Research, estimates that about eight percent of the feature-length films currently being shown are of the aggressive or violent variety. For the short films displayed in peep shows and sold by mail, the figure rises to about 12 percent. That represents an increase since those innocent days, nine years ago, when the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography issued its report. But it is nothing like the take-over usually described in feminist antiporn propaganda.

Still, the violent stuff does exist, and, more to the point, Brownmiller and some of her sisters find even ordinary erotica offensive. That is the way they perceive it, and there's really no point in arguing that issue, any more than one would argue over the "real" meaning of a Rorschach ink blot. But if, as they claim, pornography is "fascistic, misogynist propaganda," then, as propaganda—the communication of ideas, good or bad—it is entitled to First Amendment protection. "All ideas having even the slightest redeeming social importance—unorthodox ideas, controversial ideas, even ideas hateful to the prevailing climate of opinion—have the full protection of the guaranties, unless excludable because they encroach upon the limited area of more important interests," declared the Supreme Court in that crucial *Roth* decision. The enemies of pornography cannot have it both ways.

In a free society, one combats words, images and ideas not with force, legal or illegal, but with other words, images

and ideas. Anyone feeling threatened or maligned has the right to launch a campaign of counterpropaganda that is as loud, vigorous and ingenious as he or she can manage. Much of what the women's antipornography movement is doing—the marches, the picketing, the leafleting, the tours of pornography districts, the conferences—is precisely the sort of activity the First Amendment was designed to protect and encourage. Some of the charges may be exaggerated, some of the perceptions biased, but in the give and take of free public debate, the accurate and the inaccurate will ultimately sort themselves out. That this must be so is an article of faith with advocates of freedom of expression. The antipornography movement has every right to call public attention to material it finds offensive and to heap public scorn on it—just as others have a right to buy and sell the same material. If WAP means it when it says, "We do not advocate censorship," and if it truly believes, as Brownmiller put it, "that explicit sexual material has its place in literature, art, science and education," then it's possible that its efforts could work a healthy change in the character and quality of erotic materials circulating in this country. In the past ten years, the women's movement has had a noticeable impact on communications, from women's roles in the media right down to the language writers use in referring to the sexes, and those changes were mostly achieved through persuasion.

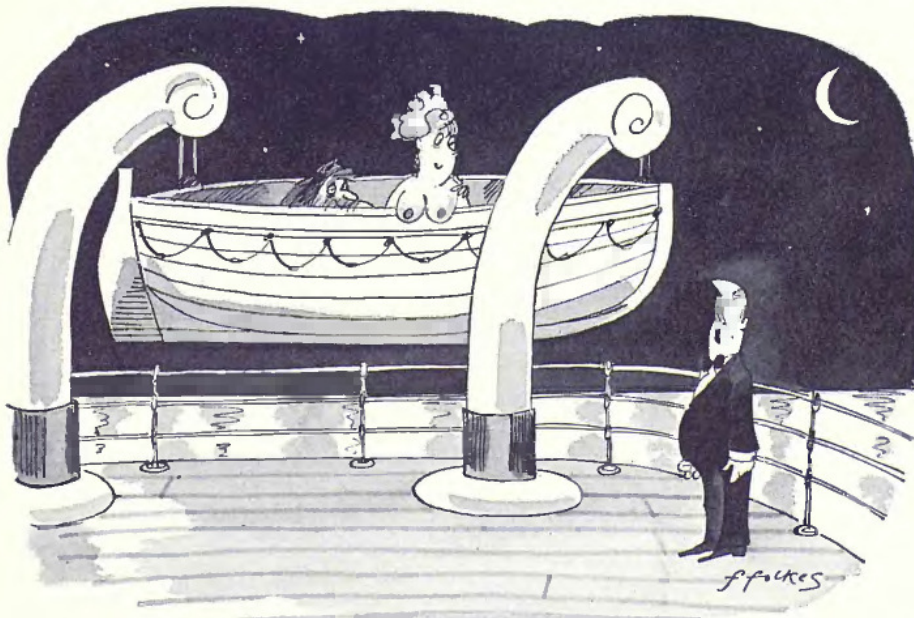
Among the measures proposed to combat pornography that go beyond persuasion, there is the boycott. Declaring a boycott of the shops and theaters that

offer hard-core pornography would be meaningless, obviously. So if the movement tries boycotting as a tactic, we are likely to see threats of boycott aimed at the more widely acceptable erotic material that reaches not just hard-core porn buffs but the general public. In fact, WAVAW did threaten to call a boycott against a record company it accused of using images of beaten women on its album covers. It promoted a letter-writing campaign and eventually received a conciliatory reply from the company. There is also talk of organizing "secondary" boycotts—pressure on stores or theaters not to carry material the movement considers offensive. While it doesn't infringe on the First Amendment, being a purely private action, the secondary boycott is a form of censorship that unfairly prevents the public from making its own decisions about buying or not buying the material in question. Essentially, one group of customers is depriving another group of customers the freedom to choose what it reads or sees. The effect is the same as if the local chief of police himself confiscated the offending publications or movies. It is what might be called vigilante censorship.

Ironically, the women's war on porn plays into the hands of those who do not want to see women make real progress, and it also divides women from the forces that have encouraged their progress up to now. The resources of feminists are limited; the movement as a whole consists, after all, not of all the women in the country but of a relative handful of activists who can sometimes mobilize wider support for important issues. Right now, the over-all women's struggle faces severe tests. Inflation and recession threaten women's economic and social gains. The Equal Rights Amendment is stalemated. Legal abortion is under attack by one of the most effective and richest grass-roots political organizations ever developed in this country, Right to Life.

But stamping out porn is on the conservative agenda, too. Why is it that the cities in which feminists are most numerous and active are also the cities in which pornography is most openly available? The relatively liberal, cosmopolitan attitudes prevalent in cities such as New York and San Francisco make them hospitable both to women's liberation and to pornography. You won't find many porno shops in Tulsa, but you won't find much of a women's movement there, either.

Perhaps the positive connection between erotica and feminism goes deeper than that. Modern woman's struggle for autonomy goes back to the days when Margaret Sanger was going to jail under



"Please, Mildred, not with stowaways!"

the Comstock Act for sending birth-control information through the mail—the same Comstock Act that led to the law under which participants in the movie *Deep Throat* were prosecuted in 1976. Over the past 100 years, a steady liberalizing process has rescued more and more kinds of communication from the power of the censor. This gradual elimination of censorship has opened the door to the pornographer. It has also made possible the flow of information and public honesty about sex that revolutionized sexual attitudes in this country and was a necessary background for the women's movement.

Pornography and feminism linked? Some feminists would find that suggestion singularly hateful. True, much of our pornography . . . sexually explicit material . . . erotica . . . is tasteless and hostile to women. It reflects the values of a civilization that for thousands of years has treated sexuality as shameful and women as inferior. At one time, pornography was despised by its own makers and consumers, who often despised themselves as well. But the values of our civilization are evolving; just in the past ten years, erotica has undergone the most dramatic change of circumstances since Vesuvius buried the bawdy walls of Pompeii. To an extent unprecedented in history, the organs and acts of sex are being displayed in openly available works of art and entertainment. As a result, the aesthetic quality of our erotica has improved a hundredfold, and, in turn, erotic realism has permeated and enriched all our arts.

But are we paying too high a price for this cultural growth? The women fighting pornography say that the cost of freedom of sexual expression is to be reckoned in another kind of growth, that of the annual numbers of women abused, crippled, killed. How can a man's right to see a dirty movie outweigh a woman's right to health, safety and bodily integrity? But that is a false dichotomy. If, tomorrow, we were to shut down all the porno bookstores and peep-show parlors in all the Times Squares across the country, it would have no effect on the rape rate. If, as seems probable, the rapist is the product of a sexually ignorant, repressed environment, a return to severe censorship might actually make matters worse. In the end, what evidence is there that pornography motivates sex crime? The studies of sexual arousal and aggression show only that those two emotional states can be briefly linked in an artificial situation. The incessant pecking of the critics of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography has left intact a mountain of evidence for the essential harmlessness of pornography that is impossible to ignore. The word from Denmark is still loud and clear: Total legalization of pornography has done some good and no harm whatever. That evidence takes on more significance when we realize that most of today's porn is still of the garden variety, claims of a new violence-oriented pornography that is sweeping the field being alarmist and much exaggerated. The notion that pornography causes sex crime is magical thinking, on a par with the medieval belief that witches caused plagues.

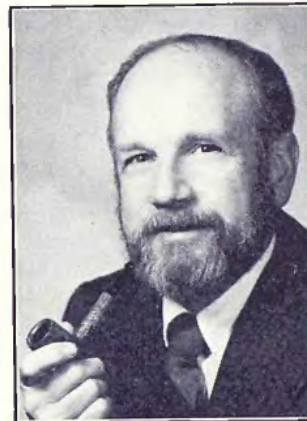
Fighting pornography may give people the feeling that they are doing something about the frightful problem of sexual crime, just as reinstating capital punishment gives them the feeling that they are doing something about murder. In both instances, the sense of accomplishment is illusory. Human beings through history have expended incalculable quantities of energy, wealth and blood trying to impose false solutions on real problems. Myths about magical causes of disease long retarded the development of modern medicine, costing many lives. Only when we put superstition behind us is there any hope of doing something constructive about society's woes. It is not pornography that needs eliminating but, rather, that perennial and terrible and human impulse, in time of trouble, to single out and persecute a scapegoat.



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"They're not fantasizing about real rape, they're fantasizing about a fantasy of rape."

Seymour Feshbach

Chairman, psychology department,
UCLA, aggression researcher

There's no evidence that violent pornography stimulates rape, but there is some indication that people become more accepting of rapes, somewhat less punitive and less inhibited by instances of rape. So there is some data that there are attitudinal changes.

How serious that is is something that has yet to be assessed. It's one thing to talk about the kind of aggression you can see in a laboratory—that's really not criminal, not that destructive—and it's another thing to talk about a delinquent or criminal act. And there's no really clear evidence linking the criminal act and, let's say, this lifting of taboos.

I think that exposure to a good deal of violence, particularly rape and violence against women, may well have negative consequences on people who are not necessarily selective; that is, on naïve audiences who did not select it out. I think there's a big difference between someone who seeks such material and someone who sort of comes upon it, as it were, or gets exposed to it.

Sol Gordon

Director of the Institute for Family
Research and Education,
Syracuse University

From whatever work I've done in the field, whatever I've observed—both as a clinical psychologist and in reviewing literature and observing the world scene—I see absolutely no evidence that links pornography, per se, to rape or violence or sexual crime or anything like that.

Nancy Borman

Editor and publisher, *The Majority Report*, New York's leading
feminist newspaper

That's a kind of oversimplification—this poor person raped this other poor person because he was forced to do it by a pornographic magazine, and it's not of his own volition, you know. It takes away the responsibility of men to restrain themselves from acting out fantasies that are destructive to women. A lot of men have rape fantasies, you know; I think a lot of women have rape fantasies, of thinking it's romantic. But notice in the woman's rape fantasy, the rapist is always this handsome guy, maybe sometimes rich, and she always has a good time. She doesn't get raped by somebody who's a premature ejaculator or who has pimples and smells and also stabs her in

the tit in the process. The reality of it is people don't really have rape fantasies, they have fantasy fantasies. They're not fantasizing about real rape, they're fantasizing about a fantasy of rape.

Floyd Abrams

Attorney, defended NBC in suit
objecting to TV movie *Born Innocent*

How can you tell why somebody did something? You usually can't tell by looking at the last book he read. And the furthest I think one could go is to say that while it's true that a book or a television program can teach something, what it can teach is methods of doing things. It doesn't cause people to do things. People do things because they want to do them, or they choose to do them, or they are impelled to do them, but not just because they read a book or watch television programs that lead them to do it.

Robert Mason

Chicago Police Department Rape Squad

I think that some forms of pornography where it's depicting a woman being abused by a man, this may touch some of these fellas off. But I think looking, say, in your magazine, just a spread of nude women, I don't think that's gonna do it.

You might go into some of these fellas' apartments looking for evidence and run across some magazines, but I dare say that if you went in X number of apartments in the city of Chicago, you're gonna find pornographic material.

Mimi Silbert

Criminologist, psychologist, co-president
of San Francisco's Delancy Street
Foundation

I don't know of any convincing evidence that pornography, per se, encourages rape, but I am in the process of conducting a study on rape of prostitutes, and the evidence so far—though it's clinical data, which we're not supporting with numbers—suggests that prostitutes are raped at a far higher rate than the average woman.

Those who were raped by people who knew they were prostitutes said that from the very beginning there was language used—the rapists alluded to pornographic movies, violent movies, and they essentially said to them, You enjoy this; we know you enjoy this because you're part of the world that we have seen and you enjoy it. I think it's a small portion of people who are affected that way, but at least it's the beginning of a link.

John Money

Professor of medical psychology,
Johns Hopkins, sex counselor

In our society, just as the Moslems have their incredible taboo on the visual image of the face, we have it on the visual image of the groin. So you can read *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, but you can't make an explicit movie out of it, yet, and you certainly wouldn't dare do it in Maryland, where we have the only censor board in the country. So it's a very important fact in understanding pornography that the taboo, which is undoubtedly thousands of years old, is focused specifically on the visual image of the sex organs and their activity even more than the narrative image.

My point is that we have in our society an extraordinary sensitivity, an extraordinary taboo on the visual representation of sex. People are quite sure that if you look at it, then you'll do it, like monkey see, monkey do. But it simply isn't so. The example I give to demonstrate that point is a religious one. We send kids to Sunday school, as we've done for two millennia, and we let them get very lurid stories of the Crucifixion, with illustrations and actual three-dimensional statues. But they never go home and play Crucifixion games with their dolls or their playmates.

**WOULD YOU ADVOCATE ANY
KINDS OF LIMITATIONS
ON PORNOGRAPHY?**

Judith Rossner

I imagine pornography has always existed and always will. There probably has to be a place where people who have a searching interest in it can go to find it. For me, the issue has to do with the protection of children. I like to think that if my kids were still little and they had to pass some of the really bad stuff on the way to school, I'd organize a boycott of the stands where it was being sold.

I don't see any way to enforce legal limitations. There's just no way to get around the First Amendment without destroying it, and in the long run, it always comes down to that.

Alan M. Dershowitz

Professor of law, Harvard Law School

Controlled? Sure. I think there is a countervailing interest in people's right of privacy not to be exposed to offensive materials against their will. So I would not allow a billboard to be erected in Harvard Square showing sexually explicit material. I also think that's somewhat limited. I think there's room for control of advertisements on billboards in front of movie theaters, particularly in neighborhoods, but I don't think there's any



Dick Brown

*"Umberto, this is your last night in Pisa—
let's make it one to remember."*

room for control of what goes on between the covers of a magazine, between the covers of a book or on the screen of a movie theater. It would be outrageous for a movie theater to play a trailer of an X-rated movie on a day that it was playing a Disney movie, because that just violates expectations. But when people go into a moviehous knowing what they're gonna see, it's just between them and their conscience as to whether they're gonna see it and I don't think Government has any role to play.

But, you know, it's a more subtle issue, because the Women Against Pornography have disavowed any desire to use the Government. They claim what they're doing is simply private boycotts and that's the most interesting issue, because that's exactly what Senator McCarthy said.

My test is this: Take what the women are now doing and ask yourself the question, Would you favor what they are now doing if their objection were to books about atheism or communism instead of books about pornography? And would you be in favor of a boycott against bookstores that sold books about atheism or books about communism? If you would not, then it seems to me that you can't be in favor of a boycott against stores that sell PLAYBOY and *Penthouse*, because they're equally protected.

Seymour Feshbach

In general, I feel that people should have access to what they want to have. You know, to their own, personal taste. But, nonetheless, there has to be some control on who gets access to what.

Erica Jong

Author of *Fear of Flying, How to Save Your Own Life*

I know from my own experience how recent the specter of censorship is and how the ax usually falls on writers of literary merit, not on the people turning out pulp novels in a factory. And that is a very clear and very present danger even today. Now, I do think we should be aware of destructiveness toward women in pornography and I think we should be aware of sexism and patriarchal violence against women, but I don't think we should ever call for censorship.

Because censorship will most likely be used against us, if it comes back. And it will be used against not only feminists but all civil libertarians, all writers, all painters, all artists, all people who want to liberate society. I think that we should write about, talk about, have conferences about hatred toward women and child pornography. We should raise consciousness, and that is an ongoing task. But I don't think we should ever again allow censorship on any pretext whatsoever.

William Simon

Even if a relationship could be found, I'm not sure that would be grounds for

establishing arbitrary authority within the state to decide what constituted pornography, it basically being one of the risks that a free society may have to run. I'm much more impressed with the reverse argument, not the image of the sexual that accompanies repression of pornography, we *know* to be injurious.

I don't think there's any data to suggest that the number of rapes has gone up substantially since pornography laws were relaxed. That's the kind of natural experiment that's one of the best kinds, I would think.

Edward Donnerstein

I'm such a First Amendment advocate that it puts me in a bind. I also would never advocate censoring television, though a lot of my colleagues would because of the violence. The pornography one is a problem for me now because it obviously has some effects, but it's so different from any other medium because you can speak to clinicians and psychiatrists and they'll tell you, well, a great deal of it has incredible beneficial effects for sexual dysfunction, and so on.

But now, to those people I would really like to ask, What about aggressive erotica? What is the benefit there, when you really get down to the nitty-gritty of it? Those types of films I doubt are used in therapy at all. Can that have a specific problem?

I would be caught in an incredible bind on that, because I just have to feel that whatever people want to view, they should have the right to view.

Once you start any type of Government intervention, I'm not sure where it stops. I mean, once you start that, what stops people from working their way all the way up to PLAYBOY?

Isabel Pinzler

Head of A.C.L.U., Women's Rights Project

My answer would be the same as my answer to the dissemination of any other materials that I don't agree with and find obnoxious, which is how I feel about pornography: I still don't think the Government should be controlling it.

Sol Gordon

I don't see any objections to not having it readily available to children—certainly, I'm opposed to the use and exploitation of children in it. I think that is a crime, and I think the police have a right to investigate pornography that makes exploitative use of children. You can't get their consent.

In Denmark, there's evidence that when pornography was readily available, the violent-sex-crime rate was reduced. You see, a lot of people are making connections where there are no connections. It's like saying that the country entered a period of moral decay because

they eliminated prayer in school or the pledge of allegiance. Well, there's no connection. I'm very upset, *very* upset with the elements of the women's movement that are taking this on as a *cause célèbre*. I feel they're wrong: they'll accomplish absolutely nothing.

If only some of the feminists—I'm including Susan Brownmiller in this category—would put a fraction of their energy into helping some of us who want sex education in the schools, with all the energy that they're putting into this thing, they'd accomplish 100,000 percent more than what they can accomplish now.

Mimi Silbert

What we've seen in society is that prohibiting anything never stops it. Things usually are diminished by reducing the need for them and it's those circular routes, I think, that ultimately resolve those kinds of problems for us. We have set up a terribly fragmented system, in all levels, sexual as well as in the other sense of people's own sense of their power. It is my belief that until we begin to satisfy people of their ability to take control over their own lives, in a decent and nonviolent way, the kinds of things that give people a sense of power will be exploited.

Camille LeGrand

Attorney and rape researcher

For me, the issue is not pornography. The issue is media portrayals of women in general, which I do find very troublesome, and I think there ought to be a lot of regulation—FCC regulation, for instance—on portrayals of women in general. I think that the bombardment of women as inferiors in media images is really a substantial societal problem that should be attacked with regulation. Women get regarded as inferior because everything in people's education and in their media exposure teaches them that. And when women are regarded as less than full human beings, then it's understandable that they would be raped.

Shana Alexander

I'm always reluctant to say that anything should be prohibited, because the prohibitors are usually the sickest ones of all. I think that the very violent stuff should be "restricted" in some way; I don't want the Government to do it. But I keep coming back to the point that it's a free-enterprise and not a free-speech issue. I don't believe in hiding the dirty books and magazines. I don't care what kids see, because I think they have their own level of awareness and, as Jimmy Walker said, no girl was ever ruined by a book and no kid was ever ruined by a dirty picture.



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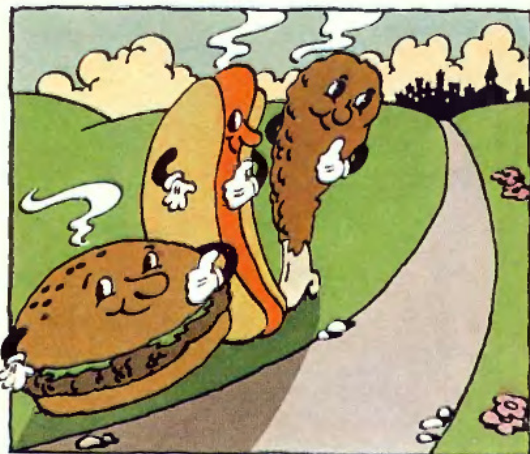
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



SEXY PILLOW TALK

Most soft sculptures are roly-poly people or cutesy animals that look great in a store and dumb on your couch. Well, wait until you get a peek at what's beneath the satin sheet of Group Therapy, the kinky customized 18" x 14" pillow that The Grand Gesture, 21793 Ventura Boulevard, Woodland Hills, California 91364, is selling for \$180, postpaid, including your choice of black or white sheet, genders and color of hair. Yes, the little lady is a natural blonde.

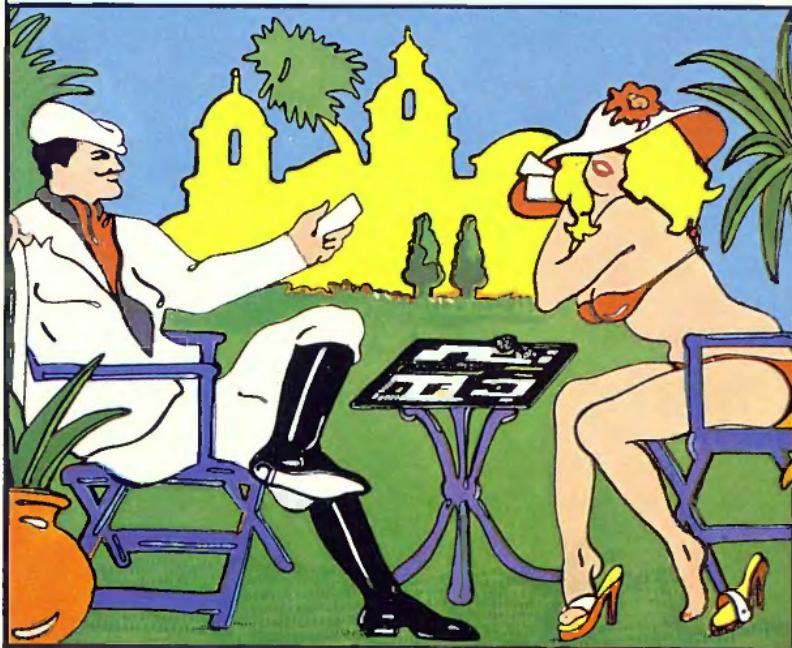


EAT AND RUN

When you're on the road, you don't want to stop for a long, leisurely meal. And if your traveling plans take you out East, we recommend that you spend \$3.50 and order a copy of *The Traveler's Directory of Fast-Food Restaurants—Eastern Edition* from Pilot Books, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10016. In it, you'll find the locations of 3800 places from Maine to Maryland that specialize in cheap eats. Golly, Brattleboro, Vermont, has an H. Johnson's, a McDonald's and an A & W, all on Putney Road!

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During the Depression, Monopoly was all the rage. Now, during these days of runaway inflation, Beverly Hills, "a game of wealth and status" created by—get this—Tongue 'N Chic Corporation, has caught on, with the winner being the first to accumulate 500 status points while maintaining a \$10,000 minimum credit line. Beverly Hills, which is distributed nationwide, will set you back \$25, and remember, whoever is wearing the most expensive clothes goes first.



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The Milton Bradley Company claims that Big Trak is the "world's first completely programmable electronic toy vehicle"; and after seeing it move forward and backward, turn, pivot and wait in ambush to fire its "laser" cannon around our offices, we're a believer. To operate Big Trak, you just push the CLEAR key and begin electronically charting your course, pushing RIGHT and LEFT keys, the FIRE button and HOLD and REPEAT keys for an area up to 100 feet. The price is about \$40 at stores; the fun is infinite.



CHICKEN DISCO

Those of you who can step onto a dance floor and hustle like John Travolta can forget about No Fear Disco cassette tapes. Those of you who can't, read on. No Fear Disco is an instructional program consisting of two tapes. The first teaches self-confidence and offers the listener a relaxation exercise that will help in anxiety-provoking situations. The second cassette is a one-hour disco lesson (including a pictorial guide) that teaches some popular basic steps. The whole package costs \$19.95, postpaid, sent to Creative Media Group, 123 Fourth Street, N.W., Charlottesville, Virginia 22901. Dance, you chicken, dance!



AGED IN WOOD

Whatever's your bibbing pleasure, from Scotch to moonshine, is going to taste better when you stash it in a lockable two-bottle black-walnut liquor cabinet equipped with twin hand-blown glasses that's lovingly custom-made at the Brentwood Company, 600 Perth Place, Silver Spring, Maryland 20901, for \$350, postpaid. Up top is a compartment for cigarettes and a bar rag—as if you'd slop booze on this handsome hooch hutch.



GETTING INTO HOT WATER

If you're in the L.A. area and get the hots for a sybaritic soak, drop by or call Hot Tub Fever, a brand-new environmental health spa at 3131 Olympic Boulevard, Santa Monica, that caters to clean living, not orgies, when you rent one of its private little redwood-paneled rooms for \$7.50 an hour per person. Or go for broke and book the VIP suite, which includes a tub for ten, sauna and other goodies at \$85 for two hours. There's a fireplace, too.



ANIMAL HOUSE

Should you be in the market for a rental stuffed animal—from a charging polar bear to a huge coiled snake—call the G. Schoepfer rental studio in Manhattan at 212-736-6934 and request an appointment. The studio, which is located at 138 West 31st Street, doesn't encourage casual browsers to drop by and go ape over its more than 1000 stuffed beasts, which rent by the week for anywhere from \$35 for a small bird or animal to \$1000 for an immense male lion. But it will be glad to show you around, provided you seriously want something stuffed. We know quite a few people who would feel right at home.

PUD OF GOLD

The expression well hung will take on a whole new meaning when you drop by your next party with a Flasher Pendant dangling from around your neck. What's a Flasher Pendant? Why, nothing less than a funny little 14-kt.-gold man in a long coat and hat who looks perfectly harmless. But tug on his toe and—*voilà!*—he displays his ample ruby-tipped endowment while, at the same time, politely doffing his hat. (The twinkle in his eye is a real diamond.) This flashy fellow is available at jewelry stores or from Tempo G. P.O. Box 6257, Los Angeles, California 90055, for \$300, or \$550 with the 14-kt.-gold 20" chain shown. No, we're not pulling your leg.



"The Concorde is possessed of at least one small inconvenience—the shape of its toilets."

inspired to plan a supersonic Paris weekend of less than 72 hours that is packed with the full flavor and romance of France's most glamorous city. There's time for gastronomic adventure at Paris' nonpareil bastions of *haute cuisine*, time to revel in the excitement of Parisian night clubs and frantic discos and, perhaps even more important, time to savor a walk beside the Seine as dawn begins to light the sky over Sacré-Coeur. And the instrument that puts this swift but completely captivating taste of Paris at your finger tips is called the Concorde.

In the excursion we've planned for you, you'll board the Concorde in New York early Friday afternoon and arrive in Europe not long after dinnertime. No overnight jet lag here; rather, just enough time for a little late supper on foreign soil, a look into a new disco or a nightcap at an *intime* café and a pleasant slumber in preparation for a full day on the Continent.

The return schedule on the Concorde is at least as fortuitous, for its supersonic path from east to west passes through the intermediate time zones at speeds far faster than the earth's own rotation. So it's possible to leave Europe around 11 o'clock on a Monday morning, soar over the ocean at 60,000 feet for about three and a half hours, and then arrive in the U.S. at a local time two hours or so earlier than the time you departed.

Just checking in for a Concorde flight is something of an adventure. The high price (\$2337) of a round-trip ticket means that your fellow passengers are likely to be the world's movers and shakers—or at least those types whose expense accounts can take a bit of bending.

For all its speed, the Concorde aircraft is relatively small, though hardly as confining as some cynics would have you believe. Coats and hand baggage are collected in advance to eliminate collisions in the narrow aisle, and passengers over six feet tall must take care to walk down the absolute center of the aircraft, lest they scrape their skulls. But the seats are comfortable and the Air France flight attendants (clad in very fashionable *blouson* costumes designed specifically for the Concorde) are the pick of the airline's inventory. Nowhere is a flight staff more solicitous or more eager to please.

Excitement and ardor aside, your first Concorde flight may prove something of a disappointment, especially if you were weaned on such Fifties flicks as *Breaking*

Through the Sound Barrier, in which several test planes (and pilots) evaporated in the fictitious sonic boom. You can imagine how veterans of viewing that film react to the rather blasé, heavily accented French voice on the Concorde that announces, "*Mesdames et messieurs*, we will exceed the speed of sound in exactly forty-three seconds." For me, that news inspired something more than a firm grip on the arms of my seat and a little nervous perspiration in anticipation of a bit of inevitable buffeting. That no such thing took place is, I believe, a significant error in the Anglo/Gallic engineering of the Concorde, and I'm sure that no American designer—say, a consortium made up of Boeing and Walt Disney—ever would have let the event pass without at least a small bump or an appropriate shiver.

But the Brits and the French have seen fit to omit all such theatrics. You stare at the bright-green digital, computeresque "machmeter" as it records the plane's speed in multiples of the speed of sound. "M .95," it flashes, and then, silently, "M .96," then "M .97, M .98," and so on, until the speed of sound has been reached and then surpassed. No bump, no shiver, no rattle, no physical manifestation whatsoever, save the glowing green numbers, now recording "M 1.02, M 1.03," and so on. That there are now many veterans of supersonic flight who are unmoved by this incredible accomplishment of speed is best demonstrated by the Oriental gentleman who never wavers from his preoccupation with spreading huge portions of caviar on his palm, or the gentleman across the aisle who is not so deftly trying to induce his companion to ingest yet another beaker of champagne.

Save for the slight omission of any theatrical effects, the Concorde flight is complete bliss. Without getting into its effect on the ozone layer, the amount of fuel it consumes, the disastrous economics of its creation and operation (that now threaten to bankrupt two otherwise solvent national airlines), the Concorde's chief gift is that of time. Moving forward in the cabin toward the flight deck, the control areas and the needle nose of the fuselage are even more extraterrestrial than you might expect, and there's barely time to get in one swift look before the French cuisine begins to be wheeled out of the supersonic galley.

In order to keep this report from becoming a nonstop paean, let me say that the Concorde is possessed of at least one

small inconvenience—the shape of its toilets. The plane's fuselage is like a flying cigar tube, with the rake of its sides to the top of the overhead sharp in the extreme. For anyone of even approximately normal size, the process of elimination becomes an intensely athletic undertaking, as the fuselage configuration makes it necessary (depending on sex and function) for the passenger to perform either a perfect jackknife or a dazzlingly limber backbend.

The Concorde's flying time from New York to Paris is about three hours and 20 minutes, and with the normal six-hour time difference, you realistically can be out of the airport and on your way into Paris proper by 11 p.m. Friday. Regrettably, the ride south into the city is as unappetizing as every other route from a major urban airport, so to keep the romantic glow of this special weekend alive from the start, it's not a bad idea to surround yourself with a little cocoon of luxury. Fortunately, that is very easy to do, and nothing will inaugurate your weekend quite so well as making your way from airport to hotel in a chauffeured Rolls-Royce limousine. Make the arrangements when you pick up your plane tickets at Air France. Just ask the ticket clerk to arrange to have a car from Patrice de Carmagnac's elite Inside France company pick you and your companion up at the airport.

The range of possible accommodations among the host of Paris hotels is nearly infinite. From modest ateliers on the Left Bank to some of the most sumptuous suites on earth, Paris has hotel rooms and apartments available in sufficient number and variety to satisfy any desired level of luxury or decorative preference. Rather than argue the relative merits of one Paris hostelry over another, we've given greater weight to location than we might have done had our couple been planning to spend a longer time in Paris. A short visit demands easy access to places of greatest atmosphere and most consuming interest, so we've set up our weekend headquarters on one of Paris' most elegant corners—that at the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue de Castiglione.

Our sumptuous suite at the Hôtel Meurice is just one delicious site from among half a dozen similar stopping places in this elegant vicinity. The InterContinental and the Lotti are just across the street; the Vendôme is a block away and the Ritz is less than 100 yards north.

Although it will likely be nearly midnight by the time you've unpacked and explored your suite, it's not quite six p.m. body time for Concorde sojourners from the States. And while it's too late for a truly great dinner at one of Paris' epochal eateries, it's surely not too late to experience the full flavor of this singularly exciting city. To do so in an

instant, walk out of the "back" door of the Meurice (onto the Rue de Rivoli) and stroll just a few feet to the street corner on your right. Walk out to the center of the Rue de Castiglione (where there's a sort of parking island) and look slowly to your right. The obelisk lit within an inch of its life is the center of the city's most elegant square, the Place Vendôme, perhaps the center of chic Paris life.

But don't stand in the middle of the street too long; rather, turn left and, taking care not to become a hood ornament on some runaway Renault, cross the Rue de Rivoli toward the famous gardens called the Tuileries. There's a door in the garden gate right in front of you, so walk directly to the center of the park. Once there, make one slow 360-degree turn to experience perhaps the single most spectacular urban panorama on this planet.

Face the Place Vendôme Obelisk and begin to turn clockwise, past the elegantly colonnaded walkways that are the sidewalks of the Rue de Rivoli, with their ornate antique street lamps. At the 90-degree point in your circle, you'll be facing the Place du Carrousel and a small Arc de Triomphe gateway beyond. It's not the real thing, just a small passageway through which to look at the former Parisian palace of Louis XIV, the Sun King. It's now the Palais du Louvre, perhaps the world's most famous museum, and the nighttime lighting helps you imagine just what this incredible garden driveway must have been like in the 17th Century, when the glory of France was at its apex and the profligate Louis was reigning at his most extravagant.

Keep turning clockwise for another 90 degrees to peer across the Seine at the lights of the Pont Royal and the Passage de Solferino. If you're lucky, one of the *bateaux-mouches*, with its own strings of brightly colored lights, will be passing below on the river, and you'll see the glorious buildings of Paris' golden age lit up in their gaudy glow.

As you turn still farther, the lights of the Pont de la Concorde and the petite Orangerie come into view, and soon you're standing with the marvelous Impressionist museum called Jeu de Paume on your right and the Orangerie on your left, these small twin structures forming a frame for the single most famous view in Paris. In the foreground is the Obelisk that's the centerpiece of the Place de la Concorde, and beyond it a cordon of lights stretches up the Champs Elysées. The dramatic Arc de Triomphe, in all its floodlit majesty, forms the background for this scene from its site at the center of the Etoile. If this view doesn't send a shiver or two up your spine, you'd better get on the next plane home.

It's not a bad idea to let the glow from the Arc de Triomphe serve as your

Bald Eagles once soared above America by the tens of thousands. Today, fewer than 1100 breeding pairs survive south of Canada. For a free booklet on how to help save this extraordinary bird, write Eagle Rare, Box 123, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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midnight magnet and let it draw you down the center walkway of the Tuileries into the Place de la Concorde. If you're fortunate, there may be some gala event going on at the Grand Palais up ahead on the left, so its "crystal" roof and dome will be lit up to help brighten your path up the Champs Elysées.

For the next two blocks, chestnut trees shelter the broad sidewalks, and the combination of street lamps and their reflections off the many small fountains bathes the lawns and gardens of the lower Champs Elysées in a glittering glow.

But this relatively pastoral ambience lasts only to the Rond-Point circle, where the entire character of the Champs Elysées changes dramatically. Just beyond this pastoral garden stretch, both sides of the avenue spring alive with flashing neon from the abundance of movie marquees and café signs.

If you are a traditionalist and want to see some of what has intrigued Americans about Paris for generations, you might pop into The Lido (at 78 Avenue des Champs Elysées) for what is probably the most gaudy floorshow this side of the Las Vegas Strip (no pun intended). It may be a bit offputting to discover just how many of the acts are of American origin, but that shouldn't destroy your appreciation of the intense fluttering of feathers and the glare of bare skin. It's also possible to eat at The Lido, though midnight is a little late for more than a light supper. Ordering food here is, by the way, a means of getting

one of the better seats in the house.

Even better (as far as the quality of food is concerned) is a stop at the well-known Fouquet's (99 Avenue des Champs Elysées), where the prices are sky-high but the food is more than just palatable. If the weather's good, it's even possible to dine outdoors and, most important, you can be served Gallic goodies until two in the morning.

And if you accept Fouquet's as your supper spot, you should, by all means, make a small detour around the corner to number 12 Avenue George-V, where the oldest established striptease in Europe holds forth at the fabled Crazy Horse Saloon. It may seem a little hard to believe in 1980, but the genesis of this incredibly lavish show, filled with bits of prize Parisian pulchritude called ponies, was one Frenchman's idea of what the American wild West was like. Well, our cowpunchers should only have had it so good, for the fillies who appear in the Crazy Horse show are more than a cut or two above the level found in most other Continental strip shows. The music is loud, the settings are garish and the environment, red-hot. So it's a perfect way to finish a night in Paris that began at supersonic speed.

Morning in Paris is the time when hotel staffs quickly learn whether you are civilized or barbaric. And in Paris, the barbarians are defined as those crass clients who actually pull on their socks and pants to head for the dining room

for breakfast. Civilized folk would never do such a thing.

To retain your place in Paris society, your first act upon awakening must be to pick up the phone to order *le petit déjeuner* from room service. The traditional French fast breaker includes *café au lait*—strong French coffee (which usually comes from Africa) and scalded milk, poured in equal parts into a large cup containing several lumps of coffee sugar. The breadbasket that accompanies morning coffee will be heaped with buttery *croissants* and doughy *brioches*, together with a couple of crisp French rolls—all of which climbed out of the baker's oven very shortly before you slipped out from under your covers. Pots of scrumptious jams and a bit of cheese, or a small container of fresh yogurt—tasting like nothing you ever sampled Stateside—complete a breakfast repast that gets your heart started and your energy level up without so filling your abdominal cavities as to inhibit the more extravagant gastronomic adventures that lie ahead.

Paris is, above all else, a walking city, and failure to log your requisite number of miles is an unjustifiable sin. With but two days in Paris, there's little time to spend musing through Musty museums; better to get on the streets to mingle with the local citizenry. And since many of Paris' prime shops are open on Saturday, it's hardly a shabby idea to commence seeing the city by risking your wallet in the palaces of style and chic.

Beginning in the Place Vendôme, you'll want to browse through the two must boutiques, the so-called inexpensive annexes to the main Cartier premises down the street on the Rue de la Paix. And remember, if you choose to buy a bauble or two to commemorate your Paris weekend, be sure to ask for a value-added-tax refund slip that can provide you with as much as a 25 percent refund on the gross purchase price. Unless you get that refund, you'll discover, as I recently did, that such items as the famous Cartier "tank" watch cost less on Fifth Avenue than in Paris.

But before I get too deeply immersed in the subject of shopping, I suppose I should say a word or two about how to get the most French currency for your U. S. dollar. Exchange rates vary widely, even in banks in Paris, as I discovered firsthand when I was creating this Concorde weekend last fall. But since commercial banks are closed all weekend, and hotels offer by far the worst rate of exchange available anywhere in the city—with the possible exception of restaurants and retail stores—you'll do best to exchange your money for French francs at the *bureau de change* on the Champs Elysées at the corner of the Rue Galilée. And, by the way, if things don't work



"Guess what, dear! We're getting the mortgage at eight percent!"

out between you and your weekend suitemate, you should be aware that this is not only the source of the best weekend exchange rate in Paris but perhaps the single most crowded meeting place for unattached Paris visitors this side of the basement at the American Express office on the Rue Scribe (which also offers an acceptable exchange rate but closes at 11:30 A.M. on Saturday).

After skillfully skirting Cartier's and Bulgari's windows on the Place Vendôme, and then following the rich man's retail route down the Rue de la Paix, you'll soon arrive at one of Paris' busiest crossroads. The direction to take from this corner will depend mostly on your list of personal travel priorities.

If you are a dedicated shopper, just nod at the Paris Opera House, then walk around it until you reach the Boulevard Haussmann. Here the two main Paris department stores—Galeries Lafayette and Au Printemps—have their prime premises, and these are the places where you'll most likely find merchandise to fit a mortal budget. There are floors upon floors of designer clothes in building after building—for men and women. It would be easy to spend an entire day just going through Parisian fashions and other merchandise here, and many visitors do just that.

If you've still got some morning left, one of the best places to spend it is inside and outside the elegant shops of the Rue Faubourg St.-Honoré. On this most famous of all shopping streets, the most familiar names of French *haute couture* come alive in shopwindow after shopwindow. And it's totally unnecessary (fortunately) to buy even a single item to fully enjoy hours of strolling down this avenue of conspicuous consumers.

Checking prices is, however, a favorite sport among visitors, and this may be the city where it's easiest to discover just how deeply the American dollar has declined. To hurt your heart most of all, just stick your head into the main Hermès shop (a block west of the Rue Royale) and price something simple, such as, say, one of its famous ties—the ones printed with various patterns of horse hardware. At 160 francs a copy, you're looking at about \$40 worth of silk cravat.

Be sure, too, to hang on tight to the hand of your companion as you breeze through Hermès, for the goodies that fill the shelves and walls here can easily pave a path to bankruptcy. The classic Hermès purse, for example, now goes for a nifty \$1100 (that's for one, gang), and the least expensive leather belt I saw recently cost \$225. But even these pale by comparison with Hermès' most extravagant excess: a pair of men's shoes for \$905!

If you've been smart enough to merely window-shop your morning away,

chances are you'll have enough francs left to buy lunch, and I'd like to steer you down the street to Le Soufflé, at 36 Rue du Mont-Thabor—it's the narrow street between the Rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré and the Rue de Rivoli. As the restaurant's name suggests, the specialties here are those elegantly light delights so difficult to duplicate in one's own kitchen, and on a trio of which certain people (like me and what's-her-name) have been known to snack in the course of a single lunch. As a matter of fact, I earnestly suggest a menu of a soufflé of crustaceans (*crustacés*) as an appetizer, a cheese soufflé as a main course and your choice of

dessert from among the sweet-soufflé spectrum that here includes chocolate (*pour moi, s'il vous plait*), raspberry, hazelnut and Grand Marnier.

To somehow atone for all this egg-based excess, it's back to the streets—this time farther west on the Rue Faubourg St.-Honoré. Paris is a city of markedly different neighborhoods, often changing with the turning of a corner. You'll pass through three or four in just the dozen or so blocks from the Place Vendôme to the Rue des Halles, once the bawdiest part of Paris and now its most rapidly changing district.

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area, there is now a spectacular new semi-submerged shopping and amusement mall, called Le Forum, sunk three stories into the city's crust. Moving a few blocks farther west, across the Boulevard Sébastopol, there's the single new edifice that has inspired more controversy among Parisians than any since the erection of the Eiffel Tower. It's officially called the Centre Georges-Pompidou, Paris' premier modern museum, but is more popularly called the Beaubourg—after the street that forms its western-most boundary.

Whether or not you cherish the Beaubourg's ultra-avant-garde collection will depend entirely on your devotion to the farthest reaches of modern artistic expression, but the art within is of significantly secondary importance to the museum building itself. For it is a huge amalgam of pipes and tubing and exposed steelwork and working shafts that look like nothing quite so much as an uncompleted power plant.

First-time visitors gawk unbelievably at the exterior, and the architecture has been the source of unceasing controversy. But absolutely incontestable is the nonpareil view available from the top of the series of glass-enclosed exterior escalators that let you look out over the full Parisian cityscape. It's a view you shouldn't miss.

To prepare for a fine dinner in Paris is not an idle undertaking. It takes mental preparation, stamina, some "game plan" for the melding of precisely compatible dishes, a fair knowledge of the fruits of the major French vineyards and, above all, a dinner reservation. This last may be the most difficult element of all to acquire, for the local citizenry pays serious attention to its own gastronomic endeavors, and not even the most zealous concierge can crack the list at one of the top Parisian dining rooms on very short notice.

The accepted procedure for combating this thorny problem is to write ahead—sometimes months ahead. Restaurateur René Lasserre recommends writing at least a month ahead, offering a couple of alternate dates, and his loose-leaf book full of letters from American clients suggests that this is common practice. His replies to requests are prompt and this slight inconvenience is a small price, indeed, to pay for a seat in the plush upstairs dining room of the three-star restaurant Lasserre (17 Avenue Franklin-D.-Roosevelt).

The atmosphere of elegant dining here is called *le style Lasserre*, complete with waiters in white tie and tails and captains in black tie. The guests who surround you are at least as elegantly attired—this side of formal togs, that is—and the chic garments you saw adorning mannequins along the Rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré earlier in the day now sheath some of Paris' loveliest live bodies.

A friend once described a meal at Lasserre as similar to dining in one of those fabulous Fabergé music boxes, and I have no reason to disagree. Service is swift and impeccable, and the cuisine sublime. To list special dishes is to do a disservice to the menu items omitted, but somehow it's just not possible to resist suggesting the crab *pâté* au Richard, *terrines* of veal, duck and chicken (served as one dish), eel *pâté*, frogs' legs in garlic and the superb saddle of hare.

Dining in Paris is not notably late, usually beginning about 8:30 and lasting two and a half to three hours. And, not wanting to hit the club scene two nights in a row, you now have the opportunity to dazzle your companion in a way unavailable in any other city in the world.

So head down to the Seine, especially if the night is mild, and walk west along the lower level of the Right Bank toward the Trocadéro. Beside the Pont de l'Alma is the prime dock for the *bateaux-mouches*—the tour boats that provide the most romantic ride of a Paris night, as Cary Grant and Audrey Hepburn will readily attest. The *bateaux* lights alone add gloriously to the feast for the eyes that rises on both sides of the Seine.

But unless you happen to hit a night when a midnight ride is offered—or have been farseeing enough to negotiate one on your own—press on past one more bridge to the Pont d'Iéna. As you rise from the lower Seine walkway, the Palais de Chaillot and the fountains of the Jardin du Trocadéro will be on your right, and as you turn left, the steel superstructure of the Eiffel Tower will loom overhead, just across the river.

If you're very lucky, your companion will mourn on cue about the lack of lights on the Tour Eiffel, a residue of the latest energy crunch and attempts by the locals to conserve power. But again, if you've made your plans properly and your timing's just right, you can work a bit of magic. For the Paris Department of Public Works will, for a fee, light various public monuments—the Eiffel Tower included—at a prescribed time, so you can artfully arrange to snap your fingers at just the proper instant, point to the now radiant tower and offer (in your most Belmondoesque accent), "*Pour toi, ma chérie.*" Take that, Lafayette!

Parisian Sundays are designed for late awakening by visitors, but you may want to adopt a local custom of driving out into the nearby countryside for a superb midday meal at a historic hotel or a very special restaurant.

But if you are determined to remain in Paris—hardly the worst idea in the world—be prepared for a laid-back day. Traffic is light, the museums are open at no (or a nominal) charge and the city is at rest.

The best Sunday route of all is, again,

toward the Seine, to walk east along the Right Bank, past the Tuileries and the Louvre. Then press on across the Pont Notre Dame to the heart of the Left Bank.

You won't be able to tell it's Sunday along St.-Germain, because it sometimes seems as if all of Paris has crossed the Seine to spend Sunday with you. But if you enjoy drinking with ghosts, join those of Hemingway, Picasso and Fitzgerald for an aperitif at the Café aux Deux Magots or the Café Flore, amortizing the high cost of a *kir royal* or a Campari and soda by applying part of the charge to the street entertainment—jugglers, mimes, magicians, even fire-eaters—that passes in an unending procession of performance.

Then head across the street to the noble Brasserie Lipp, there to discover that French cooking is more than *pâté* and *mousseline*. The menu is made up of the sturdy fare of Alsace, the stick-to-the-ribs *choucroute* staples of sausages, ham, sauerkraut and snails in a garlic butter that will keep you safe from vampires for the ages.

There's plenty to do to while away the afternoon on the Left Bank—just sticking your head down any unfamiliar side street is likely to turn up some undiscovered shop or bistro. The site for Sunday dinner—your last in Paris—isn't hard to choose. Henri Gault and Christian Millau, the famed maverick food critics and creators of the much lauded *Gault et Millau* guide, say, "If you could have only one meal in Paris, we would go to La Tour d'Argent," though their reasons inspire varying degrees of persuasion. They cite the elevator, the extraordinary view of Notre Dame from the dining room, the 16 different preparations of duck, the 130,000 bottles in the wine cellar and the bill—which they figure at a minimum of \$75 per person (and you'd better figure that as the very barest of minimums) and feel is suitable for framing for one's own dining room.

It's true the cost is dear, but there is no total eating environment in Paris that is its equal—especially on Sunday night. And after dinner, there is all of the Left Bank night life to look in on to postpone the dawn.

But before the light of morning puts an end to your Paris idyl, it's necessary to pick one special point from which to watch the sun rise over the eastern haze. And that spot must be Montmartre, the city's highest point, where the sidewalk *boites* and bistros stay open late enough to fuel your late-night roaming. The narrow streets are full of lovers and the sweet smell of Paris is nowhere stronger. Here's the place to spend your last moments in Paris before being whisked back to reality at supersonic speed.



“Young men, all tricked out in white robes and peaked hats, began shouting: ‘White power! White power!’”

route—to the place where Duke would speak. In the street, robed and hooded Klansmen carried placards advertising the rally that night. In all instances, the front part of the hood was cut out to reveal the face of the person wearing it. It was still about two and a half hours before the rally would start, and most of the people who were there were policemen. God, how many policemen. I found out later that besides the Rogers police, there were officers of the state police, the county sheriff's office and the FBI.

As soon as we got out of the car, we were surrounded by ranks of cops three deep, hustled inside and into a little room at the back of the armory. In about half a minute, I realized that those people thought and would continue to think all night that I was Duke's bodyguard. Finally, even the Klansmen thought the same thing, despite what Duke told them to the contrary. It is true that my eyes were invariably drawn to the high windows and the vaulted ceiling with thick steel beams, and I wondered what was next door and what the line of sight was from the roofs of the adjacent buildings. Under the circumstances, I thought then and I think now that it was very sane behavior. Too, my determination to stay at Duke's shoulder at all times no doubt contributed to what people thought. As it turned out, I shouldn't have thought about it at all. There were police snipers with night scopes on the roofs of all the adjacent buildings, as well as on the roof of the armory itself.

When I balked at going into the little room at the back of the armory, a handsome young man of truly magnificent proportions—maybe 6'6" and 250 pounds and solid as anything on the Dallas front four—took me by the shoulder and did not so much direct me into the room as lift me into it. “You, too,” he said, watching me. “You carrying a weapon?”

“No,” I said.

The big cop who had herded us into the room was wearing pointed cowboy boots, denim pants and jacket. The jacket was open, showing the biggest handgun I'd ever seen. I think it was a .44 magnum. But it could have been anything, up to and including a single-barrel 12 gauge, cut to the proportion of a riot gun. He pushed his peaked cowboy hat back on his head. “There will be no *shit* here tonight,” he said. “If anybody's got a gun, now's the time to turn it over. Anybody doesn't goes to jail. Anybody drinking goes to jail. Anybody inciting

to riot goes to jail.” He turned to a uniformed cop who had come in to stand behind him. “I'm going to have to ask you to let my man check you out.”

The cop stepped forward and ran a metal detector over Duke and me. Nothing.

“OK,” said the one in the denims, and the two cops went out of the little room.

The whole thing hadn't bothered me, but Duke was hot: “He had no right to do that. There was no probable cause.”

“Let it slide, man,” I said. “You got other things to do.”

Grumbling a little and a little red of face, Duke went through the door and plunged into the midst of newspeople. Still cameras popped, television cameras rolled, women with note pads screamed questions. The robed Klansmen were able to drag him away from them only after he promised to hold a press conference that night before his speech.

Duke hopped up onstage to look at the two microphones he'd speak into

that night. A young white-robed boy was immediately at his side, explaining that the mikes were used for Sunday Gospel singing and that he might have trouble if he spoke between them instead of directly into one or the other. I wondered if this boy were a member of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan Youth Corps, an organization open to high school boys and girls to prepare them for full membership as adults later on.

Suddenly, about ten young men, all of them tricked out in their white robes and peaked hats, began shouting in unison: “White power! White power! White power!” They were all facing Duke and they all had their left arms held stiffly upward at a 45-degree angle with the palm down—in every detail the old Nazi salute, except it was done with the left hand. I badly needed to get back to the motel and sign up for a vodka.

“We better get back and let you rest before tonight,” I said.

“I guess,” said Duke.

I signaled the huge guy in the denim clothes and we were suddenly three deep in cops moving us to the car.

All this madness had started three days before in New Orleans, when Duke called me at my motel and told me he was getting his hair cut, that he could





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see my motel from where he was and why didn't I walk over? I did. The barbershop was about five inches deep in harem carpet and outlined in chrome and glass. One of those places where a man makes an appointment for a haircut. Duke was getting his razor cut blown dry when I walked in. He was wearing a white Ban-Lon shirt and white trousers. He is always in white pullover shirt and white trousers except when he is speaking, at which time he goes to a plain black suit, white shirt and white tie.

The name of the barbershop was Changes and when I saw Duke, I immediately thought of the name of the shop as a sign. I believe in signs, live by them, trust them. But, alas, this time it was not to be. What Duke ultimately had to offer was the same old sad bullshit I'd grown up on in Bacon County, Georgia. Only he was so charming and articulate, I had no way of knowing that then.

He would have liked to take me to his house to meet his wife and two daughters, but he couldn't. "Security," he said.

So we went round to the Patriot Book Store instead. It was a tiny place, rather like a curio shop, and sold Knights of the Ku Klux Klan costumes and accessories. Pictures of Nathan Bedford Forrest, pictures of Duke, patches, rings, Confederate flags, various sizes of canisters of tear gas, and so on. Including "literature." I think we can get to the heart of the literature by saying that one of the hottest items seemed to be the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, a book that for decades has been known to be a fraud. But there were other grabbers among the books: *Mein Kampf*, *Hitler Was My Friend*, *The Hitler We Loved and Why*. A wizened little lady sat by the front door, which, I forgot to mention, was kept locked, even in the middle of the day. It had a huge sign on it that read, PLEASE KNOCK. "Security," she said.

The little lady wore a heavy Klan ring and it flashed with bits of light as she grumbled and snarled into the constant ringing of crank calls on the phone. She was also stuffing envelopes with startling rapidity. "Going to be sent all over the world," she said. I had no reason to doubt her. There must have been half a semitruck load already stacked against the walls. Formidable. Duke had a few things to do, so he suggested we meet for a crab dinner that night at a place on Lake Pontchartrain. Thus would begin the singing of his three or four songs—over and over again during the next two days and nights.

"First," he said as we sat down to dinner, his back to the winking lights of Lake Pontchartrain, "my mother and father never taught me any of this. I learned it all through my racist studies." (When speaking of his education on any level, he almost consistently uses the phrase racist studies.) "I was born in

Tulsa and grew up here in New Orleans."

I asked him, Didn't he once belong to the American Nazi Party?

"No."

"But you did appear on a picket line dressed in the full rig—jack boots, swastika, the whole uniform."

"Yes, I did. But that thing was just a joke. You know, I was protesting [William] Kunstler, the lawyer, and it was just a joke."

"In a Nazi uniform."

"Yes."

And hadn't he been, after attaining the highest honors possible in R.O.T.C. at LSU, refused a commission in the Army because he was a racist?

"Yes, but that was a joke, too, in its own way."

Well, we'd better press on past the jokes and get to just what the Klan wanted and stood for. So there in the restaurant, and later in my motel room, on planes to Boston, where he was to tape a TV show, and on other planes to Chicago and Tulsa, he sang his limited number of songs, sang them sometimes to slightly different tunes with slightly different words, sometimes with enormous elaboration and ornamentation, and God knows, he sang them endlessly. Many times, the only thing that would stop him was when we would see a tall, blonde, blue-eyed, very pale girl. "There!" he would exclaim. "There's what we're fighting for." He was also possessed of many favorite phrases, one of which was "busing a little blonde, blue-eyed girl into a black ghetto or vice versa." I never told him that the vice versa of that phrase would be busing a black ghetto into a little blonde, blue-eyed girl. But then, I never told him that the word vagina was not pronounced va-jean-a, which word and pronunciation came often and quickly to his lips when we saw a tall, blonde, blue-eyed girl.

Looking over the mashed and pulpy crabs: "I'm a racist. But not if you mean by racist that I hate Negroes or Mexicans or Jews or anybody else. I'm a racist because I love my people. White people. And I want to preserve their heritage. We [the Klan] don't want to put anybody anywhere. What we want to do is to give people the freedom to choose—like in schools. The ones for busing are the tiny minority. The overwhelming majority want their own schools, want to live in their own neighborhoods. I'm not for slavery, but look at history. The founding fathers in this country were very racist. Most of the signers, let's say one half, owned slaves. When they were saying all men are created equal, they weren't talking about different races. They were saying that we people of America are like our English brothers overseas—entitled to the same political rights as they are. All the founding

fathers, including the first five Presidents, were for repatriation of blacks back to Africa. Abraham Lincoln wrote against equality of the races, saying, 'How long in a government of a God great enough to make and maintain this universe shall there be demagogues to vend and fools to gulp so low a piece of demagogism as this?'"

The above—including the spurious Lincoln quote—passes for reasoning concerning justice for blacks in this country. What was good enough for the founding fathers is good enough for, etc. But it goes on at a length in Duke's mouth that mesmerizes and exhausts. His face goes a little darker, his eyes a little more bloodshot when talking about the Affirmative Action Program. "It's a euphemism for massive antiwhite racial discrimination. And the greatest perversion is that it is being done by our own Government."

Since we're talking about dark skins, anyway, it is an easy if dangerous imaginative leap to include other people with anything but white skins in the "argument for action."

"Truthfully, in terms of the world, the birth rate is approximately one point five, which means we're losing one fourth of our people every generation. The only population explosion in the world is in nonwhite countries. We have a Negro problem in America, but in twenty years, that problem will be small compared with the Mexican problem. We may have up to sixty or seventy million Mexicans in the country by the turn of the century. They are coming over our border illegally at the rate of a million to three million a year. Mexico has the highest birth rate on earth."

But the song he likes to sing the longest and loudest is about the Jews. The Jews, the Jews. My God, the Jews. Did I know why the Arabs had brought us to our knees with their oil-pricing policies? "Because we give the Zionists bombs and guns to kill Arab kids. If I was in the Arabs' place, I'm sure I would do the same damn thing. If we'd stop aiding Israel with guns and planes, the Arabs would cut back oil prices to those of 1966. They would!"

Physically, and in a lot of other ways, Duke almost starts babbling and sliding toward the edge when he gets on the subject of Jews. No other people on earth so arouse him to anger and contempt. Whether Jews are a race or a religion is beside the point. They are a world-wide conspiracy to dominate and eventually destroy the white people. As bad as the Negro problem is, it has been the Jews who have organized and used them against the white people. Hadn't Jews founded the NAACP? Hadn't every president of that organization been a Jew except the present one? About the miniseries *Roots* on television: Hadn't a Jew written the screenplay and a Jew

produced it and a Jew directed it? And hadn't it defamed the white man beyond belief? (He can talk for hours about *Roots*, which he always calls *Weeds*.)

"The most racist people on earth are Jews," said Duke. "They stick together all over the world. They have laws in Israel that you can't emigrate unless you are of the Jewish blood, of Jewish birth. They have laws that if a person even tries to preach Christianity or to recruit people for the priesthood, he can be thrown in jail for five years. Did you know that?"

"No," I said. "I don't believe I did."

"Then you probably don't know that they control—absolutely control—most of our lives here in this country. Because they control the media."

"I hadn't thought about it," I said. "I must be doing something wrong—or right, depending on how you think about it—because I've not had any trouble publishing whatever I've chosen to write in the past ten or twelve years."

I don't think he heard me; he went right on. "The Jews control what we read, what we see, what we know. The top man at ABC is a Jew, Goldenson. The top man at CBS is a Jew, William S. Paley. Eight men all together—Goldenson, Rubenstein, Westin, Paley, Salant, Sarnoff, Silverman and Crystal—all of them Jews, and they determine what over two hundred million Americans know about what happened in the world each day. Who owns *The New York Times*? A Jewish family. Who owns *The Washington Post* and *Newsweek*? A Jewish family."

He's just getting started now, because he's still got to do Hollywood. And, as he likes to say, Hollywood is completely kosher. But I can't bring myself to catalog it. There is never any mention of hard work on the part of these people or talent or the predisposition toward the arts or the effect of history in forcing

Jews into those jobs and that work they now do best. The answer is much simpler than that. *Conspiracy*.

But the most worrisome, the *scariest* part of my days with Duke were the brief conversations he had with many, many people on the long trip that took us finally to Rogers. Without ever identifying himself as a Klansman or anything other than an ordinary young man, he managed to tap the venomous hatred and disaffection that seemed to be everywhere about us.

He was talking with a boy in New York, a boy who could have been anywhere from 18 to 22 years old. "We just flew up from New Orleans. I thought we had all the Negroes down there," said Duke, pointing to a group of blacks.

"Hell, no, we got 'em all," the boy said.

"You go to school?"

"Yeah."

"Guess there's a lot of them in the school. You like to go to school with them?"

"I'm scared all the time. We're all scared. They think they better than we are. The stinking bastards. . . ." Instantly, a collective and focused race hatred was coming off the boy like heat off a stove. It went on for a long time. Duke smiled at me while the boy babbled.

On a plane before take-off, a blonde, blue-eyed young lady was writing on a legal-sized pad of paper.

"What you writing?" asked Duke, leaning over the seat toward her.

"I work in a hospital," she said, "and I'm working up a manual about the services available for the people who come there and can't pay."

"I guess that's mostly Negroes and Mexicans."

She watched him a moment before she answered. But when she did speak, her voice was pleasant. "Well, a good many."

"Most on welfare?"

"I guess most of them, yes."

"I wonder why that is. Most of them black or Mexicans on welfare."

She started out slowly, talking about their traditions, the inability to find work, education and past injustices. But Duke wanted to talk about genes and inherent capabilities. He embarrassed the hell out of me by pointing my way and saying I was from a tenant farm in Georgia but a writer now, and wouldn't it have had to be genes and the like for me to have . . . ? By the time the plane was in the air and the first drink had been served, the young lady had done a 180-degree reversal and out of her pretty mouth was spewing the same sort of venom as out of the young boy in New York.

Those brief conversations were to repeat themselves over and over, with people who did all kinds of things for a living. The only thing they seemed to have in common was that they were all white. Duke was very good at turning the right knobs to cause one of his songs to come out of their mouths.

The sad, awful point is this. Not in a single instance in two days—not one—did anybody take final issue with him, tell him he was full of it or refuse to continue with conversations whose subject was race hatred. I would not have believed it if I had not been there.

The armory was packed to the walls. People who could not get in listened from outside. Duke took the stage and, in the rising and falling cadences of the professional evangelist, spoke for an hour and a half. I had heard it all dozens of times and in that sense, it was anticlimactic. What dumfounded me and scared me was that the people gave him screaming, stomping, standing ovations all through the hour and a half. And a group of young men, robed and hooded, their left arms extended rigidly at a 45-degree angle, palms down, chanted in unison: "*White power! White power! White power!*" All of this in a little town where two months before there had been no Klan organization and where there had not been a Klan rally in 50 years. I figured I was sick enough to go home.

The next day in midmorning, we checked out of the Holiday Inn and were waiting for the car to take us to the airport. The car was late. We ambled to the back of the place, where the swimming pool was dry. Duke took off his shirt, hung his feet over the lip of the pool and dropped onto the dusty bottom and started doing one-arm push-ups. Thirty with each hand. While he pumped up and down, he grunted, "Not one in a hundred men can do this."

I thought he was probably right. I also thought that while it was a ludicrous sight, silly in the extreme, he was getting stronger by doing it. He *was* getting stronger. A sign. A real sign.



"Sir, will you control your damn meerschaum."

SUZANNE SOMERS

(continued from page 144)

in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, and needed a model. An agency suggested a fresh face from San Francisco. Stan met the model—a striking blonde named Suzanne Somers—liked her and hired her for the job. Aboard the plane to Mexico, they chatted. "I was impressed with her," Stan recalls. "I thought she was a sharp girl. The way she talked about her career plans, she seemed intelligent and far-sighted." He mentioned to Suzanne that he frequently shot nude pictorials for *PLAYBOY*, and would she be interested? She gave it some thought and said yes.

After a day or two of swimsuit photography in Puerto Vallarta, the photographer and the model departed for more secluded locations—and the swimsuit came off. Stan remembers Suzanne being very much at ease as she posed nude by a waterfall just down the coast.

Stan explained that if she were chosen as a Playmate by the editors, there would undoubtedly be further photo sessions. Suzanne agreed to remain available, filled out the Playmate Data Sheet and signed the photo-release form.

The photographs and the Data Sheet were sent to *PLAYBOY*'s offices in Chicago, where the decision was to be made. Samples of Suzanne's nude shots were circulated to *PLAYBOY*'s senior editors for voting. (The final decision would rest with Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner.)

In February of 1971 (hey, these things take time), we finally contacted Suzanne with the good news: She'd been accepted as a candidate for Playmate of the Month, but we needed some follow-up photographs to complete the pictorial. Would she come down to Los Angeles and have her photos taken at Playboy Studio West? She expressed delight at her selection and we sent her an airline ticket from San Francisco to Los Angeles.

And there the story stopped—at least for the time being. The ticket to Los Angeles was used, but we didn't see Suzanne again. She apparently had left San Francisco with no forwarding address. As the months sped by, we selected other Playmate candidates and filed away Suzanne's photographs. And eventually forgot about them.

However tardy, we're delighted to present Suzanne now, in all her glory. Our offer of a more complete pictorial is still open, but her final selection as Playmate of the Month must, of course, rest with our esteemed Editor-Publisher.

On the other hand, if you'd like to believe we knew all along that Suzanne Somers would someday become a television sex symbol, and that we wisely put away her photographs until they could be more properly appreciated, that's all right with us, too.



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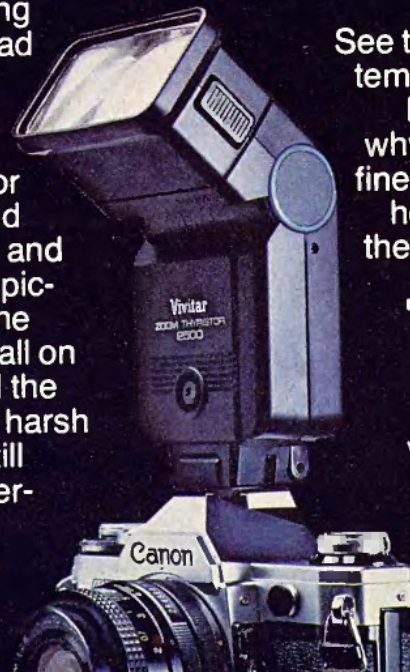
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WHO'S ON FIRST

(continued from page 134)

"It was József who reasoned that Theo had been betrayed by the American, known to them as Harry."

we'll know what we're looking for." Sverdlov rose to go. As he reached the door, Bolgin, while scanning the next cable, said, "By the way, Sverdlov, are you related to the Sverdlov who ordered the execution of the czar?"

Sverdlov drew his shoulders back. "I have the honor, Colonel, to be his grandson."

"Well, well. Yes. Well, that was a very efficient operation. Yes. Eleven people were there, and we got them all using only seventy-seven bullets."

Sverdlov watched his superior closely, attempting to frame an appropriate reply. He decided to be cautious.

"As you say, Colonel."

That young man will go far, thought Bolgin, waving his finger in dismissal as he returned to the cables.

József Nady had specified that Frieda and Erno should meet that night not at their regular meeting place, the restaurant L'Ancien Franz, but at his little apartment on Avenue Ingres. They convened frequently with other refugees of the Hungarian uprising at bars and restaurants, meetings at times lugubrious, at times buoyant, according as the mood, dictated by random rumor, was good or bad. The three were especially close, bound by personal ties to Theophilus Molnar, with whom they had matriculated at the university and conspired in the months and days before the glorious short-lived week in October. When the tanks came on the Sunday morning before dawn, they had been asleep. They made their way out of Budapest on Thursday, through the contact at the candy shop on Ferenc Street, the owner of which had passed on to them the day before the harrowing details of the execution of Theophilus. It was József who reasoned that, manifestly, Theo had been betrayed by the American, known to them as Harry. József told them he had defied the curfew the night of the execution. He told Frieda and Erno that if Harry had still been at the hotel, "there would be one less traitor alive in Budapest." But Blackford Oakes had checked out. József managed to intimidate the concierge to look at the registration book. József copied it down: "Harry E. Browne, 34 St. Ronan Street, New Haven, Connecticut. Passport number H 2452163, issued in New York on July 6, 1956." The following night, they assembled at Madame Zlaty's store near the university, where a contact from the resistance, driving a milk wagon, picked

them up at dawn the next morning. They emerged from the shop dressed as dairy workers. That night they spent on a farm 20 kilometers from the city. The next night they were in Vienna. Two weeks later they arrived in Paris, having deliberated—and rejected as too far distant from home—the United States as an alternative sanctuary. József betrayed an antipathy to the United States that he associated with the despised Harry. Frieda, who had been listless since hearing of the fate of Theo, smiled appreciatively and put her arm around the shoulders of József, whose loyalty to her dead fiancé was so ardent.

Frieda and Erno arrived simultaneously. She was beginning to climb the stairs, tired after a long day at the typewriter of the firm of Coudert Frères. Erno, who worked the graveyard shift as a linotypist for *Le Monde* and was relatively fresh, greeted her affectionately.

"Wonder what's up," he said as they climbed the stairs to 4A. She depressed the button, using the old rhythmic dash dot dot dash they had used during the exhilarating months almost a year ago. Instantly, József opened the door, hugged Frieda and offered his hand to Erno. He waved them into his small sitting room with the wilted couch and chair, disappeared into the kitchen, brought out a bottle of chilled white wine, poured, sat down and said:

"Harry is in Paris and I know where he is!"

Both of his listeners put down their glasses. "Tell us," said Frieda quietly, her large brown eyes closing with concentration.

"I was delivering a radio we had repaired at the shop to the housekeeper of the Hôtel France et Choiseul. As I walked into the service entrance, he walked out of the guest entrance and into a car, a gray Citroën. I have the license number."

"Are you sure it was Harry?" Erno asked.

"Is there anybody else who looks like Harry?"

"That's true," Frieda reflected. "Nobody else looks like Harry. . . . What shall we do?"

"We could turn him in to the French police," Erno suggested.

"And what would they do?" József snorted. "In the first place, we can't prove he's a Soviet agent. In the second place, if we did, all they would do is kick him out of the country. After all, he's an American citizen."

"We could tell the Americans about him."

"Ah, yes," József said, "I agree. I think we should do that—after."

"After what?" Frieda asked.

"After we avenge Theo."

Erno's voice turned cold. "What do you propose, József?"

"I propose that we hang him by the neck until he is as dead as Theophilus. Then we will see to it that the United States—and the Communists—know that although Hungary is enslaved, not all Hungarians are slaves."

Frieda thought back on her quiet and gentle Theo, a tiger on the soccer field and, sometimes, in her bed; but otherwise calm, purposeful, joyfully convinced of a future free of domination, of political trials, of torture, execution, exile. A great bitterness welled up in her.

"I agree," she said, uttering the words slowly, emphatically. "But on this condition: We must let him speak. Not like Theo. And—if he prays—give him time to pray, unlike Theo."

József turned to Erno.

"I, too, agree. But how? Shooting him when he approached the hotel is something we might arrange. But hanging him. . . ."

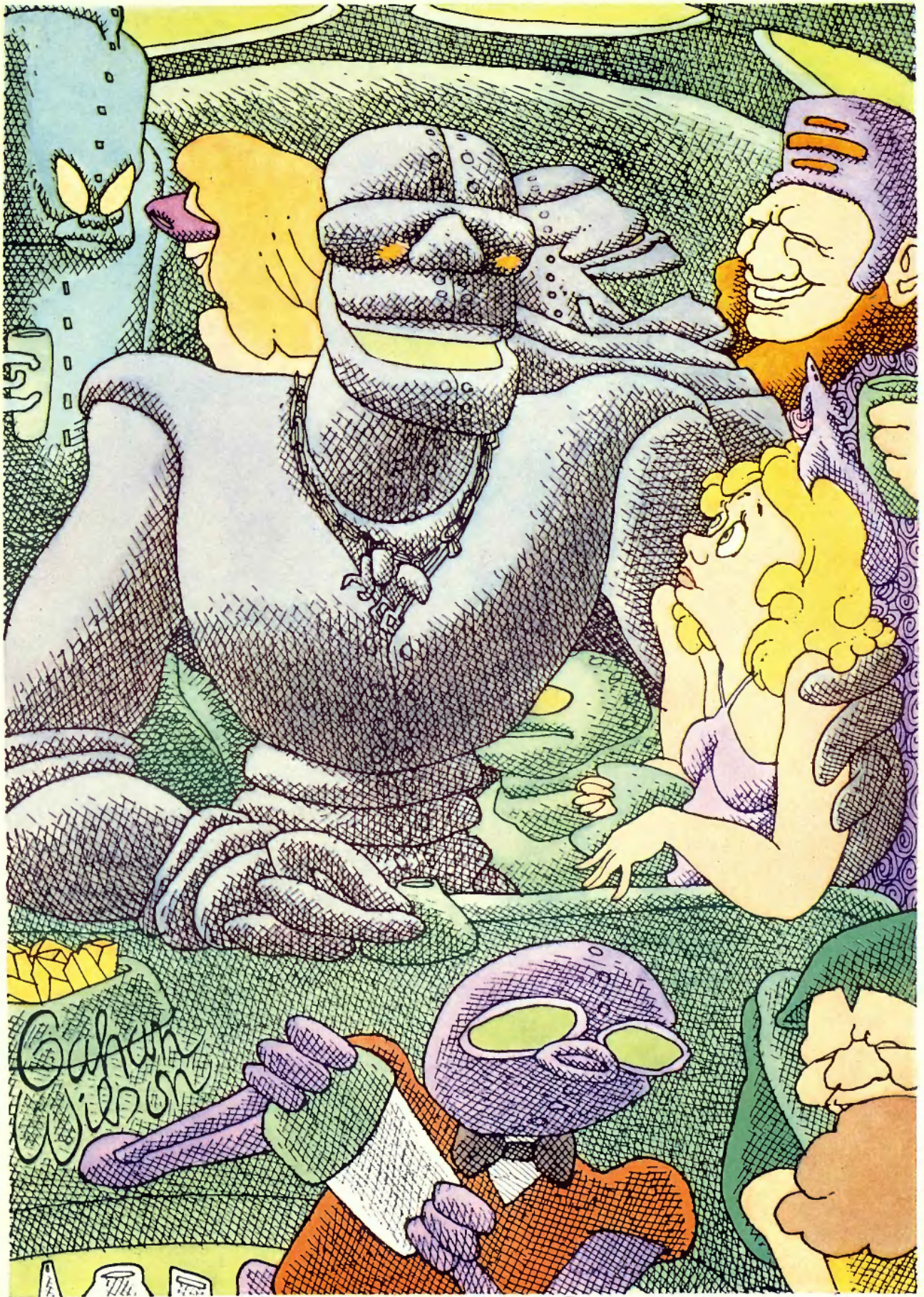
"I have thought of little else since I saw him," József said. "I tipped the doorman and told him I suspected the American was playing around with my girl, and I wanted to check her excuses, and would he keep his eyes on Harry? He promised he would. Then I called reception and said that the cuff links ordered by Mr. Harry Browne's mother from New Haven as a surprise gift for her son's birthday would not be ready for ten days, was that too late? He checked and told me Mr. Browne had reservations for the whole month of July."

"That doesn't answer the question of how we will get hold of him."

"I have that figured out. I'll go to the garage with a work order from the radio store to repair the radio in the gray Citroën, plate 467-H. The garage superintendent has his office in the entrance. The exit is at the other end of the building. After a half hour, I will leave with my tool chest and wave goodbye to the superintendent. I shall re-enter the garage from the exit side and go right to the car and lie on the floor of the back seat."

"What if Harry sees you when he gets into the car?"

"He won't. If by any chance he did, I'd pretend I was sleeping off a drunk and wobble out with my tool kit. You will be parked in a rented car at the corner of Castiglione and St.-Honoré and when you see the gray Citroën with that license plate, you will follow us. I'll spring him within two minutes of the time he turns out of the garage and put this"—he lifted a .38 revolver from under the cushion of the couch—"behind



*"It's true, of course, that I'm just a machine,
but I do have a built-in vibrator."*

the back of his neck and tell him if he wants to stay alive, to follow my instructions exactly."

"Where do we take him?"

"Do you remember the picnic on Independence Day, when we drove to Fontainebleau?"

"Of course," said Frieda. "Off the road and deserted. Perfect."

It was left that József, having been tipped off by the doorman, would estimate the likeliest time of departure of Harry Browne from the hotel, and the plan would go instantly into action.

"You, Erno," said József, "need to bring the rope. We will tie his hands behind him when we take him out of the car." Frieda gave an involuntary shudder but bit her lips, and although she had tried for six months to drive out of mind the picture of Theo, swinging in the wind on the gibbet of the rattling truck, now she ushered the image back into her mind and instantly recovered her resolution. József, sweating with excitement, pursed his lips and shook his head with its long blond hair ferociously. "Perhaps now they will learn something!"

Erno walked over to the bookcase, on top of which was a framed picture. It was taken of Theophilus holding the soccer cup freshman year. "To my great friend József, Theo."

"I'm with you all the way."

"And I," echoed Frieda.

Bolgin looked at his watch in the dimly lit restaurant. He ordered black coffee and mineral water and took up the afternoon paper. But his mind wandered. Sverdlov—you had to give him credit—had done a good job. At three, the drag-net had gone out. One of the agents, sitting in the lobby of the France et Choiseul, spotted Blackford Oakes leaving the hotel lobby that very afternoon. The agent followed him out and saw him get into the Citroën, whose license number he memorized. He was registered in the hotel under the name Harry Browne. Ah, Blackford, Bolgin thought. This time, my friend. I have got you, oh, yes I do, my friend Blackford, oh, yes I do! He was very nearly smiling when the young man unobtrusively sat down beside him. To the waiter, the young man said:

"Do you have any Hungarian beer?"

The waiter nodded. "Dreher."

"*Bien.*" He turned to Bolgin, who addressed him in English.

"Do I suppose it goes well with your friends?"

"It went exactly as we planned."

"Very well. Now, let us reflect for a little moment. We know that Oakes was very indispensable to finance and to organize the contact points for Hungarian escapees. In six months, we have exterminated three of them—yours, of course, we finished as soon as we got your message in Vienna. But we couldn't get

anything out of the old lady about the others. She did not know, or she would not talk: We'll not know ever which at this point. Ah, a tough business, eh, József?"

"Now, our friend Oakes, he will, of course, insist to your colleagues that he is innocent. Are you quite certain your . . . friends . . . they are convinced it was Oakes who gave us the address on Dohany Street?"

"Quite certain—though they know him only as Harry. I led them to that conclusion the very night of the execution. I told them that Theo had told me his American friend had given him a special address on Dohany but that Theo never gave me the number on that street. They are absolutely convinced it was Harry."

"Good! To prove himself innocent, it isn't certain what he will attempt. But we know what we desire. Yes, of course, we desire anything you can get from him that would pleasingly surprise us. For instance, any special contacts in Paris. Information on any operations he might be doing. What would help is if he told you where the other contacts are in Budapest that are still operating. Because the girl Frieda and your other friend, I forget his name—"

"Erno. Erno Toth."

"They might, Oakes will calculate, know that he is telling the truth if he gives the names and locations of the contacts—they might have heard about one or two or three of those contact points from other refugees."

"I doubt it. The refugees are all tight-lipped. You know that. I haven't had any successes for you on that front."

"Well," Bolgin said, sipping his glass of water, "a man gets pretty desperate when he is walking toward the hanging rope, eh, József? I am certain Mr. Oakes will think of *something* worth your repeating to me."

József smiled. "What shall we do when he is talked out, Colonel?"

"What shall you do? Why, my dear József, you will hang Mr. Oakes. Yes." Bolgin raised his glass of mineral water as if to toast the idea. "Moscow would like that. In fact"—his eyebrows came together—"Bolgin would like that! You will, of course, take a photograph. You will say to your confederates it is essential for the morale of the 'Freedom Fighters,' eh? But also—and you will *not* say," he chuckled—"essential for the morale of Moscow, and excellent for the morale of Bolgin. The morale of Bolgin is also worth some maintaining, is it not true, József?" Bolgin laughed almost convulsively. "Blackford Oakes, the picture-poster secret star of the great Central Intelligence Agency. Hanged as a traitor—by the Hungarian Freedom Fighters Oakes helped escape from Hungary! It is too—delicious! We shall see that it gets leaked, gets world-wide

leaked! 'HUNGARIAN FREEDOM FIGHTERS/EXECUTE U. S. CIA AGENT/CAUGHT COLLABORATING WITH K.G.B.' Such black eyes for our friends in the CIA, no, József?"

"Yes! Terrific! . . . Say, Colonel. You know, it is getting very expensive, life in Paris. And I do need my own automobile. Renting one from time to time for specific missions, well, it isn't entirely satisfactory."

Bolgin, prepared, reached into his pocket and extended his hand under the table.

"What you find in this envelope there will be five times of when the photograph comes to me."

Blackford walked into the hotel lobby and notified the cadaverous doorman he wished his car brought up from the garage. He gave him the stub and three 100-franc bills.

He idled the few minutes he had to wait, looking at the morning papers' headlines and lead stories until the doorman approached him. "Monsieur, your car."

He walked around to the driver's seat, slid the car into gear and turned right down the Rue St-Honoré. As ever, he looked hard at the rearview mirror, and so he spotted the gray Fiat pull out, heading in the same direction. He slowed down long enough to catch the first couple of letters of the license plate, A.J. He would remember A.J. at least for a little while, in case it came in handy. It was then that he heard the voice speaking in an accented but perfectly fluent English.

"I have a .38 revolver pointed at your head. Head straight the way you're going, into the Rivoli. Close your window. Do exactly as I say or else I shall blow your brains out."

Blackford proceeded through the heavy traffic and attempted through the rearview mirror to look behind him. He couldn't see a head or a torso, but he could see a gloved hand gripping a revolver aimed directly at the back of his head. His heart was beating rapidly and he felt moisture on his brow.

"Who are you?" He affected a kind of clinical curiosity.

"We will talk later—if you are alive later."

"Why do you say 'if I am alive later'?"

"Because if we are stopped, or if you have an 'accident,' or if the car goes out of control, I shall shoot you—and there will be no opportunity for us to talk later."

"I see. You are telling me I should drive carefully."

"If you wish to stay alive."

"Where are we going?"

"To where I direct you."

Blackford now knew the national origin of the back-seat driver.

"You are from Hungary. What do you want from me?"

"I said we would talk later, and that is

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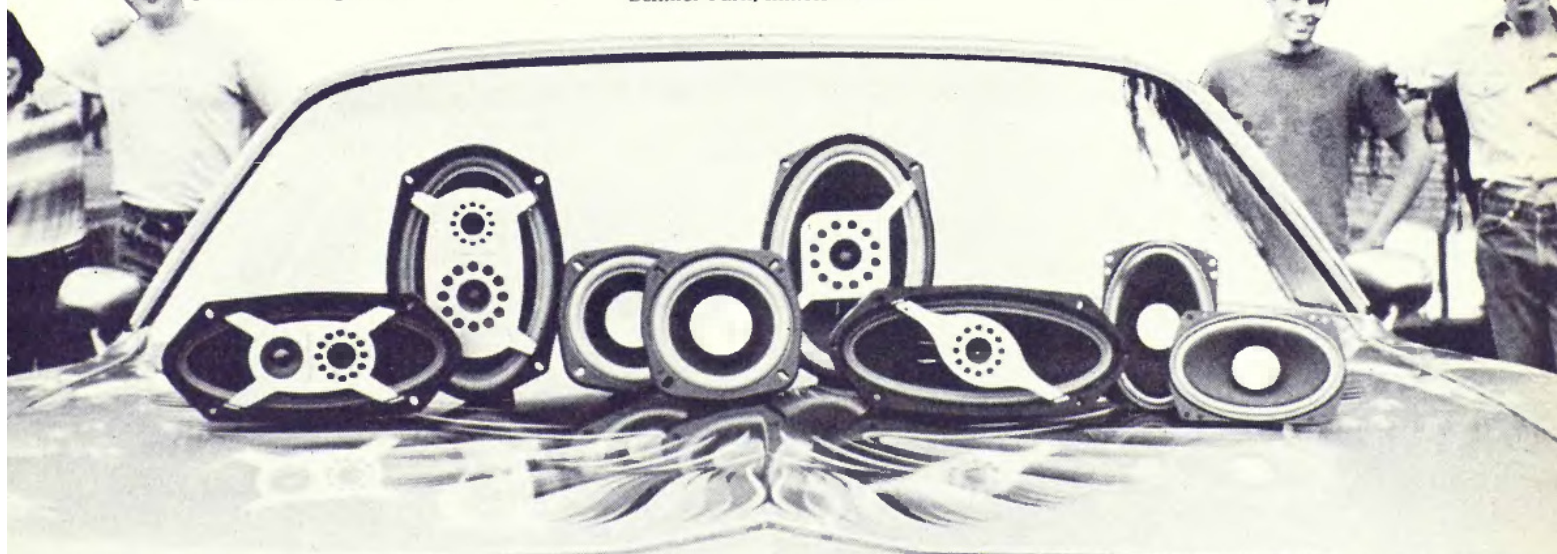
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the last thing I shall say, except to give you instructions. Do you know the turn to Fontainebleau?"

"Which one?"

"Past Place d'Italie."

"Yes."

"Take it."

Blackford looked again in the mirror. A gray Fiat was behind him. He attempted to read the initials, but it was behind him by 100 yards and he didn't dare slow down.

"One hundred kilometers per hour, no slower, no faster," the voice behind him now said. He pressed down the pedal and prayed the French police would not be exercising one of their occasional check stops, because he did not doubt that if this happened, the voice in the rear would, indeed, pull the trigger. One bullet would dispose of Blackford Oakes. That would leave five for the policeman, not bad odds.

They drove in the summer heat up past Orly on to the two-lane highway, which bore no speed limits. They were 50 kilometers out of Paris and suddenly he found himself, through the mirror, looking straight into the face of the young man of slender countenance, light-haired, with regular features, wearing a

light-blue shirt, workman's smock, no tie, eyes barely discernible behind the squat eyelids. The man glanced hastily out the rear window, clearly to satisfy himself that his car was following. A few minutes later, he said to Blackford, "Slow down. You will turn left about a half a kilometer from here on the country road."

It was a mile and one half from that turnoff that his captor directed him to drive through an unused, open gate. "Go toward that barn there." Blackford did so, and at that point, the Fiat that had followed them off the highway pulled alongside. He looked at a girl in the front seat, dark, with sad eyes and a pale complexion, her hair austere arranged. She wore a blouse and light-blue cotton skirt, and in the summer heat, she was perspiring. Her face was strikingly familiar. On her left was a man equally young, of heavy build, his hair carefully groomed, wearing a light-brown, ill-cut suit, a set and grim expression on his face.

"What do I do now?"

"Get out of the car."

Blackford did so and the driver of the adjacent car drew his hands behind him and tied them securely with an electric cord.

"All right, Harry," József Nady addressed Blackford, eye to eye, pointing to the barn door. "Get in there."

Harry! Instantly, Blackford knew. Great God Almighty, I am going to be made to pay for the death of Theophilus Molnar! The irony tormented him, and he actually feared he would be literally speechless. The girl, Frieda! He had last seen her arm in arm with Theo, whom she kissed as he left her to come into the tavern for one of those meetings with Blackford.

He entered the dilapidated barn and stopped. He came close to retching, barely controlling himself. There, hanging over an old beam, the light from the open door casting a broad shaft of light illuminating the bottom one third of the line, was a noose.

The old barn had been a storehouse for wine casks, dozens of them scattered about in varying stages of dilapidation, on the dusty, dimly illuminated rotting wooden floor. Erno had traveled out at dawn to loop the rope and contrive a rudimentary courtroom. He found a stout plank, which he propped up over two old wine casks—they would sit on the plank. A large barrel would serve József, the chief judge, as a table. Another cask, serving as a bench, would be for the defendant.

To that seat Blackford was now guided. "Sit," József motioned with the pistol. The three Hungarians moved in front of him. They sat down on the plank, the man with the gun in the middle, the girl on his right. József placed the pistol on the cask in front of him, the barrel pointing at Blackford. The tool chest József had brought from the car he placed under the plank.

The trial of Harry Browne had begun.

"Harry, as you call yourself, I am József Nady. This is Frieda Darvas—I am aware that you have met her—and on my left is Erno Toth. We are here to try you for conspiring to deliver Theophilus Molnar to Soviet executioners on the seventh of November, 1956. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

Blackford drew breath and said most solemnly, "Not guilty."

"Do you deny that you gave him a key to an address on Dohany Street?"

"No, I don't deny it. It is true that I gave him the key. I sought to protect him. I knew he was likely to get into trouble."

"How could the Soviet executioners have got hold of the address on Dohany Street unless you were in collusion with them?"

"I don't know. I have tortured myself wondering. There is only one explanation. It is that Theo disobeyed my orders and confided the address to someone from whom the Russians got it, possibly by torture."

József turned to his companions and



"Oh, everything's about the same here at the office—the usual trendy simmering admixture of ambition, greed, betrayal and sex."

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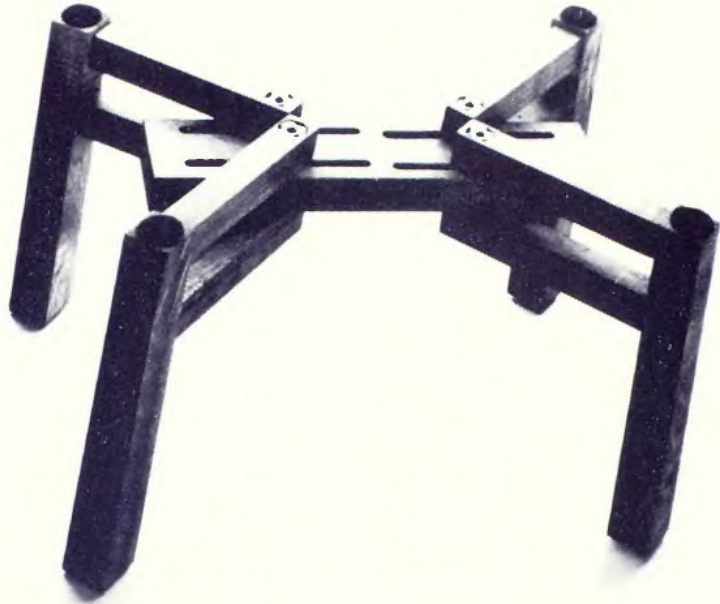
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spoke in Hungarian. The tones were unmistakably contemptuous. The girl said nothing, but Erno gestured to József, then addressed Blackford: "*Sprechen sie Deutsch?*"

Yes, said Blackford, he spoke German.

The questioning resumed. What was Oakes's profession?

Blackford thought for a moment and decided he had very little to lose.

"I'm an American intelligence agent. I take orders from the CIA."

"In that case," József broke in sneeringly, reverting to English, which Toth evidently understood but had difficulty in speaking, "you should be able to prove you are with the CIA. What were you doing in Budapest?"

"I was collecting information for the agency on the likelihood of a revolt against the puppet government and the probable popular reaction to such a revolt. In addition, I had a hand in establishing contact points for escape routes."

"Oh? Where did you establish these contact points?"

Blackford was at once eager to convince and wary.

"Some of those I helped to establish have been detected. One or two, so far as I know, continue to operate."

"But where were these contact points?"

"You must realize that you are asking me for information I am under no circumstances permitted to give out. There are lives at stake."

"Including your own," said József, looking up at the noose.

Blackford decided to take a risk. A reasonable risk. He turned to Frieda. "You came out through the candy store of Madame Zlaty on Ferenc Street."

Frieda was visibly startled.

József, on the other hand, was triumphant. "Ah! And three days later, Madame Zlaty was arrested, tortured and executed!"

Blackford's face reddened and he lost his temper. "You're saying I set up that old lady to get tortured and shot? Fuck you, Nady. If the revolution was made up of types like you, I'm glad you lost!"

The effect of Blackford's outburst was convulsive. All three Hungarians spoke at the same time. József kept gesturing toward the hangman's rope. Erno appeared to wish to pursue the interrogation. Frieda, after an initial burst, left it to the men to contend with each other but appeared to detach herself from them. Suddenly, there was silence. József spoke:

"What are you doing in Paris, Oakes?"

Blackford was startled to hear his own name, which he had never used, in Budapest or in Paris. The others did not appear to have noticed an obtrusive syllable—their English was unpracticed. Blackford let it go.

"I am here to pick up whatever information my superiors ask me for."

"What have they asked you to look into?"

"I am not on assignment at the moment."

József spat on the floor to give conviction to his disbelief. He conversed now with Erno, who nodded his head as he spoke. Frieda listened and then addressed Blackford quietly. "Do you wish to pray?"

He broke into heavy sweat. "Yes," he managed to say, and closed his eyes. The talking had stopped and the three judges were on their feet.

Blackford, pale, opened his eyes and addressed Frieda. "I wish to talk to you alone."

József gestured his refusal impatiently.

But Frieda turned on József angrily and, pushing him to one side, stepped forward, took Oakes firmly by the arm and led him away a few steps to a corner of the barn. She whispered, "What do you want to say to me?"

"That I love Theo. That when he was killed, which was done before my eyes, I came close to going mad. That because he died, I renewed my pledge to devote my life to avenging him and others who suffer every day from similar fates. I wanted you to know that I, too, have a fiancée I love as much as you loved Theo. She is an American. She was going to marry me as soon as I left the agency. She broke off the engagement because I refused to leave after seeing Theo killed. And then I wanted to tell you one more thing."

Frieda stepped back for one moment, shaken. She saw Blackford, his face pale, the sweat of his agony suppurating through his shirt, his hands bound behind him. Theo must have looked much like that in those final moments. In her mind's eye, she saw them together, Theo and Blackford, and she recalled, in a way she had entirely forgotten, the communion between the two men. Could such a man have betrayed Theo?

"What was it you wanted to add?"

Blackford's whisper was hoarse: It was now or never, he knew.

"That I arranged with a bank in Paris to advise the fiancée of Theophilus Molnar that Theophilus' aunt had turned over a part of her savings to that bank and directed that the money should be paid to Frieda Darvas. That bank made inquiries and tracked you down. The money was, in fact, my own money. The Crédit Lyonnais acted on my instructions. Theophilus was betrayed, yes. But not by me."

She stared at him, ashen. Tears began to flow. She reached out her hand, forgetting that he could not take it. She clenched her teeth and turned to her partners. They spoke interminably, the pitch of their voices rising to a yell.

But Blackford could see that Erno was apparently now arguing with Frieda, not

against her. At one point, Erno left the little group, came over to Oakes, wheeled him about and untied the line holding his wrists together. It was then that Oakes spotted the movement by József and lunged across the room, hitting him with a flying tackle seconds before József's hand reached the pistol on the wine cask. They struggled furiously. Oakes smashed him, using the bottom of his hand with all his force on the bridge of the nose, stepping to one side as József fell, and then kicked him with all his might on the temple, leaving him motionless. Breathing heavily, he turned to the girl and Erno. There was an interval before he could speak.

"There, I expect, is your traitor."

Frieda and Erno talked hoarsely in Hungarian. Blackford interrupted them. "How did József know Theo had a hiding place on Dohany Street?"

Erno replied. "He told us Theo told him you had given him a hiding place on the street but that Theo hadn't given him the number."

"I should have known," Frieda said, as if to herself. "If Theo had a hiding place, he would never keep it merely for himself. He would never give out the street to a friend and not give the address. He and József were together when the Russians came. He must have told him then." She looked at Blackford directly. "I believe you." And to Erno, "There," pointing at József, "is Theo's killer."

The rays of the sun, risen to its meridian, had left them in relative darkness. "Is he dead?" Erno asked Oates.

"I expect he is." He got down on his knees and put his fingers on József's wrist.

"Yes. He's dead."

Again there was silence. Frieda finally spoke. "We'll have to bury him. Harry, can you attend to that?"

"I'll see to all that. And quickly. It is now clear József was on assignment today."

"What do you mean?"

Blackford reached into the tool kit and opened it inquisitively. Along with the paraphernalia of a radio repairman was a large black object with a circular aluminum attachment. He drew it out. "József was going to take a picture of me—hanging from that beam. I assume he was in touch with people who would have paid him well for that picture."

Frieda came to him and extended her hand. Blackford impulsively put his arms about her. They walked silently to the cars.

Several days later, Blackford was sitting at the kitchen table with his morning newspaper. He allowed himself a look at the headlines, which featured diverse news of Algerian terrorism and French Cabinet crises. Senator Humphrey had given a speech saying that

arms control wouldn't work unless China was in on the deal; otherwise, the Russians would use China as a loophole. He turned then to the classifieds. There was something there: "Harry. I need to speak to you. Call Littre 2535. Frieda."

He looked at his watch. It was 6:15. Should he wait? He reached for the telephone and dialed the number. A sleepy man's voice answered.

"Is Frieda there?"

"Who wants to talk to her?"

"Harry."

"What is Harry's last name?"

Blackford recognized the voice of Erno Toth.

"Harry Browne."

"When did Harry last see Frieda?"

"At the same time I last saw you, Erno."

"All right, Harry. She is very anxious to see you. Her—you have a pencil?"

"Yes."

"At home—she leaves for the office at eight-fifteen—she is at Dupont 1131. At the office, it is Trocadéro 5323."

"Thanks. Good luck, Erno."

"Good luck, Harry."

At 8:30, Blackford dialed the Trocadéro number. He identified himself and Frieda was quickly satisfied it was he.

"I am glad to hear from you, Frieda. Are you all right?"

"Yes. But I should see you. I have important information."

"Frieda, I'd love to see you. Is tonight OK?"

"Yes."

"Shall we have dinner?"

"That would be especially nice."

"You say where. And remember, I guess I'm still hot."

She gave him an address. "What time?"

"Eight o'clock."

It was just after eight when Blackford spotted her. He sat at a table in the womb of a concave booth of which there were a half dozen in a row in the slightly shabby Empire-style main dining room. Blackford had been sipping a kir and reading the newspaper, having, beret and glasses in place, given a name to the maître d'hôtel, in the event of a telephone call. Frieda sat down quickly, before Blackford had time to rise and help her. She wore a simple blouse, starch-white, and a fine gold-chain necklace, and around her wrist a knitted cotton bracelet, interweaving the colors of the Hungarian flag. She wore only a trace of lipstick and her eyes were liquid.

Blackford began. "Are József's friends following you?"

"They are not," she snapped, "but they are anxious to."

Blackford signaled the waiter and she asked for a dry vermouth and "*le menu*." Blackford said make that two. "Tell me about it."

"That afternoon, after we came back, I went first to work—I had called in the

morning and said I was sick. After the office closed, I couldn't get József out of my mind, so I went to his apartment and told the landlady—she's Hungarian and recognizes me—that József had called me from out of town and asked me to collect some things. She let me in and closed the door. The first thing I did was take the picture of Theo out of the frame." She opened her purse and brought it out. Blackford winced at seeing a picture of a face he had last seen hanging from a rope and swinging in the cold Budapest wind.

"I decided to search the apartment. I found in the drawer of his desk a book, a book of addresses and telephone numbers. I have it here." She produced it from her purse. "I began leafing through it. I recognized the names of many people we both know. The book dates back to . . . last fall. Then I looked for the Paris numbers—there weren't so many of those. There were familiar names, mine, Erno's, many others'. But then there was a number"—she opened the book and held it so that Blackford could see—"that seemed unusual. It's two numbers, very neat, but opposite no name, in the B section. One is a foreign number. The other, a Paris number."

"Well, I have a friend who works for the telephone company. I asked her to find out for me whose telephone it was, and yesterday morning, she gave me the answer: It is the private telephone of the military attaché of the Soviet embassy."

Blackford whistled. "On the other hand, I guess that shouldn't surprise us." Frieda had begun to eat her soup and Blackford ordered some white wine.

"No, not now, after what we know about József. But I conceived a plan, and I have reached the part where I didn't think I should go on with it without first consulting you." Blackford looked at her in a different light. Theophilus had always spoken of her shyly, protectively. That day, at the barn near Fontainebleau, her role had at first been passive, leaving it to the men to do the wrangling. But having made up her mind, it was she who had been the decisive factor.

"Consult me about what you *are going to do*, or about what you *have done*?" Blackford asked a little apprehensively.

"About what I have done."

"Oh, my God, Frieda," he said, without volunteering any elucidation.

"'Oh, my God,' what? I realize you were the specially selected victim of the operation the other day. But first they took *my* country, then they hanged *my* fiancé, then they tortured to death the woman who got *me* out of the country, and now they tried to use *me* as a member of an execution squad to assassinate an American who tried to help Theo. And who *did* help me." She looked up and her eyes were full, as she grasped Blackford's hand warmly.

"What have you done?"

"I called the number and a voice answered. I said, 'I wish to speak to the military attaché.' The voice replied, 'About what?' I said, 'About József Nady.' He said, 'What about József Nady?' I said, 'Do you or do you not wish to have information about him?' There was a silence, and I could hear that the telephone was being switched off. Then the voice came back and it was much more pleasant. The man said, 'Are you where I can call you back?' I said, 'No'—and offered no alternative arrangements. I am aware that there are techniques for tracing telephone calls—I was using a public phone, away from my apartment and office. So I said, 'If you wish to know where you can find József Nady and the American, you will have to follow the instructions I will give you on this telephone.' He said, 'When will you call?' I said, 'I will call you the day after tomorrow at ten A.M.'"

"What," asked Blackford with increasing awe, "do you propose to say tomorrow at ten A.M. to Colonel Bolgin?"

"Is that his name?"

"Yes," he said. "Boris Bolgin. He is the top K.G.B. official in Europe. I've actually met him. He's good with the soft exterior, but he's been trained to do the kind of thing that Stalin approved of. The business last Wednesday shows a certain imagination: stringing *me* up for *betraying* Theo—and using Theo's fiancée as part of the execution squad. Not bad. What do you have in mind to say to him?"

"I don't know," she said simply. She dropped her fork on her plate, looked up at him and smiled with manifest pleasure at her decision: "I shall say to him whatever you like! At one end of the table," she said matter-of-factly, "we could arrange to kill him. At the very least, we could . . . well, get you your money back. But it occurred to me that perhaps there was something *you* might specially want from Bolgin."

Right, Blackford thought. He would like Bolgin's balls, just, well . . . for instance.

Frieda sipped her coffee and liqueur. "I think it would be useful—and amusing—to think about it, and I suggest we do that."

"Listen to me, Frieda," he addressed her. "Colonel Bolgin, as I've told you, is the chief K.G.B. operative in Western Europe. His decision to use, to my terminal disadvantage, the momentum generated by the execution of Theo wasn't aimed merely at *one* CIA operative who had been working Budapest. He happens to have some old scores to settle with me, and I guess it's safe to say that his hostility reflects the . . . well, consolidated hostility of his service. They have been tracking me—that we know. Otherwise, they wouldn't have known to inform József that I was staying at the

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France et Choiseul. They had a dragnet out for me, still do. Now, I simply don't know *why*, other than what I've told you—the settling of old scores. But from all of this we can deduce several possibilities. One of them is that by now Bolgin knows either that József is dead or that he is detained—or that he has defected. József was probably capable of becoming a double agent, of double-crossing the K.G.B., but not—I'd guess—in your presence, or Erno's. He would never have acknowledged to you that—hah hah hah—he was actually the guy who hanged Theo. If instead of killing him I had merely overpowered him, and then driven him away in a car . . . who knows whether money would have brought him around? We'll never know that.

"Now, let's assume Bolgin deduces the obvious—that something went wrong in Operation Hang Harry. He's still going to want to know whether József is alive or dead. He's going to want to know how much, if anything, he has . . . spilled."

"There is a third possibility," Frieda interrupted.

"What?"

"That somehow you overpowered József from the beginning, in the car."

"In which case—how did you happen to dial Bolgin's number directly? How, unless you were suspicious, would you have known to say into the telephone what you did—that if the military attaché was interested in knowing the whereabouts of József Nady, you were in a position to give out that information?"

"All right. I agree. He figures I know what happened. That could mean I know where you are—or that I don't. You might be dead."

"Correct. So—stay with me. Bolgin will attempt, over the telephone, to arrange a rendezvous. He would *certainly* dispatch to that interview a subordinate. The head of K.G.B. Europe isn't going to walk into something he hasn't cased out, something blind. You can also assume that whoever he sends to that meeting will be followed by one or more agents. So from that moment on, they would know, A, exactly who you are, B, where you live. From that moment on—whatever happened during the interview—you'd be a sitting target on their list."

"I assume I already am. I attend all the anti-Communist rallies, all the Free Hungary Committee meetings."

"So does much of Paris. Anyway, we know there's one concrete disadvantage in your meeting him: You're put on his active list. On the other hand, you don't really *have* to meet him—or his representative. You might be able to accomplish anything you set out to accomplish over the telephone."

"Like what?"

"I dunno. I haven't got a real hunch on this one. But I feel that keeping the contact live is useful. Just don't do anything till you hear from me."

Early the next morning, from a public telephone booth, Blackford spoke with Frieda. He had decided what to do.

At ten exactly, again from a public telephone, Frieda rang the number of Colonel Bolgin, who picked up the telephone himself, having arranged to record the conversation on magnetic tape.

"You are the same gentleman as yesterday?" she spoke in French.

"Yes. They call me Valerian."

"They call me Olga."

"I am very anxious to see you, Olga."

"I am a friend of József, and he has told me to follow his instructions."

"Where is József?"

"His instructions include not to tell you or anyone else where he is. Something has happened that has made some of his friends suspicious. He is going to America, but he is willing to do work over there for your friends if he is convinced he is safe. Meanwhile, I have a negative and a print for you."

Bolgin's heart began to pump excitedly. It had worked! Moscow would like that. His bargaining instinct asserted itself. He would feign only moderate interest in it. "Oh, yes, the picture. Is it your plan to mail it to me?"

"Please, Valerian: I am busy. And I am about to cut off this conversation. I will call you from another telephone at exactly ten-thirty. The price is ten million francs. But József wants it in dollars. Twenty thousand dollars." Frieda hung up.

At 10:30, when the telephone rang, Bolgin picked it up. "Ten thousand dollars, and that is the top price."

"József instructed me not to bargain. The picture can, alternatively, be turned over to the Sûreté Nationale with an explanation as to how it happened, where the body is buried and who gave the instructions."

Bolgin had a reliable instinct on the matter of when bargaining would work and when it wouldn't. "*Eh bien. D'accord. Vingt milles.*"

Before he could begin to stipulate arrangements, Frieda proceeded: "József says you are to send a woman from your department to the ladies' room on the second floor of the Galeries Lafayette. She is to arrive at exactly noon: in ninety minutes, approximately. There are six stalls. I'll be occupying the end toilet. The toilet next to it will have a sign on it—OUT OF ORDER—I'll tip the attendant to put it on, to make certain it will be unoccupied. Your woman is to open that stall. I will slide the envelope under the partition as soon as she has slid the package of bills under the partition. She can examine the photograph.

When she raps on the partition, I will pick up the package and count the bills. *She is to stay in the toilet stall fifteen minutes.* Do you need me to repeat this? Oh. One more thing. József says you may include in the package the name of any contact in Washington or in New York, if you wish József to have further dealings with you."

"I have the details," Bolgin snapped, and put down the telephone.

At ten minutes to one, Sverdlov's secretary, two years out of a K.G.B. academy, returned perspiring from her mission in the large downtown department store. She handed the envelope to Sverdlov, who, as instructed, took it directly up one flight of steps to the office of the military attaché, dropping it down on Bolgin's desk. Bolgin's fingers shook as he reached for it. He opened it and slid out the eight-by-ten print. The background was appropriately grisly. The helter-skelter wine casks on the floor, the fixed end of the rope disappearing at an angle into the dark void, beyond the reach of the flashbulb. The dull-blue shirt and inert, long, slim legs; the arms bound behind; the face, cocked over by the noose, disfigured. Bolgin, his heart once again pounding, reached for his magnifying glass.

He stared at the face of the dead man. The blondish hair, loosely cut. The regular features, the swollen cheek. He felt a jet of ice run up his spine. He sat motionless, his mind racing. Sverdlov wondered that so professional a man as Colonel Bolgin should be taking such voluptuary satisfaction, even in such a work of counterintelligent art. Sverdlov was fascinated by the fixity of Bolgin's attention to the photograph.

Finally, Bolgin slid the print back into the envelope and looked up. His voice was preternaturally steady.

"Well done. I shall meditate the uses to which we shall put the photograph—after consulting with Moscow."

Sverdlov, though disappointed that he had not been offered a view of the expensive photo, snapped his heels together and left. Bolgin, left alone, dug his nails into the side of his face—until he felt moisture at his right index finger. Alarmed, he walked over to the mirror. He had actually drawn blood on his right cheek. Calmly, he went into the bathroom's medicine closet and applied the styptic pencil. As he looked into the mirror, he said to himself, out loud, in exaggeratedly emphasized English, "Only you, Oakes, would think of it. Sell me, for ten million francs, a picture of József Nady on the perfect, the beautiful gallows prepared for yourself. You knowing—goddamn you—that probably only I, Boris Bolgin, could tell the difference."



"I can't quite make up my mind, Emily, whether I should allow Mr. Rochester to screw Jane Eyre before or after she learns the truth about his mad wife."

OLYMPIC PICKS

(continued from page 168)

"In the Soviet Union, 280,000 speed skaters compete on a regular basis. There are only 2500 in the U.S."

top if Tickner succumbs to the pressure of being front runner.

2. Russia: Vladimir Kovalev is the anchor of a strong Russian contingent.

3. Great Britain: Robin Cousins has been sensational in the past year and could surge past Tickner for the gold. Not much depth beyond him.

LADIES' SINGLES TOP SQUADS

1. United States: Linda Fratianne is a strong favorite for the gold, but this could be her last amateur performance and the pressure will build. Lisa-Marie Allen will be pushing her.

2. East Germany: Anett Pötzsch will lead the East Germans to the silver but probably not the gold.

3. Japan: Japanese skaters have come on strong in the past two Olympics and they could easily win a medal this year. Emi Watanabe is the one to watch.

PAIRS TOP SQUADS

1. United States: Tai Babilonia and Randy Gardner have the experience

and the talent that should lead to the gold medal.

2. Russia: The 1976 gold medalists, Irina Rodnina and Aleksandr Zaitsev, skipped the world championships in Vienna last winter to have a baby but are going to Lake Placid. Look for a strong challenge for the gold.

3. East Germany: Sabine Baesz and Tassilo Thierbach should garner the bronze, but the team is not as deep as the Russians' for the silver.

ICE DANCING TOP SQUADS

1. Russia: Dominated this event in 1976 and has two strong pairs, including the silver medalists at Innsbruck, Irina Moiseeva and Andrei Minenkov.

2. Great Britain: Has a strong team but should not top the Russians.

3. Hungary: Has an experienced pair, Krisztina Regöczy and Andreas Sallay, back for the Lake Placid games.

Note: The U.S. has at least two contenders for a medal, as does Canada, and any upsets could come from a North American team.

SPEED SKATING

Our skaters should also take the lion's share of the medals in the speed events, if the recent past is a reliable indicator. Sixty percent of the medals brought home by American delegations in the past three winter Olympics were won by speed skaters. In 1976 alone, the U.S. got six medals in speed skating, including three by one woman, Sheila Young. Since then, there have been 24 world competitions and the American squad has won 13 championships.

This Yankee dominance is rather recent. Historically, European countries dominated the sport—virtually all the techniques and training methods were developed on the Continent—but American skaters have come on strong in recent years for two main reasons: (1) An artificially refrigerated 400-meter track was built near Milwaukee in 1966, thus providing a specialized training facility in this country (though we could still use more tracks—Holland, for example, has 13 refrigerated tracks for a population of only 12,000,000); (2) The Americans have developed perhaps the best group of coaches in the world, headed by Dianne Holum and Peter Schotting.

These coaches have developed excellent squads, despite a numerical disadvantage, in relation to some other countries, that would seem overwhelming. At a recent world skating competition, a Russian coach told an American counterpart that 280,000 speed skaters compete on a regular basis in the Soviet Union. There are only 2500 in the United States.

Much of the success in speed skating this winter should come from a couple of pairs, Eric and Beth Heiden and Peter and Leah Mueller. Eric Heiden is a 21-year-old premed student at the University of Wisconsin. He is by far the dominant male speed skater in the world today, to the point where at both world championships last year, he won all eight men's events—from 500- to 10,000-meter distances. His sister Beth, a petite 20-year-old engineering student at the same school, is also a defending world champion. Leah Poulos Mueller and her husband, Peter, live in a small rural town in southern Wisconsin, and they will be returning to the Olympics after having won medals at Innsbruck in 1976. Mike Woods, who graduated from the Medical College of Wisconsin last June, has an excellent chance to win a medal in the longer events.

MEN'S EVENTS TOP SQUADS

1. United States: With strength at every distance, the U.S. is led by Eric Heiden, Peter Mueller and Mike Woods and should snare a bagful of medals.

2. Norway: Fields a good team in every event and is a special threat at 1500 and



"It isn't just me. My wife has been following the case and she thinks you're guilty, too."

10,000 meters with Jan Egil Storholt.

3. Russia: If the Americans are traditionally strong in the sprints, the Russians excel in the distance races. Their sheer numbers of good skaters always make them a threat.

Note: The Netherlands always fields a strong team and could surprise the favorites, especially in the longer races skated by Piet Kleine.

LADIES' EVENTS TOP SQUADS

1. United States: Beth Heiden and Leah Poulos Mueller give the U. S. excellent chances for medals at all distances.

2. East Germany: Always strong contenders, they could easily score with an unknown skater or with Sylvia Albrecht in the 500- and 1000-meter events.

3. Russia: As in the men's events, the sheer numbers of good skaters make the Russian women a threat in any race.

Note: Upsets are more likely in the ladies' speed-skating events than in the men's, for reasons no one understands completely. Even if surprises do occur, perhaps from the Dutch or the Canadians, they should not reach all the way to the gold-medal plateau.

ALPINE SKIING

The Alpine version of skiing originated a couple of centuries ago, when the mountainous countries of Europe in-

ported the sport from Scandinavia and developed their own styles of precipitous downhill competition.

Even so, the Scandinavian countries excelled in the early winter Olympic meets. In recent years, however, the Alpine countries—notably Austria, Switzerland and France—have regained control of the sport they developed. The French skiers, led by Jean-Claude Killy, were dominant in world competition from the mid-Sixties until the early Seventies, but the Swiss and the Austrians have shared most of the medals since.

American skiers have always had the potential to compete for top honors—and, indeed, have won a few Olympic medals over the years—but have never had the sheer numbers of skilled skiers to compete with the Europeans. American women, on the whole, have done better in world competition than American men.

The future, however, looks bright. Alpine skiing has skyrocketed in popularity in the United States during the past decade and the talent pool is growing accordingly. American skiers have traditionally done far better in the slalom and giant-slalom events than in the downhill, since few ski resorts are willing to turn an entire top-to-bottom run over to a few racers.

The Russians and the East Germans have never been important factors in

the world Alpine skiing competition, because they don't have the facilities—ski resorts and other expensive trappings of capitalist decadence—necessary for the training of Alpine skiers, and so far they haven't been willing to spend the money to build them.

Alpine skiing competition consists of three men's and three ladies' disciplines—downhill, slalom and the longer giant slalom. Success in the downhill depends on an uncanny sense of equilibrium, excellent reactions and, above all else, raw courage. Success in the slalom events depends much more heavily on subtle and highly sophisticated technique, plus the bodily skills of an acrobat and a gymnast. In recent years, Sweden's Ingemar Stenmark has been the absolute master of the slalom events, while the Swiss and the Austrians (especially Franz Klammer) have led the way in the downhill.

American hopes for success at Lake Placid are placed mostly on Phil Mahre and Cindy Nelson. Mahre would have an excellent shot at the gold medal in the slalom were it not for the presence of Stenmark, and Nelson figures to crowd the Swiss and Austrian women in the downhill. Other top American hopefuls are Steve Mahre (Phil's twin brother), Cary Adgate, downhillers Andy Mill and Karl Anderson, Christin Cooper, Abbi



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Fisher, Holly Flanders, Viki Fleckenstein and Heidi Preuss.

MEN'S EVENTS TOP SQUADS

1. Austria: Plenty of depth, especially in the downhill. May not win all the golds but will collect much precious metal.

2. Switzerland: Nearly as deep as the Austrians and led by World Cup champion Peter Lüscher. Very strong in giant slalom.

3. Italy: Led by veteran Piero Gros, the Italians will be strongly challenged by the Americans and the West Germans.

Note: Sweden figures to chalk up two golds, thanks to Ingemar Stenmark, but he's its whole show. The Canadians should be very strong in the downhill but do not threaten in the slalom events.

LADIES' EVENTS TOP SQUADS

1. Austria: Annemarie Moser-Pröll has won six over-all World Cups to date and leads a deep, strong contingent.

2. West Germany: Downhill and giant slalom should produce medals for the West German women, who are led by Evi Mittermaier and Irene Epple.

3. United States: Should fight it out with the Swiss women for any medals the Austrians and the West Germans don't snare. Cindy Nelson should do well in the downhill, as should Heidi Preuss in the giant slalom.

Note: The Americans could do better than expected, thanks to performing on their home turf. This applies to both men and women.

NORDIC SKIING

For the spectator, Nordic skiing is a combination of contrasting events—cross-country races against the clock (which is strictly from Dullsville) and jumping (which is both a heart-stopping and an aesthetically pleasing sight). It even offers a combined competition in which contestants are required to jump one day and ski cross-country the next.

The Russians and the Scandinavians have—for geographically obvious reasons—traditionally dominated the cross-country events and are likely to share the honors this winter. The jumping events were dominated by the Norwegians from the inception of the winter Olympics in 1924 to 1952. Since then, a number of other countries, including Japan, have muscled into the act. The East Germans took the gold and silver medals in the 70-meter jump at Innsbruck in 1976, plus the bronze in the 90-meter jump. They'll likely dominate the two jumping events again this year.

Since the Nordic program includes ten of the 37 events in the winter Olympics (four skiing, two jumping and one Nordic combined for men; three skiing for women), this is likely to be the area in

which the Russians and the East Germans fatten up their hoard of medals.

American showing in the Nordic events has been uniformly unimpressive over the years, with one shining exception. At Innsbruck in 1976, a 20-year-old Vermonter named Bill Koch stunned everyone with a second-place finish in the 30-kilometer cross-country race, trailing the winner, Russia's Sergei Savetiev, by a scant 30 seconds. Koch will be back this year, and the other Yankee skiers, under team director John Bower, have been working hard in the past four years and have high hopes for medals. Alison Owen-Spencer should be a contender in the ladies' cross-country events, as should Jim Denney in the jumps. Other American hopefuls are Tim Caldwell and Stan Dunklee (cross-country), Chris McNeill (jumping) and Walter Malmquist (Nordic combined).

MEN'S CROSS-COUNTRY TOP SQUADS

1. Russia: What would you expect from a country with 60,000,000 cross-country skiers? Very strong in the shorter (15 and 30 kilometers) races.

2. Sweden: Will fight it out with the Finns for the medals that the Russians don't win.

3. Finland: Matti Pitkänen is very strong at all distances and should challenge the Russians and the Swedes.

Note: The East Germans should field their usual strong team, though it's hard to name a contender from their always shifting line-ups. The U.S. has good shots at medals from Bill Koch, especially at 30 kilometers.

LADIES' CROSS-COUNTRY TOP SQUADS

1. Russia: Expect the same dominance as in the men's events but perhaps a little more trouble from the Finns. Raisa Smetanina returns with a gold and a silver from 1976.

2. Finland: Helena Takalo duelled with Smetanina at both five and ten kilometers in 1976, winning at the shorter distance. Several other contenders but not the over-all depth of the Russians.

3. East Germany: Strong team led by Christel Meinel. Look for surprises and new faces.

Note: America's best hope is Alison Owen-Spencer.

JUMPING TOP SQUADS

1. East Germany: It cleaned up in 1976. Medalists Jochen Danneberg and Henry Glass return and again lead a strong team.

2. Finland: The Finns were shut out in 1976, but that should not happen this year. Pentti Kokkonen and Tapio Räsänen are contenders in both jumps.

3. Russia: May have to fight it out with the Austrians for medals but should

Doctor discovers method of regaining lost hair

Once Attainable Only in Private Doctor Run "Baldness" Clinics, Now You Can Receive Biotin Directly Through The Mail!

Scientists nation-wide are raving about a special treatment of Biotin, the H vitamin, and absolutely fantastic test results that have been attained by a city doctor using Biotin as the reactivating agent in the revival of dormant hair roots!

Hundreds upon hundreds of men and women who were losing their hair have flocked to the expensive newly created treatment centers where 'specially trained' personnel apply a Biotin gel to these people's scalps to get their hair to grow lush and full once again.

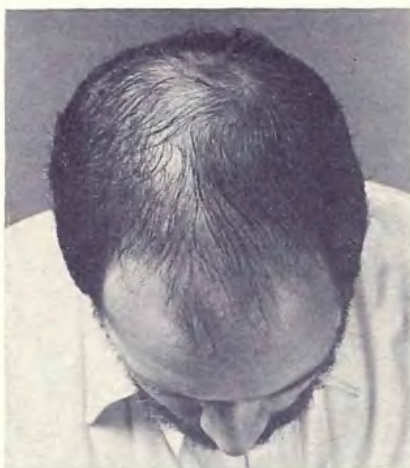
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Biotin Solution Brings Life to Dormant Rootlets.

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prevail because of team depth.

Note: Jim Denney came on strong in 1979 for the U. S., could soar to a medal.

ICE HOCKEY

Unless you get sadistic kicks from watching one athletic team humiliate all the others, don't bother to watch the ice-hockey contests. The Russian pucksters are in a class by themselves. Their nearest competitors, the Czechs, are a distant second. The Russians are so good that when they played three games last winter against an all-star team from North America's National Hockey League, they won two out of three.

Ice hockey in the Soviet Union is as popular as football is in America, but there are—at least theoretically—no professional teams. Those Russian "amateurs" who beat the American and Canadian pros all have jobs in state factories, but they spend all their time practicing. And the perks, by Bolshevik standards, are fabulous. In Moscow, a hockey player who makes the Olympic team is a very important person—he gets to move from a one-room to a two-room apartment and is given his own automobile. That's the Russian equivalent of living at the Ritz-Carlton and owning your own Learjet.

The Russian hockey team took the gold medal in each of the past four Olympics. The last time it lost was at Squaw Valley, California, in 1960, when the Americans—to everyone's amaze-

ment—finished first. The home ice could be an advantage again this time, but it will be an uphill struggle to get beyond the bronze medal.

The Canadians, who haven't competed in an Olympic meet since 1968, because all their best players had turned professional, will send a strong squad to Lake Placid this year and could also benefit from playing close to home.

Two of the Russian players, goal tender Vladislav Tretiak and defenseman Valeri Vasiliev, are probably the best players in the world at their positions. The Czech team is led by the Stastny brothers, Anton, Marian and Peter.

The American team is dominated by present and former varsity players from the University of Minnesota (ten in all, plus coach Herb Brooks), with four players from Boston University and two from the University of Wisconsin.

TOP SQUADS

1. Russia: In the 1976 games, the Russians outscored their opponents 40 to 11 and won the gold medal without losing one match. They should make it five golds in a row at Lake Placid.

2. Czechoslovakia: The Czechs are a strong bet for the silver medal and if anyone can make it tough for the Soviet team, it could be they.

3. United States: May challenge the Czechs or could be forced to fight it out with the Canadians, the West Germans or the Swedes for the bronze.

Note: Wondering what's become of the East Germans in the hockey competition? After the 1968 Olympics, they realized they'd probably never be number one in ice hockey, so they dropped out of the event and haven't been back.

BOBSLED

For many years, world bobsled competition was largely an Italian-West German-Swiss affair. Then, in the early Seventies, the East Germans, who had never entered any world bobsled events, went on a crash (so to speak) training program. All of the East German bobsledders are military personnel whose "job" is to train for their event. In the past four years, they have done their jobs very well, indeed. They entered Olympic competition for the first time in 1976 and took home gold medals in both two-man and four-man events. They've been at or near the top of world competition since then.

The principal reason for the dominance of East German, West German, Austrian and Swiss bobsledders in recent years has been their access to refrigerated runs (which are numerous in Europe), enabling them to begin training in early October. American and Canadian sledgers, in contrast, could usually begin practice sometime after Christmas. This disadvantage has now been eliminated with the opening last March of the new refrigerated bobsled run in Lake Placid.

Another distinct advantage for the American sledgers (as well as for the Canadians, who also train at Lake Placid) could be the difference between their new run and those in Europe. The refrigerated runs on the Continent are designed for both bobsled and luge competition and are only 1200 meters long. There are separate runs for each sport in Lake Placid, and the bobsled run is a mile (1600 meters) long. The Europeans may have trouble adjusting to the additional 400 meters.

Last winter, the American sledgers finished 10th and 11th in the world-championship competition at Königssee, West Germany—their best showing since 1975—because they went to Europe two months early and trained on refrigerated runs. This winter's Olympic squad should enjoy the highest finish since 1959, when current American bobsled coach Gary Sheffield was on the four-man team that won the world championship. The Canadian crews will also be dark horses in the run for Olympic hardware.

In case you are confused by the television commentators' terminology, remember that the front rider on the bobsled is called a driver and everyone behind him—on either a two- or a four-man sled—is called a brakeman.

TOP SQUADS

1. West Germany: Has come on very strong since the last Olympics and is



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Source comparative 'tar' and nicotine figures: Either FTC Report May 1978, or FTC Method. Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar: 0.5 mg. 'tar,' 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. Golden Lights: 100's—8 mg. 'tar,' 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

the current world champion in the four-man. Usually fields two strong teams in each event.

2. Switzerland: Driver Erich Schärer makes the Swiss a threat in both the two- and the four-man events. He and brakeman Josef Benz won the two-man world championships, beating the West Germans, in 1979.

3. East Germany: Hard to predict a finish for the East Germans because of their secretiveness and changing line-ups, but they are always in the running for the gold medal.

Note: Americans and Canadians are dark-horse favorites for medals, but they will have to contend with the always strong Austrians and Italians.

BIATHLON

Biathlon is a sport that combines cross-country skiing with rifle marksmanship. It originated in the Scandinavian countries, where sportsmen have traditionally hunted game on skis during the winter months. It made its debut as an Olympic event at Squaw Valley in 1960 and, despite some complaints that it was a competition for soldiers and too militaristic for the Olympics, it has become a fixture in every Olympics since then.

For many years, the sport was dominated by the mountainous European countries where the borders are patrolled by soldiers on skis. The Russians bagged plenty of medals in the early Seventies and, more recently, the East Germans have come on strong. This year they should get plenty of competition from the Finns and the Russians. Lately, the deciding factor in winning has been the marksmanship of the participants rather than skiing ability. Lyle Nelson is a veteran competitor and is America's best hope at Lake Placid, but he'll have his work cut out for him.

The rules of the sport are complex and vary with each of the three events.

All races are run by one contestant at a time, each competing against the clock. In the ten-kilometer event, each skier pauses twice to shoot, once standing and once prone. Each time, he shoots at five breakable targets, and for each target he misses, he must ski around a penalty lap.

In the 20-kilometer race, each contestant stops four times to shoot (twice standing and twice in a prone position) at paper targets. For each bull's-eye he fails to hit, minutes are added to his final time. The time added is calculated by how far his bullets miss the bull's-eye.

The relay event is run over a seven-and-a-half-kilometer circular course. Each skier shoots twice. He has eight shots to get five hits, and for every miss, he must ski around a penalty lap.

Sound exciting? To Finnish border patrolmen, it's probably a gas.

TOP SQUADS

1. East Germany: Won only a single bronze medal in 1976 but should surge past the experienced Finns and Russians this time.

2. Finland: Led by veteran Heikki Ikola, who won a silver medal in 1972, the Finns will have a tough struggle with the Russians.

3. Russia: Aleksandr Tikhonov is a near legend in this sport. He's been winning medals since the 1968 games in Grenoble, France. Has a strong team behind him.

Note: The Norwegians, the Italians or the Czechs could sneak in past the front runners, especially if rapid changes in the weather occur during the competition. And variables such as starting position and choice of ski wax make the difference.

LUGE

The luge is a suicidal sport practiced on one- and two-man sleds (distantly similar to the sleds parents give their children for Christmas) that are ridden down runs that feature sharp hairpin turns and precipitous straightaways. Speeds can exceed 60 miles per hour and wipe-outs are spectacular and bloody. Participants are called sliders. They are also frequently called crazy by other winter athletes. Oddly enough, for such a dangerous pastime, luge is very egalitarian, and men and women compete in their own separate singles competitions. However, only men slide in the doubles, an event in which the driver is literally on top of his partner, who is along pretty much as ballast. Sliders guide their luges by bending the flexible front ends of the runners with their feet and by lifting the front end of one of the runners with a hand rope, all the time lying on their backs to reduce air drag.

The luge run at Lake Placid is 1000 meters long (somewhat shorter than most European runs), with five control towers spaced along the distance to watch for wrecks and foreign objects on the run (a stray pine cone can send a slider off the side of the mountain). A wipe-out is called an eighty-one, possibly because you probably have about one chance in 80 of surviving; when the loud-speakers along the run blare out this message, everything stops and everyone—including medics—comes running to the aid of the crashee.

The luge became an Olympic sport in 1964 in Innsbruck. Sliders quickly figured out that heating the runners of the luge made it go faster, and soldering irons appeared at the tops of the runs. The International Luge Federation quickly banned these tactics and in 1968, the favored East German woman competitor was disqualified for illegally heating her runners. That has not prevented

the East Germans from dominating the competition in recent years, with the West Germans, the Italians and the Austrians always fighting it out with them. As in many other winter Olympic sports, the countries with the best (or only) training facilities are the ones that win medals.

The United States entered the Olympic luge competition for the first time at Innsbruck in 1964 and has gone exactly nowhere since. In the 1976 games, the Americans finished 21st, 25th and 23rd in the three events.

If an American does make a good showing on the luge run this winter, it will be from a dark-horse position. The top American sliders are Frank Masley, Jim Moriarty, Fred Zimney, John Fee and Jim Maddox. Women who have the best chance for an impressive showing are Donna Burke, Kathleen Homstad, Debbie Genovese and Patti Herfurth.

So if you've become jaded by the Indianapolis 500 and demolition derbies, go with the luge runs at Lake Placid.

TOP SQUADS

1. East Germany: Won six of the nine possible medals in the 1979 Olympic pre-games and has all manner of gold medalists and world champions returning.

2. Russia: Vladimir Shitov, the top Russian slider, is back and has strong support.

3. Austria: Will fight it out with the West Germans and the Italians for the medals the East Germans and the Russians don't win.

Note: Americans have the home-ice advantage, but that probably won't help much. Even a bronze medal would be a major upset.

POSTSCRIPT

That's the field and those are our picks. But assuming that we've got you suitably revved up for the coming Olympics, a cautionary note is in order.

Don't show up at Lake Placid unless you have a place to stay and a ticket. It's a small village and all the accommodations within a 50-mile radius have been reserved for the Olympic functionaries—officials, athletes, staff members, press and Bolshevik security guards to keep the Russians and the East Germans from defecting. All the available hotel space in or near Lake Placid has been booked solid since last August, with portal-to-games bus service available from the hostelries.

Which leads us to probably the wisest prediction we've ever made: You'll enjoy the games lots more if you stay home and watch them on TV. The view will be better, the seats will be softer—and the only ice will be the cubes you put in your glass.



PLAYBOY'S INFORMED SOURCE



WALKING—THE HEELING ART

doing the stroll isn't pedestrian anymore. it's healthy and keeps you in touch with your sole

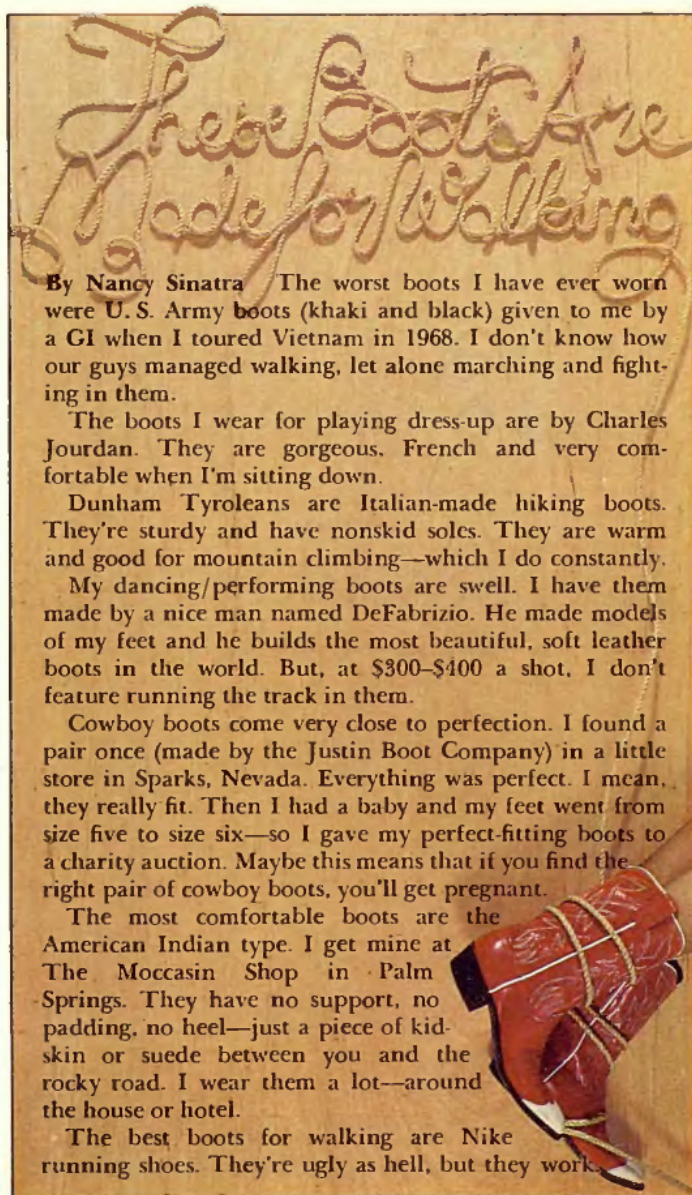
Learn to walk before you run. You can walk virtually any time, anyplace and in any weather. Energy efficient and thorough, walking exercises practically every muscle in your body and you will probably be able to do it as long as you live. You won't need to buy special equipment, join expensive clubs, shanghai opponents or partners and, best of all, you're probably doing it more or less effectively already.

Walking is the world's most popular outdoor sport and great conditioning for the most popular indoor one: It makes your body stronger, more durable and a lot better to look at. And judging from the rash of books on the subject published during the past few months, walking may be America's newest fad. You can lose weight merely by adding a walking program to your dissipated routine. A 154-pound person who walks three and a half miles in an hour will lose a pound every 12 days. And while walking won't give you steel-belted Schwarzeneggers, it *will* increase your muscle tone, straighten your posture and let some of the air out of your spare tire.

Walking also makes you feel as good as you look. As an aerobic exercise for cardiovascular fitness, walking briskly or running the same distance is considered of comparable value. Walking helps prevent the "rust" of atherosclerosis and reduces the likelihood of loafer's heart—a weakening of the heart muscle due to lack of exercise. Physicians prescribe walking programs to treat such disparate corporeal maladies as insomnia, anxiety, hypertension and arthritis.

The intellectual and physical benefits of walking have been endorsed by an impressive array of all-star thinkers. Aristotle's students were known as the Peripatetics—"walk-arounds"—because of their floating outdoor classroom. Wordsworth supposedly sauntered 14 miles a day and both Freud and Einstein developed some of their great theories on the hoof.

Walking is not a sport for gear freaks. No special outfits are required and, unless you prefer looking like a sweat-stained mailbag, you can walk comfortably in your most debonair street clothes. Eschew the fabled joys of loose footwear in favor of a sturdy, comfortable pair of leather shoes with low



By Nancy Sinatra The worst boots I have ever worn were U. S. Army boots (khaki and black) given to me by a GI when I toured Vietnam in 1968. I don't know how our guys managed walking, let alone marching and fighting in them.

The boots I wear for playing dress-up are by Charles Jourdan. They are gorgeous. French and very comfortable when I'm sitting down.

Dunham Tyroleans are Italian-made hiking boots. They're sturdy and have nonskid soles. They are warm and good for mountain climbing—which I do constantly.

My dancing/performing boots are swell. I have them made by a nice man named DeFabrizio. He made models of my feet and he builds the most beautiful, soft leather boots in the world. But, at \$300-\$400 a shot, I don't feature running the track in them.

Cowboy boots come very close to perfection. I found a pair once (made by the Justin Boot Company) in a little store in Sparks, Nevada. Everything was perfect. I mean, they really fit. Then I had a baby and my feet went from size five to size six—so I gave my perfect-fitting boots to a charity auction. Maybe this means that if you find the right pair of cowboy boots, you'll get pregnant.

The most comfortable boots are the American Indian type. I get mine at The Moccasin Shop in Palm Springs. They have no support, no padding, no heel—just a piece of kid-skin or suede between you and the rocky road. I wear them a lot—around the house or hotel.

The best boots for walking are Nike running shoes. They're ugly as hell, but they work.



To armor your feet, try the trail boot, previous page, from Danner, \$76.50; or the Brooks Vantage, above, \$30. Both available in stores.

Tie on the Etonic walker, above center, \$82; or the custom hiking boot, above right, from Peter Limmer & Sons, Intervale, N.H. 03B45.

to medium rubber heels and good arch support. If you saunter the sidewalks of New York or other pitiless pavements, you'd better wear a running type of shoe with a well-cushioned heel. Rugged terrain calls for boots with ankle support and lug soles. About the only walking-related paraphernalia is a pedometer, which for \$15 or \$20 can show you exactly how far you've gone and show the world that you're into more than just saving cab fare.

Walking is a virtually injury-free sport that should be accomplished somewhere between a shuffle and a forced march. The American Heart Association says, "Walking briskly, not just strolling, is the simplest and also one of the best forms of exercise," but don't overdo in the beginning. Hiking and backpacking authority Colin Fletcher states that if you can't carry on a conversation, you're walking too fast.

Begin each perambulatory session with a warm-up, either

five minutes of slow walking or a set of basic warm-up and stretching exercises, such as the ones recommended by the American Medical Association. To glean walking's full crop of aerobic goodies, you must walk regularly and persistently increase your distance, speed and stride. Increasing distance is simple enough: Walk farther. To determine your walking speed, measure your stride (or estimate it from an average male stride length of two and a half feet), count the strides you make in a minute, multiply the figure by 60, divide by 5280 to calculate miles per hour. An average-sized man walking 120 steps per minute goes 3.4 miles per hour. Boost that to 130 steps and he makes 3.7 miles per hour. Longer strides are the next best way to increase speed and endurance and thus prolong your optimum pulse beat. All you do is count the number of strides it takes to cover a specified distance and start cutting them down.

Remember that it isn't only how fast you move or how far you go. Consistent improvement also matters. One conditioning program claims that top fitness can be achieved and maintained by walking three miles in 41 minutes five times a week. Consider that a goal—a remote and somewhat arbitrary one. Your own common sense will tell you how much walking for exercise is good and pleasurable for you. Soon enough, there will be creeps telling you you're not doing it fast enough or long enough. If you're compulsive about that sort of thing and give in to their critiques, a hearty regimen of walking won't do you any harm. But do remember that walking there is all the fun.

When you've worked up to three miles, you'll find that walking is good for more than exercise, fitness, meditation, medication and, if you have the smarts, an opportunity to chew some gum. You can also see the sights. A three-mile jaunt will get you over the Freedom Trail in Boston, from the World Trade Center to the Empire State Building in New York. On rainy days, you can even turn inward and do your footwork in the miles of galleries in the Smithsonian Institution.

Beyond all these advantages, few human activities are as graceful, sexy and sociable as walking; and whether you do it on the wild side, in the rain or with your baby back home, do it tall—like a man—and we promise that you'll never have to do it alone.

bibliography

The Complete Book of Walking, by Charles T. Kuntzleman and the editors of Consumer Guide. How to begin your own walking-for-fitness program. A guide to shoes, walking paths, exercises, plus case histories of individuals who have ambled their way from frailty to fitness.

Walking!, by John T. Davis. Another good, all-round guide. Promises not only fitness but an energized personality, to boot.

The Wonderful World of Walking, by Bill Gale. Slightly evangelical rave about the benefits of walking. Includes tales of champion walkers such as Minnie Hill Wood, who walked from Washington, D.C., to San Francisco in 1916.

The New Complete Walker, by Colin Fletcher. Definitely a heavy-duty tome for the serious backpacker, with tips on conditioning and trail hiking. Remember, the author previously wrote "The Man Who Walked Through Time"—a firsthand account of his own stroll through the Grand Canyon.

PLAYBOY'S INFORMED SOURCE



To guard against a foot bath, give your dogs a treat with these puddle-jumping gumshoes, from L. L. Bean, Freeport, Maine 04033, \$30.

RACE WALKING'S MANY FEATS

Many people consider race walkers among the silliest-looking athletes in existence (that is, when they consider them at all). The next time you feel an urge to chuckle at them, consider the following facts:

- Contestants in a 50-kilometer (31-mile) race average seven minutes per mile. This is a considerably faster pace than that of most joggers. The fastest recorded mile was race-walked in under six minutes!

- There are only two rules in race walking: (1) There must always be some part of either foot in contact with the ground, and (2) the leg must be straightened at the knee for at least an instant in each stride.

- Basic strategy in competitive walking calls for finishing off an opponent long before the stretch run. Otherwise, you may both be tempted to violate rule number one and thus be disqualified.

- Mexico currently has the top race walkers in the world. Not only can short people compete successfully in this sport but they actually dominate it.

HAPPY FEET: THEY NEED YOUR SUPPORT

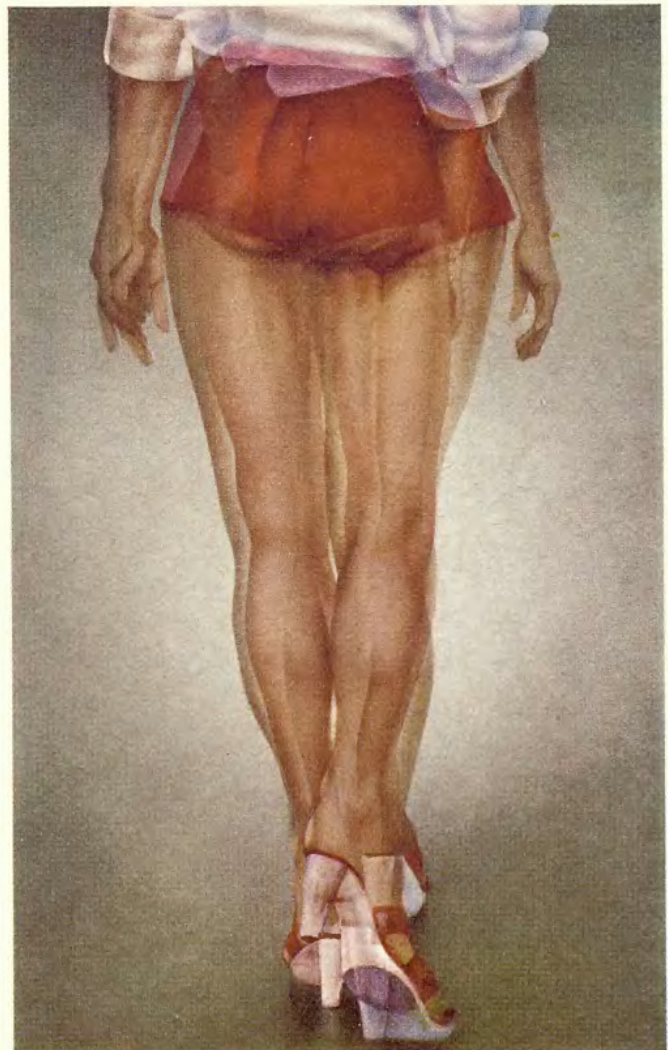
Because the doctors at the Illinois College of Podiatric Medicine—which operates the largest foot clinic in the world—have treated so many cases of runner's knee, heel and shin splints, they've opened a sports-medicine center to put runners back on their feet. They think walking is a great idea. We talked with Dr. Lowell Scott Weil, director of the clinic and team podiatrist for the Chicago Bears, where he keeps running back Walter Payton, among others, on his feet. Here are Weil's tips for happy feet:

Corns or calluses: Work on them with a pumice stone. Go to a podiatrist if they persist. Don't use acid-soaked pads—they'll attack healthy tissue as well as the callus. Corns on toes could mean bad shoe fit.

Blisters: Bathe them in alcohol, puncture with a sterilized needle, drain fluid and cover with Band-Aid. If you plan to continue a walking regimen while the blister heals, swathe the area in petroleum jelly, cover with a sock and smear more petroleum jelly between the sock and the shoe. This procedure will reduce friction, arresting further injury.

Ingrown toenails: Avoid them by trimming nail even with the end of the toe, conforming to the toe's curve—not straight across.

Athlete's foot is a generic name for any foot fungus. Most commercial treatments may work on one fungus and not another. It's best to see a podiatrist and have a culture taken. It may not be athlete's foot at all—but eczema or some other skin condition that *really* requires a doctor's care. To prevent fungus, wash feet with soap daily, dry them completely and use a foot powder—it kills germs and reduces friction. Cotton socks keep your feet drier and less prone to fungus. Forget about bathing your feet in Epsom salts. It doesn't do anything. The best treat you can give your feet is a stroll on a sandy beach at sunset with another pair of feet, say about a size seven.



“‘At 85 miles an hour, you want split-second analysis, not split-second reactions.’”

racers, he is a fairly good rough-and-tumble linguist, but most of what he knows of the world he has learned on the race circuit. Lately, the lessons have been bitter. His younger brother Klaus, a promising downhiller, was paralyzed in a ski fall at Lienz. The Austrian yellow press, as savage as any in the world, began to question Franz's courage as soon as his victories stopped.

“It does not matter,” he said of the press yapping. He spoke quietly, with the air of a man who has been listening for a long time to his own thoughts. No question about it, he said, he had lost the feel of his skis and some of his self-trust. That is not courage, he explained, but when self-confidence is missing, it is hard to let the skis run. Also, he said, there was a technical problem: He had not practiced giant slalom enough before the season, and he was losing time in the turns. Mostly, he described a condition of staleness, though he did not use the word. He had skied for the Austrian A team for seven years. “Now it's not so much fun. Before, we were all in the discos. Now, maybe it's the money, maybe a new generation, but the *Gemütlichkeit* is gone. There are individuals who only train. And you must always show that you are on top.” Earlier he had said that a downhiller must love speed. Be in love with it is what he meant. At the 1976 Olympics, he was at the peak of a raging love affair with speed, and now he was merely married to it. As we talked, the Whistler race had not yet been canceled, but Klammer showed no regret at the thought that it would be. A bad year, better forgotten. Maybe next season he would be in love again.

There was an end-of-the-season brackishness to the mood at Whistler. An exceptionally talented team of young Canadian downhillers wanted to show their stuff to the home folks, but as several days of very heavy rain and two sizable avalanches tore up the race course, it became increasingly unlikely that they would get the chance. Everyone else was looking ahead toward the Olympic season, or backward to the World Cup races held at Whiteface Mountain, New York, the week before, as pre-Olympic tryouts of the Lake Placid complex. And although the Whiteface races had gone well—a good, tough, technical course in its top half, rather too flat toward the bottom and quite good overall, was Klammer's assessment of the downhill run—two bad accidents there added to the gloom at

Whistler. Phil Mahre, the bright spirit of the U. S. team, second in over-all World Cup points at the time and arguably the second-best skier in the world—behind Sweden's astonishing Ingemar Stenmark—fell during the giant slalom, his specialty, and broke his ankle. And the young Italian Leonardo David, who had been called the most talented male racer to join the circuit since Mahre, fell 200 feet before the end of the downhill, slid through the finish gate fast enough to place 52nd, got up, fell down again and sank into a coma caused by a blood clot in his brain. (At presstime, Mahre had recovered and was expected to race this winter. David had just regained consciousness after six months in a coma.)

The Austrian team had so much depth last season that even with Klammer in a swoon and his teammate Sepp Walcher, who won the 1978 world downhill championship at Garmisch, out with a broken shoulder, Austrians placed first, fourth and fifth at Whiteface (with Peter Müller of Switzerland second and Dave Murray of Canada third). Reporter to Peter Wirnsberger, the winner: “What made the Austrians so good?” Fischer ski representative, stage-whispering: “The skis.” Wirnsberger, smiling: “The skis.”

American journalists were getting what was for many of them their first look at these traveling jousts, and it was clear that even among the exotics of the World Cup ski circuit, the downhillers are a breed apart. Ten or 12 years ago, the best racers—Killy, Schranz, Billy Kidd—could compete successfully in all three Alpine disciplines, but now specialization has advanced too far for that. Downhillers train separately, dress differently—slick, skintight one-piece suits in black, yellow or hot pink that show the roll of each engorged thigh muscle and the hang of each testicle—and use radically different equipment, ski poles bent to hug the body and reduce wind resistance in a high-speed tuck, huge 223-centimeter skis with (in the case of Fischer's model) oval cutouts in the tips, meant to let the wind through or, at any rate, to psych out opponents. They ski and think differently, too. According to Ken Read, the 24-year-old Canadian who shocked the Europeans by winning the first downhill of the season (with teammates Dave Murray second, Dave Irwin seventh and Steve Podborski ninth), a slalom racer will correct a mistake by spectacularly quick reactions, and a downhiller will make subtle, deliberate

adjustments in his line and body position. “At 85 miles an hour, you want split-second analysis, not split-second reactions,” he said.

Read used the word thoughtful to describe the downhiller's frame of mind. The race is a discipline, he said, and the goal should be to eliminate speed and danger as matters of concern. Even other skiers, he went on, have the notion that downhillers are glittery-eyed daredevils, but that is totally false. Daredevils reach a certain level and go no further; they are not thoughtful. “I'm very cautious,” he said. “I wouldn't jump off a cornice.” Read is a slim, not very tall, exceptionally handsome young man who looks like the sort of actor who plays juvenile leads till he is 50. He smiled cheerfully as he said all of this, and the thought passed through his interviewer's mind that the Austrians looked a hell of a lot tougher. But Read, an unusually well-conditioned skier who can run a mile in four minutes, 45 seconds, is deceptive; he tells only part of his story with this talk of deliberation and analysis. For several years, the Canadian team, with Read well to the forefront, has horrified the Europeans with its kamikaze approach to the downhill—flat-out in practice, flat-out in races. The first of the Canadian wild men was Jungle Jim Hunter, now a pro, and he gave the younger team members a taste for raw meat. But Read said that Klammer, too, was a model. “You look at that Innsbruck tape. He was attacking, diving into the corners. The rest of us were waiting for things to happen.” One reason that Klammer is no longer winning may be that television taught too many of his competitors to ski like Klammer.

Read used to be called, somewhat contemptuously, “the world champion of training,” because it never occurred to him to hold back in the practice runs. The snickering stopped when he won at Schladming, Austria, and then again at Morzine, France (though he and Dave Murray were disqualified for wearing suits that were too slick and windtight). But at Whiteface, a young American downhiller, Mike Farny, seemed about to qualify for the training championship that now did not look so ludicrous. Starting from 44th position, and inheriting softening snow and all of the ruts laid down by 43 other skiers, he came in 12th in one training run, and then a look-who's-here third in another. He faded to 30th on race day, but it was a sign of life for a U. S. downhill team whose best showing for a dismal year was Karl Anderson's 27th place in World Cup standings.

Anderson talked at Whiteface about the incandescent intensity of downhill-ing, in which a racer competes for only a minute and a half or two minutes at a time, for a total of perhaps 20 minutes over the course of a season. “I can tell



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Victor A. Lowmes

Victor A. Lowmes, President
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how I'm doing by how much adrenaline my body produces. You get these incredible spurts. When I fell earlier this week, I was just *Aarrgh*. I kept screaming at people to get away from me, not to touch me until that surge of adrenaline was gone. You're in this rage. That's one of the reasons that downhill racers can take only two training runs a day. Your body produces only a certain amount of adrenaline. You could go up for a third run, but you'd find yourself doing 85 miles per hour and you'd be hollow. You wouldn't be up to it. The same fence that had been scenery on the first two runs could take you out on the third."

Is he ever afraid? "No, I wouldn't say that. But something happens when you hit 85 mph that makes you have second thoughts, that makes you reconsider what and why you're doing this. You have to come to grips with yourself. You have to reach inside yourself and pull something extra out. You have to have a big heart. Or balls. Or whatever you want to call it."

A good civilian skier who was allowed to try the Whiteface downhill course reports that the thought of running the 70 percent grade called Niagara in a tight tuck was "incomprehensible." He and his friends made big, round turns, jumped into the racers' groove five sixths of the way down and scared themselves silly. At Whistler, the rain-warped, frozen course was much worse, and not enough crash netting had been strung up. The racers in the first seed of 15 voted (though the decision to cancel was not theirs to make), and 11 of those hard men said that the race should not be held. Ulrich Spiess, an Austrian who, like Read, could have improved his World Cup downhill standing to second with a win, voted to race, and so did Read and fellow Canadians Murray and Podborski. When the technical jury decided to cancel, Canadian coach John Ritchie grumbled about "politics" and Read said with contempt, "This is, after all, supposed to be downhill racing."

But Moose Barrows, the old U.S. downhiller who is the American coach, said that the jury had been correct. "The course was crazy dangerous. There was no way I would let my skiers run it."

Andy Mill, a boyish, open-faced racer from Aspen, who has fought the downhill wars (six knee operations, two broken legs) with the U. S. team since 1972, took an old campaigner's view of the cancellation. Sometimes you go on patrol and sometimes you don't. "Most of us would have made it down the course," he said. "Some not." Mill came in sixth at Innsbruck the year of Klammer's enchanted run, a very good result but not worth a medal. Recently, things had not been going well. Skiing in a fog of jet lag, Mill had hooked a gate in the first training run at Morzine, then had caught an edge at 80 mph in the second. At Val Gardena, he had put up the fourth fastest time at the halfway mark; then he had fallen at 75 mph on his face and stomach. "You're helpless, flipping over and tumbling. You're aware of how many times you hit, and the times between the hits, when you're in the air."

After those early falls, he said, he just couldn't turn the season around, and he finished a sorry 37th on the World Cup list. "When you have a really bad year," he said, "you start trying to figure out your cards, what you're getting out of it. The adrenaline rushes, the physical release? It's a fantasy, but it's a reality. In slalom, you come in close to a gate, feeling like a cat, almost like a dancer; you don't have that in downhill. But you do, in a way; the speed of the downhill puts the intensity up that much higher. The speed just runs up your spine."

This year at Kitzbühel, Mill said, "I fell just before the *Mausefalle*. I was on the course about nine seconds. I stood up and I was shaking. So much adrenaline. I didn't get to express myself." Mill shook his head, staring into his beer. "At the end of a 70-mile bicycle race, I'll remember this shitty year, and go a little faster, thinking about what didn't come out."

"Mind games," he went on; he said he was trying to be realistic about packing it in, quitting the team. "I don't know. If you're hurting, it's telling you something. And I'm getting married in May. I've got to make a decision; I owe it to myself." Then he laughed. "But there's still that adrenaline fix, and the Olympics coming up." Not entirely happy, he said, "I know I'll be there." Then, with 19-year-old Mike Farny, who was drinking a Shirley Temple, he began a passionate argument about who among the coaches and team members was best at getting air—no prejump, all four wheels off the ground—with a rent-a-car.



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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HABITAT

COOKING WITH A VU

In *Playboy Plans a Duplex Penthouse* (January 1970), we talked about a screen onto which recipes are projected as being a feature you'd find in tomorrow's kitchens. Well, tomorrow is today and we tip our *toque blanche* to the Cuisine Vu, a countertop machine that's capable of displaying any recipe from over 100 cookbooks at the flick of a wrist. The Cuisine Vu,

microfilm cards of nine cookbooks and storage box cost \$325. The cards are indexed; just pull one, move the machine's pointer to a recipe and it's on the screen. Additional book cards cost \$12.50 and up. And Consumer Micrographics, the manufacturer, will even microfilm your own collection of tasty recipes for viewing at a cost of \$30 for about 100 pages. Escoffier would love it.



The name Cuisine Vu really says it: Thousands upon thousands of recipes reduced individually to a size smaller than a fingernail and indexed on Cuisine Cards ready to be displayed on the screen of a machine that's no larger than a portable TV. The \$325 price includes your choice of nine complete cookbooks, from the modern classic *Paul Bocuse's French Cooking* to *The New Dixie Cookbook*, copyrighted in 1889, and a 6" x 8" box to hold them. Consumer Micrographics, the company that's behind Cuisine Vu, will also convert your developed 110-type color film for showing on the screen—just in case you want to entertain guests with last year's vacation pictures while you whip up dinner.

OPENING THE BARNES DOOR

Jhane Barnes is 25, attractive and the head of a successful fashion house. If all that seems too good to be true, also consider that after just three years in business, her sales are in the millions for menswear designs that many consider unorthodox. Barnes builds her looks from the basics up, dyeing her own colors and weaving her own fabrics, all the while bringing a fresh perspective to each item of apparel. The sum total is a

distinctive Jhane Barnes look that's being well received by conservative businessmen as well as avant types. And what does Barnes see in the future for male fashions? "Someday, perhaps, men will learn to appreciate the aesthetics of dress rather than the traditions. Largely, it will be a trend to simplification and comfort. Losing lapels, sleeve buttons, things like that." As we said, there's nothing plain about Jhane.

—DAVID PLATT



Below are three examples of Jhane Barnes's unique approach to men's fashion design. The outfit at far left includes a multicolor silk/wool/cotton tweed single-breasted jacket featuring drop shoulders and slit pockets, about \$300, with iridescent double-pleated slacks, about \$130, a silk shirt, about \$125, and a hand-painted multicolor wool challis tie, about \$25. At center, she has combined a silk/acetate ribbon-weave jacket, about \$350, with the same slacks and added a multicolor brushed-cotton shirt, about \$85, and a chenille tie, about \$25. The last outfit is slightly more futuristic and includes a silk space-mode jacket with raised-cord detailing and matching silk slacks with cord detailing on the pocket seams, about \$430, worn with a silk shirt, about \$125.



DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

Let's think spring. (This interminable Bergman film in black and white where everybody talks with cloud puffs in front of his face has become a drag. Bring on Fellini.)

•
Color. The brightest in a long while. Hot shades to stir the blood in bold and unabashed combinations. One of the niftiest outfits I've seen is a burnt-orange jacket, turquoise shirt and banana-yellow trousers. Watch for it.

•
The easiest way to break into color is with a tried-and-true old friend: the Hawaiian shirt. It's due for a revival and is being manufactured in record numbers and in fantastic colors and patterns.

•
Paradoxically, the single indispensable wardrobe item for this summer is a pair of crisp, lightweight white trousers. The best I've seen so far are in a sheeting type of fabric with a double-pleated front and tapered legs. They will serve as the foundation for many casual and dress outfits.

•
Speaking of white, it's all the rage for tenniswear again. Somehow, the overly gimmicky and colorful treatments on the court are looking tacky. Right now, a little color trim or all white looks best.

•
Back to color. Keep your eye out for those sets of web belts (sometimes in stretch materials) in all the bright colors that have one interchangeable brass buckle. (Yes, like in the Army.) They look terrific on white slacks or as yet another bold color-on-color mix.

•
A final tip: For those areas where a jacket and tie are required in discos, try a knit tie with your polo-collared golf shirt (and really do a color trip here). The management can't complain, and you'll be comfortably funky.

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GADGETS

TEMP, TOUCH, MOUNDS AND POUNDS

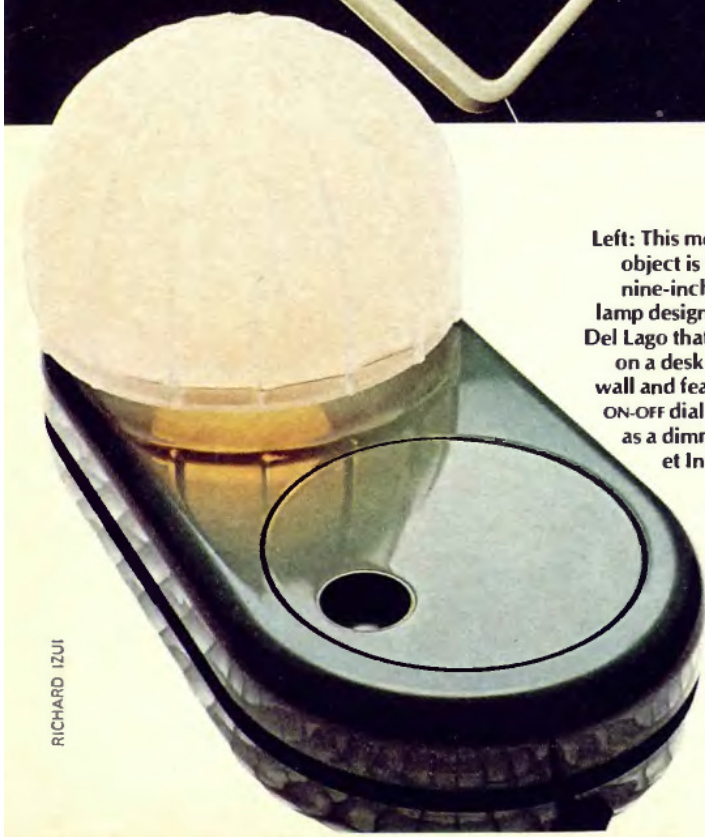
Right: The next time you're feeling feverish, reach for the Electrotherm—a battery-powered microcircuit thermometer that gives light-emitting diode readouts almost instantly when used orally or under the armpit, by Terayco Distributing Company, \$29.95, including the batteries.



Left: The Memorie bath scale not only weighs you with computer accuracy, it will also separately weigh something you're holding, lock onto a reading so that you can move the scale and give light-emitting diode readouts in kilos as well as pounds, by Hanson Scale, \$79.95.



Left: This mound-shaped object is the Farstar, a nine-inch-long Italian lamp designed by Studio Del Lago that can be used on a desk or hung on a wall and features a quiet ON-OFF dial that doubles as a dimmer, from Art et Industrie, New York City, about \$68.



Above: The Touch-a-matic 12 Dialer that's available at Bell Telephone centers nationally, saves you time and reduces errors by automatically dialing your choice of any 12 preprogrammed numbers of up to 16 digits each at the push of a button, by—who else?—the Bell System, \$35, plus monthly fee.

It Only Hurts When He Laughs

Journalist **BOB WOODWARD** has made a career out of going after the big ones, first Watergate and now the Court in *The Brethren: The Supreme Court Under Chief Justice Warren E. Burger*. It looks to us like a big one finally got him.



RUSSELL C. TURIAK



INFO/RICHARD MANNING

The Hilltop Dangler

Former Congressional cupcake **LIZ RAY** has tried hard to parlay hanky-panky into something more legit. No luck. She's back to her old tricks and is our celebrity breast for this month.

Feets, Do Your Stuff

Actress **JILL CLAYBURGH**'s career is running in the fast lane with two recent films, *Starting Over* and the controversial *Luna*. Sometimes all that glitter turns out to be gold. Clayburgh is 18-kt.



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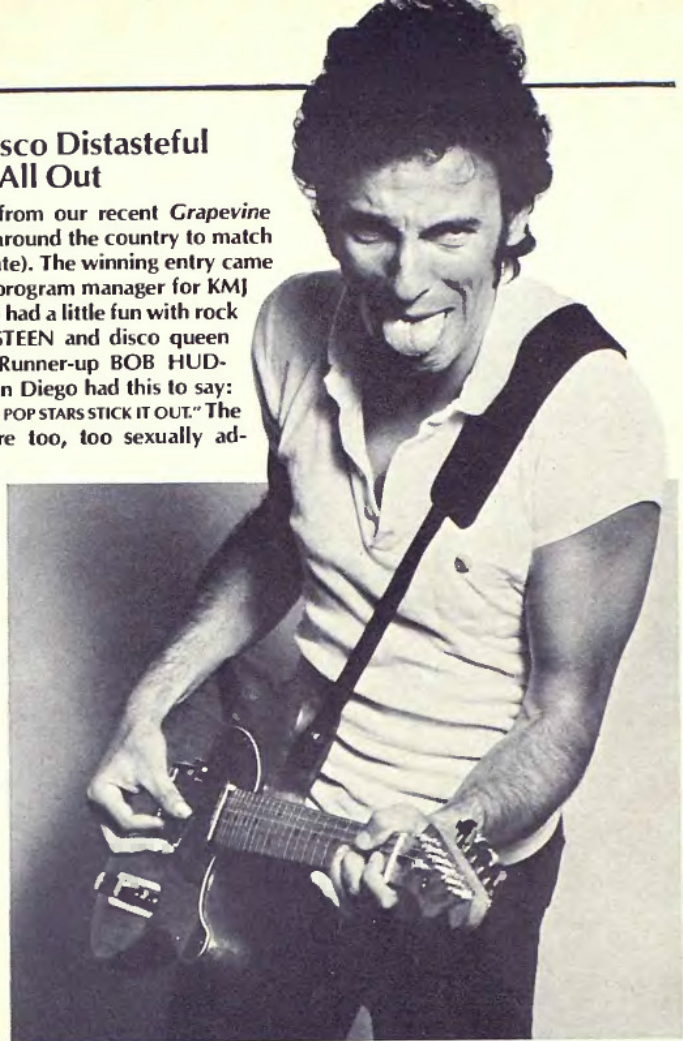
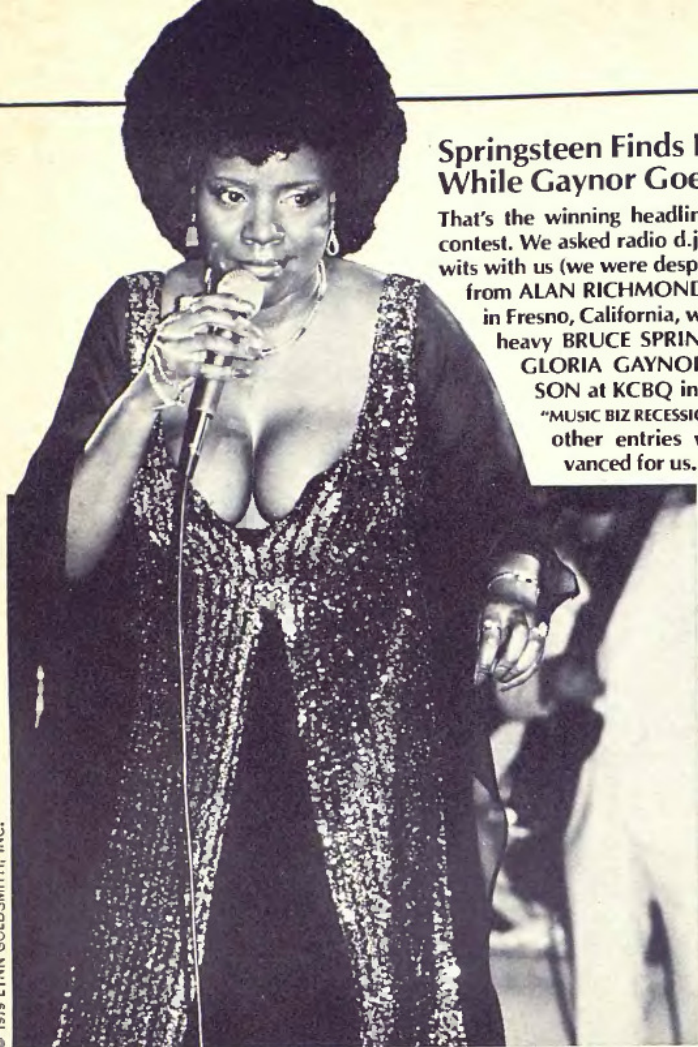
INFO/RICHARD MANNING

Gentlemen Prefer Geraldine

The Miss America Pageant was nearly disrupted last year by this young lady a.k.a. **FLIP WILSON**. Geraldine brought her own flowers, but the judges' decision was final.

Springsteen Finds Disco Distasteful While Gaynor Goes All Out

That's the winning headline from our recent *Grapevine* contest. We asked radio d.j.s around the country to match wits with us (we were desperate). The winning entry came from ALAN RICHMOND, program manager for KMJ in Fresno, California, who had a little fun with rock heavy BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN and disco queen GLORIA GAYNOR. Runner-up BOB HUDSON at KCBQ in San Diego had this to say: "MUSIC BIZ RECESSION: POP STARS STICK IT OUT." The other entries were too, too sexually advanced for us.



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Tongue Fu

Sometimes we get on a roll around here—celebrity breasts or guys checking on their privates—this month it seems to be tongues. Look, we just *report* the news. Here's PETE TOWNSHEND (left) editorializing on New Wave music while JOHNNY CARSON (right) editorializes on Freddie Silverman. We can sure spot a trend, can't we?



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COME UP AND SEE ME SOMETIME

You bump into an old girlfriend in a fern bar on Sunset Boulevard. After a few bloody marys, one thing leads to another and you suggest she go up to your apartment to have sex. What you don't know is that your ex has become a cop and you are now under arrest for



It's a bird; it's a plane. Not this time, Lois. It's a well hung mobile, \$20 from B. E. Designs, Box 26, Montgomery, New York 12549.

lewd public conduct. Until recently, this scenario could have been a reality in California. In 1976, that state decriminalized all private sexual conduct between consenting adults, but it prohibited public invitations to partake of sex. Usually, the law was enforced against gays, but technically, our hypothetical case could have happened. The apparent anomaly was spotted last year by Los Angeles municipal-court judge Arthur Gilbert in a case charging a man with soliciting sex from a vice-squad investigator. The judge reasoned that if you can partake of consensual sex acts in private, you must be able to talk about them in public. Now, inde-

pendently, the California Supreme Court has ruled similarly in another case. At the same time, the court has created a new definition of lewd conduct. Now it specifically means touching genitals for arousal in a public place.

BITCH'S BREW

Chemists at Purdue University report they've found a new aphrodisiac for dogs—methyl P-Hydroxybenzoate, a common additive in food preservatives, cosmetics and perfumes. Experimenters applied the formula to female beagles who were not in heat. Unsuspecting male beagles became sexually excited when exposed to the treated females. The researchers plan to use the ingredient in artificial-insemination programs for other animals. Meanwhile, we don't hear any complaints from the beagles.

GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES

Between 10 and 15 percent of American women have never had an orgasm. Despite instructive books such as Betty Dodson's *Liberating Masturbation* and Shere Hite's *The Hite Report*, the percentage of nonorgasmic women has remained the same for the past 25 years. That means the Beatles' *Come Together* meant nothing to an awful lot of American women! Most sex therapists consider orgasm through heterosexual intercourse their primary goal. Now, it seems, teaching masturbation techniques can help women reach that goal. After two New York researchers taught nonorgasmic women how to reach orgasm through masturbation, some of them were able to climax during intercourse with a partner. Sixty women who had never experienced orgasm were divided into an instruction group and a control group. Of the 40 women who received instruction, 24 were able


to masturbate to orgasm. None in the control group was. Of the 24 successes, 13 were able to transfer the experience to intercourse.



A. ACE BURGESS/FACE'S ANGELS

Some people know good art when they steal it. Check out the picture on our February T-shirt of the month. Looks a lot like Dennis Magdich's artwork for our July 1976 article *Hot Dog!* (above), right? The T-shirt plugs a Hollywood eatery specializing in you-know-what. Watch out, Big Weenie, next time we'll dash you with salt, smother you with relish and toast your buns.

RX: ONE INJECTION DAILY

Semen has been heavily maligned in the press lately. It's been listed as a causative agent in cervical cancer (see *Sex News*, December 1979) and some women are even allergic to it (see *Sex News*, November 1979). In addition to its reproductive advantages, here's some good news about seminal fluid. German researchers have isolated seminal plasmin, a protein in semen that seems to kill germs. The protein permeates the bacteria cell wall and prevents cell reproduction. In lab studies, seminal plasmin has knocked off most of the common bacteria that infect man. Researchers speculate that semen may keep sexually active women from developing vaginal infections. It also fights bacteria naturally found in semen, thus protecting the fragile sperm. We wonder—does it kill the germs that cause bad breath and tooth decay? 



MIT or TIT? Cambridge, Massachusetts, residents weren't sure after pranksters restyled MIT's Great Dome into MAMMA MAXIMA SCIENTIAE—the great breast of knowledge. Hail to thee, Alma Mater, but we worry. As Woody Allen once asked, Don't these creations usually travel in pairs?

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LONI ANDERSON



Waking up in a strange bed with a strange lady can frighten even the smoothest character right out of his flesh. In February OUI, you'll learn how to make the morning after as much fun as the night before. You'll also get intimately acquainted with TV's newest sex symbol, Loni Anderson, of *WKRP in Cincinnati*. Learn secondhand what it's like to fondle voluptuous Bo Derek from a guy who got both his hands on her—Dudley Moore, the crazy star of *10*. Plus how to buy a used car, why narcissism is OK, the best of decks that handle metal tape and a *California Girl* with a magnetic personality. All this and more in the new OUI.

**THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN OF TOMORROW.
AT NEWSSTANDS TODAY.**

PLAYBOY PUZZLE

CALL OUR BLUFF

Ever since the first get-together in the Garden of Eden, Adams and Eves throughout history have endeavored to lead each other astray. Now it's our turn. We invite you to follow *us* down the garden path, as we present some intimate glimpses of "heavy dates" in the history of sex. We'll leave it to you to decide which are true and which are merely fig leaves of our imagination.

452—Huns discover the French kiss. Attila, arriving in Gaul to lead his Huns into battle, is dismayed to find that his men have discovered the French kiss. The Huns considered the tongue the seat of courage and were careful never to expose it to others.



720—The bra is born. A naughty concubine of China's Emperor Hsuan Tsung tries to hide her "battle scars" from a fling with one of the emperor's generals by binding a red-silk apron around her breasts. Her disguise so delights Hsuan that not only does she give *him* the slip but he orders her to wear it from that day onward.



1190—Richard the Lionhearted ensures his wife's chastity. Before embarking on his first Crusade, King Richard girds his lady's loins—with the armor of his favorite stallion.

1493—Columbus explores virgins. On an early—but memorable—voyage in search of spices, Christopher Columbus lands on a lush archipelago in the Caribbean whose greatest natural resource is its beautiful young ladies. After extensive exploration and a detailed study of the island's topography, Columbus christens the tropical paradise *Islas de las Virgenes*, in honor of his gracious hostesses.



1529—Cardinal Wolsey is accused of giving Henry VIII syphilis. The prolific potentate charges that Wolsey, by persistently whispering in the king's ear, has communicated more than he ought, and Wolsey is promptly convicted of treason.

1565—Erotic paroxysms sweep the Convent of Nazareth in Cologne, Germany. Hundreds of nuns stretch out on their backs, eyes shut, moaning and thrusting their torsos heavenward. It is later explained that they have had erotic seizures caused by sexual frustration.

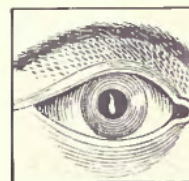


1677—Anton van Leeuwenhoek discovers sperm. While peering through his microscope at a specimen of what he calls "the excess with Nature provided me in my conjugal relations." Come again?

1688—First male prophylactic is discovered. The Quondam Indians, a peace-loving tribe of

Cape Cod, befriend early settlers and introduce male birth control in the New World. Made of deer membrane and lightly oiled, the "condom" becomes an accepted part of Colonial life.

1783—Dr. James Graham introduces the Medico-magnetico-musico-electrical Bed. This 12' x 9' marvel rests on 28 glass pillars, its mattress stuffed exclusively with hair from the tails of the finest English stallions, and is topped by a mirrored dame. It guarantees its users "beautiful and brilliant" offspring.



1822—First nudist colony is founded. Efrdit, an island off the coast of Morocco, is declared the first all-nude colony of the Swedish crown. The ill-fated experiment soon fails, though, due to widespread sunstroke: Most of its inhabitants are more used to mooning in the midnight sun.



1895—First striptease show opens in Paris. In *Le Coucher d'Yvette*, a well-endowed mademoiselle slowly removes all of her clothes as she vainly searches for a flea. Starting from scratch, this new art form has the whole city itching by the turn of the century.

1913—The first nude calendar is published, featuring a reproduction of the well-known painting *September Morn*, by Paul Chabas. When antipornography crusader Anthony Comstock sees it, he remarks, "There's too little morn and too much maid."



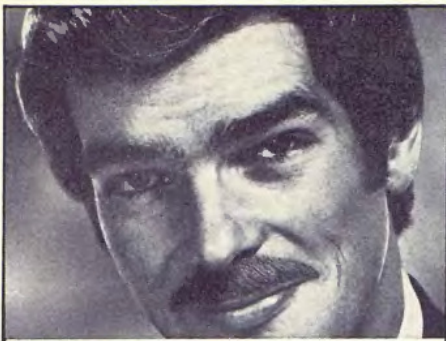
1930s—Nude women bicycle madly around indoor track while spectators bet on who will reach orgasm first. This, the main event of Paris' *Le Cirque Erotique*, is one of the most bizarre examples of the profits of pedaling flesh.

1946—Mahatma Gandhi publicly admits he's been taking naked women to bed with him for years. The Indian leader claims it's the best and only way to test his mastery of celibacy—and we can't argue.



1952—Maynard G. Krebs coins the word clap. At a sudden loss for words while free-associating at a San Francisco coffeehouse, beatnik guru Krebs gets an ovation when he terms V.D. overrated. "Oh, man, you like to clap, too, huh?," he says—and a word is born.

All but 452, 1190, 1493, 1688, 1822 and 1952 are true.



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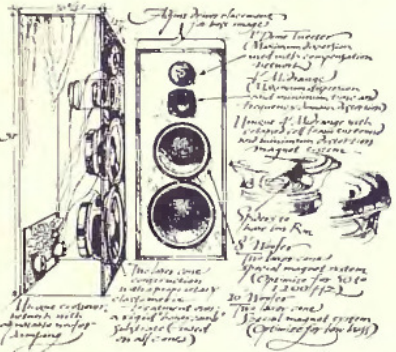
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