PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
AUGUST 1980 • $2.50
BO ENCORE!
A SECOND VISIT WITH HOLLYWOOD'S HOTTEST NUMBER
RONALD REAGAN
WHO IS THIS GUY, ANYWAY? BY ROBERT SCHEER
N.F.L. PREVIEW
PLAYBOY'S WHIZ PICKS THE PROS
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
DR. SHOCKLEY ON RACE AND SPERM BANKS

Gilbey's idea of a Tom Collins:

Taste the gin, too.

Gilbey's Gin is made with a unique idea in mind.
The taste of the gin is important and should not be hidden
by the mixer. So when you drink a Gilbey's Tom Collins,
you'll taste the gin, too.

The Frosty Bottle with the diamond label is an official trademark registered with the U.S. Patent & Trademark Office.
Distilled London Dry Gin, 80 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd., Distr. by Nat'l. Dist. Products Co., N.Y.C.

WE DID IT. BANCROFT

"Six months...twice a week...I've been playing against my friend Charlie. And the closest I've come to a big victory is a couple of narrow defeats. But today...finally, I beat him! Or should I say 'we' beat him? 'Cause today was the first time I used my new Bancroft racket. The Limited Edition, they call it. Hey, I knew the over-sized head would help my game.

But I didn't know I'd feel *that* confident at the net. And I sure didn't expect to keep Charlie pinned to the baseline with an awesome (far me) display of power *and* control. Wow! I'd like to think it was me. But I guess I'd have to say it was me and my Bancroft!"

Bancroft®

We're bringing something new to your game.

Bancroft has a racket to help you do it, too.

A) The New Limited Edition Composite...Wood and graphite. Oversized power plus precision accuracy.

B) The Scorpion Graphite. For explosive power and pinpoint control.

C) The Mach I Composite. The best of both worlds: graphite for lightweight strength, wood for ease of response.

D) The Aries Aluminum. 20% larger hitting area than conventional rackets; a fiberglass and nylon yoke for great accuracy and control.

Consumer Orientation

No. 6 in a Series
of Technical Papers

6

Subject:
The Blank Paper Principle.
Genesis of Porsche's
Newest and Best.

The Porsche 928 began as a blank piece of paper. There were no rules stating that what had been done before must be done again. Instead, there was an objective: To build from scratch the very best Porsche to meet the dreams and realities of the balance of this century. What emerged is a sports car that combines the aggregates of power, handling, comfort, and luxury into one—as no Porsche ever has. Priced at more than $35,000, the 928 is the newest and finest Porsche ever built.

PORS

The 928's engine is the first Porsche production V-8. It is made of lightweight but highly durable aluminum alloy. Front-mounted, liquid-cooled, fuel-injected, displacing 4.5 liters, it produces 220 bhp at 5500 rpm and generates 265 ft-lbs of torque at 4000 rpm.

On the track at Weissach, the 928 accelerates from 0 to 60 mph in 7.5 seconds. It covers the quarter mile from a standing start in 15.5 seconds. Its speed at the ¼-mile mark is 93 mph. Its maximum speed: 140 mph.

The 928 has the unique Porsche transaxle design which places the engine in front and transmission in back. By mounting these two main inertial masses at opposite ends of the car, the transaxle produces an almost perfectly-equal 50-50 weight distribution between the front and rear wheels for balanced braking and improved cornering. And it results in a high polar moment of inertia that reduces pitching and increases directional control.

The 928 also has independent suspension with coil springs on all 4 wheels. And it introduces the unique Weissach rear axle.

With conventional cars, the rear wheels toe-out during braking or deceleration. But with the 928's Weissach axle, a kinematic effect changes toe-out to toe-in in no more than 0.2 seconds during braking or deceleration. It eliminates rear-wheel steering and improves directional control.

Porsche 928

Porsche+Audi
Nothing
Even Comes
Close

The 928's aerodynamic design produces both a timeless shape and minimal wind resistance.

Its body is made of hot-dipped, galvanized steel for strength and corrosion-resistance. Its doors, hood, front fenders, and bumpers are made of strong, yet lightweight, non-rusting aluminum.

The bumpers are mounted directly to the body by hydraulic shock absorbers. And covered with a tough, resilient polyurethane skin which is perfectly matched to the color of the body.

Inside, the 928 introduces unprecedented luxury for a Porsche. In fact, it is the most comfortable Porsche ever built. Standard equipment includes: Automatic speed control. Air conditioning. Tinted glass. Rack and pinion power steering. Four-wheel, vented, power disc brakes. Power windows. Adjustable tilt steering column and instrument cluster. Leather-covered steering wheel. Fold-out arm rests. Four stereo speakers. Illuminated vanity mirror. And a choice of automatic or manual 5-speed transmission.

The power, the handling, the comfort, and the luxury that make the 928 the best Porsche are best experienced by actual driving. Test drive the Porsche 928.

For your nearest Porsche+Audi Dealer, call toll-free: (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

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

1871. A hastily arranged reception for a pioneer balloonist.

On July 4, 1871, an astonished crowd in Kalamazoo, Michigan beheld a lone balloonist descend from the sky. He was Professor Steiner, the first mortal to fly across Lake Michigan. And even then, what would have been more appropriate at a welcoming party than Early Times. The whisky that made Kentucky whisky famous.

Today, we're still slow-distilling it the same way we did then. And thoughtful people always have several bottles on hand for friends who drop in out of the blue.

86 OR 80 PROOF · EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY CO., LOUISVILLE, KY. © 1980.

PLAYBILL

WHEN **Bo Derek** first appeared in a bikini on our cover last March, she was apparently just what winter-weary PLAYBOY readers needed to warm them up for spring. More copies of that issue were sold than any other March issue in PLAYBOY's history. Now, *Bo . . . Is Back*, compliments of **John Derek**'s loving photographic eye. John (oh, most fortunate of husbands) says he likes to share Bo through his photography, "so that we can all feast on her beauty." Thanks from all of us, John. The pictures are delicious. The Dereks are currently at work on their latest joint film venture, *Me, Jane*, a remake of the Tarzan story starring Bo in the title role. We've already got jungle fever.

If you're still searching for your own 10 (do we hear you say you'd settle for a 7¾?), remember: It isn't just the lady's looks that make her right for you. The wise man checks the personality. One such wise man is **Harry Stein**, whose extended tours on the battle fronts of love resulted in an article you'll want to save for frequent future reference, *Ten Kinds of Women to Avoid at All Costs*, illustrated by **Dennis Mukai**. Stein says, "Researching this piece, I heard more depressing tales than anyone should be forced to endure in a lifetime. But there was a positive side to the experience: It made me appreciate even more fully my own woman, who possesses not a trace of the traits described in the article. We'll be married this summer." Congratulations, Harry. All good things come to those who wait.

Speaking of waiting, **Syl Jones** had to wait several weeks before **William Shockley** would even meet with him to discuss arrangements for this month's *Playboy Interview*. Jones's account of his first meeting with Shockley is poignant, ironic and funny. Not so funny, however, are Shockley's views on racial intelligence and genetic engineering. We debated long and hard about whether or not to publish this interview, but since the issues Shockley raises will remain with us as long as science explores genetics, we figured it's better to face those issues now than later.

And on the subject of facing things now rather than later, **Robert Scheer** takes a hard look at **Ronald Reagan** and his political (and personal) history in *The Reagan Question*. You may or may not be a Reagan fan, but if you think you know Ronnie the man, read this. You may change your mind.

Summer is the season for sweaty, down-and-dirty rock 'n' roll, the kind **The Doobie Brothers** used to play before they got mellow. **John Eskow** profiles the Grammy-winning band in *The Doobie Brothers—from the Top* (illustrated by **John Youssi**) and discovers that even in rock 'n' roll, once you've hit the *really* big time, you can't go home again. Eskow just finished a novel for Delacorte about rock musicians titled *Smokestack Lightning* that will be available in October.

And before we leave the topic of people who can't go home again, we should mention Fanny Hackabout-Jones, who, finding herself the lust object of her stepbrother, her adopted father and even the redoubtable Alexander Pope, runs away to seek her fortune in *Fanny, Being the True History of the Adventures of Fanny Hackabout-Jones*, our excerpt (illustrated by **Elizabeth Bennett**) from **Erica Jong**'s forthcoming novel by the same title to be published by New American Library.

To round out the issue, **Anson Mount** is back with *Playboy's Pro Football Preview* (don't bet without it!), illustrated by **Martin Hoffman**; we have a great fashion spread on boating wear, *Clear Sailing Ahead!* by **David Platt**, photographed by **Uli Rose**; a lifesaving interview with **Durk Pearson** in *Playboy's New Age Primer*; and, of course, more very beautiful women: *Girls of Hawaii*, to be specific, and last (but *never* least), our Honolulu of a Playmate, **Victoria Cooke**. (Too many cooks spoil the broth, but one Cooke takes the cake.)

DEREK

JONES

SCHEER

STEIN

MUKAI

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JONG

BENNETT

MOUNT

HOFFMAN

ESKOW

YOUSSI

ROSE

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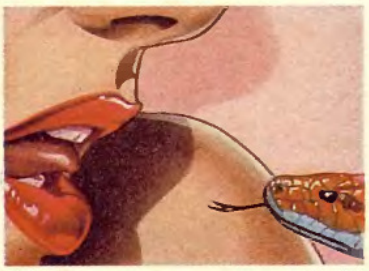

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She's home from a vacation in Japan and Europe with a firm grip on her career and looking more beautiful than ever. And she's back with us, compliments of husband John's photography, in 12 pages of glistening color.

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He'll probably win the Republican nomination, and he's such a familiar face that you may feel as if you know him. But you probably don't—and what you don't know *can* hurt you.

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CREDITS: COVER: MODEL/ACTRESS BO DEREK. PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN DEREK. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY BY: JIM DE VAULT, P. 5; DOUGLAS KIRKLAND,

COVER STORY

John Derek's photograph of his wife heralds the return of *Io* Bo (she appeared here last March) to our pages—12 of them, in fact, starting on page 108. We had a little office contest to name this pictorial and thought you'd like some of the losers: *Bo's Regards, Merci, Bo's Coup!, Bo Geste* and, naturally, *Mo' Bo*. It's enough to drive you Bonanas.

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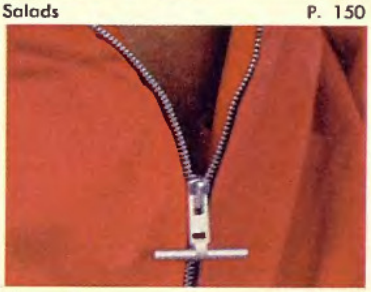

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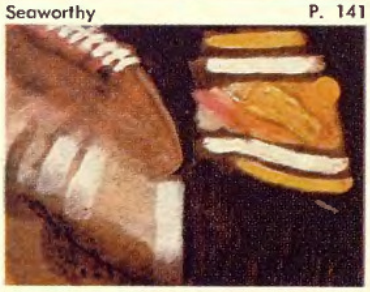

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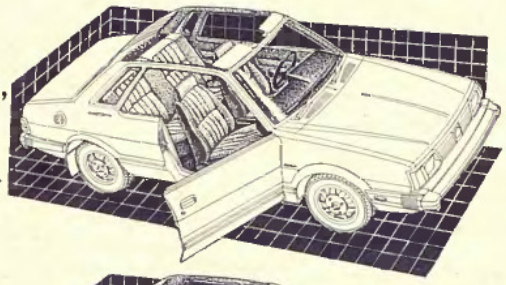

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4-WHEEL DRIVE FOR CROSS-TOWN AS WELL AS CROSS-COUNTRY.

Subaru four-wheel drive cars are comfortable, civilized and economical.

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Seagram's 7 Crown

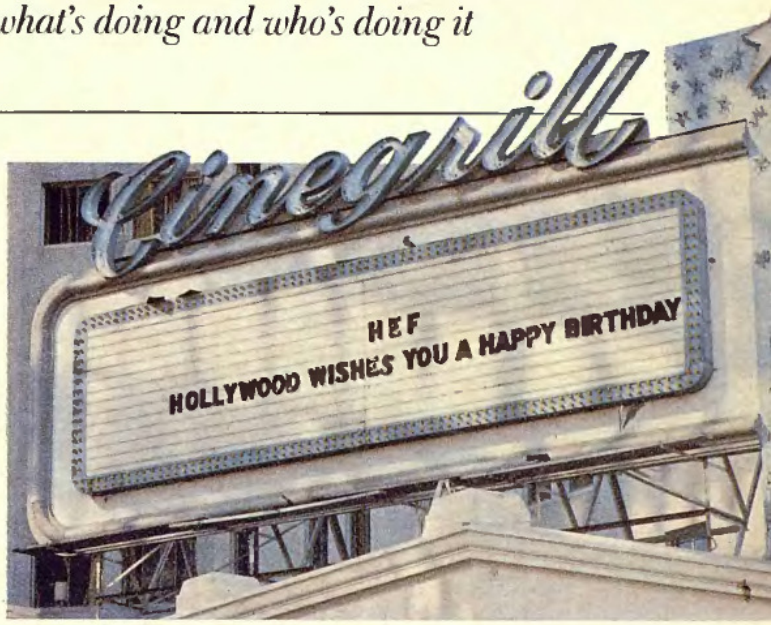
Where quality drinks begin.

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

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

Inspecting Hef's newly unveiled star—which is right next to one honoring W. C. Fields at 7000 Hollywood Boulevard—are (from left) Bill Hertz, chairman of the Hollywood Walk of Fame; KTTV's Bill Welsh, who is the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce president; Hef; and Hollywood's honorary mayor Monty Hall.



ON HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD, A STAR IS BORN

Now, here's a smart gift for that hard-to-shop-for guy! On Hugh Hefner's birthday (see marquee above), the Hollywood Historic Trust saluted him with a star in the legendary Hollywood Walk of Fame. First publisher so honored, Hef was cited for his efforts to save the Hollywood sign.

At his Playboy Mansion West birthday bash, Hef bear-hugs *Can't Stop the Music* producer Allan Carr (between the film's stars, Valerie Perrine and Bruce Jenner). Below left, Redd Foxx has a few choice words for Hef. *That's Entertainment* producer Jack Haley, Jr., below right with Debbie Chenowith, concocted *That's Hef*, a video tribute for the party.

Tony Curtis, due next in *The Mirror Crack'd*, gets a laugh from Hef, above. Eying each other (left) are actress/1969 Playmate of the Year Connie Kreski and Mac (*It's Hard to Be Humble*) Davis.

CHURLS OF THE SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

After Baylor University honchos threatened to expel coeds for posing nude in next month's *Girls of the Southwest Conference* feature, members of The NoZe Brotherhood, a campus satire group, protested. Here they are with PLAYBOY photog David Chan.

SKETCHING CLASS

Art is about to imitate life as this month's Playmate, Victoria Cooke, poses in London for David Wynne, doing a sculpture for Playboy's Atlantic City complex.

ALL THIS AND TALENT, TOO!

Flo Ziegfeld, eat your heart out. The Playmates, a vocal group made up of some of our most harmonious Playmates, are getting ready for a showbiz debut. Shown rehearsing with Playboy exec Tom Hall are Miss July 1977, Sondra Theodore (left), Miss September 1978, Rosanne Katon, and future Playmate Jeana Tomasino.

MERCADO SPIKES THE PUNCH

Bernardo Mercado (dark trunks) and Earnie Shavers, the World Boxing Council's number-one heavyweight contender, clinch during a match at Playboy's Great Gorge Resort. Mercado scored an upset when the fight was stopped.

ET FU, MANCHU?

Peter Sellers (with Helen Mirren, above) doubles as Oriental villain and British hero in *The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu*, due from Orion in August. Hef is executive producer of the Zev Braun picture, in association with Playboy Productions.

The Head Edge

It lets you do things you couldn't do before.

The Edge® racquet lets you get solidly behind more balls than you do now. It's got a sweet spot that's a lot bigger than the sweet spot on a conventional racquet. But, being mid-sized, it's easier to control, easier to handle, than one of those jumbos.

So, suddenly, balls you used to run to and take mere swipes at, you can now be hitting with power on the sweet spot.

You're also looking at sportswear that lets you do things you couldn't do before. Head® Tennis Wear isn't just crisp, clean, uncluttered and classically stylish clothing. It's functionally designed to help you play all out, with confidence and comfort.

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The Head Edge and Head Tennis Wear:
They'll both win points for you.

We can make a difference in your game.

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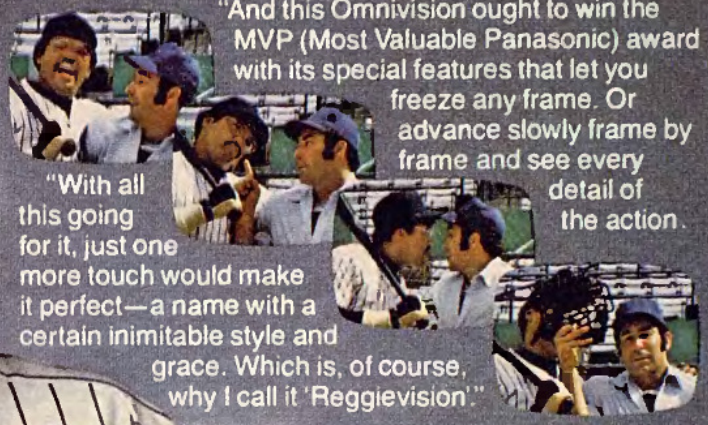
My new home, portable video recorder. Panasonic calls it Omnivision. I call it "Reggievision."

"This Panasonic portable Omnivision™ VHS™ video tape recorder is like an all-star team. The PV-3100 recorder with its optional programmable tuner/timer (PV-A35P) lets you record up to 6 hours of TV at home and 8 different shows over 14 days when you're making a road trip.

"When there's nothing good on TV, make your own shows—either indoors or outdoors—by adding a Panasonic PK-700 color-sound camera. And look at these major league features: A motorized 6-to-1 zoom lens, automatic exposure control, color balance and a telescoping condenser mike.

"The portable recorder comes complete with a Panalloid™ rechargeable battery so you can shoot for up to 1 hour. And for an extra hour of taping, there's an optional battery pack. There's also an optional car-battery adapter. (The Panasonic portable video recorder has almost as many options as my contract.)

"And this Omnivision ought to win the MVP (Most Valuable Panasonic) award with its special features that let you freeze any frame. Or advance slowly frame by frame and see every detail of the action.



"With all this going for it, just one more touch would make it perfect—a name with a certain inimitable style and grace. Which is, of course, why I call it 'Reggievision'."

Panasonic.
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TV picture simulated

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SMILES IN THE AISLES

As a PLAYBOY reader since 1963, I have grown accustomed to seeing the most beautiful women in the world on the pages of your magazine. However, your May *Perfect Attendants* pictorial is surely the most magnificent ever seen by modern man. Karen Abbott of American Airlines rendered me speechless.

Mickey Roberson
Shreveport, Louisiana

You have surpassed yourselves once again. Your glorious pictorial on stewardesses convinced me more than ever that the best place for observing the moon and other heavenly bodies is an aisle seat, not a window seat.

Walt Jason
Detroit, Michigan

We in the stations department of Hughes Airwest in Phoenix would like to express our thanks and support of PLAYBOY and our own beautiful Chris Gibson for the layout in your May issue.

Stations Employees
Hughes Airwest
Phoenix, Arizona

Thanks for setting us back about 20 years and subjecting us to unnecessary ridicule, suspicion and degrading comments from our passengers. It's really a lot of fun to have to explain that "No, we don't screw in the lavs; no, we don't get laid on layovers, etc." Thanks for nothing.

Joyce Buonfiglio
New York, New York

The May issue of PLAYBOY has set back the flight-attendant image ten years. I appreciate the rights of PLAYBOY and of the individual women who posed to do and say as they feel; however, the public display of uniforms and the article titled *Confessions of a Flight Attendant* insinuate that all flight attendants think and act as those particular women do. I personally am a flight attendant who is a happily married mother of two children. I would like to see this position continue to expand as a career and a position of respect. These women are exceptions, not the rule.

Pamela Christen
Eastern Airlines
Elizabeth, New Jersey

Let's get together, now. Was it ten or 20 years PLAYBOY *set you back? Frankly, we think we've given you a pretty good welcome into the Eighties. The fact that an unusually attractive group of airline attendants chose to share their good fortune with us is cause for celebration, not 19th Century finger waggling. The first-person account of one attendant's experiences should be accepted as just that: one attendant's experiences. (By the way, she never reported attendants' screwing in the lavs, only passengers'.) Our article shows attendants to be as different as their number (or their sex). It could not be more positive about their education, their lifestyles, their personalities or their beauty. If we have changed anyone's views toward flight attendants, we think it's for the better. But prejudices about the profession existed well before our feature and, human nature being what it is, will no doubt continue despite anyone's efforts.*

As Texas International flight attendants, we would like to know why we were not approached on the subject. We believe our airline representatives would have been a definite asset to your article. So . . . what's the deal?

Chris Bené
Pam Deamer
Houston, Texas

I have just seen your May issue and, as a flight attendant, I would like to

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

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

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

Read label for directions.

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'What to do if you're teed off at athlete's foot.'

by Hale Irwin

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And, if you want to beat the itch before it starts, try regular applications of Dr. Scholl's Solvex Powder. It absorbs the moisture that athlete's foot thrives in and helps prevent reinfection.

"Face it, who knows more about feet than Dr. Scholl's? Their Solvex keeps my mind off my feet. And on the ball."

Dr Scholl's

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thank you for contributing to the restoration of the "glamorous airline stewardess." My only regret is that my airline is not represented! Should you do another pictorial featuring flight attendants, please keep me and Frontier Airlines in mind.

Sheril Vradenburg
Dallas, Texas

TALESE ON THE LOOSE

Your interview with Gay Talese in the May issue is quite interesting and provocative. I admire the man's courage in breaking away from the traditional bounds of nonfiction writing, as well as his willingness to put his personal and private life on the line with his new book, *Thy Neighbor's Wife*.

Dudley Jude
Campbell, California

Thanks so much, Larry DuBois, for providing us with such a candid interview with Gay Talese. That is what I call a superb job!

Javier Damien
Little Silver, New Jersey

Having just finished your excellent interview with Gay Talese, I find myself wishing I had been old enough in 1971 to enjoy the happenings at Sandstone. Maybe if I had, I wouldn't feel so guilty when I want to make love to a different man every day.

Kathy H. Alexander
San Diego, California

One question I wish you had asked: Why did Talese not include his wife in any of his group sexual experiences? It appears he did all his research—and then hoped his wife would understand. If it did so much for him personally, why didn't he attempt to enrich his wife's life to the same extent? How can he say his life has changed? He has not put his feelings to the fire as the Sandstone couples did, because he participated with someone with whom he was not emotionally involved, and that was no growing experience—he was simply screwing in a group as opposed to one on one.

Jane S. Redden
Winter Park, Florida

ISLAM IN THE WEST

Our subscription to PLAYBOY was originally for the sake of my husband. However, after four years, my reactions and interest in many of your articles and interviews are such that he has to wait his turn to get to this magazine! I don't agree with everything you say and often become agitated with your interpretation of various controversial political and moral issues of our times. But that's the fun of it! I would like to thank you particularly for the outstanding article by Bruce Michael Gans and Walter L. Lowe on *The Islam Connection* in your

May issue, a fascinating portrait of Wallace D. Muhammad. This article has given many people like myself (WASPs) certainly not a working knowledge but at the least an introductory understanding of Islamic feelings and tenets and the correlation of American blacks to Islam. I wish that our local news media would try to enlighten us concerning such important keys of understanding in these trying times.

Debby Roberts
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Joann Daley's illustration suggests that the members of the World Community of Al-Islam in the West look upon and worship our imam, Wallace D. Muhammad, as if he were some kind of god. It is deeply important that your readers and the world know that we, the members of the W.C.I.W., do not worship or bow down to our imam, nor does he ask us to. We bow down and worship nothing and no one but the one God whose proper name is Allah.

Amin Abdul Islam (Ellis W. Mathews, Jr.)
Lewisburg, Pennsylvania

LEGAL NOTICE

Oh, boy, it's so great to be able to write all you fans a letter in PLAYBOY. You know, at first they wanted me to be in a centerfold, but I didn't want them to put that staple in my stomach. The reason I'm writing is to let you know that there are a bunch of Sluggos out there selling fake Mr. Bill T-shirts and buttons and pins and even little electric chairs to put me in (PLAYBOY, April, *Potpourri*). How sick can you get? I think there are a lot of better things you can spend your allowance on, like helping the space shuttle get up in the air or putting good solar panels on our roofs or supporting S.O.S., the drive to *Stamp Out Sluggos* in our lifetime. I wish I could contribute more to those things, but after Mr. Hands and Sluggo take out the expenses from my pay check, I only get five dollars a week. That's why I have to wear the same clothes all the time. So, kids, thanks for watching me and I hope to see you on the "big screen" real soon, too. Yay!

Mr. Bill
New York, New York

SINS OF OMISSION

I'm afraid Jay Stuller completely misses the boat in his article *The Toughest Job in Sports* (PLAYBOY, May). I find it incredible that there is not even a mention of gymnastics. Sorry, Stuller, but I think gymnastics has your number-one sport (boxing—ugh!) outclassed in several rating categories, including (for starters) required body coordination, precision of performance, need for physical preparation, complexity of skill

preparation, energy expenditure and frequency of crucial moments. I might also add that gymnastics (and gymnasts) are infinitely more appealing, because there is none of the mindless brutality of boxing.

Pat Ley
Beaumont, Texas

Where did moto-cross end up? In Europe, tests have been run since the early Seventies and moto-cross has consistently been one of the top two most physically demanding sports in the world. Granted, duking it out for 15 rounds would take quite a toll on the body, as well as the mind, but two 40-minute motos are not just strolls in the park, either.

Jack J. Keaton III
Carmichael, California

As a rugby player, I do take umbrage at the fact that Stuller didn't even rate rugby players—except in his backhanded comment about their digestive powers. In no other sport does a player have to battle continuously for 90 minutes with only five minutes at the half. And during tournaments, there are two, sometimes three games each day! But it doesn't end there. A rugby player has to go and consume copious quantities of beer after the game, being careful not to puke. More often than not, he then has to burst into song, singing any number of precious ditties. To top it all off, the true rugby player has to get laid, too. All of this in one short day!

Boyd McConnell
Calgary, Alberta

I was aggravated to see that the cockeyed rating system ranks golfers and auto racers substantially above marathoners.

Frederick J. McGarry
Deerfield, New Hampshire

The toughest job in sports is listening to Howard Cosell.

Robert Mackie
Toronto, Ontario

THOMSEN ON TOP

My deepest thanks to Arny Freytag for his wonderful pictorial of Miss May, Martha Thomsen. Her soft beauty is overwhelming. She is truly one in a million. Thank you for showing us the best. I wish she were a California girl.

Peter Lianides
Saratoga, California

I hope you plan on featuring Martha Thomsen again soon. She could only work up in the clouds—an exquisite angel. She has my vote for Playmate of the Year for 1981.

Thomas Guza
Whittier, California

The one and only fault I can find is that her name, Martha Thomsen, is so plain. I highly recommend that she change it—to mine!

Jerry Hagebusch
Camdenton, Missouri

When I saw that our birth dates were the same, I knew that wasn't the only chemistry working between Miss May and me! She is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. Please give us another look at this Washington wonder!

Phillip Davidson
Russellville, Alabama

The same birthday is the slimmest of reasons to show you another shot of

Martha, Phil. But insofar as Miss Thomsen is concerned, we're shameless.

KNEPPER'S A KEEPER

I would like to congratulate Arny Freytag on his May cover photo. The picture of Terri Knepper is beautiful and so is she. If only United Airlines' "on time" record looked as good.

Don Gonzalez
Saguache, Colorado

This is a first for me! Never have I written good or bad to any publication about anybody. However, the cover picture of Terri Knepper on your May issue is the most delicious thing I have ever seen. She looks very much like a girl I used to go with when I was a young man—could be her daughter. Now I am in my 60s, but not too old to dream.

H. Adams
Ritchie, Maryland

I have enjoyed your magazine for many years and recently became a subscriber. I have never considered writing a letter to you, because I have always felt the quality of your magazine was so exceptional that words would seem inadequate. However, I just received my May issue and was so stricken I felt I had to write. The photo of Terri Knepper on your cover is absolutely incredible. She is probably the most beautiful woman ever to grace your magazine. I was crushed not to see more of her in the issue. It is a shame she's not a Playmate; she would definitely have my vote.

Randall C. Paul
Columbia, South Carolina

Settle down, gentlemen, we saw the same cover you did; Terri has been set for the full centerfold treatment just in time for Christmas.

MOVIE MADNESS

I am a woman who has been reading your magazine for six years. I find nothing obscene or offensive about it. Your articles and pictorials are always of the highest quality. That is why I was so disturbed to see the picture on page 184 of the article *The Year in Movies* (PLAYBOY, May 1980) of the mutilated penis (actually, I can't tell *what* it is!). I hope this is not the start of your using violence for the sake of shock in your magazine.

(Name withheld by request)
Rochester, New York

Puh-leeze. One thing you will never see in this magazine is a photo of a mutilated penis. The shot you refer to shows the emergence from a victim's chest of the Alien from the movie of the same name. It is not the start of anything. Whew!

I hate to be a nitpicker, but when it involves my favorite beer, I take exception. In the May 1980 PLAYBOY, there is an error in the article *The Year in Movies*. On page 185, Meryl Streep is *not* pouring a Heineken on Alan Alda's crotch. As anyone who loves great beer knows, she is pouring a Tuborg Gold. I cringe at such a waste of good beer.

Robert M. Foxwell
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Our apologies to the folks at Heineken and our apologies to the folks at Tuborg. Satisfied?

It was not a Hare Krishna who had his head shaved down to the neck by a helicopter in *Dawn of the Dead*. It was a very tall blond man who looks a great deal like a policeman and sometime student I know. The zombie simply stood up in the blade's rotation path. The Hare Krishna didn't show up until the shopping-center scenes. Apparently, the author of *The Year in Movies* has been harassed once too often in airports and saw what he wanted to see.

Michael Thompson
Berwick, Louisiana

Our apologies to blond men, zombies, Hare Krishnas, students and policemen. We refuse to apologize to helicopters.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

MA BELL RINGS CHIMES

An obscene phone caller in Denver has come up with a novel method for getting the most from his message units. Calling small grocery stores, he tells the unsuspecting clerks that he is a representative of Mountain Bell and that their lines have been tapped in an effort to catch obscene telephone callers. He then informs the clerks that should one of these low-lifes call, they should encourage the pervert and keep him on the line for as long as possible. The demented dialer then hangs up and calls back moments later using a disguised voice. He then diddles away his day asking the cooperative clerks every obscene question in the book. It's the next-best thing to being there.

RED MENACE

With thoughts of holding his pickle and doing something useful with his lettuce, a 23-year-old Louisiana college student calling himself the Human French Fry set a record for catsup sitting, squatting in a tub filled with the pasty stuff for 17 and a half hours. Just what was it that motivated Rip Howell, a geology student at the University of Southwestern Louisiana, to embark on such a lofty task? Well, it seems that there is no record for the catsup squat in the *Guinness Book of World Records* and Rip felt that he was just the kind of burger-brained guy to set it. "I'm totally insane," he commented. "I got the idea from a person over in Alabama who sat in a tub of chocolate pudding for 28 hours!"

TAKE-OUT TERRIER

In mainland China, the term puppy chow has taken on new meaning. In the city of Chi-lin, for instance, dog meat is so popular with local gourmands that one restaurant, suffering a shortage of the stuff, asked local citizens to cash in their bowwows. The response was overwhelming. One Peking Communist Party newspaper reported that "in less than one month, 1369 dogs were bought, a supply that can last one year for this restaurant." The party newspaper congratulated the eatery for using capitalistic-style private enterprise instead of waiting for some central-government organization to ship it the dog meat.

NUMBER ONE WITH A BULLET

At Elektra/Asylum Records' New York headquarters, a young rock-'n'-roll fan showed up with a sure-fire hit maker—a small gun. Pulling the gat from his pocket and firing one shot into the company's ceiling, he announced, "I have five bullets in my gun. One of them is for me." The slightly crazed gent, Joseph Paul Rivera, then sat down with office manager Ruth Manne, who tried to talk him out of his plan. Eventually, the pistol packer saw the error of his ways and made a request—to hear the Eagles' *Desperado* on local radio station WPLJ-FM. The station, happy to find out that there was someone actually listening out there, readily did just that. When the Eagles were done warbling, Rivera sighed contentedly and surrendered, thus giving this story a happy ending. Things could have been worse. At first the guy had asked to meet Jackson Browne.

DANGLING DAMSEL

Three Duquesne University students, two of them basketball stars, have been charged with tying a coed to a chair and dangling her out an 11th-floor dormitory window. Tamara Jo McCartt, 21, says that she was seized in her dorm room, carried to another room, gagged, tied to a chair and then dangled from a window by Ronnie Dixon, Roderick Scott and Jeffrey Thomas. University officials investigating the incident declined comment on the students' actions. Better check those SAT scores, dean.

AERIAL BURIAL

OK. You've died. That's it, no more breathing, no more caviar, no more Ferrari, no more taxes. Your body is cremated and, to honor your dying request, your ashes are spread over the Pacific Ocean, or a favorite mountain range, or Poughkeepsie, New York. Well, in our more sanguine moments, we've wondered who would take us up for our last trip and how those air rites are performed. Too squeamish to inquire ourselves, we dispatched writer Tom

Miller to find out for us. Here is his report.

We were circling over Tucson in a Piper Cherokee Warrior as the Santa Catalina Mountains came into view. To my side was pilot Larry Oswalt. In the back seat was Ed, 82 years old. Ed had died of old age five days earlier. Larry's job was to scatter Ed's remains.

6400 FEET AND RISING. "The ashes come in a little box in gold wrapping paper," the 30-year-old pilot explained. "A limousine brings the box out to the airport and a tuxedoed chauffeur carries it into the office. It just sits on a counter until one of the pilots has some time."

6800 FEET. "That's Mt. Lemmon below us now. Most people around here seem to want their ashes scattered there, and I usually let them out at the same place every time. It's really a peaceful area."

7200 FEET. Ed, whose remains have been dumped into a grocery bag tied at the top with a four-foot rope, is brought up front. Larry takes out a knife and cuts four perforations in the bag, one on each side, parallel to the bottom. "When I open the door and let the bag out, I'll hold onto the rope and the wind current will tear the bag apart along where I've sliced it."

7500 FEET. Larry puts the plane into slow flight. Opening his door slightly, he shoves the grocery bag out, holding onto it with the rope. The bottom of the bag rips away and Ed's remains sprinkle down over a meadow. Larry looks over his shoulder for one last glimpse at the descending ashes and pulls the rope back in. Another aerial burial completed.

5500 FEET AND DESCENDING. "Once in a while, relatives want to come along," Larry said as we looped back to the airport. "I'm not too crazy about that—it gets too intense. They tend to get very emotional—especially when you're about to let the ashes go. Something could go wrong, too.

"One time, another pilot went up and got caught in an air pocket where the current reversed on him. Right after the bag broke, the ashes flew back in and got all over the place."

What happened?

"As soon as the plane got back, we had to clean it out. The poor guy ended up in a vacuum cleaner."

KNIGHTS OF THE FORMICA TABLE

Some political and economic observers insist that the current Administration is sending America hurtling back to the Middle Ages. If that's the case, no one could be happier than James S. Pratt, a 25-year-old Knoxville, Tennessee, insurance adjuster who is the national president of the Society for Creative Anachronism. Pratt, known as Baron Cathal MacEdan to his peers, is the latest president of the 14-year-old organization dedicated to glorifying and reliving the days of brave knights and damsels in distress. At present, Pratt is supervising the training of medieval businessmen in the skills of warfare for this summer's Ninth Pennsic War, an altercation in Atlanta, Georgia, wherein 600 modern-day knights will do battle. "It's a war between the Middle Kingdom and the Eastern Kingdom over who gets possession of Pittsburgh," says Pratt. "The loser gets Pittsburgh." Some notions are just plain timeless.

CHECKING IN

Comedian **Mark Russell** *has headlined at The Shoreham Hotel in Washington, D.C., for 15 years, dishing out biting political satire. Last year, Russell's humor went national on the NBC-TV show "Real People," and now he also has his own "Mark Russell Comedy Special" on PBS. Chicago free-lance writer Sharon Spence asked him about the current political climate.*

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised when you realized your humor made some people angry?

RUSSELL: I had no idea how upset people could get. One night, when I was playing the Carroll Arms, I sang a Tom Lehrer song about going back to Dixie. Lyrics something like "Eat corn pone till it's coming out of my ears" and "Be it ever so decadent, there's no place. . . ." I thought it was harmless. Then I launched into a Lenny Bruce routine about Governor Earl Long of Louisiana, whose daughter comes home and tells him she's getting married. He asks to whom and she says, "He's from New York, Daddy." Long says, "What's his name, honey chile?" and she says, "Harry Belafonte, Daddy," and he says, "An Italian boy, huh?" Well, the joke got big laughs, but suddenly this man gets out of his seat and rushes me and shouts, "You son of a bitch! I know the Longs and there's never been any niggers in that family!"

PLAYBOY: What themes will humor revolve around in the Eighties?

RUSSELL: It all depends on what the Russians do. If things get gloomy, we'll need to continue the silliness of Seventies humor, because we'll need the distraction. On the other hand, a subject like marriage won't be made fun of in the Eighties. We're all trying to give ourselves the security of a new patriotism because of world events. This could bring about stronger families, an emphasis on tradition. There's a bothersome gleam in people's eyes these days.

PLAYBOY: If you were compelled to change places with one of the key figures in national politics, who would that be?

RUSSELL: Uh, Jerry Brown. But only for one night.

POLLING RANK

By now you have seen the movie *"10"* and either you agree that Bo Derek is a 10 or you have an appointment with your eye doctor. Unfortunately, the various scales by which men rate women are not based on absolutes, as are other systems of measurement, which result from gentlemen's agreements: We all get together and say that from now on, a yard will be a certain multiple of wave length of the color yellow on a certain spectrographic readout, which we assume is a constant. When it comes to comparing women, our ratings fluctuate wildly—according to hormone level, blood-alcohol concentration and elapsed time since last sexual encounter. If we could agree that Bo were at one end of the scale of visible light, we would at least have a beginning. In our March issue, *The Playboy Advisor* asked readers to send in their favorite rating systems, the better to bring order to this broken world. The response was astonishing. Some were very analytical—ascribing points to parts of the body, personality and willingness to do strange things to the observer. Some people had obvious biases, awarding an unreasonable number of points to any woman whose hand was found in your jeans or who caught your attention about five minutes before the rest of her entered the room. Readers submitted more than 120 rating systems. We now present some of the more imaginative and revealing of them—with the caveat that the views expressed by these supposed arbiters of feminine pulchritude are not necessarily those of the management.

•

"The basic unit of measure is distance. Outstanding women are measured in miles, your last blind date in inches. Typical values are one to five miles, with Bo Derek a solid six-miler. The rating corresponds to the distance you would

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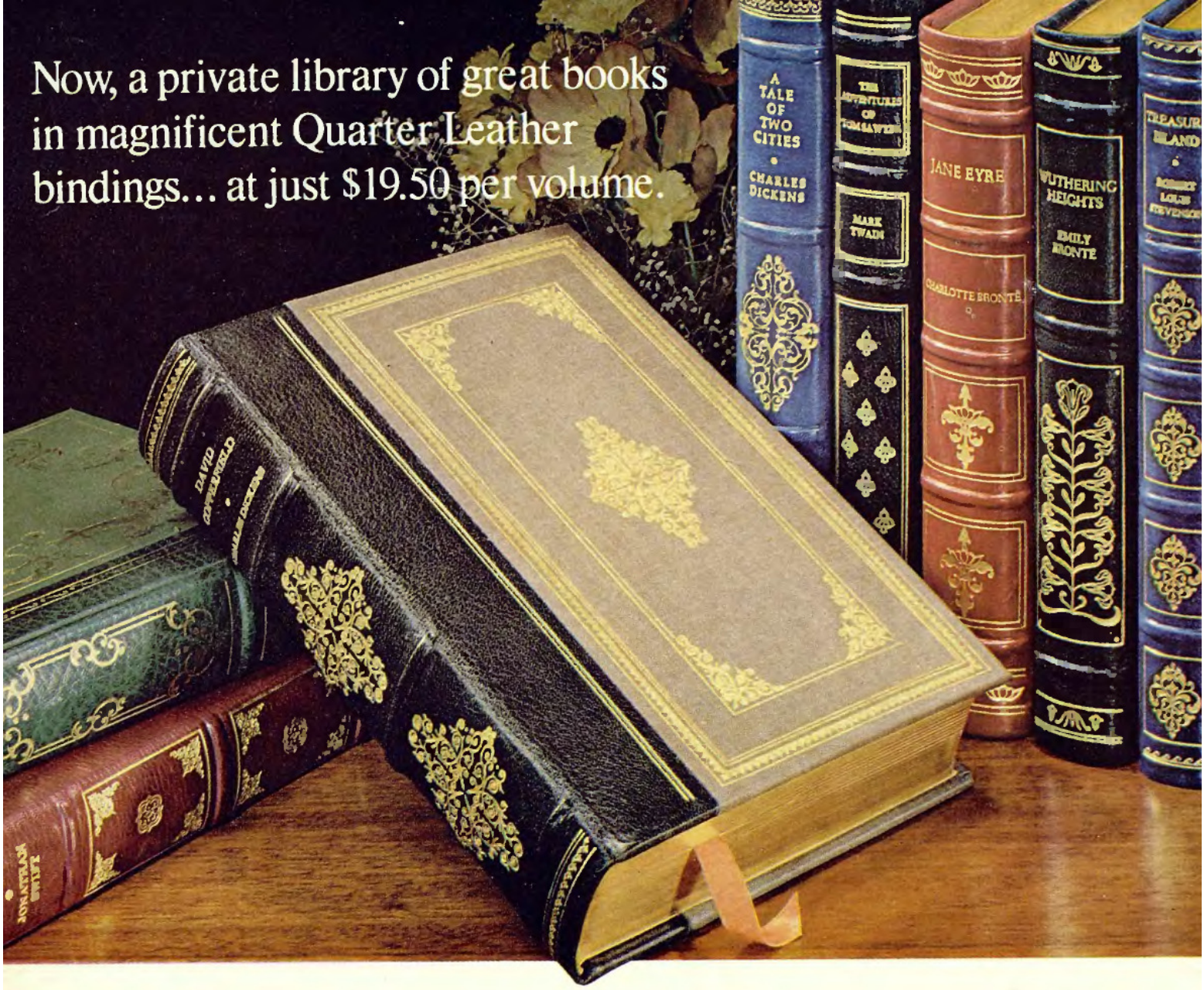

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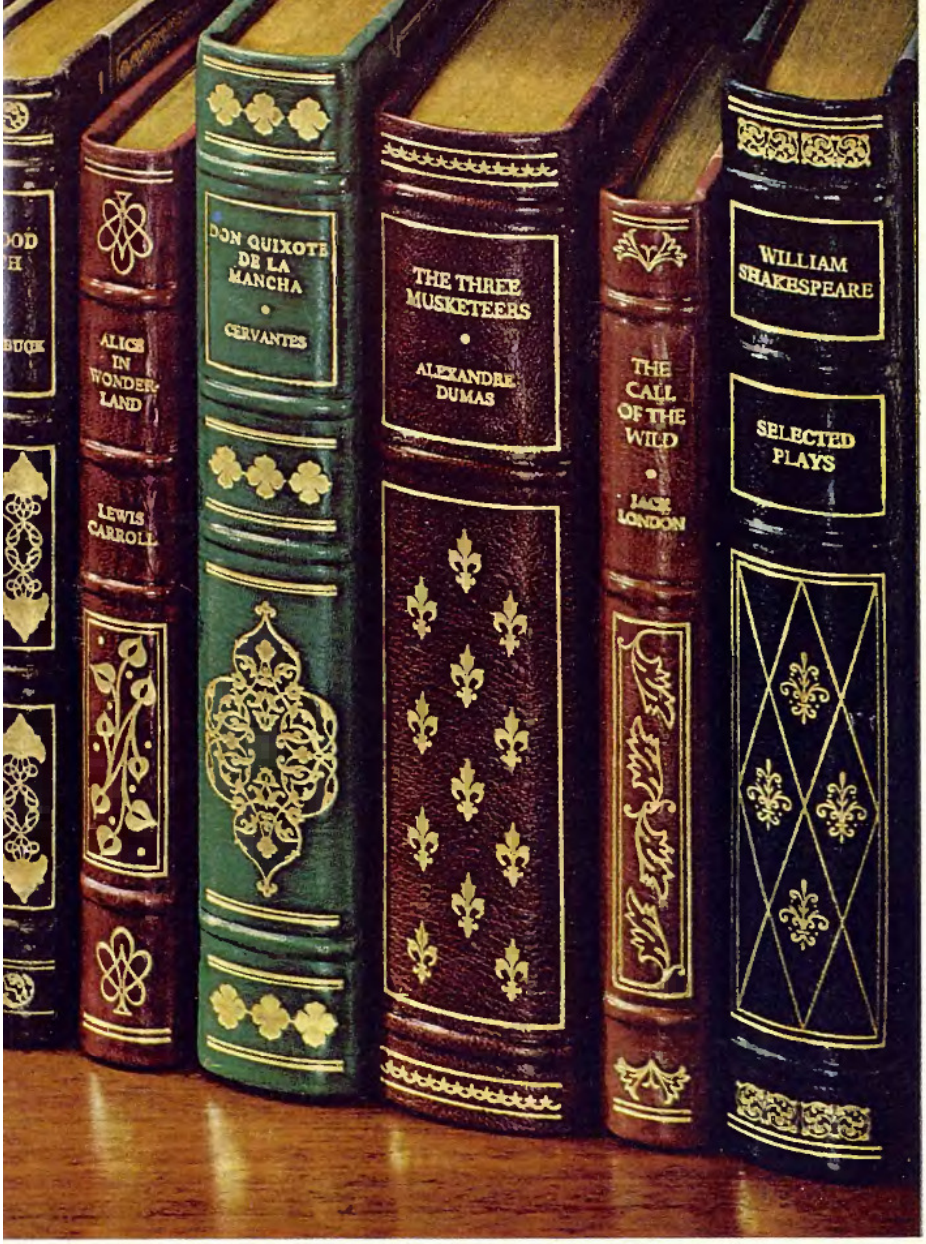

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THE PERVERT'S "WHO'S WHO"

Further excerpts from the strange works of Doktor Bey

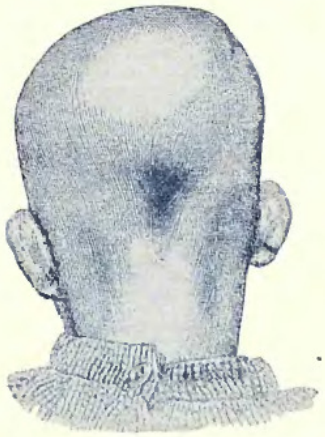
AYATOLLAH BANI DE SADE (Persia)—Religious fanatic; known as "the old mullah-fakir." Faunder of the S/M Club (Shiite Moslem), a sect devated to hostage bondage and group domination.

ANAIS NIT (Portugal)—Pubic beautician. Opened an international chain of parlors called Pomp(adour) & Circumcise.

INGMAR PUCKBØE (Sweden)—Invented ice hooker, a camplicated sport involving prostitutes on skates and a live rooster.

MAURICE DILDEAUX (France)—Aerial coprophiliac. First man to dine during a transatlantic flight. No relation to T. S. Dildo, inventor of the artificial phallus.

FU CKUP (Chad)—Magician. First person able to achieve orgasm while confined to a strait jacket.



TELLY PUDOPPOLIS (Greece)—Poet. Best remembered for coining the expression "giving head."

—DEREK PELL

crawl on your hands and knees through broken glass just to masturbate in her shadow." Crude, perhaps, but easy for both the professional and the novice to understand.

•

"Regarding your quest for an accurate scoring system, I offer the following: A 10 is merely any 5 that freely engages in sexual intercourse."

•

"As traveling businessmen who are connoisseurs of the female form, we have determined that the only true scoring system is as follows:

0—A broad you would not fuck or eat.

1—A broad you would fuck but not eat.

2—A broad you would eat and then fuck.

3—A broad you would fuck and then eat.

4—A broad you would eat just after your buddy fucked her.

You have to draw the line somewhere." These guys have been on the road too long.

•

"May I suggest the M.D.N. standard, or, to be exact, the minimum drinks necessary before you approach the object of your attention. A 0 is awarded to a woman who would appeal to you stone-cold sober. A 12 is the worst—indicating that you would have to be just this side of unconsciousness to enjoy sex with her. There is a minus side to the scale—a girl so beautiful you'd buy her five drinks. There is an additional factor for time—every woman has one or two drinks subtracted from her score shortly before closing time. By then, everyone looks good."

Reality is for people who can't handle liquor.

•

"A 10 is the lady you take home and eat in your wife's presence."

•

"When we were all in the Navy electronics field, two friends and I devised a system based on the minihelen. Assuming that Helen of Troy had a face that launched 1000 ships, one minihelen is a girl who would launch one ship. One helen equals 1000 minihelens. There is a negative measurement for how many ships you would scuttle to avoid contact with a given woman. A girl can score 50 minihelens just by being identifiably female at a distance of 20 feet."

•

"A 10 is an 8 with her own source of dope."

•

What can we say? The task of trying to explain the quirks of these scoring systems is beyond us. Even if we arrived at an accepted standard for judging women, there would always be the judge from Yugoslavia whose sexual politics had to be explained away by an exhausted Chris Schenkel. We're sorry we asked.

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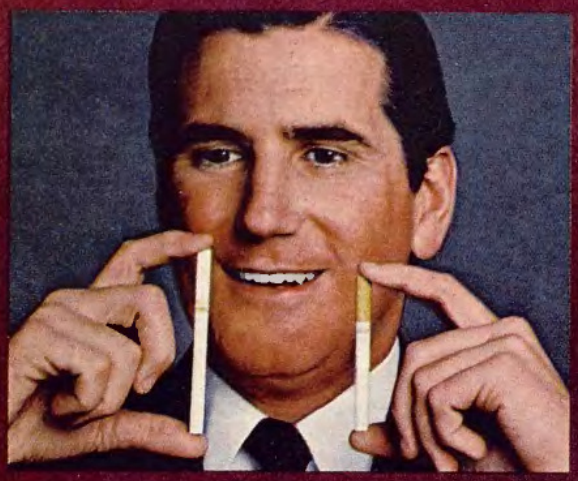

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PALL MALL LIGHT 100's

12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

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BOOKS

The myth of the American West has surfaced once again and with it nostalgia for the lives of those sturdy pioneers, the great white immigrants who farmed their way across the frontier. Maxine Hong Kingston, in ***China Men*** (Knopf), gives a different version of the American pioneer; she relates extraordinary stories about the Chinese men who smuggled themselves into the U. S., who moved mountains for the railroads and who went mad with guilt and grief for their families left behind. This is a powerful biography that includes legends and dreams, conjecture and reality and that links the past with the Chinese-American men of the present.

•

You can't do much better than this: Richard Lingeman's lively history, ***Small Town America*** (Putnam), is the best way to start reading about our country again. Lingeman gives us a brilliant river of narrative, tracing the rise of the towns of America from the first Puritan communities through more than two centuries, to 1980. In case that sounds uncool ("I mean, hey, man, who reads history these days?"), put away your preconceptions and try it. Our supposedly modern dilemmas will seem less complex as you float along, watching our country's growth. You'll note that Colonial legislatures promoted land speculation that was accompanied by graft and corruption; that rigid social standards have been in place in the culture since its inception, despite superficial allegiance to freedom and choice; that gold fever has always been with us; that honesty has been seen as an awkward and outmoded virtue for much of our time; and that the tension that exists between the small town and the big city has been both creative and destructive for most of our forebears. Lingeman not only reminds us that nothing is new under the sun, he does it with a superb sense of scholarship and an abiding love of small-town America.

•

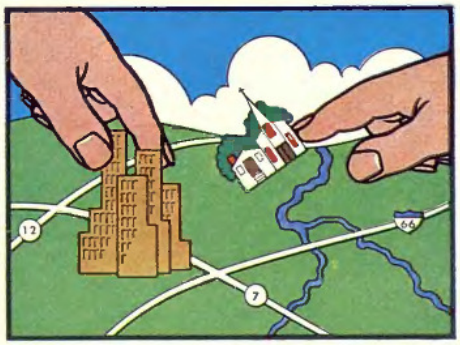
Prize-winning fiction it isn't, but Steven Phillips successfully avoids clichés and delivers a good case study of police brutality and its legal aftermath in ***Resisting Arrest*** (Doubleday). As in the real world, the heroes and villains of the piece depend largely on your perspective; justice is served, barely, through generally unsatisfying compromise.

•

International terrorists, revolutionaries, assassins and spies of every stripe, real and fictional, do their level best to blow one another away in Jack (*The Eagle Has Landed*) Higgins' latest thriller, ***Solo*** (Stein & Day). No fancy writing here, just straightforward narrative that moves quickly and sucks you in with understated violence, understated sex and enough plot twists to keep you guessing until the final showdown. It's escapist fare, ultimately forgettable but just the right read for a tanning session at the beach.

Chinese patriarchs limned.

History *can* be readable:
Cf. *China Men* and
Small Town America.



Elegy to the small town.

•

For those who've read his previous novels (*Sitting Pretty*, *Who Is Angelina?*, *Snakes*), Al Young's latest, ***Ask Me Now*** (McGraw-Hill), will be the most enjoyable. For those who haven't read anything by this novelist/poet, this book is a good place to start. It's the story of an ex-professional basketball player named Woody Knight who finds the real world—the world he has managed to avoid while playing in the N.B.A.—closing in on him. His wife doesn't seem to understand him, his financial woes are accumulating, his car is stolen and, finally, his teenaged daughter becomes involved with a heavy drug deal. This latter circumstance rouses Woody from his postretirement lethargy and, as he tries desperately to reach his daughter for the first time in his life, he finds that he's finally growing up.

•

Life for Death (Doubleday), by Michael Mewshaw, is not a fun book. In it, we learn how and why, in 1961, Wayne Dresbach killed his adoptive parents. Wayne's father was a philanderer, a masochist, a pornographer and a tyrant who, when his wife was out of town, would bring home women (he knew many, through his practice as a divorce lawyer) and sleep with several at a time. His wife, battered too many times to object, finally, joylessly, joined in. Wayne's younger brother Lee was in some favor with this crazy couple, so he wasn't going to rock the boat; Wayne was left to nail them. Mewshaw has a special interest in all of this. He was the first person Lee called after the shootings, and it was Mewshaw's mother and stepfather who acted as unofficial guardians to Wayne during and after the trial. Wayne is now out of prison, trying to live a normal life. He says, "No, there's never going to be a next time for me. I did what I did . . . and . . . I pay every day."

•

As more writers turn to the genre, the offbeat cop novel is fast becoming a formula of its own with only a few still offering much style, originality or literary merit. To those that do, add ***Off Duty*** (Norton), by Andrew Coburn. A recently resigned detective and his former boss collaborate on a get-rich-quick cocaine caper that, along with their personal lives, goes badly awry. Refreshingly low-key but highly suspenseful.

•

Jeff Greenfield's ***Playing to Win, an Insider's Guide to Politics*** (Simon & Schuster) is more than a political primer. It is a catalog of funny and original suggestions for folks like us who thought we'd grown permanently disinterested in the political process. Since Greenfield earned early access to back rooms (he worked as Bobby Kennedy's legislative aide and as John Lindsay's chief speechwriter), he's secure enough in his subject to joke about it. And he tricks us, as he makes us laugh, into taking political power games seriously once again.

•

Consumers Digest's ***Guide to Discount Buying*** (Dow Jones–Irwin) is one of the best survival books we've seen. It includes savings advice on more than 25,000 name-brand items. Such a deal!

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GET ELVIS: There are more good songs and more pure energy in Elvis Costello and the Attractions' ***Get Happy!!*** (Columbia) than most groups come up with in an entire career. Through 20 cuts on this release, Costello treats us to machine-gun-like bursts of musical power while disdaining any sort of filler whatever. Rockers such as *Love for Tender, The Imposter* and *I Stand Accused* crank up enough electricity to keep the stereo running long after it's been shut down. As a friend of ours said, "Springsteen may be the Boss, but Elvis is still King."

THE CLASH CASHES IN: *The Clash is the center of the new British invasion these days. The group is electric in concert, and the third Clash album, "London Calling," has finally made it big on the charts—where it counts with record executives. Since the boys sing about guns, the Third World and betrayal instead of girls and cars, commercial success wasn't easy to achieve. How has all this heavy attention affected The Clash? To find out, we sent critic Stan Mieses to talk with Clash's lead singer, Joe Strummer. Mieses' report:*

I met Joe at his hotel at three one afternoon before a recording session. He had just awakened and gotten himself together quickly. His hair was plastered on the sides with fragrant brilliantine and his hands, stubbed and mangled from guitar playing, were still wet and sticky. He wore an oversized red T-shirt with rolled-up sleeves, black dungarees and black jack boots. He sat on the couch and rolled a "spliff"—tobacco and pot mixed in a tipped joint—the size of a butcher's middle finger. Awake less than a half hour, he already seemed restless. He toyed with a broken Polaroid Sonar camera on a table by the couch. He got up to feel the radiator.

"Dealing with business here has made me realize that there's a great difference between young and old," he said. "I've changed my perspective. Life isn't the open book it was for a young rocker of 18, when you have that eternally optimistic feeling.

"But I'm not surprised we have a hit record and that we're recognized and all that. We worked at it 24 hours a day for four years. This was all there was. So of course you're gonna take off like a rocket. Some people lie around and don't lift a finger, and I always felt you gotta try."

He got up to feel the radiator again. He crossed the room to the closet, where he found something with a control dial. "See if it's getting hotter," he said to me. The radiator remained ice-cold. He clicked the dials, cursed and kicked the box in the closet. It turned out to be an air conditioner that the hotel stored there during cooler months. Joe laughed. He has awful teeth, little rotten stumps that befit his gravelly speaking voice and belie his romantic profile.

"There was a time when I had no idea what I was going to do," Joe said. "I was going to boarding school when I heard my first rock-'n'-roll band, and that was great, and I promised myself that by the time I was 16 I'd learn the guitar. But I didn't. I couldn't. I thought it was too complicated. So I went on to art school, where I spent my time lying on my back, wondering who was going to buy me another drink."

He dragged on his spliff and went to the window and looked out onto an alleyway and the rear of two apartment buildings, separated by a glimpse of the sky, which was gray. "Wish I could take a picture of this," he said, glumly. He paced around the room. He circled the table by the couch and flailed at the camera with a scarf from his back pocket that he had rolled into a rattail.

"So I wound up bottling, you know, collecting money for this guy who played in the subway tunnel. The word comes from the Dickens era, when the bloke collecting the money held one hand out with a basket; in the other hand was a bottle with a fly in it. He had to keep his finger in the bottle so's the fly wouldn't get out. That kept the other hand busy, so the entertainer knew he wasn't getting ripped off. Anyway, this was in '72. Soon, I started busking with him, sharing, and then he left me. One day, I passed this Irish pub where they had a trio singing, *a cappella*, and I

© ROBERTA BAYLEY

said, fuck it, I can get some mates together and do this shit and probably get a few quid for it. For a while, it was pretty ridiculous, getting pushed around by the cops in the subway and all that. But that turned into London's best art and R&B group. We were called the 101ers then, named after the squats—condemned houses—we were living in at the time. We rehearsed in a basement there. We took in anyone who wasn't a junkie or an alcoholic, and if they had a piece of equipment"—his eyes grew wide—"a 30-watt amp or bongos or anything, they were most welcome. We scraped together like that for 18 months as the 101ers. We made nothing. One record, which reached number eight. We played 12 gigs in 14 days once, without a single mention anywhere. I asked myself, have I really done this? Then, in the month of February of 1976, bam bam bam. I fired the guitar player. The Sex Pistols came out. I quit the 101ers. Then the three guys who were in a group called The Clash offered me the job, and we're off.

"We made an important decision right then and there: Everything had to go. We had to find something new. It was a total commitment to this. Singing in American had to go. All your friends, anything you knew had to go. Every old

attitude, every established thought—not just musical ideas, not just the twittering bollockry we saw onstage, with all the electronics and guitar solos and that. Everything. How we lived and thought and ate and played. I know it sounds mad now. I remember seeing old mates I'd known from before showing up at our gigs in their hats and ponchos, just back from bumming around South America. That was a luxury I could never afford. The Clash was it."

Joe got up from the sitting room and dashed into the bedroom, where he made a phone call while kicking a pile of dirty laundry into a corner. When he returned, he took another drag of the spliff and his thoughts turned toward the concert tour The Clash had just finished.

"It's hard to be in America if you never touch the ground," he said. "But we had some great people with us this time, because we chose the whole show. Thinking about *the show*, putting together acts that we'd like to see, is something we picked up from black music shows. Black music was the inspiration for us to do it in the first place. We had a Jamaican dub singer, Mikey Dread, and we had Lee Dorsey with us on the last tour, and Bo Diddley before that. Being on the road with these greats means you can spend time with them. Lee Dorsey sings all night, you know. We'd have these parties, a little Scotch and beer, and he'd sing every soul hit ever written. Boy, if you say this is a job, and you ask what the perks are, well, having that kind of fun is the best part of the whole thing.

"Fun is what we want to achieve. And a certain awareness of things, too; we're not writing moon-June-spoon words, but it makes very little sense to be political these days. You're just another person shouting. I'm not interested in any party line or propaganda. Bob Dylan's main message was, 'Be suspicious,' and I sure am. I'm for shutting up and getting on with our own corner of the world."

He stood and walked to the window and peered out to the gray slice of light. "I think things will be all right. They say when the times get tough, the rock gets better, you know."

Asked if he could maintain that attitude while his personal fortunes ascended, Joe lit up his spliff again and tossed the burned-out match in our direction. "That's our lookout, isn't it?" he snarled.

REVIEWS

Frank Sinatra has retired, and then thought better of it, as often as Muhammad Ali—and for the same reason: Each man knows in his heart that he's still The Greatest, and neither can resist coming back just one more time to show the competition how it's done.

In Sinatra's case, this urge takes the

FAST TRACKS

LIZZIE BORDEN AWARD OF THE MONTH: How's this for bizarre, folks? Stiff Records' promotional stunt for Wreckless Eric's new album was a 16-city contest in which the finalists were given an ax and a piano. The first person to demolish the piano and stuff its remains through an automobile-tire hole won free tickets to the Indy 500. An inflation cure, maybe. And you *want* to be a rock-'n'-roll star?

REELING AND ROCKING: Opening soon at a theater near you: **Ralph Bakshi**'s animated film *American Pop*, which chronicles the history of America through its music. Everything from minstrel singers to Gershwin to punk will be included.

RANDOM RUMORS: We hear that **Ted Nugent** has lost about 20 percent of his hearing from the volume of his music in concert; Nugent claims that a recent gig in Kansas City was so loud that farmers living 18 miles from the hall complained about the sound. . . . Will **Linda Ronstadt** be investigated by the Federal Election Commission? The National G.O.P. Senatorial Committee has filed a complaint charging that Linda violated campaign laws in Cedar Rapids last spring when, at the last minute, she decided to make the concert a political fund raiser for Colorado Senator **Gary Hart**. The G.O.P. contends that Ronstadt sold the first batch of tickets under false pretenses. . . . Punk rocker and sometime record producer **Rat Scabies** is bringing out a new album by the British group **Billy Karloff and the Supremes**. Scabies reportedly became very upset with drummer **Gus Boyd**, who was spending too much time (and money) trying to get the right drum sound. Other band members asked Scabies to move Boyd along, which he did—by punching him in the mouth. The session got under way immediately and was finished in record time. Who says rock 'n' roll isn't as good as a swift punch in the head?

NEWSBREAKS: Moving up on the charts is—would you believe?—*Mickey Mouse Disco* from Disneyland records. . . . The Killer, **Jerry Lee Lewis**, is opening his own club in Nashville on touristy Printer's Alley. Former unsuccessful owners of the same building were **George Jones** and **Kenny Rogers**, but the Killer isn't worried. The club will feature live music. . . . Chicago d.j. and comedian **Steve Dahl** has signed with NBC to do late-night TV this fall. . . . **Dylan** has won a Dove award for excellence in the field of Gospel music. . . . **Carly Simon**, touring this summer, has just signed a multimillion-dollar contract with Warner Bros. and has said she's attracted to certain elements of New Wave. But don't expect a punk show. . . . A New York City d.j., **Carol Miller**, got so many requests from New Jersey listeners for **Bruce Springsteen**'s *Born to Run* that she began to refer to it as the New Jersey state song. And if Jersey Assemblyman **Richard Visotcky** has his way, by the time you read this, it may actually have been adopted as such. . . . The Bee Gees have been charged with copyright infringement. A New York songwriter alleges that the hit *How Deep Is Your Love* is (in his words) copied largely from his song *Let It End*. **Ronald Selle** has asked a New York court to award him damages and a share of the Gibb brothers' royalties. . . . Delilah Communications Corporation, a publishing firm that produces biographies of rock stars—the most recent, on the **Bee Gees** and **Springsteen**, were big hits—plans to market the bios in record stores. Due shortly are **Kiss, Blondie, The Who, Rod Stewart** and others. Then you'll be able to boogie to the music *and* the words. —BARBARA NELLIS

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form of ***Trilogy: Past, Present and Future*** (Warner Bros.), a three-LP set devoting one record each to the Sinatra treatment of old standards, current pop tunes and an extended musical query as to what the future holds for Frank Sinatra. Of the three, the first record, *Past*, is by far the best. The tunes, classics by the Gershwins, Irving Berlin, Cole Porter and Johnny Mercer/Harold Arlen, are given a swinging, big-band treatment, and Sinatra's renditions of them are pure perfection. His voice has a lower center of gravity now, but his attack, phrasing and offhand, conversational approach are still impeccable.

Present, the pop record, succeeds in unlikely places: Billy Joel's *Just the Way You Are*, Neil Diamond's *Song Sung Blue* and George Harrison's *Something*. The failures are the schmaltzy, movie-music tunes that he has always shown a weakness for. Of the *Future* disc, as of the future itself, we can only speculate. Suffice it to say that its theme is *Saloon Singer in Outer Space* and leave it at that. But even there, as usual, Sinatra mops up any potential intergalactic competition.

•

Tonto is dead and the Lone Ranger has been unmasked, but Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band keep rockin' on. ***Against the Wind*** (Capitol) is a good example of how to find a good thing, not mess with it, and yet remain interesting. There aren't any musical departures here for Seger, and at times you find yourself saying, "Oh, yeah, *Night Moves*"; but with the distinctively gutty vocals and the excellent musical company Seger keeps, he will never become boring. And, besides, who else is left to believe in?

•

Has it been more than a decade since the throes of Woodstock? Since Hendrix singed his fingers on *The Star-Spangled Banner* and Havens shrieked *Here Comes the Sun*? Although Jimi's haze is no longer with us, Richie's is, and on his latest album, ***Connections*** (Elektra), the undisputed adept of the raspy voice has created a harmonic mélange of such vocal transparencies as Jae Mason's *Mamma We're Gonna Dance* and Tom Waits's *Ol '55*. Add the splashy keyboards of David Lebolt and the tandem guitars of Jeffrey Baxter and Elliot Randell and you've got your own connections with good music.

•

Roberta Flack Featuring Donny Hathaway (Atlantic) is perhaps the best answer yet to the question faced by all serious soul singers in the past few years—how to satisfy the demands of a disco-oriented audience and still be true to one's artistic soul. Flack, who has shown a reluctance or an inability to deal with up-tempo material in the past, steps out lightly and confidently on a variety of

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dance tunes. True to her style, she does not garnish them with unnecessary notes or false sentiments: the big arrangements are cliché-free, and the appearance of Hathaway, singing from beyond the grave, adds an eerie but happy dimension to an album that would have been great regardless.

•

South African pianist/composer Abdullah Ibrahim, a.k.a. Dollar Brand, is a onetime Ellington protégé whose fiercely independent, deceptively simple and fervently lyrical music has been obscure for too long. Between them, ***African Marketplace*** (Elektra) and ***Africa—Tears and Laughter*** (Inner City) thoroughly document Brand/Ibrahim's varied *modi operandi*, ranging from imagistically geometric solos on the acoustic piano to hypnotically rhythmic but poetically spacious rhythm tunes that employ electric piano and daringly voiced horns. The Elektra LP, a bit more outgoing, hits a high point with the joyfully dignified *Anthem for the New Nation*; the Inner City LP, more introspective, includes the 13-minute *Ishmael*, an Islamic chant set to music.

SHORT CUTS

Al Grey / *Grey's Mood* (Classic Jazz): Eloquent growls and rumbles from the king of plunger trombone.

Manhattans / *After Midnight* (Columbia): Slow, soulful ballads that prove nighttime is still the right time.

Helen Humes / *Let the Good Times Roll* (Classic Jazz): With Jay McShann and Milt Buckner swapping keys in the rhythm section, how could she miss?

Kenny Doss / *Movin' on a Feelin'* (Bearsville): Willie Mitchell's Memphis soul sound rolls on, but Doss needs to shake the influence of predecessor Al Green.

Rodney Franklin / *You'll Never Know* (Columbia): You can call this fusion: some of it's pretty spacy. But, mostly, it's good old funk/jazz, sharply imagined and played by an excellent young keyboardist.

Ernestine Anderson / *Sunshine* (Concord Jazz): The swinging vocalist and a top-notch trio (Monty Alexander, Ray Brown, Jeff Hamilton) add new lumina to *You Are My Sunshine*, *I'm Walkin'*, *Satin Doll* and seven other lucky numbers.

Herbie Hancock / *Monster* (Columbia): Monstrous is more like it. Further evidence of how Hancock's electronic affinities have carried him to the far shores of funky elevator music.

Stiff Little Fingers / *Nobody's Heroes* (Chrysalis): Heavy-duty punk-rock band of the month. Get yourself a long neck and hit someone over the head with it.

Bob Florence Big Band / *Live at Concerts by the Sea* (Trend): Unpretentious jazz that swings brightly but leaves spaces in all the right places.

DINING & DRINKING

Headed for Atlanta? Three distinctive restaurants to tempt your palate.

The first thing you notice as you approach and enter **The Abbey** at 163 Ponce de Leon Avenue, in Atlanta, Georgia, is that the bell tower, stained-glass windows, three-story vaulted ceiling and choir loft were not designed by some restaurant consultant eager to create a funky ecclesiastical atmosphere but by an architect answering to a higher calling. Built in 1915 as a Methodist Episcopal church, the structure's transformation into a restaurant has been handled with a maximum of taste and restraint. Off to the left of the entrance is a spacious bar that used to be the church's Sunday school—a transformation that probably has the place's founding Methodists twirling in their tombs. Tape-recorded jazz now bounces off its timbered walls, stained-glass ceiling panels and slender potted palms.

The dining room offers a choice of seating—on the spacious main floor or up in the rear balcony; while waiting, you can watch waiters clad in monks' robes serving entrees kept warm on rolling two-burner carts.

If a single complaint can be raised about the food at The Abbey, it is that individually and collectively it can be overwhelming. With more than 100 choices on the menu, you can lose half an evening just deciding what to order. No matter what you choose as an entree, the accompanying garnishes nearly steal the show. On a recent visit, our saddle of lamb was encircled by small portions of rice with sautéed mushrooms, cauliflower cooked in butter, a cheese-topped broiled tomato half, a spoonful of baked spinach and a tiny artichoke bottom glazed with tarragon cream sauce, all perfectly cooked. Sometimes, less can be more.

The Abbey serves dinner seven days a week, from 6 P.M. to 11 P.M. Jackets are required for men and all major credit cards are accepted. Phone 404-876-8831 for reservations.

•

A different, although equally pleasurable setting for dinner in Atlanta can be found directly across the street from The Abbey at **The Mansion**, 179 Ponce de Leon. Built in 1885 as the home of railroad magnate Richard Peters, this enormous red-shingled structure is situated on an entire block of wooded property about half a mile northeast of downtown Atlanta. The five downstairs dining rooms, including a library, parlor and solarium, are small and intimate, giving the impression that you're dining in a private home that Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara might visit at any moment. Upstairs are a comfortable bar and perhaps the best of the dining rooms, a glass-enclosed veranda.

The menu at The Mansion is basically a scaled-down version of the one over at The Abbey (the same people own both establishments). Even so, there is much to enjoy, including delicious *tournedos* of beef and a fillet of red snapper topped with a seafood cream sauce. The Mansion is open for dinner only, from 6 P.M. to 10 P.M., Monday through Thursday, Friday until 11 P.M. and Saturday until midnight. Reservations suggested (404-876-0727); major credit cards accepted.

•

As matters now stand, **Dante's Down the Hatch**, 84 Old Pryor Street, is probably the only good reason to visit Underground Atlanta, an area that's depressed in more ways than one. Despite the gimcrack neighborhood, owner Dante Stephensen runs a lively night club/restaurant built around a replica of an 18th Century sailing frigate; the place is generally packed to the rigging with jazz fans getting off on the excellent Paul Mitchell Trio. Dante's opens at 11:30 A.M. seven days a week, closes at 1 A.M. Reservations: 404-577-1800.

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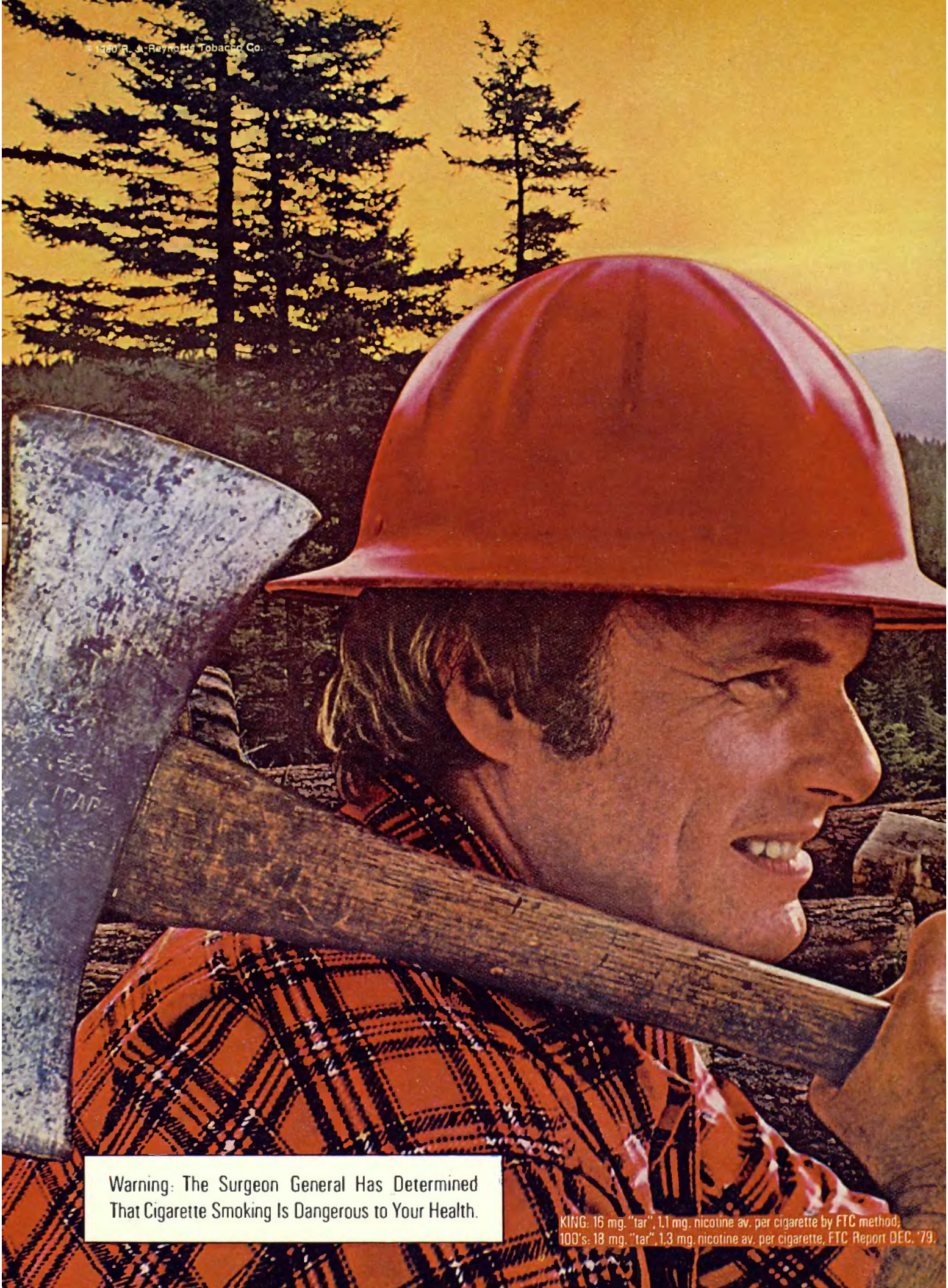

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Real brothers portray brothers in ***The Long Riders,*** and the casting turns out to be nigh perfect, with the Keach boys (James and Stacy) as Jesse and Frank James, the Carradines (David, Keith and Robert) as the Younger brothers, the Quaids (Randy and Dennis) as the Millers. Add Nicholas and Christopher Guest as Bob and Charlie Ford, the hired guns who ultimately shoot Jesse in the back, and you have a gimmick that never seems to be a gimmick. In fact, the acting is superior throughout, and *Long Riders* emerges as both a classy and a classic Western about the legendary James-Younger gang, by far the best movie yet from director Walter Hill (who made *The Warriors* and Charles Bronson's *Hard Times*). Hill has a special knack for creating mythic heroes, and on this occasion, he's got it all together—the family life of these wild Missouri boys, their womenfolk, their camaraderie and their hell-bent exploits cinematically choreographed so that bank jobs, stage-coach holdups and train robberies become breath-taking *macho* ballets, like sporting events. That approach is not inconsistent with the adulation of such outlaws in their time, when greedy bankers and railroad land-grabbers were the real bad guys.

The women behind the men—from Pamela Reed as Belle Starr, the whore who complicates life for David Carradine's crusty Cole Younger, to Savannah Smith, Shelby Leverington and Amy Stryker—are as convincing a bunch of country gals as I have seen in any Western in years. The film's well-paced action comes to a climax with the bloody Northfield, Minnesota, debacle, which was Waterloo for this particular outlaw band. Stacy and Jim Keach, *Long Riders'* executive producers and co-authors of the original screenplay, created meaty roles for themselves (perhaps Jim as Jesse has somewhat the best of it), though no one is scanted in an exciting, intelligent oat opera that treats heavy violence as an art form, following the trail blazed flamboyantly by *The Wild Bunch* and *Bonnie and Clyde*. ¥¥¥

•

Although she is much too young and green for the part she plays in ***Carny,*** Jodie Foster registers strongly as a boyish juvenile star on her way to becoming a definitive dynamite chick. Former music man Robbie Robertson, one of the rock world's demilegends as leader of The Band, likewise demonstrates that his kind of laid-back sex appeal works on the screen even without a guitar—a judgment borne out by my private poll of female acquaintances, all breathing heavily. When Jodie and

Riders' brothers Carradine.

Siblings superlative in *The Long Riders*; *Carny*'s plot bites the sawdust.

Busey caged in *Carny*.

Robbie give him room, Gary Busey capably does *his* down-home thing as a carnival drifter who puts on a clown face, climbs into a cage and taunts the suckers to pelt him with hardballs (if they hit the target, he gets a dunking). High marks for the actors. Yet I didn't believe for a minute that Jodie was the sort of tough, sexually wised-up nymphet who could repot her small-town roots in the carnival world and inspire this tangled tale of love, lust and violence along the midway. Under director Robert Kaylor, the film is atmospheric and musically solid (score by Alex North, with provocative midway music credited to Robertson) but pretty meandering in general. There are hints that Robertson and Busey prefer their buddy-buddy bonding to any diversion a mere girl can give them, though the movie swiftly drops that line of inquiry to follow several others. Which lead nowhere. As producer of *Carny*, the protean Robertson has provided himself with a flimsy vehicle but a flashy showcase. ¥¥

•

The gritty, god-awful, pressure-cooker energy of New York, New York, warms up every frame of ***Fame,*** an incredibly kinetic and original movie set in Manhattan's High School of the Performing Arts. Like John Schlesinger, another Englishman who limned an unflatteringly candid portrait of New York in *Midnight Cowboy*, director Alan (*Midnight Express*) Parker brought over a British crew to paint Gotham in all its wondrous squalor—as a melting pot brimful of talent, aspiration, hope, fear, hunger for fame and egos rampant on a field of self-doubt.

Christopher Gore's script for *Fame* often lurches in the direction of pure showbiz schmaltz, following eight students from their initial auditions at Performing Arts through their senior years. It's a format lifted almost blatantly from Broadway's *A Chorus Line*, performed in the ebullient, street-smart film style of Milos Forman's *Hair*. Of course, each of the eight kids taking turns at center stage has a story: the shy Jewish girl named Doris (Maureen Teefy) who changes her name to Dominique to get away from Ethnic; the homosexual son (Paul McCrane) of a female star; the ghetto hood (Gene Ray) whose salvation lies in dance; the Hispanic hustler (Barry Miller) who's hooked on the legend of the late Freddie Prinze. They're all fine, as is Ann Meara in a straight role as the English teacher who fights to make sure that the stars of tomorrow will know how to read. Halfway through, *Fame* looks more like documentary than film fiction, but my doubts about its drifting, derivative roots were finally bowled over by the barrage of talent leaping off the screen with no time out for intermission. Michael Gore's music and Louis Falco's choreography cause spontaneous combustion now and then, heightening Parker's up-tempo ode to young performers as "an underprivileged minority" whose mentors teach them what it takes to survive: strong technique, a good agent and a thick skin. Socko, as well as authentic—you can practically *smell* Times Square. ¥¥¥

•

Happy Birthday, Gemini is the film version of Albert Innaurato's long—and still-running—Broadway hit comedy

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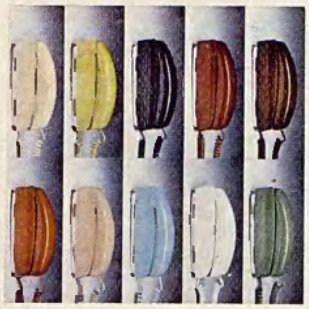

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about some very noisy people in the slums of Philadelphia. They are all celebrating the birthday of a local Italian boy (Alan Rosenberg) who has just come home from Harvard and believes he may be gay. *Gemini* onstage was so fast and funny and unabashedly vulgar that I laughed a lot more than I thought I should. Seeing it onscreen, I laughed a lot less than I wanted to. Writer-director Richard Benner's adaptation is slow and cinematically inept (though he did a pretty good job on the Canadian-made *Outrageous!*). No actor looks really good, of course, when a film's comic rhythm is either dragging or nonexistent. Rita Moreno works hard at her role; Madeline Kahn works even harder trying to impersonate the kind of trashy, voluptuous cow usually played by Shelley Winters with no effort whatsoever. "I was lying there minding my own business," says Kahn in a courtroom sequence, ordered to tell the judge just how she happened to break a woman's arm after being caught in the woman's bed with the woman's husband. That's a hoot. But *Gemini*, in general, looks like a Broadway comic strip reduced to tenderized, realistic raunch. More tasteless than outrageous. ¥

•

In a cynical, slapdash topical comedy titled ***How to Beat the High Cost of Living***, writer Robert Kaufman (last year he wrote *Love at First Bite*) offers an answer to inflation: How do you beat it? Steal. That shaky premise won't win any awards from Morality in Media groups, and director Robert Scheerer is seldom deft at covering up the screenplay's dead spots, yet *High Cost of Living* offers attractive compensation with a trio of actresses who often make larceny look like good greedy fun. Their target is a hoard of cash on display in a Eugene, Oregon, shopping mall. Susan Saint James, attractively acerbic, as usual, plays a divorcee who needs sufficient wherewithal to remarry. Gorgeous Jessica Lange plays the wife of an oversexed veterinarian (Richard Benjamin) who wants her to give up her unprofitable antique shop and spend more time in bed. Just looking at Jessica is pleasure enough, though she gives a spirited performance, obviously letting herself go and loving it. Then, as ringleader, there's Jane Curtin, the martini-dry newscaster of *Saturday Night Live*'s Weekend Update. In this auspicious feature-film debut as a wife whose husband has left town with his secretary and all their joint assets, Jane delivers *High Cost of Living*'s tangiest punch lines. She's the kind of abandoned spouse who generously allows that her architect husband may have had some legitimate gripes—since she fell asleep while he was making love to her and admits she "used to call him Frank Lloyd Wrong." From here on, Curtin can have a movie career for the asking, if you're asking me. ¥¥

Kahn and the *Gemini* gang.

Gemini shoulda stood onstage; *Buffalo* shoulda stood in bed.

Boyle, Murray in the *Buffalo* chips.

•

Bill Murray, also of *Saturday Night Live*, has no such luck starring in ***Where the Buffalo Roam***, a wretched movie based on (and advertised as) "The Twisted Legend of Dr. Hunter S. Thompson." How a movie about the Gonzo Journalist ever got made was told by Craig Vetter in PLAYBOY's June issue. How it finally turned out must be weighed against the fact that Universal Pictures chickened out and canceled critics' screenings of *Buffalo*, at least in New York. Probably a sixth sense tells them when a bison becomes a turkey. Given an unfocused script and consistent misdirection, Murray as Thompson manages to be funny for fleeting seconds, though nearly everything is wrong here from the word go. The slapstick nonsense of mauling midgets or spraying fire-extinguisher foam over Nixon and the press corps aboard a Presidential campaign jet entirely misses whatever makes Thompson run. As Hunter himself might say, "*Still* not weird enough for me." ¥

•

An all-powerful organization devoted to Evil and Tyranny threatens to dissolve every known fabric, leaving the whole world stark-naked, in ***The Nude Bomb***. Would you believe that *Bomb* brings back Don Adams as Secret Agent 86, Maxwell Smart, in a feature-length film reprise of TV's *Get Smart* series? Times may have changed, but Adams looks pretty much the same as a sort of booby-trapped James Bond, taking pratfalls and firing off gags with his usual aplomb. The humor is a shade raunchier on the big screen and the hardware looks much more costly—Smart's shoe phone and staple phone are familiar enough, but how about a turbocharged deskmobile with a cruising speed of 80 mph? Andrea Howard and Pamela Hensley are Smart's chief accomplices against the forces of evil, though Sylvia Kristel and Rhonda Fleming get bigger billing in smaller roles. Sixties nostalgia on film, engagingly directed by England's Clive Donner. ¥¥

•

In the title role of ***ffolkes***, Roger Moore plays an arrogant Scottish adventurer named Rufus Excalibur ffolkes, whose smugness and snobbism make James Bond look absolutely self-effacing. The flamboyantly lower-case ffolkes detests women, loves cats and does petit-point needlework to relax when he isn't leading his crew of trouble-shooting frogmen into deeds of derring-do. He is an altogether winning character in an altogether winning and suspenseful—not to mention topical—adventure drama about an attempt by terrorist hijackers to extort 25,000,000 pounds sterling from the British government. The heavies, led by Anthony Perkins and Michael Parks, seize a supply ship named Esther, then plant explosive charges on two mammoth water-borne stations in the North Sea—the drilling rig Ruth and a sister production platform known as Jennifer. Ransomed oil supplies and imminent disaster in the North Sea make for supertimeliness, and director Andrew V. McLaglen fully exploits all the opportunities in a witty, exciting script by Jack Davies (adapted from his own novel, *Esther, Ruth & Jennifer*). It's Moore's show, and a dandy one, though James Mason and a top-notch company of English *macho* men guarantee a class operation all the way. Go with it. ¥¥¥

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

All That Jazz Roy Scheider digging booze, babes and Broadway in a vibrant musical bio closely patterned on the life of director Bob Fosse. ¥¥¥¥

Can't Stop the Music A thoroughly old-fashioned songspiel to launch the Eighties—with Olympic champion Bruce Jenner, Valerie Perrine and the Village People as the gung-ho kids putting on a show. ¥¥¥

Carny (Reviewed this month) *Ménage à trois*, with sawdust. ¥¥

Cloud Dancer Exciting aerial stunts but earth-bound romantic drama for David Carradine, Jennifer O'Neill. ¥¥

Coal Miner's Daughter Sissy Spacek brilliantly cast as Loretta Lynn, to tell the world how good little girls get to Grand Ole Opry. ¥¥¥¥

Cruising To catch a killer, Al Pacino makes the gay scene. Grim. ¥

Fame (Reviewed this month) School for stars in Gotham. ¥¥¥

ffolkes (Reviewed this month) Plenty Moore. ¥¥¥

Foxes Los Angeles teenagers growing old before your eyes, with Jodie Foster, Cherie Currie & Co. ¥¥

Gilda Live Everything you ever wanted to know about Radner, and then some—like *Saturday Night Live* sans TV censors. ¥¥

Happy Birthday, Gemini (Reviewed this month) Brassy laughs. ¥

How to Beat the High Cost of Living (Reviewed this month) Suburban wives on a caper. ¥¥

La Cage aux Folles A matched pair of drag queens giving their all for gay lib. Hilarious. ¥¥¥¥

The Long Riders (Reviewed this month) Brothers in arms. ¥¥¥

Nijinsky Backstage at the ballet, where boys will be boys—and Alan Bates is the best of them. ¥¥¥

The Nude Bomb (Reviewed this month) Maxwell Smart strikes again. ¥¥

Serial California spoofed—the gospel according to Martin Mull, Tuesday Weld, Sally Kellerman and that book about Marin County. ¥¥¥

The Tin Drum An Oscar-winning version of Günter Grass's novel about the Nazi era, made in Germany, where else? ¥¥

Touched by Love A treacly tearjerker about letters from Elvis. ¥¥

Where the Buffalo Roam (Reviewed this month) Gonzo unglued. ¥

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☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

IDOL GOSSIP: Watch out, **Newman** and **Redford**—here come **Bisset** and **Bergen.** That's right—Jacqueline Bisset and Candice Bergen, a dynamic duo if ever there were one, will team up in MGM's *Rich and Famous*, based loosely on the **Bette Davis** Forties film *Old Acquaintance*. Set for two months of on-location shooting in New York and L.A., the flick is the story of two woman writers, one of whom achieves critical acclaim, the other commercial success. Their 20-year friendship—from college days at Smith in the early Sixties to the present—is the crux of the story. Bisset not only will star in this one, she also has some production duties. . . . **Billy Dee Williams** will play the role of **Duke Ellington** in a film version of the Duke's life. . . . **Sally Field,** fresh from her Oscar victory, will reteam with *Norma Rae* director **Martin Ritt** to make *Back Roads*, a comic love story co-starring **Tommy Lee Jones.** . . . In the works at CBS is a four-hour miniseries on the life of actor **Errol Flynn.** Producers of the teleflick are currently looking for a "new discovery" to play

Bergen

Bisset

the lead. Would you believe **Wayne Newton**? Based on Flynn's autobiography, *My Wicked, Wicked Ways*, this particular life story will probably *not* deal with Flynn's alleged Nazi spy connections.

•

POPEYE LEAKS: Although the set of *Popeye*, now filming in Malta, has been closed, a few reports have been trickling out. The advance word is that so far, it's a very successful collaboration (with **Robin Williams** starring, **Robert Altman** directing, **Robert Evans** producing and **Jules Feiffer** scripting, the film has always seemed, if nothing else, an interesting conglomeration of talents). "So far, the footage looks just great," says one source. "Within 30 seconds, you really do believe that not only is Williams Popeye, Popeye is Popeye. It's totally believable." Apparently, Williams is made up to look just like the old spinach-sucking salt (they've cut his hair quite short and dyed it red) and does a near-perfect impression of Popeye's cartoon voice. Insiders also report that there is one bar-fight scene that is so spectacular it's destined to become a movie classic. Aside from Williams, the flick stars **Shelley Duvall, Ray Walston** and **Paul Dooley,** among others. Altman's grandson plays the role of

Williams

Little Swee'pea, the foundling that Popeye and Olive Oyl take in.

•

CHEMICAL WARFARE: Henry Jaglom, whose comedy caper *Sitting Ducks* received surprisingly good reviews, will soon film another offbeat comedy called *Sunny Skies*. "This one is my **Frank Capra** film," says Jaglom. "It's about a little band of health-food eccentrics in the San Fernando Valley who hatch a plot to blow up a chemical factory." Cast includes Jaglom's wife, **Patrice Townsend, Bud Cort, Dory Previn, Teri Garr, Helena Kallianiotes** and **Gwen Welles.** "It's really about doing something socially significant," says Jaglom, "taking action—it tells people that they *can* fight what's going on and succeed."

•

SNAP SHOTS: *Autofocus* is the title of **Jerzy Kosinski**'s next novel and, though it will be published in hardback first, Kosinski insists he is keeping it com-

Hoffman

Kosinski

pletely separate from the film version, which he is writing at the same time. Why? "I want to avoid the notion that the film should be based on the novel," he explains. "Columbia Pictures and the moviegoing public will get access to the comic, visual exterior of *Autofocus*' main character, and readers of the novel will get the tragic and complex inner life of the man." The film deal has already been set. **Dustin Hoffman** will star as the main character, a fashion photographer, and **Dick** (*Farewell, My Lovely*) **Richards** will direct and Columbia will release. As you've probably read elsewhere, Kosinski, long reluctant to sell his novels to Hollywood, was pretty thrilled with the way director **Hal Ashby** conveyed *Being There* to the big screen. In fact, what Kosinski refers to as his "comic movie version of Chauncey Gardiner" has created something of a trend in Hollywood.

•

FREEZE FRAMES: Charles Bronson and **Lee Marvin** appear together for the first time since *The Dirty Dozen* in *Death Hunt*, the true story of the legendary **Albert Johnson,** who, in 1932, became the object of the greatest man hunt in the history of the Royal Canadian Mounted

Marvin Bronson

Police. (Bronson portrays Johnson; Marvin is the Mountie out to get him.) A $10,500,000 production, *Death Hunt* was filmed in Banff, Alberta.

•

ON THE ROAD: Probably the best way to describe **John** (*Yanks*) **Schlesinger**'s new film, *Honky Tonk Freeway*, is that it's basically *Grand Hotel* on wheels. In other words, the story line follows various characters in various vehicles all around the U. S. as each speeds toward Florida, where they all ultimately converge. Heading up the cast is **Beau Bridges,** who plays a frustrated Chicago Xerox-machine repairman who decides to take an impromptu detour to Florida on his way to work one morning. **Beverly D'Angelo,** seen last in the role of Patsy Cline in *Coal Miner's Daughter*, plays Carmen, a loquacious waitress who also happens to be a nymphomaniac. **Teri Garr** is a suburban housewife heading south with her family (**Howard Hesseman** plays her husband) in a huge RV, and **William Devane** plays the mayor of Ticlaw, Florida, the small town in which all the parties eventually end up. Others in the cast include **Geraldine Page,** who plays a nun traveling with a novice (**Deborah Rush**) who is really something of a hooker at heart, **Hume Cronyn, Paul Jabara** (as truck driver T. J. Tupus) and **Jessica Tandy.** A 1981 release is planned.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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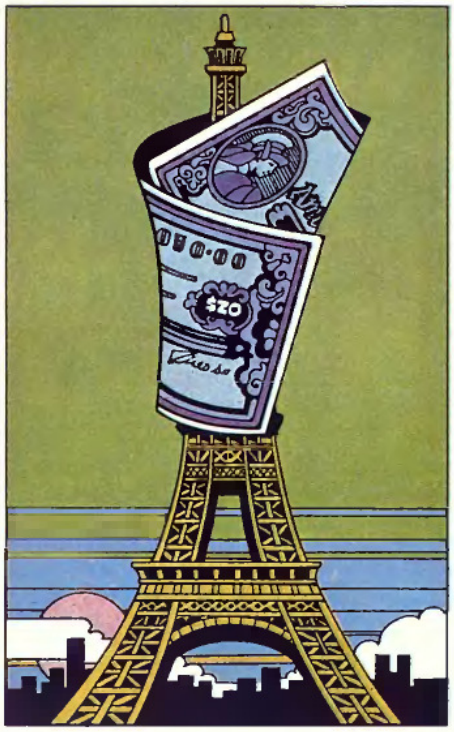
By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM



THE GO$PEL ACCORDING TO BIRNBAUM

How to get the most for your money in foreign countries.

TO DEMONSTRATE just how easy it is to make money evaporate when traveling, I once did a *Today* show segment on currency exchange in Mexico City. First I had the camera pan over my shoulder to a sign that hung on the wall behind the cashier's cage in a large, popular Mexico City hotel. It read, 20 PESOS PER DOLLAR; that was the official rate available within the hotel's walls. Then I made a small right turn and walked exactly 57 steps through the lobby, out the front door and into a bank located directly beside the hotel. There the official exchange rate, duly documented by the TV camera, was 23.65 pesos per dollar—and that meant that any traveler who took the trouble to walk to the bank increased his buying power in Mexico by a whopping 18 percent.

So just by knowing that you should never exchange U. S. dollars for foreign funds in any hotel, restaurant or retail shop abroad, you can enjoy some very meaningful expansions in your travel budget—extra francs, marks, pounds and pesos that miraculously seem to appear to help carry you farther or let you stay longer. A savvy traveler knows that God made banks specifically for currency transactions, and therefore does not stray from bank tellers when it's time to exchange money—except when someone is holding a pistol to his temple, and then only after verifying that it's loaded.

And the rule carries over into other kinds of financial transactions you might be tempted to make overseas. For example, don't pay a foreign hotel bill in dollars (the exchange rate applied is the same rotten one you're trying so hard to avoid), and don't pay your restaurant bill in U. S. bucks (for the same reason), and don't pay for store-bought goods purchased in foreign stores in American money (ditto). You pay for foreign goods and services in the currency of the country being visited, after obtaining that currency from a local bank that has paid you the best rate.

Those are two ways in which a traveler can exercise considerable control over just how much money is available to spend on the most meaningful material elements of a trip. The idea, after all, is to maximize the amount that can be spent on the hedonistic parts of a holiday and minimize the filthy lucre absorbed by the foul money-changers.

To begin with, there's the basic question of whether travelers heading abroad should carry their money in cash or in traveler's checks, and whether the carried currency should be in dollars or in the legal tender of the country being visited. Generally speaking, you're best off traveling with traveler's checks in dollar denominations, not only because your funds are far safer (from theft and accidental loss) but also because an odd quirk in international exchange procedures usually causes most foreign countries to offer more of their currency for traveler's checks than for the same amount of American greenbacks.

If you walk up to the exchange window at London's Heathrow Airport, for example, you'll discover that British pounds are offered for sale at two prices and that you get more British sterling for your bucks if you're buying with traveler's checks—usually just over one percent more. Don't ask me why that is so—I've only asked the question a hundred times and received a hundred incomprehensible explanations—but reasons aside, it's true, so you should make sure you get the benefit. There are, however, two exceptions to this rule in Europe—in Belgium and parts of Italy—where just the reverse is the case.

This easily obtainable one percent exchange bonus can, unfortunately, be dissipated just as easily as it was obtained. If you are exchanging traveler's checks that have cost you the same amount as the one percent exchange bonus that you are getting, the whole process becomes self-defeating. So it is wise to follow the travel axiom that says, Purchase only those traveler's checks that are available at no charge, so that you both *save* money on their purchase and *earn* money from their exchange. Thomas Cook traveler's checks are, for example, available at no charge to travelers paying in cash, and Barclays Bank checks (now associated with Visa) are also widely available free.

On the matter of exchanging American dollars for foreign currency *in the U. S.* versus exchanging the same amount for foreign currency in the country of issue, I have always found that I've done better abroad. As a matter of fact, I had a friend traveling in Europe last fall exchange dollars for various foreign currencies as he made his way around the Continent. We put his exchanging on a strict schedule and I converted dollars to foreign currency in New York City on exactly the same schedule. We bought the same currencies on the same days, and when we compared notes upon his return, he had done better than I in every transaction. For that reason, I make it a point to take only a minimal amount of foreign currency abroad with me—just enough to take care of a tip or two at the airport and transportation to my hotel, and enough spare change to last me until I get to a local bank.

How *much* money a traveler exchanges can be nearly as important as where he buys it, since the rate at which currency exchangers *sell* you foreign funds is very different from the rate at which they're prepared to buy it back. I don't suppose I have to mention that the buy-back rate is not exactly skewed in favor of the American tourist who is trying to unload a fistful of foreign bills. A loss of ten percent is common.

How about forgetting about using real money? Why not just charge everything on a credit card? You'd be playing a kind of financial Russian roulette, since the exchange rate ultimately charged to you by the credit-card company is whatever the exchange rate happens to be on the date your particular charge slip finally finds its way back to its processing center. If you think the dollar is likely to *appreciate* in value between the time you make your purchase and the time you are likely to get your bill, by all means, charge your little heart out. If you think the dollar is going to *decline* during that period, don't charge anything. And if, like most of the rest of us, you don't have the faintest idea what'll happen, pay cash.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Alas, I find myself involved with an extremely jealous lover and it's driving me nuts. I mean, I like this girl and spend most of my time with her. I don't fool around, except on the rare occasion when someone makes me an offer I can't refuse. The problem is, she is jealous even when there is no reason to be. I can't talk about past affairs or even mention another woman's name in her presence. I find that attitude restrictive. If I could do something to make her feel better, I would, but it seems to be a no-win situation. Any suggestions?—E. C., Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Psychologists who have studied jealousy have come up with some not too surprising findings. It seems that the emotion is closely tied to feelings of insecurity and/or an unflattering self-image. Your girlfriend may feel inadequate in some way; consequently, she invests a great deal of herself in the relationship. It becomes her major vital sign. If you give any indication that you are not as involved as she is, that the relationship does not mean as much to you as it does to her, then you'd best be wearing a steel jockstrap. There are two ways to cope with a jealous lover: The first is positive. Make sure you articulate what it is you like about her. For example, compliment her on her perfume. That is sure-fire—even when she's not wearing any, she'll be pleased. The second approach is to avoid threatening situations. One study found that there was a common agreement on what makes a person green—a sort of Geneva convention on jealousy. The five most effective tactics were (in descending order) discussing and exaggerating the appeal of some third person, flirting, dating others, fabricating attachments and talking about previous partners. If you find that you can't get through life without engaging in those activities, you may have to find a new partner—one who is totally self-assured. And then you'd better hope your self-image is intact.

I can't figure it out. The grass I bought from a reputable dealer was a beautiful golden color. But it was nowhere near as potent as it looked. What was wrong?—P. F., San Diego, California.

The color of marijuana has nothing to do with its potency. It can only indicate its origin, how fresh it is, if it was alive or dying when cut or if and how it was cured. For instance, varieties grown in tropical or high-altitude climates tend to have less chlorophyll. Northern-grown varieties have more.

There is only one home test for effect. You obviously made that test too late. That's what was wrong.

A friend recently told me that wrapping one's erection in aluminum foil enhances the pleasures of oral sex. Is there any truth to that?—J. J. C., Staten Island, New York.

We sent your letter to our crew in the Playboy Test Bedrooms. Their report: Aluminum foil may help keep the meat fresh, but nothing more. Maybe Handi-Wrap would work better?

Most of what I've read about diesel cars indicates that they are the coming thing, especially with the shortages of premium fuel. The only bad things I've heard are that acceleration is poor and, of course, you must fill up at truck stops. Neither is a real problem for me. Is there anything else I should know?—A. W., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Diesel engines are not the answer to the oil shortage, merely an alternative to the gas engine. Both fuels come from the same hole in the ground. The big difference is in mileage per gallon. A good diesel setup can give you as much as 25 percent better mileage. That's a great savings if you do a lot of highway driving. On the other hand, if you use your car for short hops around the city, a lot of stop-and-go driving, park for long periods on city streets and live where the temperature drops below ten degrees, a diesel engine may be more pain than panacea. Diesel fuel is dirty, often water-laden and can easily foul an engine. Your maintenance schedule will have to include changing oil and filters every 3000 miles. Below ten degrees, the fuel changes to the consistency of hot fudge, which means you'll need to change to a winter blend and/or heat your engine to start it. For bank robbers, a diesel therefore makes a lousy wintertime getaway car. If none of the above bothers you and you can handle the occasional smoke, clatter and the extra purchase price of a diesel engine, go ahead; just understand that you're trading one set of problems for another.

What can you tell me about nonspecific urethritis, or N.S.U.? I went to a doctor recently with all the symptoms of gonorrhea—a burning sensation upon urination, a slight discharge, the works. He tested for V.D., but the results were negative. The doctor told me I probably had nonspecific urethritis. How did I get it? My feeling is that if it looks like V.D. and feels like V.D., it must be V.D.—W. L., Dallas, Texas.

You're right. It is V.D. Nonspecific urethritis (or nongonococcal urethritis) is almost twice as prevalent as gonorrhea. The symptoms are almost identical, though N.S.U. is somewhat milder. In many cases, victims have both diseases at the same time and, after being treated for gonorrhea, wind up having just N.S.U. For years, doctors treated (or mistreated) the disease as nonvenereal. The letters N.S.U. were thought to mean Not So Upsetting. While you can catch it from a variety of sources, the most likely pattern is through lovemaking. If you have it, advise your partners. N.S.U. can easily be cured with antibiotics (such as tetracycline). If unchecked, it can lead to pelvic inflammatory disease, sterility and arthritis. When in doubt, check it out.

Where can a person go to get a total tan? My girlfriend and I really get off on nude sun-bathing, skinny-dipping and/or near-naked jogging. Unfortunately, we can't plan a trip to some deserted island every weekend. Is there a directory listing free beaches in the U. S.?—L. R., Evanston, Illinois.

We were thinking of hauling in a couple of truckloads of sand, spreading it on the sidewalk in front of the Playboy Building and inviting all comers, but the Chicago wind made that a bit unfeasible. Oh, well. You're in luck. You should keep your eyes peeled for a copy of "World Guide to Nude Beaches and Recreation," by Lee Baxandall. The book lists over 5000 hideaways for healthy hedonists. You can order it from Stonehill Publishing, 1140 Avenue of the

Americas, New York, New York 10036, for $9.95 or, better yet, check the Playboy Book Club. Maybe we'll run into you somewhere. Look for the guy with the bandoleer filled with tubes of sun block.

When I bought my new car, the salesman made a big pitch for me to get one of those lusterizer coatings to protect the finish. Frankly, I don't trust the stuff, especially at $150 for the treatment. He claimed I'd get more for my car in trade-in and that I would never have to wax it. Was he pulling my leg?—P. T., Boston, Massachusetts.

He had a fairly good grip on your ankles. What he said was true, as far as it went. The fact is that what those treatments will give you is a shiny car. No, we take that back: a very shiny car. Whether or not they will protect the finish is a matter of controversy. The two main dangers to a car's finish are oxidation and ultraviolet rays from the sun. Anything—wax, polish, polymer coating or peanut butter—will prevent oxidation. But there is no conclusive evidence to prove that polymer coating will shield your car from ultraviolet rays better than a good wax will. But some coating is necessary. So the question is: Which is better for you? Polymers can cost anywhere from ten dollars a bottle to $200 for the full treatment. The difference is in the labor and the fact that your car's finish is prepared with an abrasive buffing beforehand to assure the bond. Some treatments require additional maintenance every three or six months, about as often as you'd normally wax your car. (The salesman was right about the fact that you wouldn't have to wax your car. There's little sense in waxing a polymer coating.) But your car's trade-in value is dependent on how the body looks, not on how you got it to look that way. The bottom line is that you've got a choice: lusterizer-sealant or polish-wax. Our advice: Get it rust-proofed. Paint is replaceable, metal is not.

I have trouble reaching orgasm with my boyfriend when we make love. He is very understanding and suggested that I try performing Kegel exercises. (He remembers reading about them in a previous *Playboy Advisor* column.) What are they and why do they work?—Miss S. F., Savannah, Georgia.

Sex researchers over the past few years have begun to explore the relationship between sexual responsiveness and muscle tone, particularly that of the pubococcygeus muscle. In one experiment, doctors measured the "clenching power" of the pubococcygeus muscle and compared it with orgasmic ability. Totally nonorgasmic women registered an average of 7.42 mmHg on a Kegel Perineometer, while clitorally but not coitally orgasmic women measured 12.31 mmHg. Women who were both clitorally and coitally orgasmic rang the chimes at 17 mmHg. The Kegel exercises are simple: The woman contracts the pubococcygeus muscle, as though she were trying to refrain from urinating, in sets of ten, several times a day. Unfortunately, as simple as the exercises sound, a lot of women have had difficulty working out at the Y. According to a report in the March issue of Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, *there is new hope. An electronic device known as the Vagitone stimulates muscles through electrotherapy. Used twice a day, it rapidly and involuntarily tones, strengthens and conditions the pelvic muscles. The device is available from Techni-Med, 8135 California Avenue, Whittier, California 90602. Ask your doctor for details.*

In a few weeks, I'll be headed for the Caribbean for my annual vacation. I intend to play a good deal of tennis there. Friends have advised me not to take my usual racket, a wooden model, because of the high humidity. But is it worth buying a metal one for just one week?—M. P., Phoenix, Arizona.

Buying a metal racket may not be necessary, but you should take some precautions. Extreme changes in heat and humidity can ruin a racket in short order. If your racket is strung with gut, for instance, all it will take is one afternoon of high humidity to reduce the strings to sweater yarn. You'd be a lot better off with nylon. As for the racket itself, delamination and warping are the problems. Be sure to take along a good racket press and use it whenever you're not wielding the racket. It's also a good idea to sprinkle a little talcum powder into your racket cover to help absorb some of the moisture. The racket will still absorb moisture, so be sure, when you return, to leave it in the press until it has become reacclimatized. Hang it on a rack; don't stand it on the floor.

My television set has a ghosting problem on one of the channels. It is a fairly new set, so I know there's nothing wrong with it. If I buy a video cassette recorder and record from that channel, will the ghosting appear on the tape? In other words, is it necessary to have a perfectly tuned TV in order to record?—R. P., Rockford, Illinois.

The answer is yes and no, but mostly yes. You are actually working with four tuners. Both the TV and the recorder have U.H.F. and V.H.F. tuners. When the recorder is working, its tuner takes over the function from the TV. That's why you can record on one channel while watching another. Unfortunately, in order to set up the V.C.R. tuner, the TV tuner must be working first. Any distortion or interference that appears on the screen will appear on the tape. That includes ghosting, which is, in fact, a splitting of the TV signal. If you can't get the signal, you can't get the picture. Get the picture?

Can you tell me what is going on with birth control? It seems that one by one the accepted methods have been getting the ax from concerned feminists. First the pill, and now I.U.D.s. My girlfriend is quite worried over reports that I.U.D.s can contribute to infertility and pelvic infection. She is thinking of switching to a combination of diaphragm and condoms—which sounds fine in theory but would rule out any spontaneous sex acts (in taxicabs or whatever). We'd much prefer a passive method that we don't have to think about every time we make love. How great is the risk of using an I.U.D.?—M. W., Portland, Oregon.

It has been estimated that between two and four percent of the women using I.U.D.s are susceptible to pelvic inflammatory disease, or P.I.D., a disease that can destroy the Fallopian tubes and ovaries and make pregnancy impossible at a later date. The statistic is somewhat misleading. Doctors view it as manageable, in the way that a seven percent unemployment rate is manageable for the economy. But, as someone once pointed out, if you belong to the seven percent, you are 100 percent unemployed, and if you are one of the unfortunate women who develop P.I.D., you can become 100 percent sterile. We are reluctant to throw out the birth-control device with the bath water, because it's not clear that the I.U.D. is the sole cause of pelvic inflammatory disease. More frequently, that condition is the result of an undetected case of gonorrhea. If caught early, P.I.D. can be treated with antibiotics. (Some of the symptoms are fever, menstrual cramps, increased bleeding and cramps during the menstrual period, an abnormal vaginal discharge and pain during intercourse.) In any case, no method of birth control should be considered passive. It is your job to be an informed consumer. Have your girlfriend ask her doctor for information about the I.U.D.—what the danger signs of P.I.D. are, etc. If he doesn't give answers, get another doctor, not another method of contraception.

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

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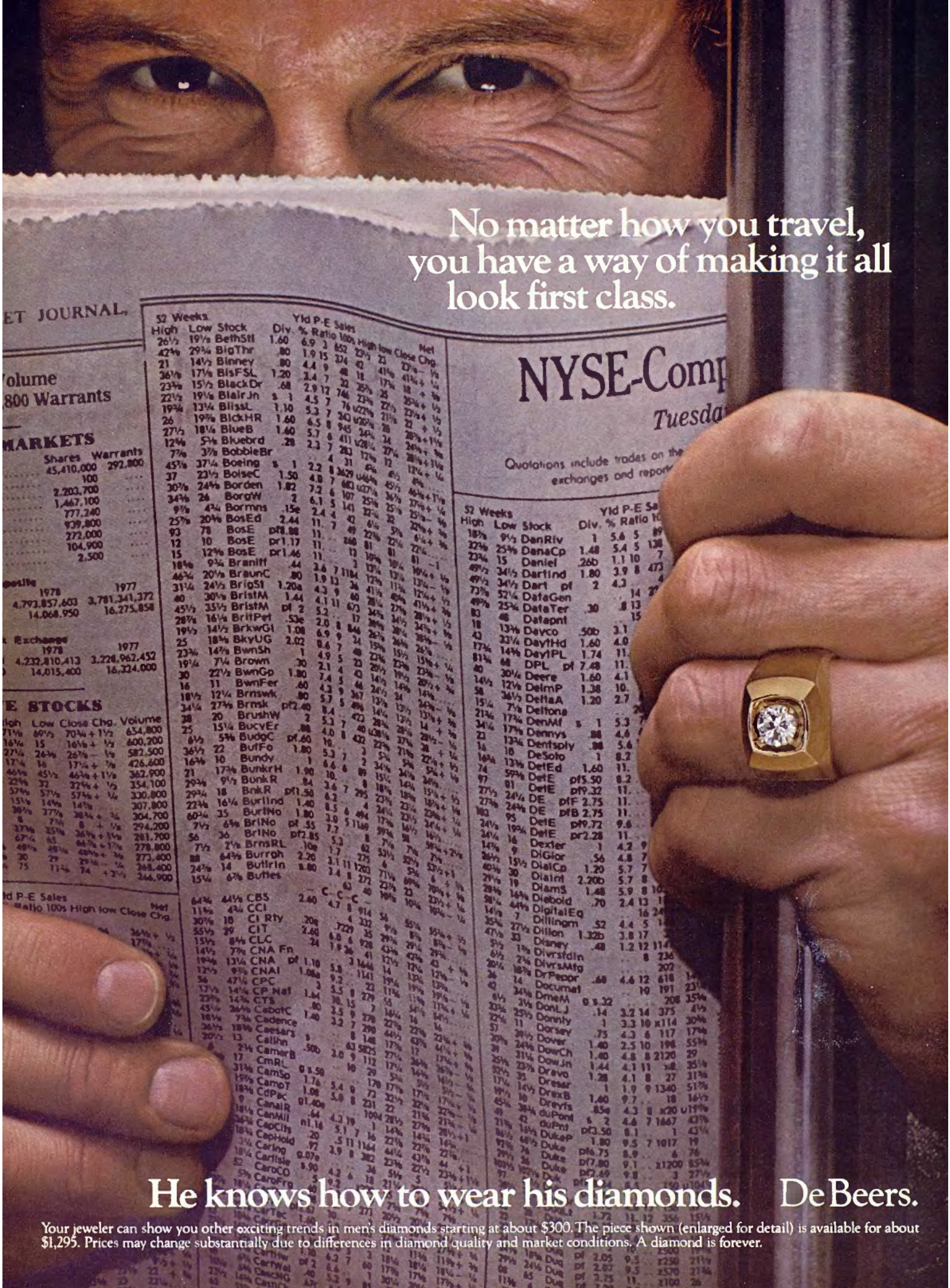
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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

DILDO PERIL

Flash! A bill has been introduced in our state legislature that would prohibit any "device for the stimulation of human genital organs." This would ban all dildos from the state of Arizona. Which means all the dildos would have to move to New Mexico, and half the population would move there, too. I don't know what to do!

Bill Marshall
Phoenix, Arizona

We were going to tell you how to become the Al Capone of Prohibition dildos and get rich, but a senate committee, alas, has killed that provision of the bill—despite a proposed amendment that would have exempted dildos for "legislative, medical or judicial" purposes. One opponent of the ban argued, "What use does a legislator have for dildos if the rest of us aren't supposed to have them?"

ILLEGITIMATE FATHER?

From a story I read in the *Chicago Sun-Times*, it seems that we may be witnessing the dawn of the era of the illegitimate father. A college professor from one of the suburbs moves in with a married couple, agreeing to sit with their adopted child in return for room and board. Weeks pass. The man of the house is often away on business, and an affair commences between the wife and the sitter. More weeks pass, during which time sexual problems exist between husband and wife. Finally, the lady in question sheds her birth control, makes love to both men on the same day and, about the same time, is artificially inseminated because of suspected infertility.

A child is born (wouldn't you know?), and the sitter-lover finds other lodgings, but the affair limps on—for four years it limps. During that time, the lover takes another but continues dating the wife, who splits with her husband, who takes up with her best friend. At this point, the wife and mother cuts off the extramarital visiting rights the former sitter has been enjoying. He is now suing to *establish* paternity, because he believes the child is his; his lawyers are seeking to prove illegitimate fatherhood.

All I can say is, it should have been triplets: one for the husband, one for the lover and one for the books.

(Name withheld by request)
Wilmette, Illinois

GULP

We three girls live together as roommates. In discussing our sexual relationships, we've discovered something quite interesting. It seems in all of our past and present experiences, we've found that the size of a man's Adam's apple seems to have a direct relationship to the size of his penis. So far, our theory hasn't left one of us disappointed.

"Which means all the dildos would have to move to New Mexico."

We're just wondering if anyone else has found that true or if there are any existing statistics.

Joan Heegard
Barbra Weis
Lori Beadell
South Minneapolis, Minnesota

This one we took straight to the Playboy Advisor, who scoffed at the idea, calling it ridiculous. Then we noticed, for the first time, that he has quite a small Adam's apple.

FOXHOLE EQUALITY

God, I seem to be having trouble getting this women's-equality thing straight. First women want to be treated as equals, then they want to be treated equally but separate. Then they want to be equals with special privileges. I'm referring, of course, to the commotion that came up when President Carter had the audacity to suggest that women be registered for the draft and, presumably, might get called up to serve in the Armed Forces in the event of a national emergency. Hell, equal is equal. I am of the opinion that the women who have been demanding equality should have the same right as I have to get my head blown off in combat.

This doesn't apply to the vast majority of women who are not demanding special rights or privileges to compensate for their personal problems or their personal sexual grievances. But for those who are, I say fuck them, and I don't mean in the sexual sense. I'll let them in my foxhole only if they do their own digging.

Sgt. J. D. Greer
APO New York, New York

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Did you know that New Zealand's number-one antipornography campaigner, Patricia Bartlett, belongs to a group called the Council of Organizations for Moral Education? Can you appreciate the acronym of this group?

(Name withheld by request)
Auckland, New Zealand

Come on!

SUPPORTING E.R.A.

The main reason I used to favor the Equal Rights Amendment was because crackpots like Phyllis Schlafly and Anita Bryant have been against it. Now, though, as time goes on, I have to admit to qualms about enacting new laws of any kind. Whenever the Federal Government tries to help people, it usually ends up making things worse. Also, the freak-out displayed by our supposedly liberated women at the prospect of being even registered for the draft has dulled my ardor for women's rights. There are plenty of laws now on the books to guarantee women equal opportunity, equal this and equal that. We can't even sexually harass them in the office anymore, I just heard on the television news. To hell with E.R.A.

Bobby Morgan
Los Angeles, California

As longtime supporters of the E.R.A., along with the Playboy Foundation, we'd like to enlighten you on one point. Probably one of the amendment's

greatest virtues is that it would establish more broadly the rights already guaranteed by law and reduce the need to tediously litigate them on a case-by-case basis. On your last point, we're not sure, but it's possible you still may be able to sexually harass employees as long as you're nondiscriminatory.

ORGASMIC INEQUITY

As discussed in connection with your interview with Gay Talese in the May issue, *Thy Neighbor's Wife* will titillate America, but Talese's unsystematic, impressionistic "discovery" of sex and the sexual revolution is not much more than media hype. Talese presents opinions that are often at odds with the empirical findings of sex research carried out by bona fide social scientists. One prime example is his ludicrous observation about innate differences between women and men that favor men's enjoyment of many sexual partners and leaves women to the confines of monogamous and deep-love relationships.

Sure, sex research would support Talese in that at *this* point in time, in *this* society, men reach orgasm more often in heterosexual intercourse than do their female partners. To the contrary, we have every reason to believe that culturally imposed sanctions have prevented women from realizing their orgasmic potential.

Talese's love for the word dysfunction is one of many reasons for his ineptness in chronicling the social and psychological realities of changing sexual lifestyles. Perhaps sensational journalism sells more than empirical sex research due to the priorities of funding agencies and the conservatism of academia, but sex researchers will have their day! I promise.

Roger W. Libby, Ph.D., Editor
Alternative Lifestyles
University of Massachusetts
Amherst, Massachusetts

PRICE OF PERSECUTION

At present, marijuana usage (or suspicion thereof) can be sufficient to lose one's military security clearance, wasting the thousands of dollars used to train a person and to investigate his background. For example, every marijuana smoker in my Naval Security Group is considered a security risk by the present criterion. It is the criterion itself that makes him a security risk, not his use of marijuana. In order to continue in his job, a smoker must lie to the Navy about his usage, causing a severe gap in the trust required for a good intelligence operation and setting him up for the possible blackmail that any Government intelligence agency rightly worries about.

(Name and address withheld by request)

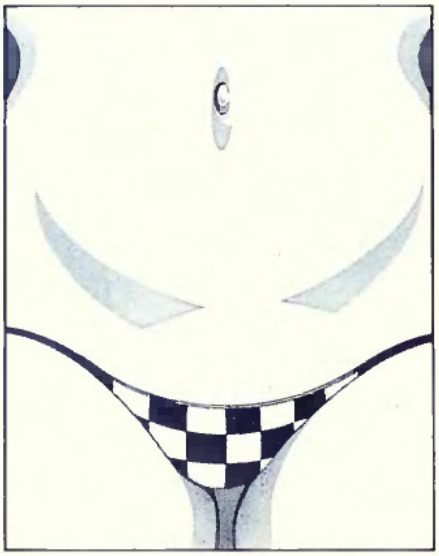
An interesting thought occurred to me while a bunch of us were discussing

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SKIN SQUAD

COOGEE, AUSTRALIA—*To keep nude swimmers from riling local residents, police have been forced to patrol local beaches wearing the skimpiest of swimwear so they can sneak up on their prey. "The idea is to look as inconspicuous as possible," authorities explained. "Uniforms are out because the*



nudists see us coming and get dressed." Nicknamed the Skin Squad, the police said they planned to add several women officers, who would also be wearing as little as legally possible.

DRUG REPORT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*In its final report before disbanding, the Drug Abuse Council has criticized stringent laws against drug use and faulted Federal efforts in drug treatment and law enforcement as unnecessarily alarmist and crisis oriented. The privately financed panel, in a 291-page book titled "The Facts About 'Drug Abuse,'" said:*

- *Americans are using more mind-altering drugs than ever before, but actual abuse is "much less frequent" and the nation should moderate its fears about drug addiction.*
- *"Too many Americans have unrealistic expectations about what drug laws and programs can accomplish."*
- *"Exhaustive study has revealed little deterrent impact from the so-called 'get tough' drug laws," such as New York's.*
- *Possession of small amounts of marijuana should be decriminalized and experiments should be conducted in treating heroin addicts by means of heroin clinics, as in Great Britain.*

MARIJUANA HAZARDS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A major Federal study conducted by the National Institute on Drug Abuse has found that heavy pot smoking may be more dangerous than generally recognized, especially among young people. The research reportedly confirmed earlier findings that marijuana, especially the more potent grades of pot, can adversely affect the reproductive systems in both men and women and that smoking five joints a week causes lung damage equivalent to smoking 16 high-tar cigarettes a day. At the same time, the research confirmed marijuana's medical properties in treating glaucoma and the nausea that usually accompanies chemotherapy.*

POT CROP

UKIAH, CALIFORNIA—*The Mendocino County agricultural commissioner has decided to include marijuana, along with the usual grapes, pears and redwood lumber, in his annual crop report. "Just because it's illegal doesn't mean it's not an agricultural crop and part of the county's economy," Commissioner Ted Eriksen explained. Citing "reliable sources" he declined to identify, Eriksen estimated that the 1979 pot crop was worth $90,000,000, making it Mendocino County's second largest, behind redwood.*

TOO LIBERATED

CONCORD, CALIFORNIA—*If some local Baptists have their way,* Ms. *magazine will be banned as profane, sacrilegious and pornographic from all school libraries in the Concord district. A full-page advertisement in* Contra Costa Times, *signed by half of the 900 members of the Fair Oaks Baptist Church, calls the publication's articles "so pornographic and replete with the ultimate four-letter words that they shock the sensibilities of most persons, even those considered highly sophisticated." The statement also complained that the pages of* Ms. *contain "sexual-aid ads of the type only found in the underground press."*

FIREWOMEN'S RIGHTS

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA—*The Iowa Civil Rights Commission has decided that a female Iowa City fire fighter, suspended for breast-feeding her baby at the fire station, was the victim of sex discrimination. The commissioners awarded the woman back pay for her periods out of work, $26,400 to cover*

legal fees and $2000 in damages for emotional distress suffered in her yearlong legal battle to retain her job. She had sought only $500, but the board found that amount "embarrassingly low."

In New York, a 34-year-old woman, told she couldn't breast-feed her baby at a Williston, Long Island, swimming pool, received a $7500 out-of-court settlement from the village board.

TALKING BACK

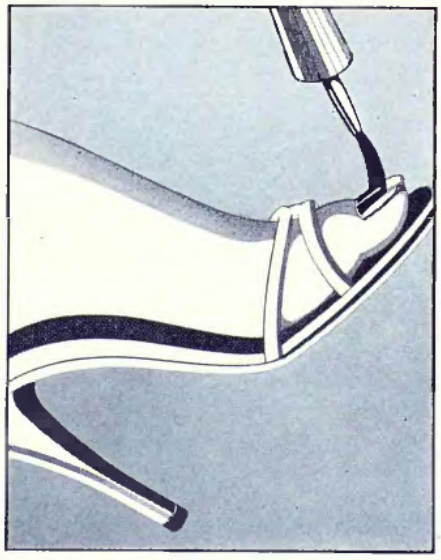
WASHINGTON, D.C.—*In a unanimous decision, the U. S. Supreme Court has revised the Federal rule allowing criminal defendants to bar damaging testimony by their spouses. The Court held that now the witness spouse alone has the right to decide whether or not to testify and cannot be either barred from testifying or required to do so. Although the ruling applies only to Federal cases, 17 states have abolished the ban on spousal testimony in criminal actions.*

MALE-CHAUVINIST POPE

VATICAN CITY—*After antagonizing American feminists last year by suggesting that women's place is in the home, Pope John Paul II has salted the wound by declaring that women express their true nature by bearing children. "The ministry of femininity manifests and reveals itself in depth through maternity," the Pope told a crowd of 12,000. Then, using Biblical language, he defined the relationship between the sexes by saying, "He who knows is man, and she who is known is woman, a wife."*

PHANTOM PEDICURIST

LOS ANGELES—*Campus cops at the University of Southern California are trying to decide what to do about a*



man suspected of crawling under library tables and painting the toenails of unsuspecting coeds. Police picked up a young man with a bag containing 15 bottles of fingernail polish, but he was released because the unauthorized painting of private toenails is only a misdemeanor that must be witnessed by the arresting officer. The attacks were first reported by a woman student who discovered that her toenails, pink when she entered the library, were green when she got ready to leave.

SEXUAL PROTECTION

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission has published new regulations explicitly forbidding sexual harassment of employees by their supervisors, both in government and in private business. The rule states that Federal, state and local agencies and companies with 15 or more employees have an "affirmative duty" to prevent and eliminate sexual harassment, which may be "either physical or verbal in nature."*

SEXUAL AGGRESSION

NUREMBERG, WEST GERMANY—*After disciplining two male soldiers for sexually harassing a female GI, the Army now has punished a woman private for groping the crotch of a Specialist Fourth Class. According to reports, the offender first argued with the victim in a supply room, then followed him to a nearby dispensary, where she grabbed him between the legs, squeezed and said, "You shrimp, give me a light." The private was busted from E-2 to E-1, fined $298 and sentenced to 30 days.*

PORN DECISION

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Ruling in a Texas case, the U. S. Supreme Court has struck down as unconstitutional state "public nuisance" laws that have permitted local authorities to close down movie theaters for showing obscene films. The Court held that padlocking theaters for some specified period of time—one year under the Texas law—amounted to prior censorship in violation of the First Amendment. Theater owners may still be penalized for showing an obscene film, but only by being prosecuted in a criminal action after the movie has been shown.*

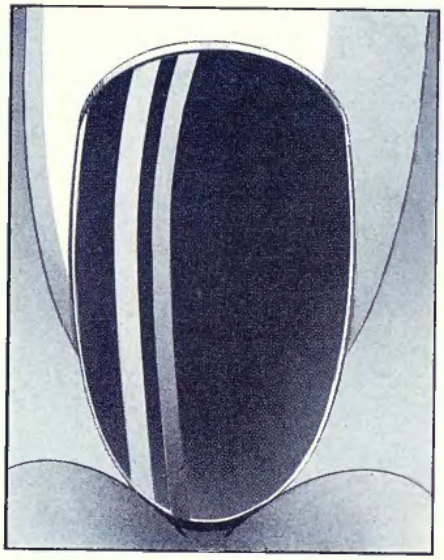
BACK TO BULLETS

SALT LAKE CITY—*The practice of giving condemned prisoners in Utah the choice of death on the gallows or before a firing squad has been ended by a new law that, in effect, eliminates hanging. The statute now reads, "The warden shall see that the judgment of death is executed by shooting the defendant at the state prison." The chairman of the state committee that recommended the change said it was designed to achieve a more efficient and humane means of execution.*

In Illinois, the state supreme court has denied a request by convicted murderer Kenneth Allen that he be executed on schedule without appeal, declaring that under state law, such appeals are mandatory. During his trial for the killing of two Chicago policemen in 1979, Allen acted as his own counsel and recommended the death penalty for himself.

DON'T TOUCH

SALEM, OREGON—*By a six-to-three decision, the Oregon Court of Appeals has held that female prison guards cannot conduct frisk searches of male inmates. The ruling stemmed from a suit filed in 1978 by several prisoners at the state penitentiary who argued*

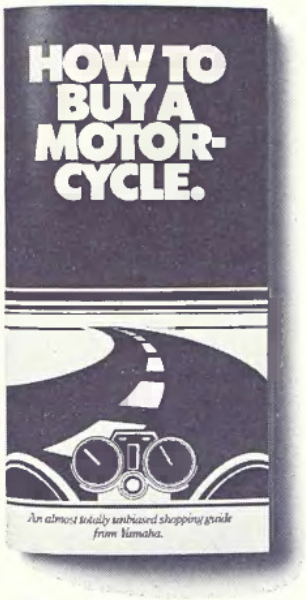


that such searches, which involved the touching of genital and anal areas through the clothing, violated their constitutional right of privacy. The majority of the court agreed that this right outweighed the right of women guards to equal job opportunities.

RIGHT TO BEAR CHILDREN

AUSTIN—*The chairman of the Texas Board of Human Resources is being pressured to resign after suggesting that welfare recipients be sterilized. After a board meeting, Hilmar G. Moore told a radio reporter, "When you cannot support yourself or your family, you give up certain rights. One of those is to bring in more children." This created a furor among social-activist groups, who held a press conference on the steps of the state capitol. They called for Moore's resignation and urged Texans to tell him they don't believe poor people should surrender their right to bear children. Moore later said that responses were 750 to 11 in his favor.*

FIGHTING THE GAS WAR CAN BE FUN.



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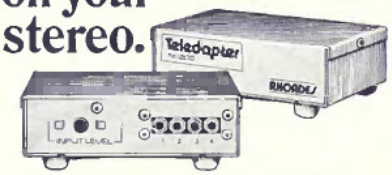

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the television movie *Sgt. Matlovich vs. the U.S.A.F.* Hearings such as those portrayed cost the Armed Forces in excess of $5000 each. Now let us use the figure of ten percent homosexuality in society and apply that to the Armed Forces' total active force of approximately 2,500,000, and now let us say that those individuals found the courage to come out of their closets and challenge the Armed Forces' policy on homosexuality. What would the Armed Forces do?

Would they choose to discharge that ten percent of their forces at a cost in excess of one and a quarter billion dollars, plus the countless millions more to recruit and train new personnel? Or would they, after looking at the economic factor, decide to remove such policies from their regulations? Interesting question, don't you agree?

(Name withheld by request)
McClellan AFB, California

We can't vouch for its figures, but the last letter raises an interesting point; and clearly the military, like much of American society, hasn't yet decided how best to deal with either drug use or homosexuality. On the one hand, who wants a soldier who's a stereotypical pansy or one who may be too stoned to correctly insert the magazine of his M-16? On the other hand, simple statistics indicate that the vast majority of pot smokers and homosexuals are indistinguishable from the so-called general population in their personal values, professional abilities and job performances, so why not judge the individual on those criteria and leave off-duty pot smoking and sexual preference out of it? At present, we cannot reveal our source of this information, and we invoke journalistic privilege under the First Amendment, but we at PLAYBOY *have reason to believe that approximately 96.4 percent of all enlisted men in the U. S. Armed Forces would rather fuck than fight. (It's the remaining 3.6 percent we worry about.)*

EQUAL DUTY

Our friends the Right-to-Lifers are doing everything in their power to force through a constitutional amendment banning abortion. If they succeed in legally compelling women to become mothers, then why not pass a law requiring the fathers to share in the "joys" of childbearing? At the confirmation of pregnancy, these men could be given medication to simulate the pleasures of morning sickness, backaches and swollen ankles and would be required to carry increasingly heavy weights around their bellies for nine months. At the first sign of labor, doctors could induce a heavy dose of heartburn and indigestion in the expectant poppas. And after the birth and immediately after the first feeding, they would be responsible for handing their offspring over to the adoption

"Yesterday, I kept four women happy while I was tied up"

What a day. My meeting ran late, so I was still tied up at the office when Linda called the house. Then my sister. Then Pat, my stockbroker, with a hot tip. Then my mother, with a hot meal.

No problem. My Phone-Mate answering machine records all my calls. It also lets me play my messages by remote control from any telephone.

So I set a time with Linda. Pacified my sister. Told Pat to buy 100 shares of Amalgamated. And promised Mom I'd be over for leftovers.

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Playboy Casebook

THE MAN WHO "DIDN'T DO IT"

with his execution date only two weeks away, larry hicks found someone who listened to his story—and believed it

Death-penalty advocates have fostered the idea that very few people are wrongly convicted and that our elaborate system of appeals virtually precludes their execution. That is a myth based on misunderstanding. Convictions are all too easily obtained on false or mistaken testimony by witnesses, and appellate courts rule not on evidence but on points of law. In 1978, we reported the case of a mentally disturbed Ohio woman who plausibly confessed to a multiple murder she had not committed and who was well on her way to a capital-crime conviction when the Playboy Defense Team intervened. Last year, the Playboy Foundation contributed to a group of prominent Arizona citizens whose efforts—and more than $30,000—have since "unsolved" the 1976 bombing murder of Phoenix reporter Don Bolles and secured new trials for Max Dunlap and James Robison, both convicted on plea-bargained testimony of the known bomber. Consider here the case of a young man with no family, friends or funds who avoided the electric chair mainly by a stroke of extraordinary good luck.

It now appears the only crime committed by 19-year-old Larry Hicks was to be black, poor, ignorant of the legal process and incredibly trusting of courts and lawyers. For that he was sentenced to die in the Indiana electric chair. Two weeks before his scheduled execution, he was spared, not by any fail-safe feature of the criminal-justice system but because someone else's lawyer heard his unusual story and bothered to check it out.

The lawyer was Nile Stanton, a prominent Indianapolis attorney who specializes in criminal appeals. On May 15, 1979, Stanton was leaving a visiting cell at the Indiana State Prison when he was stopped by Hicks, being escorted back to death row after talking to a chaplain. Hicks was worried: He had heard nothing from his court-appointed attorney concerning his appeal or stay of execution, and he was scheduled to die on June first for two murders he insisted he had not committed. "Just what I didn't need," said Stanton later. "An indigent slum-kid murderer who 'didn't do it.' But I promised to see about the stay and get back to him. That part sounded odd."

Stanton talked to prison warden J. R. Duckworth, who confirmed the fact that no stay had been received and said he was becoming concerned. With death sentences, appeals are supposedly automatic, but an attorney still must file the necessary motions; and under Indiana law, execution is not contingent on the affirmative ruling of a higher court. As Stanton explains, "I imagine the warden would have taken it upon himself to make some last-minute phone calls, but he wasn't required to. We could have had just about the neatest, nicest, quietest electrocution in Indiana history."

His curiosity aroused, Stanton began some checking on the case and on Hicks himself and found his accidental client to be a cultural oddity: He didn't smoke grass and rarely drank, had grown up in the slums of Gary without a juvenile or criminal record, had lived with an aunt and had worked steadily since his early teens. Despite a "low normal" I.Q. and community standards to the contrary, he had stayed in school and was completing the 11th grade at the time of his arrest. His teachers and his employer had only praise for his character and his efforts. Stanton next arranged for Hicks to take two polygraph tests, which he passed on every point. Stanton then wrote to the Playboy Foundation: "There is, I absolutely assure you, an innocent man facing the death penalty in my state. . . . I urgently implore you to review the enclosed materials and get in touch with me as soon as possible. Larry Hicks is on death row for murders he did not commit."

In January 1980, Senior Editor William Helmer and investigator Russ Million of the Playboy Defense Team met with Stanton and his assistant Kevin McShane. They interviewed Hicks at the state prison in Michigan City, Indiana, and studied the transcript of the trial, which had lasted only one and a half days. The case, as homicides go, was classically simple—two unpremeditated killings stemming from what the police call a "private dispute."

On a Saturday evening in February 1978, Hicks, just home from work and nursing a strained back, reluctantly agreed to help two women neighbors move furniture to a new apartment a few blocks away. The moving party included one Bernard Scates, the live-in boyfriend of one of the women, and two acquaintances enlisted with the promise of drinks and a few dollars.

By all accounts, the hired helpers did more drinking than moving and soon became drunk and quarrelsome. Hicks claims he left in disgust around midnight, walked home and spent the night with his girlfriend. Late the next morning, he returned to the neighbors' new apartment to pick up groceries he'd forgotten and learned from a child in the building that Scates and the two women had been picked up by the police. He assumed that the party had gotten out of hand and returned home to watch the winter Olympics on television. A short time later, Hicks himself was in jail, charged with stabbing to death the two helpers, whose bodies had been found in the snow-filled alley behind the apartment building shortly after eight that morning.

When questioned, the women gave police a chronologically confusing story of Hicks and Scates's fighting with the two helpers around midnight and then killing them. At first, Scates also blamed Hicks, but he later told fellow prisoners that Hicks was *not* the person involved. A few days after his arrest,

Scates died in his cell, supposedly a suicide.

At his trial, the only significant evidence incriminating Hicks was the testimony of Scates's girlfriend, the other woman having changed her story so many times the prosecution moved to have her declared a hostile witness. The court-appointed defense attorney challenged none of the girlfriend's statements and ignored the prosecution's failure to present the blood-stained clothing she claimed Hicks had been wearing when he left. He did not call the alibi witness with whom Hicks said he'd spent the night or present other possible witnesses to the events of the evening. He did not put Hicks on the stand in his own defense and virtually ignored the most important point of all: The county coroner, a witness for the state, testified that the murders had occurred not late Saturday night when the fighting supposedly started but sometime after six o'clock the following morning.

That last fact was merely stated in passing and apparently escaped the notice of the jury. After the verdict was read and the punishment phase began, Hicks asked to take the stand and had to be told that the trial was over. He then asked the judge, "Your Honor, why did I get guilty?" A bit later, the following exchange occurred:

COURT: It's your testimony that [the witnesses] were trying to frame you?

HICKS: They didn't try to frame me, they framed me.

COURT: With the stabbings?

HICKS: They are the reason I'm here, that's all I can say.

COURT: Is it your testimony you did not stab either person?

HICKS: I ain't stabbed nobody or nothing else. . . .

COURT: Mr. Hicks, do you know why you are here this morning?

HICKS: Not exactly, sir.

At a hearing last March, Stanton filed a motion to reopen the case on the ground that Hicks had not sufficiently understood the proceedings to assist in his own defense. That was evident from the trial transcript and was confirmed by psychiatric testimony. Lake County Superior Court Judge James C. Kimbrough, who had presided at Hicks's trial, agreed and ordered a new trial.

Since then, a detective working for Stanton has turned up new evidence that further exonerates Hicks and may completely dismantle the prosecution's version of the crime—to the embarrassment of the Gary police and the dismay of the actual killer.

agency. Maybe if enough men felt a twinge of remorse at the recognition of a dimple or a tiny, newborn nose, we wouldn't have as many pious moralists demanding that women do their "duty" by bearing every fetus that is conceived.

Rosemary Padilla
Morgantown, West Virginia

Regarding "Fetus Fanatics" in your May issue, I'd be quite interested in seeing documentation for your statement that "most Catholics believe that abortion should be a matter of conscience, not law." I happen to be a Catholic and, though my strong anti-abortion beliefs are not solely based on my faith, I find it hard to believe that most Catholics lean toward prochoice. Also, you make it sound like prolife is strictly a Catholic movement.

Rather than point out to politicians that "the majority" has prochoice tendencies, you should mention that, had abortion been legalized a generation earlier, 30 percent of those politicians might never have been born.

(Name withheld by request)
Mankato State University
Mankato, Minnesota

That's bad? As for documentation, every Harris, Gallup and other poll we've seen in the past few years indicates that a clear majority of Catholics favor legal abortion. A 1979 New York Times/*CBS News poll, for example, found that 69 percent of Protestants and 64 percent of Catholics agreed that "the right of a woman to have an abortion should be left entirely to the woman and her doctor." That doesn't mean that the Catholic respondents would necessarily undergo an abortion themselves but that they believe it shouldn't be prohibited by law. Which, we think, only makes sense.*

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

The paddling of public school children lacks any sound sociological, psychological or moral foundation and bears no positive relationship to quality education.

This violent practice is often defended as a deterrent against rising truancy, vandalism, disrespect and violence toward teachers, but the opposite is much more likely. It becomes a cause instead of a cure. Students rebel with these negative behaviors as they grow older largely because of the harsh and demeaning treatment they have received in the lower grades. The most likely explanation for maintaining paddling in public schools is that it is convenient for those who find it necessary to tyrannize a voiceless and powerless minority.

Teachers and principals who beat children and youth, and administrators, school-board members and state legislators who sanction this practice, must be held fully accountable for the enormous damage that is being done to children, to families, to the credibility of the teaching profession, to the character of the public schools and to the moral quality of society.

The Rev. Thomas E. Sagendorf
First United Methodist Church
Zanesville, Ohio

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

I've read with interest the numerous viewpoints on capital punishment expressed in *The Playboy Forum*. I have my own ideas on this subject; but rather than try to convert others to my way of thinking, I would like to pose a question. Why is so much energy spent on the criminal? All action, either positive or negative, seems to be structured around either his elimination or his rehabilitation. On a proportionate basis, just how much is done to help the raped woman? Or, other than life insurance, what is available to the murder victim's family that no longer has a source of income? Rape crisis centers and welfare are, indeed, valuable. Yet, as I perceive things, given the choice of being a victim or being a criminal, I would opt for the latter.

Kevin C. Fouts
Laramie, Wyoming

There is one sensible alternative to the death penalty or long prison sentences. It would take the combined efforts of several countries and entails overcoming the prejudices of the people. It is exile. Exile to remote corners of the earth, where convicted murderers would be too busy devoting their hostilities toward survival with little enough time for mayhem. Australia began as a penal colony, as was the plan for our own state of Georgia.

Isolated areas that would be suitable for this type of venture are few because of our shrinking planet. But some places still exist. The Amazon jungle, the outback of Australia, deserted South Sea Islands, Antarctica and the far-northern tundra of Alaska and Canada. This idea is not foolproof. Some convicts would undoubtedly have the ingenuity to find a way back into our society. But who's to say they wouldn't have learned something or become the better for the experience? Most would be stuck with day-to-day survival and find no time for escape.

This method seems far more humane to me than being penned in a cell or fried in a chair. Will this idea ever be implemented? I doubt it. Our society has a tendency to ignore straightforward approaches to problems in favor of complicated abstract concepts.

Dennis Lanning
South Bend, Indiana

The bizarre events of last summer in a Delaware clergyman's trial on armed-robbery charges are the final argument

"Penalties against possession of a drug should not be more damaging to an individual than the use of the drug itself."

...Nowhere is this more clear than in the laws against possession of marijuana in private for personal use.
...Therefore, I support legislation amending Federal law to eliminate all Federal criminal penalties for the possession of up to one ounce of marijuana."

President Jimmy Carter
Message to Congress, 8/2/77

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against the death penalty. The Reverend Bernard T. Pagano had been identified by seven robbery victims as the man who demanded money from them at gunpoint. In mid-trial, Ronald Clouser, a remarkable Pagano look-alike, confessed to the crimes. The judge dismissed all charges against the priest.

The possibility of a miscarriage of justice, compounded by the irrevocable nature of the death penalty, continues to be a sound reason for opposing capital punishment. Witnesses in a murder case can be as dead certain—and thus as dead wrong—as they were in their testimony against Pagano.

James Robison
Arizona State Prison
Florence, Arizona

Robison was sentenced to death for the 1976 bombing murder of Phoenix reporter Don Bolles. He and codefendant Max Dunlap were implicated by the confessed killer, who is serving 20 years through a plea bargain. Both have maintained their innocence and, after more than three years on death row, both have been granted new trials by the Arizona Supreme Court. Another possible instance of "mistaken identity" is reported in the "Playboy Casebook" on pages 62 and 63.

ROOM SERVICE, PRISON STYLE

The debate over Texas' "three-time loser," William James Rummel, has picked up heat since the U. S. Supreme Court ruled that his life sentence as a "habitual offender" does not constitute cruel and unusual punishment (see *Forum Newsfront*, July). Once again, the Lone Star State's lawmen have shown that they like to hang 'em high. Granted, Rummel is a crook, with several misdemeanors on record, along with the three felonies that put the lid on him; but he never did physical harm to anyone, never killed or raped, never even went after the cash register of a 7-Eleven store with a Saturday-night special. His crimes were credit-card theft and check forgery—ordinary crimes, for which he's now paying an extraordinary price.

Moral considerations aside, have any of our ten-gallon judges taken a few minutes to figure out how much it will cost the taxpayers of this state to feed, clothe and house Rummel during his years in prison? The proceeds from his three felonies total $229.11. I expect his room and board to top that figure before the week is out.

(Name withheld by request)
San Antonio, Texas

GOOD B.S.

I was delighted by the "insult" leveled at departing Iranians by a State Department official after the U. S. broke off diplomatic relations. I trust that Henry Precht, the official involved, got lots of positive response from the beleaguered taxpayers of our nation for finally telling the Iranians what we've all thought of them for a long time. What is interesting, though, is how the papers reported it. *The Washington Post* came right out and printed the word bullshit in its account of the incident. Bravo. The *New York Post* wavered, then opted for "bull——," calling it a "not very diplomatic term." Finally, the prissies at *The New York Times* referred to Precht's remark only as a "vulgarity," which certainly leaves a lot of room for error. Readers might assume Precht told the Iranians to fuck off or to go sodomize a camel. You know, in some Latin countries, insulting another man by telling him to go fuck his mother can get you killed and no jury will convict. This is one case where being specific (is bullshit obscene or just vulgar?) might have been better journalistic practice than being so evasive. I haven't yet seen how *Time* and *Newsweek* handled this sticky issue.

John Aldente
New York, New York

Both courageously reported "bullshit," letting the chips fall where they may.

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(Name withheld by request)
Dearborn, Michigan

Our gallant reader escaped prosecution and delivered the hostage letters personally. The post office even contacted us for a replacement copy of the magazine.

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

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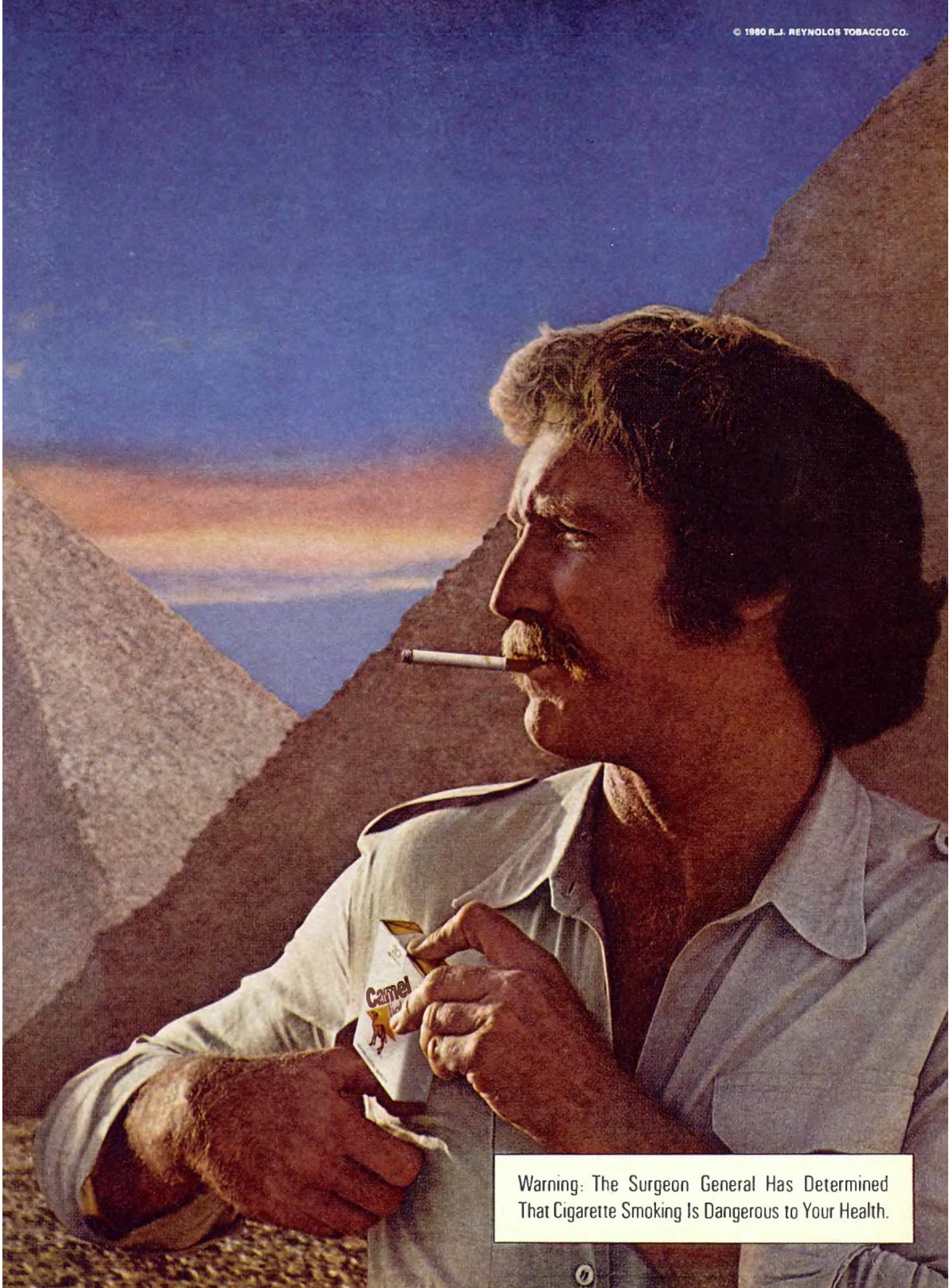
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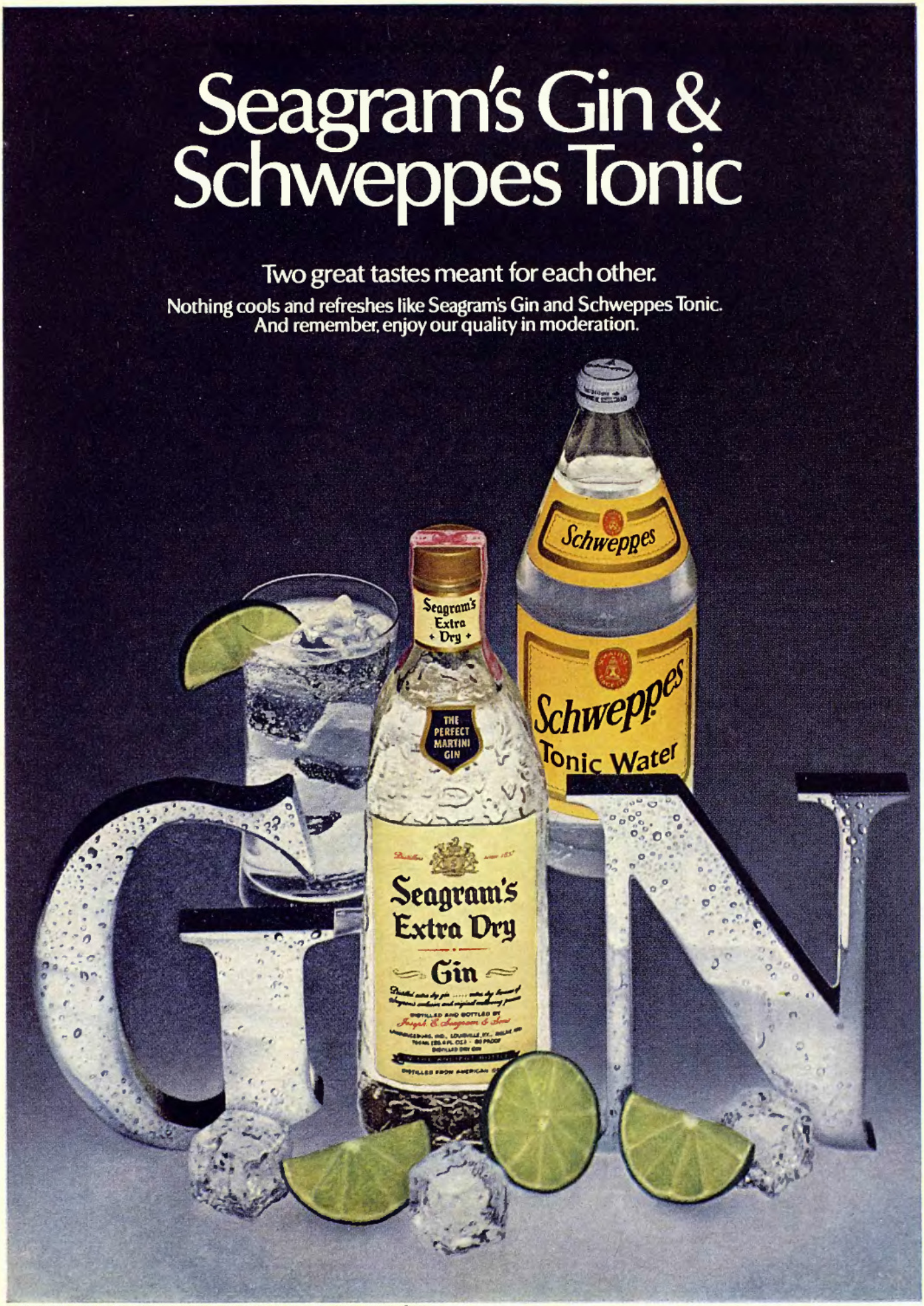

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: WILLIAM SHOCKLEY

a candid conversation with the nobel prize winner—in physics—about his theories on black inferiority and his donation of sperm for a "super baby"

Fifteen years ago, William Bradford Shockley went public with his theory that "retrogressive evolution," or dysgenics, was occurring among American blacks—meaning that less intelligent blacks were having more children than those of significantly greater intelligence. His pronouncement, which amounted to a claim of black genetic inferiority, touched perhaps the most painful nerve that still exists in American society. After all, this was not a member of the Ku Klux Klan or the Nazi Party mouthing racial obscenities but an eminent scientist, a Nobel Prize winner at that, who was reviving an argument most Americans hoped had been forever discredited.

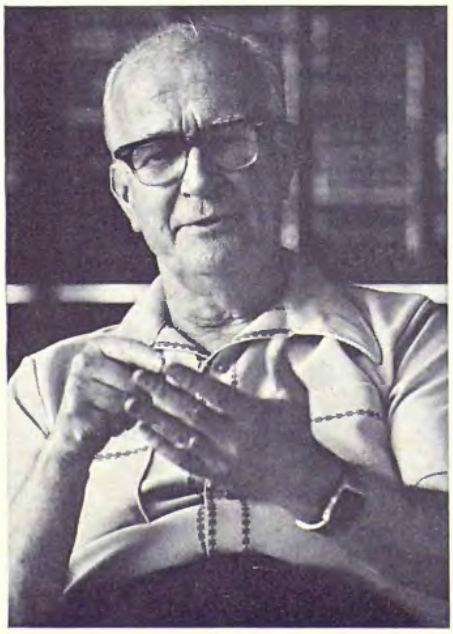
At first, in the wake of the nation's urban riots, and in the midst of legislative efforts to rectify past racial injustices, Shockley's theories were discussed seriously—if scathingly—mainly in the scientific community. The public at large took little heed. For one thing, it was pointed out in popular accounts, Shockley's 1956 Nobel Prize was for physics—he helped discover the principles that made possible the transistor—so why should his dabbling in the field of genetics be taken seriously?

In addition, when scientists responded, they did so in such uncharacteristically abrasive terms—as they continue to do today—that Shockley's reputation as some sort of "mad scientist" prevented any dispassionate public discussion of his ideas. Three professors at Stanford, where he sought to teach a course in dysgenics, wrote: "The essentially genocidal policies [Shockley] has seemed to propose are not only painful for black people to hear but are abhorrent to all decent people whatever their skin color." The National Academy of Sciences wrote, "Dr. Shockley's proposals are based on such simplistic notions of race, intelligence and 'human quality' as to be unworthy of serious consideration by a board of scientists. . . . It is basically vicious to evaluate individuals on the basis of the group to which they belong."

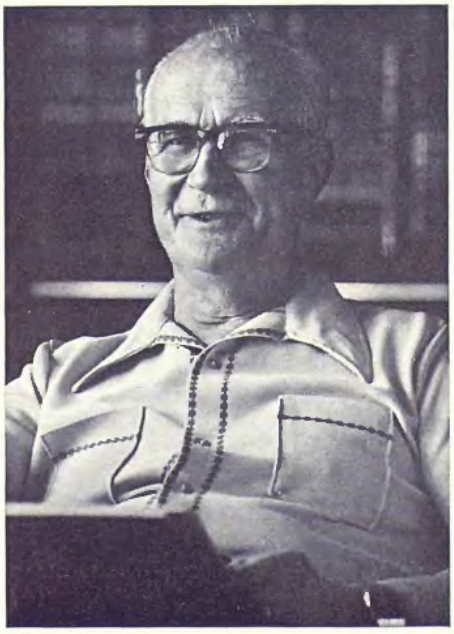
But in 1969, Dr. Arthur R. Jensen weighed in with scholarly and statistical support for Shockley's dysgenic thesis. By then, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and Robert Kennedy had both been felled by assassins. Lyndon Johnson, the leader of what now seems a naïve Great Society program, had been replaced by Richard Nixon. If Shockley wasn't quite respectable, the climate of the nation was such that at least people would listen to him—in some cases.

The man whose mind could range from the intricacies of electrical conduction to the problems of genetic reproduction was born in London in 1910. He graduated from Cal Tech in 1932 and got his Ph.D. at MIT. He worked at Bell Laboratories from 1936 to 1954 and it was in that year that he and fellow scientists John Bardeen and Walter Brattain discovered the principles of the transistor. The importance of the transistor was not publicly recognized until two years later, with the designation of the Nobel Prize. Shockley acted as president of Shockley Transistor Corporation from 1958 to 1960 and slowly shifted his attention to a new—and inestimably more controversial—field.

Bolstered by Jensen's highly publicized article in the Harvard Educational Review *and subsequent studies, in which he asserted that black children were less capable than white children of "level II [abstract] reasoning," and that*



"I.Q. may not necessarily be the best trait to breed for, but I don't know of one that has such a positive correlation with other high-quality traits—such as honesty and physical capacity."



"The major cause for American Negroes' intellectual and social deficits is hereditary and racially genetic in origin and thus not remediable to a major degree by improvements in environment."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY L. LOGAN

"I don't think the right should be given equally to everyone to have children, if those people having them are clearly destined to produce retarded or defective children."

blacks as a group scored 15 points below whites in I.Q. tests, Shockley toured the country, speaking at colleges on both coasts, spreading his dysgenic notions wherever he could find an ear—and in some cases even where he couldn't. He was often shouted down by militant black and white students at campuses such as Brooklyn Polytech, Sacramento State and Stanford, his home campus. In 1972, he was denied a request to teach a course on dysgenics at Stanford on the grounds that he was not a qualified geneticist, a charge he has never sufficiently refuted.

Shockley's lifework has been in electronics and electrical engineering. He is so highly thought of in those fields that the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers awarded him its Medal of Honor and the $10,000 prize that accompanies it. In so doing, the I.E.E.E. made it clear it was not endorsing Shockley's dysgenic views. Writing in the institute's newsletter, past president Jerome Suran said, "If there's one person who's had the most impact on electronics in this century, it is Dr. Shockley. However, we are in no way endorsing or even sympathizing with his efforts in other areas."

To take on the difficult assignment of interviewing this contentious, brilliant scientist, PLAYBOY *tapped* **Syl Jones,** *a Minneapolis-based science and medical writer who has long had an interest in the man and the subject. He also happens to be black. We made the assignment before Shockley delivered yet another public shock—this one involving sperm banks. Here is Jones's report:*

"I first met Bill Shockley in 1974 as part of an assignment for Modern Medicine *magazine. I tracked him down by telephone and tried to arrange an interview, but he was extremely difficult. He'd had bad experiences with reporters in the past quoting him out of context or misquoting him altogether. Shockley tape-records his telephone conversations and once told me that he and his wife, Emmy, often analyze the recordings over dinner. He had turned down many reporters on the grounds that they were not competent to understand his theories. By the time I reached him with my request, I was fully prepared. I had read almost everything that had been written by and about Shockley and his theories.*

"He was pleased that I knew something about him but demanded that I study his theories and submit to a series of telephone quizzes before he would agree to an interview. These quizzes almost always involved fairly complicated mathematical analyses of statistics designed by Shockley in support of his theories. After a few weeks of this grilling, he agreed that I was competent to interview him.

"But there was still more. He wanted personal information on my background. Where had I been born? Where had I gone to school? How many brothers and sisters did I have? Long before this point in the process, most other reporters had written Shockley off as a kook and had given up. I was tempted to do the same. But something intrigued me: Never once did he ask my race or make any kind of racist remark, and he had no idea I was black. I didn't tell him, because I was hoping for a confrontation. In October 1974, I got my wish.

"When a white photographer and I showed up at Stanford for the interview, Shockley instinctively reached to shake the photographer's hand with the greeting, 'Hello, Mr. Jones.' It was a wrong guess that seemed almost to stagger him. Obviously stunned by my blackness, he insisted that I submit to one final test, concocted on the spur of the moment, concerning the application of the Pythagorean theorem to some now-long-forgotten part of his dysgenic thesis. Somehow, I came up with a satisfactory explanation, and Shockley had no choice but to grant me the interview. Since that day, he has consistently viewed me as 'the exception that proves the rule' of black inferiority, a designation that he, in all innocence, believes is true.

"For the 'Playboy Interview,' Shockley and I met three times, twice at his home and office on the Stanford campus in Palo Alto and once in Minneapolis. Shortly before the second session, Shockley called my home and left a message that he wanted to speak with me. I tried calling back, but no one answered. A day later, Shockley was off on another adventure: In 1977, he had responded positively to a request from Dr. Robert Graham, eyeglass entrepreneur and student of eugenics, to donate sperm to the newly formed Hermann Muller repository, named in honor of the Marxist geneticist. In February 1980, he made that donation public in a story first published in the Los Angeles Times. *Shockley had called me the night before his revelation to ask if I thought he should tell the world.* Manchester Union Leader *publisher William Loeb, a close personal associate of Shockley's, advised him to release the information; his lawyer advised against it, and even Graham thought it a bad idea to mention any of the Nobelists by name. But now Shockley himself seemed eager to be before the public eye.*

"The media's reactions to Shockley's revelation have been resoundingly negative. But he insists that hasn't bothered him one bit. His purpose in telling the world about this incident was to get another forum for discussing 'human quality' problems.

"The main points to keep in mind while reading this interview are:

"1. Historically, blacks as a group have scored 15 points lower than whites on I.Q. tests. But, Shockley's evidence to the contrary, there is still no general agreement that I.Q. tests measure raw intelligence.

"2. Shockley believes that the 15-point difference is primarily reflective of a basic genetic inferiority on the part of all blacks, whether American or not.

"3. Critics of Shockley say he is perverting science for his own racist, political reasons and that he is only the most recent link in a long chain of scientific racists.

"4. Shockley claims that low-I.Q. individuals are responsible for lowering the average I.Q. of society, a phenomenon he has dubbed the 'dysgenic threat.' To combat that threat, he has proposed the provocative Voluntary Sterilization Bonus Plan as a 'thinking exercise,' the details of which are revealed here.

"And, finally, anthropologist Claude Levi-Strauss, writing in Society *magazine, expressed some thoughts that may help place this interview in its proper context. Speaking of the futility embodied in the search for truth in the social sciences, where the data are often soft, he said: 'But if we are able to make even some limited progress toward wisdom, then we may be . . . more ready to resign ourselves to the general truth that science will remain forever incomplete.' "*

> *"The standard questions are, 'Where are these sperm banks going to go?' and 'Isn't this what Hitler tried?' "*

PLAYBOY: In February of this year, Dr. Shockley, you revealed to the world your participation in Dr. Robert Graham's Nobel-laureate sperm bank. You have donated your sperm to Dr. Graham's repository and have admitted your participation publicly. The news media reacted to your admission with both shock and ridicule, so let's start by discussing that.

SHOCKLEY: Shall I give you the standard questions?

PLAYBOY: If you like.

SHOCKLEY: The standard questions are, "Where are these sperm banks going to go?" and "What's the objective in trying to produce a superrace?" and "Isn't this what Hitler tried?" and "Who are *you* to be donating your sperm?" and other questions of that sort.

PLAYBOY: Let's double back to those

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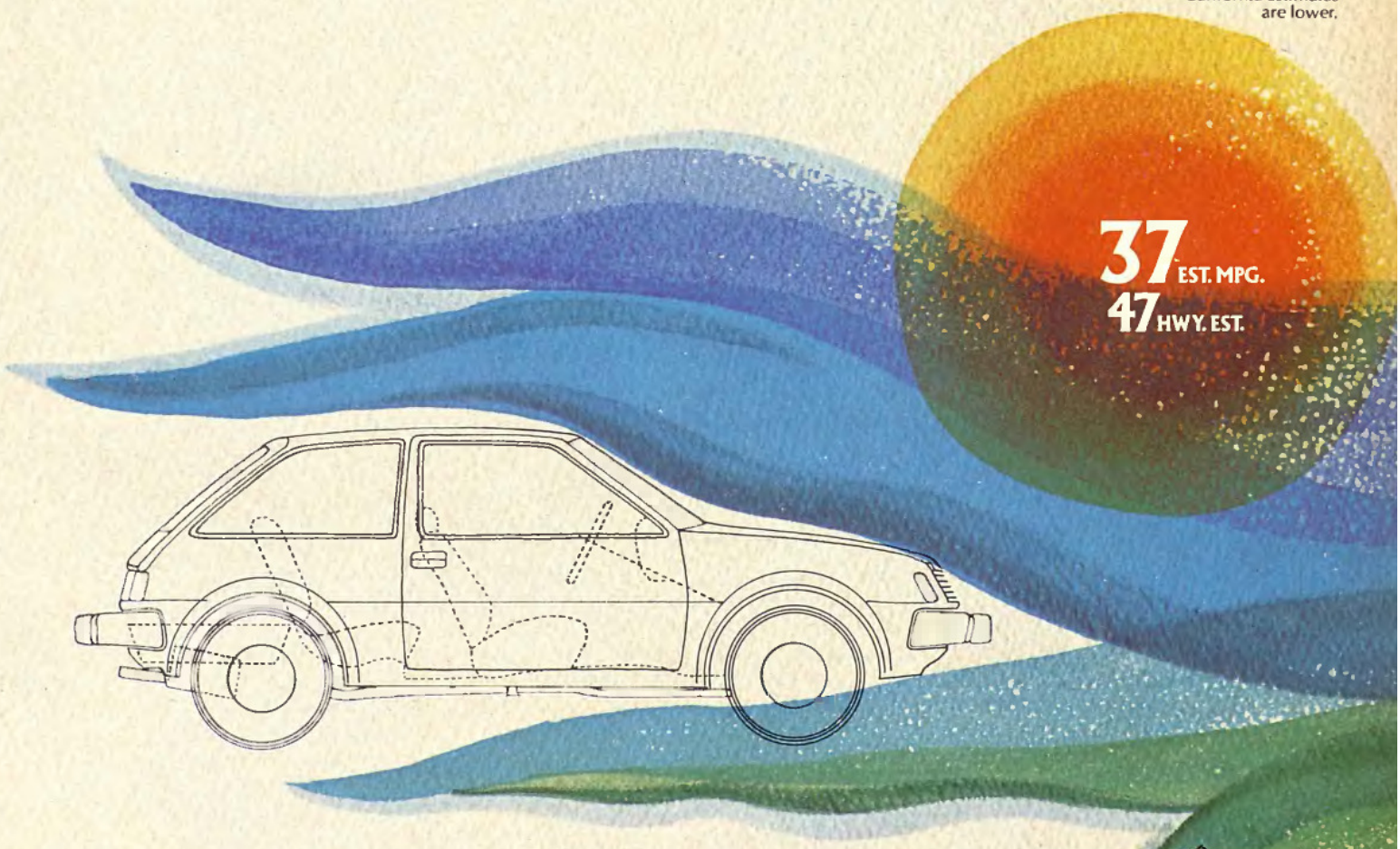

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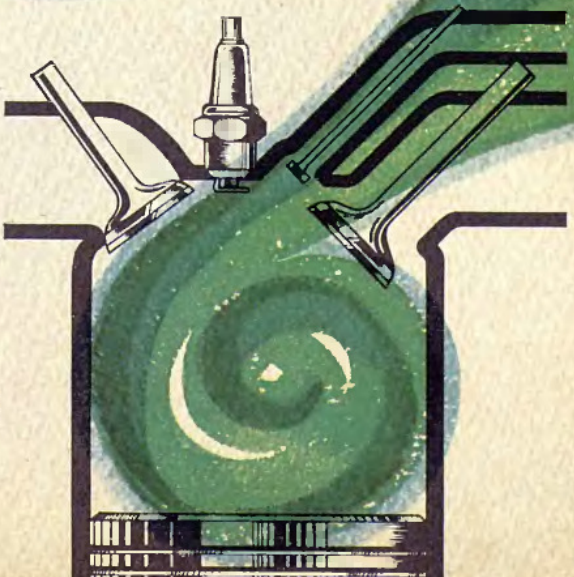

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questions and start with our own. How did you get involved in this Super Baby experiment?

SHOCKLEY: I don't call it a Super Baby experiment and I object to your doing so.

PLAYBOY: That's not our term; every newspaper in the country has called it that.

SHOCKLEY: Well, that is clearly a misrepresentation of my purpose in participating in Graham's program.

PLAYBOY: Fine. What *was* your purpose in offering your sperm to Graham's repository?

SHOCKLEY: Let's get this straight. I didn't offer. I responded to Graham's request. In 1965, I was in the news after expressing worries that the genetic quality of our population might be declining. My first contacts with Graham occurred shortly afterward, in 1966. Graham had started even then to canvass some of the Nobel laureates about the prospects of contributing sperm to a proposed repository. The actual opportunity to contribute came my way some 12 years later. Also, in 1965, I had met a man who had already made the decision, with his wife, to seek a highly qualified sperm donor in order to improve the probable quality of his children. His wife shared his views on the matter. To my way of thinking, they are a very rare case in having come independently to this decision to seek out a sperm donor.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't that an unnatural step to take?

SHOCKLEY: I agree that the idea seemed unnatural, but this man's arguments stood up very well. He was an unassuming fellow and not particularly impressive, but the more you listened to him, the more sense he seemed to be making. He said, "I don't expect to do everything for my child. I propose to teach him social values and to love him and to care for him. And I want him, or her, to have the greatest possible opportunity in life. If somebody can furnish sperm that gives a greater likelihood of success to my child than I would be able to give, then I'd have no qualms about arranging for a donor." What he said all hung together.

PLAYBOY: Maybe so, but you'll have to admit it's a minority opinion.

SHOCKLEY: I don't see that a minority opinion should be regarded as an adverse thing. I'm sure that as a black writer, you carry a certain number of these yourself. And Einstein carried some for quite a while, too.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to how this whole thing began. We're trying to understand how you bring up a subject like donating your sperm to a repository. Did you and Graham sit down and hash it out over drinks, or what?

SHOCKLEY: This wasn't exactly a new idea. Graham had been in contact with Hermann Muller, the Marxist geneticist, and this was actually Muller's idea, which he proposed long ago. I really don't know the history. Graham knows such things much better than I do.

PLAYBOY: What was the general reaction when Muller proposed it?

SHOCKLEY: Muller came in for a great deal of castigation. He made the tactical error of trying to draw up a list of people he considered optimum donors, which included some people who later ended up looking pretty unattractive.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

SHOCKLEY: I've forgotten who they were. Whether he had Karl Marx or Lenin or somebody else in there, I'm not sure.

PLAYBOY: Graham got involved because he knew Muller? What was *his* interest in something like this, which is outside his field?

SHOCKLEY: Graham's interest in the declining quality of people goes back at least to the Sixties, when he wrote a book called *The Future of Man*. He did studies of what went on during the French Revolution and the elimination of the elite class, which probably removed some of the brilliant people of France. I don't know that one can say France has significantly less intellectual potential now than it did before the Revolution, but this is what some of Graham's studies were concerned with. Anyway, Graham had for some time been urging more intelligent people to have more children. We had talked about these things and my concern about possible downbreeding, or dysgenics, struck a responsive chord in him. I knew about his plans for a sperm bank and when it was set up, I had no particular problem in making a decision. This all happened about 1977, I believe.

"By and large, Mensa members have nothing going for them aside from a high performance on I.Q. tests."

PLAYBOY: How many other Nobel laureates have donated their sperm to that repository?

SHOCKLEY: To the best of my knowledge, there have been two others. The repository contains sperm from five individuals, two of whom I don't know anything about—but they are there for some reason of Graham's, which I have not explored.

PLAYBOY: Three women have already been inseminated, according to press reports. How were those women chosen?

SHOCKLEY: Graham has been advertising for women in a publication sponsored by the Mensa Society. Mensa is a group of individuals who all have I.Q.s in the top two percent. But neither Graham nor I regard the Mensa population as being an ideal group. We both have the notion that, by and large, Mensa members have nothing going for them to speak of aside from a high performance on I.Q. tests.

PLAYBOY: But isn't that what you're looking for? High I.Q. as an indication of intelligence?

SHOCKLEY: Graham is looking for creative people.

PLAYBOY: Creative people? Why Nobel-laureate donors, then? Why not artists, writers or actors?

SHOCKLEY: The Nobel laureates can be said to be more distinguished in terms of creativity than in terms of I.Q. Certainly, they are distinguished in both categories but far more so in the creativity area.

PLAYBOY: We'll get back to the matter of creativity shortly; but first, did it concern you that new evidence suggests fathers over the age of 35—and not just mothers, as was previously thought—can contribute to a higher incidence of birth defects, such as Mongolism or Down's syndrome?

SHOCKLEY: I heard that one for the first time from a newsman after the sperm-bank story broke. One urologist acquaintance of mine searched his references and found nothing. Since then, I have heard more about the possible problem with Down's syndrome or Mongolism. That problem can be identified so early in pregnancy by amniocentesis that abortion is an appropriate course.

PLAYBOY: You say your medical friend found nothing in his references? We found the following quote from the *Annals of Human Genetics* of Great Britain: "Recent cytogenic evidence has shown that trisomy 21 [Down's syndrome] can arise perhaps even in substantial proportions from *paternal* nondisjunction. The evidence is that these cases of paternal nondisjunction occur more frequently in men over the age of 35." Don't you think you should have done more research into these things before you donated your sperm at the age of 70 to father a child?

SHOCKLEY: No. I had confidence that Dr. Graham was in touch with medical experts who had given him good advice. So I felt this was a responsibility I could turn over to qualified experts. One cannot undertake all responsibilities. Besides, this question exhibits complete ignorance as to what Graham's program is. No one who participates in this program is going to be retarded. Participants must have a high I.Q., and if you

have a high I.Q., by every definition you're not retarded.

PLAYBOY: We're not asking whether a *participant* is retarded—obviously, you're not. We're asking about your potential genetic contribution to Down's syndrome because of your age.

SHOCKLEY: There is no gene for Down's syndrome.

PLAYBOY: We're aware of that. Again, is it possible that some people of certain ages, including you, might be more predisposed to contribute to the genetic malfunction that causes the syndrome?

SHOCKLEY [*annoyed, challenging*]: What does trisomy mean?

PLAYBOY: It means there are three X chromosomes instead of two. Chromosomes usually come in pairs. The extra X is what causes the syndrome.

SHOCKLEY: That's correct.

PLAYBOY: Our point—and we must insist on making it—is that in some cases, that extra X chromosome is contributed by the father. These are usually men over the age of 35. Why doesn't that possibility concern you?

SHOCKLEY: There is a tendency for paternal nondisjunction to increase with age, but nothing you've said so far about this has been very specific. You said that it is more likely above the age of 35. How much more likely? Twice as likely?

PLAYBOY: We're not certain. But we're not donating our sperm to a sperm bank, either.

SHOCKLEY: But if you're going to ask questions like this, don't you think you should have done research to find out whether these questions are answered in the literature?

PLAYBOY: It's you who isn't addressing the question. The fact is, at least some researchers think the tendency to contribute that extra chromosome actually decelerates after the age of 45. We've pressed the point because we find it hard to believe a man in your position didn't research this.

SHOCKLEY: Well, there is another factor in this. Sperm that has been through the liquid-nitrogen treatment will be less defective than sperm that has not. This treatment immobilizes the sperm so it can be stored almost indefinitely. A news report triggered by the sperm-bank revelation points out that the incidence of defective sperm or of spontaneous abortions is reduced by a factor of three or four after this special liquid-nitrogen treatment.

PLAYBOY: Some people may not know how sperm is donated. Tell us how you did it.

SHOCKLEY: It is an abnormal male who at one time or another in his life has not masturbated, and this is one of the standard methods. There are also special condoms prepared for this purpose. These avoid the presence of sulphur, which exists in ordinary rubber and has a spermicidal effect.

PLAYBOY: All right, going back to the topics of creativity and intelligence: They may be important, but aren't there other positive traits society is in need of? Such as intuition, physical strength, honesty? And how are those related to high I.Q.?

SHOCKLEY: There is definite positive correlation between practically any high-quality human trait and I.Q. A number of these things, including honesty, resistance to temptation to cheat on tests and physical capacity, in high-I.Q. children, compared in a positive way with their contemporaries. Now, this doesn't mean that I.Q. necessarily is the best trait to breed for, but I don't know of any other trait that has such a highly positive correlation. There are other sperm banks where you can specify things like hair color, eye color and height. I'm not sure if you get information about the donor's educational attainment or I.Q. But I have nothing against these other traits you mentioned. It's just that in selecting for high I.Q., you are likely to get these other things anyway.

PLAYBOY: Your bias is definitely toward the intelligentsia, isn't it?

SHOCKLEY: It takes many good traits to make a good society, and if we were able to isolate these traits and prove that they were heritable, then it would be good to select for these values. It might be very attractive to set up specialized sperm banks for that purpose, but obviously, you couldn't get too specialized. One could not set up a sperm bank that would be intended to select people with a high inclination to become celibate priests, for example. This characteristic would have eliminated itself from the gene pool, assuming it could be shown to be heritable.

PLAYBOY: How do you define creativity?

SHOCKLEY: The Nobel committee is essentially looking for discoveries and inventions "of greatest benefit to mankind," that occurred in the recent past. So if you examine that, you find that one definition of creativity might be the creation and delivery of something new and valuable. Nobel laureates in science certainly meet those standards.

PLAYBOY: As to the three women who already have been inseminated——

SHOCKLEY: When I last spoke with Graham, it was not known if any of these women had yet become pregnant.

PLAYBOY: Newspapers reported that the women were due to deliver this year.

SHOCKLEY: I've seen such news stories, too. I am not aware that they have any basis in fact.

PLAYBOY: Odds are that at least one will get pregnant. Let's assume you're the father. Are you going to know who the mother is?

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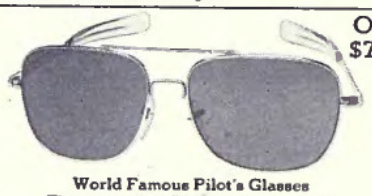

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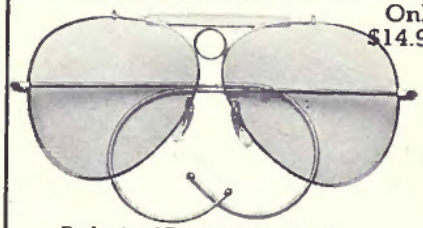

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SHOCKLEY: The arrangement is that Graham knows everything on both sides and neither side knows anything about the other side.

PLAYBOY: Might this situation create some psychological problems for the child?

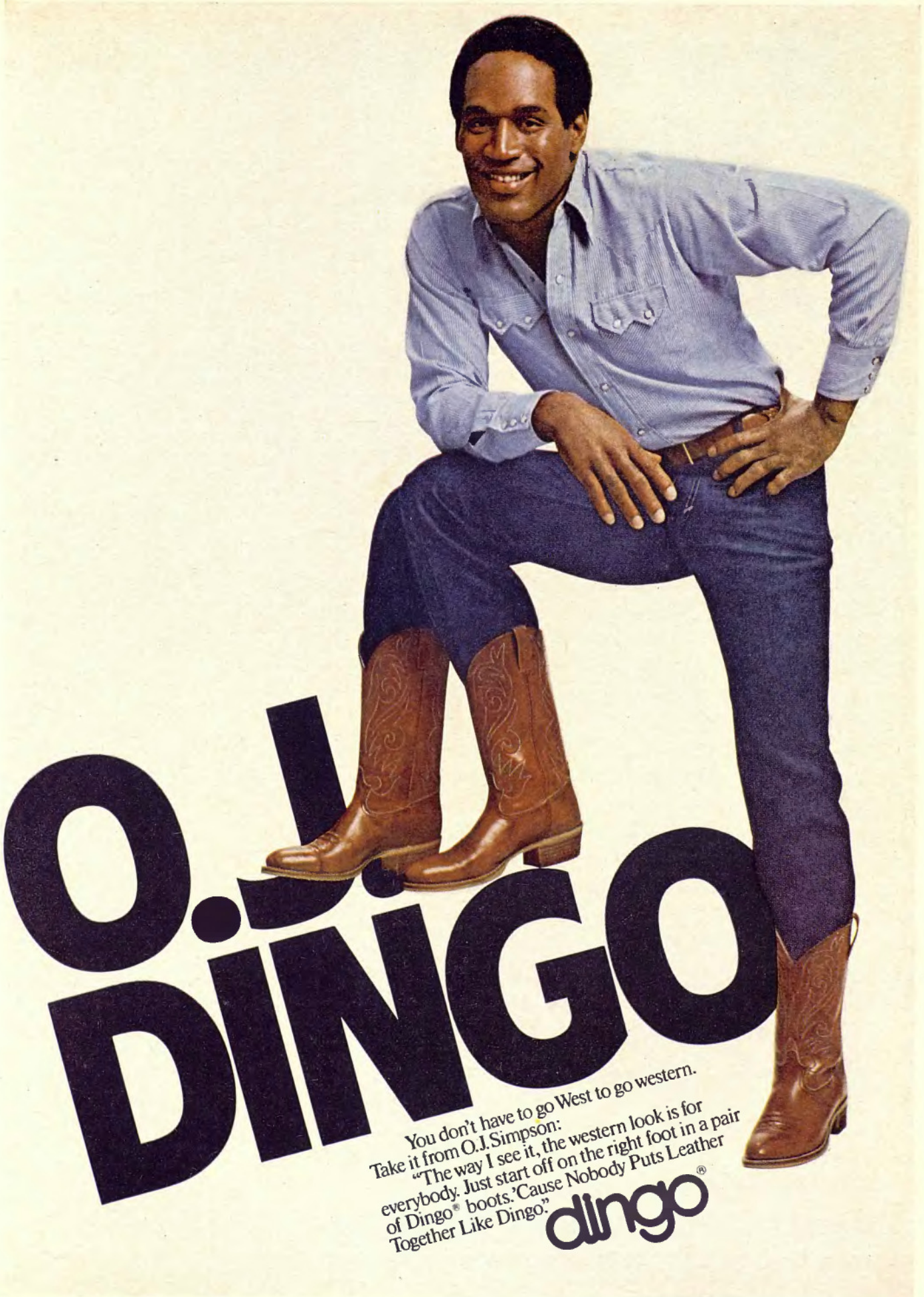
SHOCKLEY: It might. But I wouldn't think any more than adoption would. I also think the child would be better able to have an objective view of the situation than an ordinary child would. Furthermore, there is the other side of this, which speaks to the fact that we are not trying to produce a superrace. I might point out here that before I even allowed my name to be linked with this experiment, I insisted on stating that we were not endeavoring to produce a superrace, but I was entirely in accord with Graham's objective of producing more intelligent, productive, creative people. I also went on to say that my emphasis is on reducing the human misery that may be developing at the bottom end of the I.Q. distribution. And I tried then to emphasize the difference in the distinction between these two positive influences on human quality; namely, the positive eugenics that Graham is talking about and the antidysgenics that I have been emphasizing.

PLAYBOY: If the genetic theory behind this idea really worked, wouldn't we be able to judge the success of it by looking at the children Nobel laureates have already produced, for example?

SHOCKLEY: Yes, and there was a famous study done on this back in the Twenties by Lewis M. Terman. He picked 1000 children from the California schools who were in the top one percent of the I.Q. distribution. Then this so-called gifted group was followed for about 35 years. At the end of that time, they had about 2600 children. Terman's project was able to measure I.Q.s of 1500 of these. The median I.Q. of those children was about 135. I made drawings showing how well these I.Q.s fit the pattern of normal distribution for the general population. And not one of these 1500 children fell into what is known as familial mental retardation—that's retardation that results from the tail of the normal distribution. Actually, there were 13 retarded children in this group of 1500, but these included Mongoloids and other children with physiological problems.

PLAYBOY: What about your own children? How did they turn out?

SHOCKLEY: In terms of my own capacities, my children represent a very significant regression. My first wife—their mother—had not as high an academic-achievement standing as I had. Two of my three children have graduated from college—my



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daughter from Radcliffe and my younger son from Stanford. He graduated not with the highest order of academic distinction but in the second order as a physics major, and has obtained a Ph.D. in physics. In some ways, I think the choice of physics may be unfortunate for him, because he has a name that he will probably be unlikely to live up to. The elder son is a college dropout.

PLAYBOY: Do you see your children very often?

SHOCKLEY: Not very often. No.

PLAYBOY: Do they know about your activities?

SHOCKLEY: My daughter perhaps knows more than the others of my activities in these areas. But as far as my sons are concerned, it's mainly the things they see in the papers.

PLAYBOY: Incidentally, what's your I.Q.?

SHOCKLEY: I don't know.

PLAYBOY: You've never known your I.Q.?

SHOCKLEY: I had I.Q. tests made by Terman in connection with the gifted-children study when I was about ten. Then my I.Q. was about 130.

PLAYBOY: So you were actually part of the Terman gifted-children study.

SHOCKLEY: I was not accepted for the Terman study, because my I.Q. was not high enough. Terman missed two Nobel laureates; I was one, Luis Alvarez of Berkeley was another. We were both tested for this program.

PLAYBOY: What was Terman looking for in terms of I.Q.?

SHOCKLEY: I think 135 or over. I suspect my I.Q. is higher than that by now, but I have not done a test on it.

PLAYBOY: Do I.Q.s improve with age?

SHOCKLEY: There have been cases in which there has been marked improvement of I.Q. over the years. I have heard that Einstein was not a very bright student in his early years. I'm not sure what his I.Q. was in his adult life, but I would be rather surprised if it weren't quite high.

PLAYBOY: What are your children's I.Q.s? Do you have any idea?

SHOCKLEY: No. I don't.

PLAYBOY: What about your parents'?

SHOCKLEY: Terman measured my mother and, as I recall, it was above 150.

PLAYBOY: To come back to Graham's experiment in breeding, what's the value of it if not to add more knowledge about the effects of this kind of eugenics?

SHOCKLEY: I consider the real experiment to be sociological, and that experiment has been accelerated by the publicity surrounding the Nobelist sperm bank.

PLAYBOY: Now that the reactions have come in, are you sorry it was tried?

SHOCKLEY: Not at all. There has been a clear demonstration of an important truth about our nation's intellectual community. This truth is that a Dark Ages dogmatism blocks objectivity about human-quality problems.

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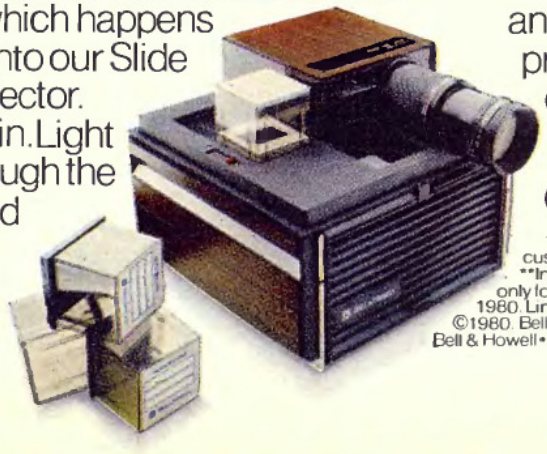

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PLAYBOY: Dark Ages dogmatism? That's strong language.

SHOCKLEY: The evidence for Dark Ages dogmatism is found in press reports of interviews with scientists about the sperm bank. These suggest emotional judgments rather than reason. Most eminent scientists, including Nobelists, have condemned Graham's program with the words weird, pretty silly biological nonsense, ridiculous, ethically and morally repulsive.

PLAYBOY: So much for the inherent intelligence of Nobelists, right?

SHOCKLEY: I think these reports suggest that sperm recipients may be hoodwinked into thinking that genius babies are guaranteed. Dogmatism won a KO decision over science in one report suggesting that a child's mental endowment would be *completely* uninfluenced by the father's own mental powers. The Dark Ages dogmatism suggested by these reports would, if transferred from man to horses, amount to saying that breeders of race horses have all been hoodwinked when paying the stud fees demanded for Kentucky Derby winners.

PLAYBOY: Yes, the general reaction of the press to the whole idea of "intelligent sperm" has been devastatingly negative. Columnist Ellen Goodman accused you of conceit and we're wondering: Is it possible you're on an ego trip, trying to play superstud, just to get the resulting publicity?

SHOCKLEY: That comment raises two issues. I'll dispose of the ego-trip aspect first. After Phil Donahue introduced me to his audience a few months ago, I thanked him for not bringing up the superman issue. To put it in perspective, I rose to my full 5'6" height, removed my jacket, turned a full circle and explained that a superman description would need to be expressed as "superman plus 20 pounds."

PLAYBOY: That's a nice PR gimmick, but it doesn't answer the question. The fact is, this revelation of your participation in the sperm bank has brought you a great deal of publicity. It seems to us you may have planned it that way.

SHOCKLEY: No, I acted on the spur of the moment in making the donation. But I deliberated and consulted, as you know, before deciding to identify myself as a sperm-bank donor. Furthermore, I insisted that the original sperm-bank story in the *L.A. Times* quote me as saying that I didn't think of myself as the perfect human being or the ideal donor, and also that, although I supported Graham's positive eugenics aim of more people at the top of the population, my own focus is on reducing the misery at the bottom. By these statements, I laid a foundation for emphasizing the dysgenic threat when subsequently interviewed about the sperm bank. The results have been rewarding to me.

PLAYBOY: Why is it so important to you to talk about the so-called bottom of the population? And what people are at the bottom, in your opinion?

SHOCKLEY: It's important to me because of the tragedy at the bottom end of the population, which is particularly severe for the blacks, but also probably occurs for the *chicano* population—maybe to a comparable degree—though I am not as conversant with the *chicano* case. The same thing probably occurs for some Appalachian whites. What I'm talking about here is poverty, crime, unemployment and a host of other human miseries that impose heavy burdens on society and bear most heavily on the babies who are born into suffering as a result of this misery.

PLAYBOY: What about these so-called human-quality problems? You have repeatedly said that the quality of the human race is declining in this country because "society is not doing enough research into the genetic factors that make people what they are." What caused you to make that observation?

SHOCKLEY: One key incident in 1963 stands out. It involved a San Francisco delicatessen proprietor who was blinded, or nearly blinded, by an acid-throwing teenager with an I.Q. of 65. This teenager was one of 17 children born to a woman whose I.Q. was 55. I asked myself what people I knew who had families that large. I could think of none. Apparently, these large families were those of people who were not making it in our society, so that those with the least intelligence were having the most children. The more I talked to people about this, the more alarmed I became. No one was willing to look at this subject objectively, dispassionately. This is what drew me into the whole question of dysgenics, or retrogressive evolution.

"This teenager was one of 17 children born to a woman whose I.Q was 55. I asked myself what people I knew who had families that large. I could think of none."

PLAYBOY: Why focus on some acid-throwing teenager who happens to be black? The majority of mass murderers in this country have been white and not all have been low-I.Q. morons. Hitler apparently had a high I.Q. What does that suggest to you?

SHOCKLEY: It suggests that any trait, either extremely good or extremely bad, would be highly enhanced by a high I.Q., because the individual having that high I.Q. would possess general abilities to get things done.

PLAYBOY: But it seems to us you emphasize that anecdote about the black teenager more than any other. Why?

SHOCKLEY: He was in California at the time, a time when I was involved in considering the question of whether the abortion laws should have been liberalized. He came from a rather large family of relatively ineffective people. His crime made the news, of course, and my attention was drawn toward him as an example of problem makers' multiplying faster than problem solvers. It was simply an accidental circumstance that brought this into focus for me.

PLAYBOY: All right, let's define dysgenics.

SHOCKLEY: It's an important word to get into the vocabulary of the public. Dysgenics is evolution without progress, retrogressive evolution, which decreases the quality of the species. It is caused by the excessive reproduction of the genetically disadvantaged. In 1967, in *Sex Versus Civilization*, demographer Elmer Pendell proposed that civilizations decline because problem makers multiply in greater percentage than problem solvers. This is what I fear is happening to intelligence in our society.

PLAYBOY: Is that just your opinion or do you have facts to support it?

SHOCKLEY: The 17 children of the low-I.Q. mother are one example. The fact that she was black warns that the dysgenic threat is most severe for blacks, and statistics from the 1970 census back up this conclusion. When socioeconomic classes are listed, college graduates come near the top and rural farm families near the bottom. Black rural farm women average 5.4 children, nearly three times as many as the 1.9 for black women college graduates. Now, on the average, the woman who graduates from college has a better brain, for hereditary and genetic reasons—one more suited to education—than does the rural farm woman. And 1.9 children per woman is not enough to maintain that part of the population. It looks as if the numbers of problem solvers of the black minority may be decreasing. As for the problem makers, I have heard at least two anecdotal stories from responsible observers about women who have said they would have babies to increase their relief income. But I have found no good published evaluation of this matter. One sociologist has written that the percent of Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC) that goes to parents whose parents in their turn were AFDC recipients has doubled twice from five to ten to 20 percent in the past 20 years. If something doubles every ten years for a century, it will become 1000 times larger—an alarming prospect.

PLAYBOY: But the comparatively rapid

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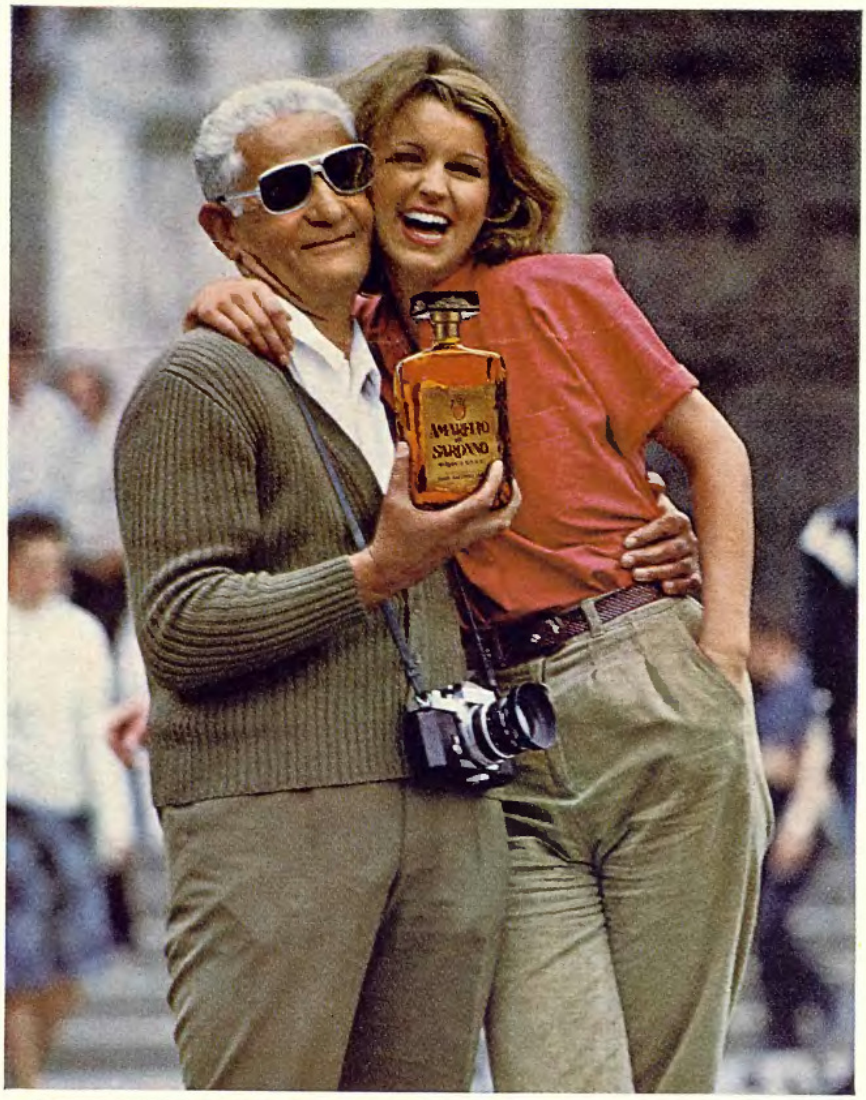

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social advancement of blacks during the 25 years since the Brown desegregation decision, when some of the artificial environmental barriers that impeded progress were removed, proves the falsity of your dysgenic analysis.

SHOCKLEY: Blacks have caught up with whites to a substantial degree during that time. But, as Dr. Arthur R. Jensen's new book documents, the incidence of mental retardation for black children in school has not decreased as it should if theories about better education due to integration were working out. The socioeconomic gains of blacks compared with whites eliminated about one third of the deficit in family incomes.

PLAYBOY: That's not true. The gap in incomes between blacks and whites has actually grown because of inflation's effect on the dollar.

SHOCKLEY: My analysis used what I have called an offset method based on percentages of black and white families in matched income ranges. The dollar values are not used. What I find is that the gains all occurred between 1955 and 1969 and after that, progress stopped. Is dysgenics involved? It's something to worry about.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the answer to this to spend more for remedial education and job training, instead of conjuring up the "dysgenic threat"?

SHOCKLEY: If environmental efforts now being put forth are not at an optimum level, they should be increased. But that emphasis should not continue to prevent research on genetic factors. If genetic factors affecting the I.Q. or motivation are involved, then future taxpayers will suffer from this dysgenic trend. But those who will suffer most are the babies born to these families—babies who may be so genetically disadvantaged that they can't escape from these bad environments. In effect, they are genetically enslaved to a life of frustration. A question that might well be asked is, for example, Are fertility rates, like the 5.4 children for rural black farm women, even higher in city slums? I have not found a penetrating study on what may be the root cause of urban decay. Nobly motivated humanitarianism that prevents objective studies' being done on these tragic matters, which affect whites as well as blacks, is humanitarianism that has gone berserk. One question that I've mentioned is whether welfare mothers have babies to increase their income. Berserk humanitarianism may put taboos on such research. I once asked an investigative reporter to do some research on this subject through the Welfare Department. He was unable to complete his report due to the Welfare Department's uncooperative efforts. They evidently felt this was a taboo subject.

PLAYBOY: But the bulk of evidence you and others bring to bear on this subject of black intellectual inferiority comes from I.Q. testing, does it not? And isn't it a known fact that the black minority in this country has suffered from years of social neglect, abuse and poverty? All of which is reason enough to expect low performances on I.Q. tests.

SHOCKLEY: But these environmental deficits don't explain the details of the tragedy. One of the standard erroneous representations about my position is: "Dr. Shockley says Negroes have lower scores on I.Q. tests and therefore are racially inferior." That is an entirely inaccurate statement, setting up a straw man that can easily be knocked down. My opinion is best represented in this statement: My research leads me inescapably to the opinion that the major cause for the American Negroes' intellectual and social deficits is hereditary and racially genetic in origin and thus not remediable to a major degree by practical improvements in environment. That statement is based upon research that puts together a whole pattern of things.

One example concerns *components* of the I.Q. test and not simply the total scores. A significant example is supplied by studies done under the direction of Gerald Lesser at Harvard. He went into the New York school system and tested students who were white, black, Chinese, Puerto Rican and Jewish. His I.Q. test was divided into four components. The most striking findings, from the point of view of my interests, concern the component of the test on which almost all sociologists would say that blacks would perform worst because of cultural disadvantages; namely, the verbal part. Actually, the verbal component turns out to be the part on which black children score highest. On the other hand, the components that involve analytical reasoning—even things that involve day-to-day reasoning, like how many pennies are in a nickel—on those things, the blacks are more retarded than whites of their age group. In other tests, this same pattern of retardation has been borne out. In other words, black children don't have much comparative trouble with questions like, Who discovered America? and Who wrote *Romeo and Juliet*? But they do have problems with things like, Which way is west? and How many days are in a week?

"The incidence of mental retardation for black children has not decreased as it should if theories about better education due to integration were working out."

PLAYBOY: In other words, things that require noegenetic reasoning are more troublesome for blacks. Is that what you're saying?

SHOCKLEY: What does noegenetic mean?

PLAYBOY: It's a term developed by Charles Spearman that refers to the application of eductive or inductive reasoning.

SHOCKLEY: You mean something that involves the use of cognitive skills?

PLAYBOY: Right.

SHOCKLEY: Yes, these tend to be more troublesome. Another kind of test stands out in my mind, and this one has been documented by Jensen in one of his books. It's a test of memorization ability done on white and black children in the California schools. The child is shown a set of 20 familiar objects, such as a ball, a book, a brush, a toy car—one at a time. Then the child tries to recall as many as possible. This is called a free-recall test. At this stage of the test, there is no difference between the black and white children on performance. By the fifth time the children went through this test, it became obvious that the white children were remembering better. The reason for their better performance was this: The white children, as the test series progressed, were mentally classifying the items into a group of balls, a group of books, and so on, as an aid to memorization. Black children weren't nearly as apt to do this or to do as good a job at it as were whites.

PLAYBOY: You said these items were common to the children's environments. Were they two separate groups of items, one for black children and one for white children?

SHOCKLEY: In Jensen's California experiment, they were objects that are common both to Richmond, California, and to Berkeley.

PLAYBOY: But that assumes that the white children and the black children in that part of California live in the same environment.

SHOCKLEY: Still, the point is that on the first few rounds of the test, the two racial groups showed negligible differences in the performance. Hence, one concludes that the items were equally familiar to both groups. Otherwise, why should the performance have been so nearly equal?

PLAYBOY: You conclude, then, that——

SHOCKLEY: That the difference in performance is in the processing of the information, which requires cognitive skill, rather than in the familiarity of the items.

PLAYBOY: The subject of the relevancy of I.Q. testing has been debated endlessly and may never be resolved. But getting back to this dysgenic-threat thesis

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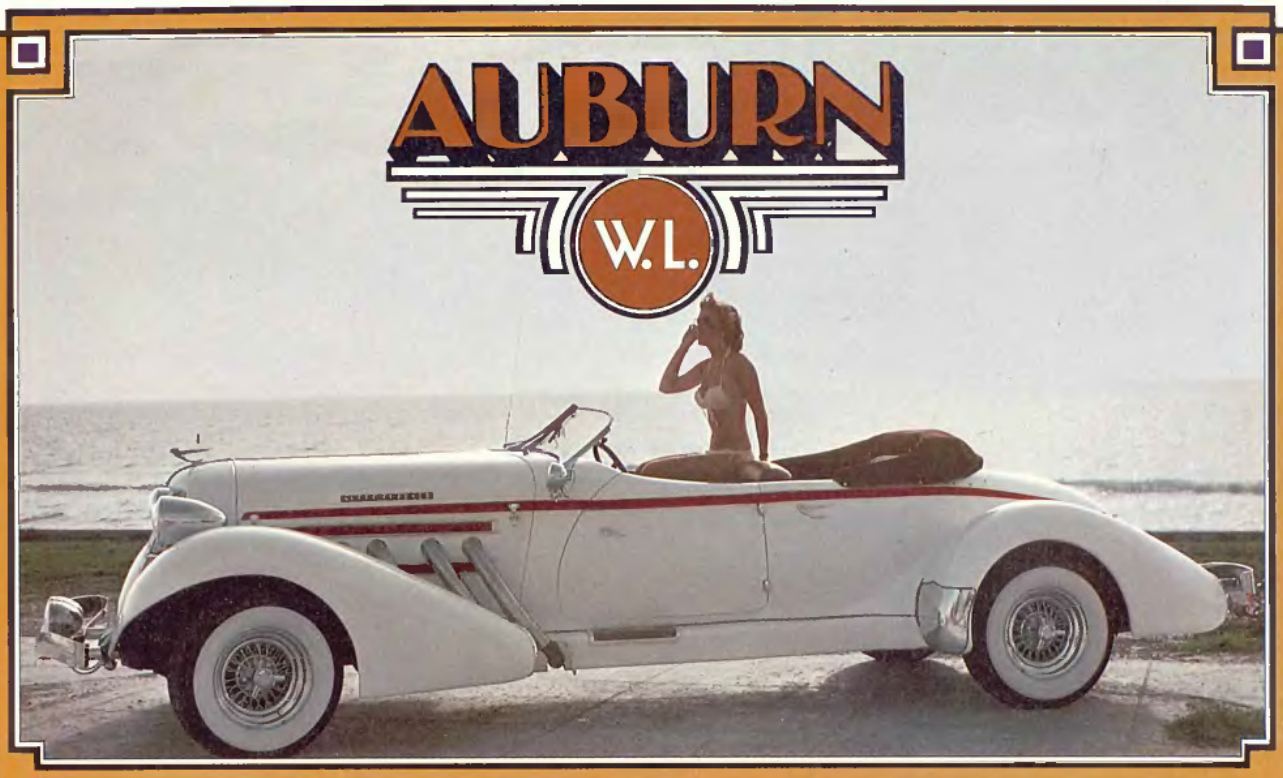

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of yours, it's fair to point out that your theories have been aimed for the most part at black Americans, whom you have labeled genetically inferior as a group. In fact, you called this "The National Negro Tragedy." What is your motive in using such inflammatory terms?

SHOCKLEY: I don't know where you got that National Negro Tragedy phrase. It's not mine and doesn't convey my position. The phrase that I now use is The Tragedy for American Negroes. My emphasis is on the tragedy for the Negroes themselves arising from their greater per-capita representation in statistics for poverty, welfare, educational failure and crimes. The relief burden related to these statistics could be called a National Negro Tragedy if the intent is to focus upon the concerns of taxpaying citizens. But that is an unfair focus. I believe society has a moral obligation to diagnose the tragedy for American Negroes of their statistical I.Q. deficit. Furthermore, this is a worldwide tragedy, and in my opinion, the evidence is unmistakable that there is a basic, across-the-board genetic disadvantage in terms of capacity to develop intelligence and build societies on the part of the Negro races throughout the world.

PLAYBOY: Wait a minute. Let's boil that down a bit. At the nub of what you're saying is the belief that blacks are inferior, right?

SHOCKLEY: If you, personally, were representative of the Negro population as a whole, rather than belonging to Lord knows how high a top-level fraction of it, then we wouldn't have these troubles. There are many individual exceptions, of course, as I have said many times. What disturbs me most about this situation is that black people are going to suffer most because of their disadvantages. The real losers are going to be the genetically disadvantaged babies. Their disadvantages result from what I've tried to emphasize by calling it an unfair shake from a badly loaded parental genetic dice cup.

PLAYBOY: That's colorful, but what does it mean?

SHOCKLEY: Actually, it's more as if the baby got a genetic five-card poker hand that was drawn not from a full deck but from a ten-card deck made up of the two hands holding the genetic cards of the parents. If both parents had high hands, for example, each containing four of a kind, the chance of the baby's getting two pairs or, even better, a full house, would be pretty good and the worst possible draw would be one pair. This oversimplified genetic explanation suggests how high-I.Q. parents will tend to produce not-quite-so-high-I.Q. children, while sometimes producing a dumb one. Sometimes parents blame themselves when one child falls far below his sibling in making grades. Actually, genetic models predict that in about ten percent of all two-child families, the I.Q.s of the children will differ by 20 I.Q. points or more. Knowledge of this fact might keep some parents from trying to push the slower child beyond his capacity, which may do the child far more harm than good. At the other extreme, if the parental ten-card deck is composed of two worthless four-card flushes, both in the same suit, one child in 20 would have a good chance of being a high-value flush. This suggests how a single, highly gifted child may show up in a large family even though all the other children are below average.

PLAYBOY: If such a tragedy exists—and you yourself have pointed out that only 50 percent of the people you've talked with will admit that there is a tragedy for American blacks—doesn't it have as much to do with the white power structure in this country as anything else? The "tragedy" could not exist in a vacuum.

SHOCKLEY: Let me put my thoughts in perspective. A similar sort of tragedy certainly exists in Africa in terms of famine areas where planning has been inadequate. One aspect of the tragedy in America, which seems to me to be hard to blame on the white power structure, is the tragedy of the black spouse-killing-spouse homicide rate. If this is caused by frustration due to the belief that blacks have been treated unfairly—as the general prevailing sociological position would inculcate anyone who listens to it—then, certainly, widespread resentment could exist and more instability could lead to marital quarrels. My research on statistics shows that the spouse-killing-spouse mortality rate is about 13 times higher per capita for the blacks than for whites. I don't believe the same thing occurred with the American Orientals at the time the power structure was saying that they couldn't buy houses in the same area as other people in California, back during World War Two.

"I believe society has a moral obligation to diagnose the tragedy for American Negroes of their statistical I.Q. deficit."

PLAYBOY: Certainly, you're not comparing the history of Oriental Americans with that of black Americans. Blacks have been exploited in America for generations.

SHOCKLEY: I'm not convinced that it takes even one generation to adapt to changes from situations that have lasted for many generations. I know a man—an Aztec Indian—whose family had been out of touch with white civilization for, I think, 100 or 200 years. This fellow had never had any experience with things that dealt with modern technology and his father had been enslaved. He came from a culture of blowgun and Stone Age level, isolated from modern civilization. He didn't enter school until the age of ten, yet at 21 he had acquired an electrical-engineering B.S. and a physics M.S. His brother is a successful journalist in Mexico City. This example supports my conviction that fantastic cultural deficits can be overcome in a fraction of one generation by individuals with outstanding inherent determination and intelligence.

PLAYBOY: You're comparing an anecdotal story of an Aztec Indian with a whole race of people and saying the Aztec case proves a genetic disability on the part of blacks. Would you agree that there are similar individuals in the black community who have overcome environmental handicaps? Many, in fact?

SHOCKLEY: Absolutely. And these people have certainly existed in our society for at least a century.

PLAYBOY: If you agree, how does that fit with your view of blacks as a genetically enslaved race?

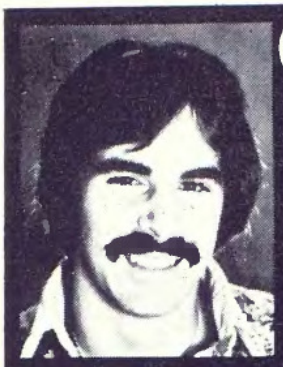
SHOCKLEY: My point is, the environment and the discrimination have not stopped some blacks who have the ability from progressing, so I don't see why it is necessarily stopping all the rest.

PLAYBOY: Very interesting. But what does that have to do with the relationship between the badly loaded genetic dice cup and what you call the American Negro Tragedy?

SHOCKLEY: Tragedy for American Negroes, if you please. The relationship is that in some cases the cards are stacked or the dice are loaded, so to speak, so that the likelihood of drawing really good genes for intelligence and other behavioral traits is much smaller for some groups of people than for others. This is patently unfair. These people end up at the bottom rungs of the socioeconomic ladder through no fault of their own. This is the fate that is now befalling a disproportionately large fraction of the black minority. This fate will become worse if dysgenic effects result from the 5.4-to-1.9 ratio found in the 1970 census.

PLAYBOY: In what way is this a tragedy for all blacks, if these dysgenic conditions affect only the low-income end of the black population?

SHOCKLEY: The tragic disadvantages of those at the low end probably act as a



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disadvantage to those at the high end because the color-coding effect comes in. People may then react to all blacks unfavorably as a result of some experience with those at the low end of the scale.

PLAYBOY: But that has nothing to do with objective science.

SHOCKLEY: That's right. One might respond subjectively to all blacks in just the same way that some people believe that all red-headed people are emotionally volatile.

PLAYBOY: That's called prejudice, isn't it?

SHOCKLEY: Well, it may or may not be. Perhaps one has intuitively picked up something about red-headed people that is perfectly sound. In the case of the black situation, carrying the reactions one might have to black street-gang types over to black academic-faculty types would be a prejudice.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about prejudice?

SHOCKLEY: Prejudice that is not supported by strong facts is both illogical and not in accordance with truth. The general principle that truth is a good thing applies here. Some things that are called prejudice, which are based on sound statistics, really shouldn't be called prejudice.

PLAYBOY: Give us an example of that in the context of our discussion.

SHOCKLEY: It might be easier to think in terms of breeds of dogs. There are some breeds that are temperamental, unreliable, and so on. One might then regard such a breed in a somewhat less favorable light than other dogs. Now, some of the business prejudices against blacks, the pragmatic man-in-the-street prejudices, are not incorrect. The man in the street has had experience and knows what to expect from blacks in business. If one were to randomly pick ten blacks and ten whites and try to employ them in the same kinds of things, the whites would consistently perform better than the blacks.

PLAYBOY: Of course. The majority of whites have better access to education, influence, money and other environmental elements that help ensure success in our society.

SHOCKLEY: Well, I've already said that I've been led inescapably to the conclusion that these problems are more related to genetics than to environment.

PLAYBOY: Earlier, you mentioned Africa and said this dysgenic threat was a world-wide problem. You believe it affects all Negroids, regardless of their environment?

SHOCKLEY: I put my chief emphasis on the tragedy for *American* Negroes. The book *Race and Modern Science* contains the best study I've seen on blacks outside this country. In his chapter, Stanley Porteus, a Hawaiian psychologist, describes how he and his colleagues used a maze test on tribes in

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Africa and Australia. They found the natives to be intrigued and challenged by the test. They tested various tribes and found very big differences among them in performance. Some Rhodesian tribes—Ndau and Wakaranga—were more advanced, while some of the Bushmen were at the low end. From the data, which are given in mental-age equivalents for these tribes, I conclude that the Bushmen were down around an I.Q. of 50 and the others are up to somewhere around 80. None came closer than ten I.Q. points of my estimate of about 90 I.Q. for California Negroes.

PLAYBOY: Few scientists working in the fields of genetics, anthropology or psychology agree with you. Many of them have said that your theories are blatantly racist.

SHOCKLEY: Let me point out that this attitude did not exist at the turn of the century. Many eminent and thoughtful scholars expressed the same ideas that I am attacked for. Alexander Graham Bell wrote a pamphlet on improving the human race. Stanford's revered president David Starr Jordan stressed the same theme in a book, *The Blood of the Nation*. The situation had changed by 1962, when eminent anthropologist Carleton Coon proposed in a book that Negroes were substantially behind whites on an evolutionary scale and said that he would discuss brain differences in his next book. In the next book, he retracted his offer because of pressure put on him. Coon has told me that these attacks undermined his health and led to early retirement from Harvard. This suppression of inquiry on matters related to dysgenics shows up in book publishing. Under the subject "eugenics," the Stanford library card file has many acquisitions from 1900 to 1930 and practically none from 1930 to now.

PLAYBOY: You'll have to admit that eugenics is widely held in disrepute and is barely a legitimate science. You won your Nobel Prize for your work that led to development of the transistor. Why should anyone listen to a person who's a Nobel Prize winner in physics on the subject of genetics?

SHOCKLEY: There is an old saying: Wisdom from the mouths of babes.

PLAYBOY: Babe? At 70?

SHOCKLEY: Wisdom from the mouths of babes means that occasionally, truths can come from an unlikely source. This is like the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* or some other profound mathematics book being produced by monkeys typing in the British Museum. If there seems to be merit in the things that are expressed, one had better look at them.

PLAYBOY: The likelihood of a monkey typing the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*—especially when he knows more about bananas than about encyclopedias—is infinitesimally small.

SHOCKLEY: If you ask, Why should anybody listen to someone? well, why should anyone have listened to Einstein when there were no relativists at the time?

PLAYBOY: That's not the first time you've mentioned Einstein in comparison to yourself. Einstein is considered a genius. Are you a genius, in your opinion?

SHOCKLEY: Insofar as genius may be sweat and effort, perhaps. I would not like to try to define exactly what a genius is or to say that I necessarily belong to that class. Certainly, there have been very great technological developments that have followed from very simple observations that anyone might have made if he had been there at the time. My track record is definitely somewhat better than that. But in terms of people such as Einstein, Newton and Maxwell, I would say they belong to a higher level of genius. The contributions I have made are more technological.

PLAYBOY: And now your contributions to this new field of eugenics have brought you notoriety and censure from some of your academic colleagues. How have you had to deal with suppression of your ideas?

"The mere fact that I had mentioned both Negroes and I.Q. in the same paragraph led my critics to label me a racist."

SHOCKLEY: I was put on notice very early that few would take kindly to my raising questions that are usually swept under the rug. My interview "Is Quality of U. S. Population Declining?" was published back in 1965. It was reprinted in the Stanford Medical School alumni journal. Stanford's "faculty, the department of genetics" objected with a letter to the editor brandishing the words malice, mischief and myopic against me. An eminent friend of mine in the National Academy of Sciences explained to me that the mere fact that I had mentioned both Negroes and I.Q. in one and the same paragraph led my critics to label me a racist. The geneticists' beautifully and forcefully written letter pained me greatly when I first read it. Since then, I have enjoyed reading it aloud to friends, with rhetorical flourishes, preferably over cocktails, so as to dramatize its Madison Avenue merits. My presentations have been suppressed many times by disruptions or cancellations, sometimes only a day or so before I would have left home to keep the engagement.

PLAYBOY: Didn't common sense tell you that linking an entire race—black, white or green, for that matter—to intellectual inferiority would be opposed as racist by many people? And that it would invite censorship?

SHOCKLEY: The genetics-faculty letter did more than any other thing to make me face up to dealing with the racial issue. A related incident occurred earlier, when I was preparing a paper that didn't deal with racial questions at all but simply with mental retardation, heredity and thoughts stimulated by the story of the acid-throwing teenager. While preparing my lecture, I questioned one of my fellow Nobel laureates about the possibility of the world-wide dysgenic threat. I proposed to him that human genetic quality—almost certainly definable to some meaningful degree—was declining. His responses were vague, unclear. I finally said, "I think what you're saying is that this question is so bad you will not try to answer it." He agreed with that interpretation. I thought that was a deplorable attitude to take.

PLAYBOY: In your own mind, how do you explain the fact that so many people disagree with your theories about black genetic inferiority?

SHOCKLEY: I think that two basic premises underly the rejection of the concept of genetic inferiority of humans, no matter whether the concept is applied to individuals or to races. One is the American ideal that stems from the "created equal" phrase in the Declaration of Independence. That phrase was intended to apply to social rights but is popularly misinterpreted as equality in genetic endowment. This is biologically ridiculous. It asserts that man alone, of all species of mammals, is made up of individuals all genetically equal—equal at least in potential for socioeconomic success in our society. The second premise is what I have labeled the Apple-of-God's-Eye Obsession, AGEO for short. In Galileo's day, this obsession held that God must have put the Garden of Eden at the center of the universe. Galileo's conclusion that the earth moved around the sun was an intolerable heresy. Darwin's evolutionary theory that man was a descendant of primates was a comparable heresy. The version of AGEO that blocks objectivity about racial or dysgenic questions combines these two premises. AGEO adherents hold that God created all mankind with equal dignity and equal potential, and that God could not have done anything else. These views are so widely held and accepted that they have set up taboos that prevent research. This is an example of berserk humanitarianism. As a result, there are many scientists who agree with

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me but dare not speak out—dare not "come out of the closet," as one psychometrician has told me.

PLAYBOY: Let's assume that the dysgenics threat is real and the quality of the human race is declining. What would you propose as a solution?

SHOCKLEY: I proposed a thinking exercise about ten years ago called the Voluntary Sterilization Bonus Plan. What it does is to offer people who may be carrying genes that are defective, including those for intelligence, a bonus for voluntarily agreeing to be sterilized.

PLAYBOY: That sounds vaguely familiar to us. Does it remind you of any particular mass movement within the past 40 years?

SHOCKLEY: Forty years takes us back to Hitler's concentration camps and gas chambers. Your question has often come to me from lecture audiences in the form, "You're talking about eugenics. That's what Hitler tried, isn't it?" Incidentally, during the war against the Nazis, I did operations research and was awarded the Medal for Merit with a citation signed by President Truman. The real lesson from Nazi history is that the First Amendment, which permitted uncovering Watergate, is the best guard against totalitarian abuses. The Hitler reference is one standard question often used to shut off discussion of eugenics or antidysgenics. A second, similar question is: "What's the definition of the perfect man?" And a third question is: "When the committee to define the perfect man is set up, how can I make sure to be appointed to it?" If one accepts that any conceivable remedy for dysgenics would be worse than the illness, then there would be little purpose in diagnosing the tragedy we've been discussing, except as an intellectual parlor game.

PLAYBOY: OK, that's fair. How would your Voluntary Sterilization Bonus Plan work?

SHOCKLEY: Every time I have discussed the Voluntary Sterilization Bonus Plan, I have described it carefully as a *thinking exercise* rather than as a legislative proposal. It shows that we don't have to define what the perfect man is and that no authority is deciding who can have children. It's a voluntary choice by the people themselves. It does not require Hitler's concentration camps. There is an inducement, but nevertheless, its acceptance is voluntary. The amount of the cash bonus would vary. In some cases, it would be zero. For example, income-tax payers, who tend to be somewhat successful already in society, would get no bonus. All others, regardless of sex, race or welfare status, would be offered a bonus that would depend upon best scientific estimates of any genetically carried disabilities that they might have. Those would include

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diabetes, epilepsy, hemophilia, Huntington's chorea and other genetically transmitted illnesses. A dysgenic increase of these afflictions is probably now occurring, owing to advances in medicine that overcome evolution's pruning actions. There would also be bonuses for lower-than-average I.Q.s.

PLAYBOY: A lot of people are affected by those so-called undesirable genetic traits that might be passed on from one generation to another. Do you have any of those traits that you might pass on yourself?

SHOCKLEY: I am not aware of any. No hemophilia, no epilepsy, no Huntington's chorea, no diabetes.

PLAYBOY: So nothing that you are aware of that would be passed on to a child through the sperm-bank program?

SHOCKLEY: I was short one tooth on the lower jaw, and I think maybe one wisdom tooth. I'm not sure those are real disadvantages.

PLAYBOY: How much money would those people receive for agreeing to sacrifice their right to have children?

SHOCKLEY: My thinking exercise proposes a figure of $1000 for every I.Q point below 100. That may sound high, but $30,000 put into a trust for a 70-I.Q. moron, who might otherwise produce 20 children, might make the plan very profitable to the taxpayer. If three of these hypothetical children ended up in institutions for the mentally retarded for life, it might cost the taxpayers nearly $300,000 to take care of them. Furthermore, if we offered ten percent of the bonus in spot cash, it might stimulate our native American genius for entrepreneurship.

PLAYBOY: And that doesn't strike you as playing God?

SHOCKLEY: Now, that's one discussion-stopping question I overlooked when you brought up Hitler's eugenics. I don't think proposing the V.S.B.P., or even giving it a test, is playing God. I argue that if God made man, including his brain, in God's image, He intended man to be a problem solver. I have talked about the V.S.B.P. many times and haven't found anything really wrong with it—except for one most obvious flaw that I leave in as a thinking exercise.

PLAYBOY: What is that?

SHOCKLEY: Finding the flaw is *your* thinking exercise. Incidentally, others besides myself have independently invented very similar plans.

PLAYBOY: Are you going to tell us who those others are? Or is that another thinking exercise?

SHOCKLEY: The earliest was iconoclast H. L. Mencken in the Thirties. Two others won Nobel Prizes: Francis Crick for double-helix, genetic-code research, and Archer Martin for a chemical invention. In a 1974 lecture, Martin proposed that "by simply giving a bonus of sufficient size to both men and women to get themselves sterilized, a desirable differential fertility would result." He also suggested a bonus for more children to those who had "distinguished themselves." I think if funds could be found and law violations avoided, I would like to see a trial run of the V.S.B.P. It might prove to be a sound idea.

PLAYBOY: The earliest was actually Margaret Sanger in 1926. And are you aware of the Chinese government's bonus plan that rewards people for having one child but punishes them for having three or more?

SHOCKLEY: Only vaguely. Some years ago, I tried to get some students to look at the literature on this. All we found at that time were some very broad sweeping statements of objectives of the Chinese government, but nothing indicating that anything was actually going on. I've heard recently about the program you mentioned, but without knowing more about the statistics and how it worked, and how the Chinese people responded to it, I wouldn't want to speculate on how effectively this might work. There is one feature about it that I don't like, which isn't present in the Voluntary Sterilization Bonus Plan. If you start penalizing a family with two children because they have a third child, you are penalizing the first two children, which is certainly unjust to the children, who don't share any responsibility for the situation. On the other hand, if the penalties are severe enough, then this inhumane aspect is a substitution for nature's own pruning efforts that existed in evolution. Carried to that extreme, parents who fail to take the proper precautions, and their families, are less likely to survive. But generally, I don't think this is any more effective than the Voluntary Sterilization Bous Plan, and I think the V.S.B.P. would be more humane.

"I think sterilization programs for the mentally retarded have been very unjustly derogated."

PLAYBOY: Several states in the South have sterilization programs for those who are mentally retarded or otherwise judged unfit by society. Many of those programs call for forced sterilization. What do you think about them?

SHOCKLEY: I think that they have been very unjustly derogated. Objections to these programs are based on the same berserk humanitarian beliefs and Dark Ages dogma that refuse to accept the fact that people may be created very unequal and may obey breeding laws that are similar to those of animals. I remember one man asking me if I favored sterilization of the retarded and then proceeded to say that he had a loving, compassionate retarded daughter and he didn't see why she shouldn't have children. To my way of thinking, this is a clear case of humanitarianism gone berserk. Why should a child be brought into the world under those adverse genetic conditions just to fulfill the compassionate and warm feelings of the retarded mother, in this case?

PLAYBOY: What bothers many people is the fact that *your* thinking exercise seems aimed at blacks in particular. That's why the Nazi parallel has been raised by those who are normally dispassionate and detached in these matters. Your theories amount to scientific genocide of the black race.

SHOCKLEY: What I am intending to do is reduce human misery for the people involved. And this proposal cuts across all racial and ethnic-group lines. Certainly, in terms of numbers, more whites than blacks would be involved, though the *percentages* for black retardation are higher. As to the Nazi reference, I think everyone agrees that their methods were profoundly inhumane. I believe that true humanitarianism extends further than the Christian version of the golden rule of "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." I feel that true humanitarianism is best expressed by Jainism: "In happiness and suffering, in joy and grief, we should regard all creatures as we regard our own self." In other words, true humanitarianism is concerned with even nonhuman forms of life.

Nobel laureate Albert Schweitzer carried this to the extreme in acting on his principle of reverence for life by trying to avoid stepping on insects and transplanting weeds and things of that nature. But I believe he drew the line at withholding antibiotics from a sick patient because of his reverence for the life of bacteria. Incidentally, Schweitzer spent the last part of his life running a hospital for blacks in Africa. He wrote, "With regard to the Negroes, then, I have coined the formula: 'I am your brother, it is true, but your elder brother.' " For this, Schweitzer has been called racist. I think that a logical, true humanitarianism replaces Schweitzer's reverence for life with concern for the memories of emotions stored in the neurological systems of one's fellow creatures. The Nazis had no regard for concerns like these.

PLAYBOY: And you, unlike the Nazis, are concerned with the feelings of your fellow creatures?

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SHOCKLEY: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Are you familiar with Kipling's philosophy about the white man's burden?

SHOCKLEY: In a general way. Kipling applied this to India, did he not?

PLAYBOY: No, to the Philippines, but it has been more widely applied to white paternalism toward all Third World people.

SHOCKLEY: It would be interesting to know how the general welfare in India actually fared before and after the British occupation there.

PLAYBOY: We're asking because your Jainist attitudes seem like warmed-over paternalism toward blacks. That quote from Schweitzer, in particular, reflects a rather odious view. Do you share Schweitzer's view of blacks? How does this reflect your humanitarianism?

SHOCKLEY: You've asked that question before. We do take seemingly brutal measures that we regard as humanitarian with certain animals. If we eliminate all predators of deer, they might become too numerous and run out of food and starve to death. I think a situation not too different from that might exist in some of the most primitive tribes, possibly the Bushmen tribes. If one were to build up a civilization around those people and try to fit them in, it's quite possible that it might lead to a very miserable situation for children of that society, who might then lead very tragic lives. I think society has a moral obligation to diagnose these conditions and take corrective measures.

PLAYBOY: Your use of animal imagery is clearly inappropriate. The fact is, it's incredibly conceited for one group of human beings to make life-and-death judgments like that over another group of human beings.

SHOCKLEY: But there's nothing novel about that. That's what we do on all sorts of food-and-drug laws. To protect people from their poor judgment in buying drugs. The extreme case is the law on cancer drugs. Even though the cancer cases may be essentially hopeless, and the patients may be relieved of some symptoms, the laws say certain drugs cannot be used to treat cancer. In California, the law even prescribes what kinds of treatments are legal for cancer. So there is no great novelty about Government's taking this view. Only when it comes to something like human quality and the possibility of doing research into it are there taboos and thought blocks erected.

PLAYBOY: Let's be clear on this: You are trying to balance your concern for human feelings on the one hand with your strongly held belief that something must be done to stop this genetic backsliding. Correct?

SHOCKLEY: Thanks. That's a good summary. But one aspect deserves special emphasis. Human intelligence is one of the finest, most admirable products of evolution. Intelligence is necessary to ensure that humanitarian and compassionate endeavors do not go astray. We should respect intelligence and do all we can to prevent a dysgenic deterioration of it.

PLAYBOY: Geneticist Cyril Burt is a name you know quite well, since you used some of his data on identical-twin studies in your own work. That data has now been shown to have been falsified, or at least tampered with by Burt himself. Why did he deliberately skew the data?

SHOCKLEY: I'm not sure, and in any case, it is rather pointless speculation now. There seems to be little doubt that Burt's data did have a good deal of fakery in it.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think his fakery reflects on your own credibility? Here is a man who was a scientist, who evidently had no qualms about tampering with the truth. Whether or not his motives were political, we can't say. But doesn't that hurt your cause?

SHOCKLEY: Certainly. It's only human nature to make that kind of connection. That is why it is so important to have a better study on identical twins—one that is scrupulously objective—so as to refute all of these sorts of criticisms.

"We take seemingly brutal measures that we regard as humanitarian with certain animals."

PLAYBOY: Are you now denouncing Burt's data?

SHOCKLEY: I would not use the word denounce. I would regard it as deplorable and sad, but it happened and it is unfortunate.

PLAYBOY: We're asking because Burt's data was central to at least part of your thesis.

SHOCKLEY: As well as other data. Plenty of others have dealt with Burt.

PLAYBOY: Let's discuss Arthur Jensen, the Berkeley psychologist you mentioned earlier. You've been referred to in the press occasionally as a disciple of Jensen, who advanced the theory that black children are less capable of level-two or abstract reasoning. He's been in the news recently as a result of a new book defending I.Q. testing. What's your relationship with him?

SHOCKLEY: We first met in 1966, when I spoke at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Stanford. Jensen was a member of the audience. He told me about Burt's work on the identical twins, which he had recently learned about. So that's where we became acquainted. I regarded him as a resource person, because he had been reading and writing in the field for decades and had a very scholarly approach. In his *Harvard Educational Review* article in 1969, he used words from parts of a paragraph I had written a year or so earlier having to do with the "dysgenic threat" and "genetic enslavement." But as far as I know, that's the only time that he has emphasized that particular point. Whereas I have put my emphasis on the area of social obligations and psychometric research, Jensen's focus has been much more on the tools for analysis and the scientific validity of the results.

PLAYBOY: But you basically share the same beliefs about blacks, don't you?

SHOCKLEY: I'm not aware of whether Jensen would agree with my main conclusions or not.

PLAYBOY: His book takes a rather hard line in favor of I.Q. tests. Jensen says I.Q. tests are not biased against any group of Americans for whom English is the first language. Is that an opinion you share?

SHOCKLEY: I would not want to give a blanket endorsement to that point of view without studying it more. I believe it might be possible to make an intelligent estimate of the degree to which environmental deprivation might actually be producing a bias in the intelligence scale for children. There may be a few general-information questions that show a specific cultural bias toward whites, such as, "What color is a ruby?" But I would postulate, without having looked into this in much detail, that questions like this one would make a difference of only two or three I.Q. points, at most.

PLAYBOY: Some I.Q. test questions are obvious cultural setups. One, in particular, that strikes us as invalid is, "If you see smoke coming from a neighbor's house, what should you do?" The answer to that question depends on how you were socialized, what your parents have told you to do, not on your general intelligence.

SHOCKLEY: There was one example of this kind of question brought up in CBS's program *The I.Q. Myth*. The question was, "If a child smaller than you hits you, what should you do about it?" This was supposed to be an example of a culturally biased question. As it turned out, this was one of the easier questions for blacks and certainly did not give evidence of being culturally biased.

PLAYBOY: The so-called correct answer to the question is, "Don't hit the child back, because he's smaller than you."

SHOCKLEY: I'm pretty sure that was not

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the only correct answer. There may have been several.

PLAYBOY: In any case, isn't the point that these answers reflect a value system based on white society and have nothing to do with intelligence?

SHOCKLEY: That doesn't stand up. The fact is that the blacks have acquired these values from their environments just as well as the white children have. Furthermore, they gave more correct answers on that question than they had on the average for all of the other questions.

PLAYBOY: What we're really talking about is the assimilation of values as reflected by an I.Q. test. Not necessarily the use of any cognitive skills. A child isn't stupid just because he answers that question another way.

SHOCKLEY: The question is whether the elements involved in developing cognitive skills are entirely cultural or whether there is a basic genetic predisposition. Many cases have been cited of gifted children who start learning how to read with very little stimulation whatever. This is obviously due to genetics. I don't see why the same sort of thing shouldn't apply to cognitive skills. It's the consistent pattern of observations like these that leads me to what I call my "inescapable opinion" about the black I.Q. deficit.

PLAYBOY: In the past, you have indicted the scientific community for not researching ideas about black genetic inferiority. We're not saying there is a problem as you've described it; but if there were, who would be responsible for investigating a genetically disadvantaged race?

SHOCKLEY: I would say the responsibility to do this kind of thinking rests primarily with those who are most intellectually capable of it. In terms of race, a disproportionate fraction of the white population can do this compared with the black population. So the white population is most responsible. But one particularly distressing circumstance is implied by news stories about intelligent blacks' moving into the suburbs to avoid ghetto or slum areas. Some reports indicate that they seem withdrawn rather completely from a concern for their less fortunate brethren. I have often said that the people who would be most important for me to try to reach are the black intellectuals of this country.

PLAYBOY: How can you expect to reach black intellectuals when your rhetoric smacks of racism?

SHOCKLEY: The smack of racism attributed to "my rhetoric" lies in the ears of the listeners. It is not present in my written or spoken words. The word racism carries with it a connotation of belief in the superiority of one's own race, plus fear and hatred of other races,

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and lacks any hint of humanitarian concern. What I am intending to do is to promote raceology, the study of racial problems and trends from a scientific point of view, and this approach is quite different from racism. One black student told me after we talked that he no longer thought of me as a Klansman or Hitler and that I had guts for facing up to a problem no one else would face.

PLAYBOY: That's nice, but you are still making qualitative judgments about an entire race, are you not? You believe quite simply that whites as a race are superior in intellect to blacks.

SHOCKLEY: Statistically, yes. But not in individual cases. Let me repeat that I always try to qualify statements about black racial I.Q. inferiority by saying that there are many blacks who are intellectually superior to many whites, and that the Caucasians are not necessarily the world's most superior race. In terms of the percentage of the population who can achieve eminence and make great contributions in science, American Jewish scientists are an outstanding fraction of the scientific community and on a per capita basis are represented, I think, at least ten times higher than is the population as a whole. American Orientals also are overrepresented.

PLAYBOY: Of course, Jews aren't a race. But doesn't the tightly knit social structure of Oriental and Jewish families have more to do with their success than genetics?

SHOCKLEY: What makes their social structure tightly knit?

PLAYBOY: Tradition, customs, learned experiences—their environment, in other words. But we're asking you.

SHOCKLEY: Why shouldn't it be genetics? It certainly is in the animal kingdom. Take, for example, the cuckoo bird, which has this very unusual habit of never hatching its own eggs. That's certainly not an environmental factor. The weaverbird, which hangs its nest on a limb with a piece of horsehair that is tied in a knot. They have raised weaverbirds with robin foster parents and never let them see a horsehair for several generations. Then, if you give them a horsehair, they know exactly what to do with it. That's undoubtedly a built-in genetic trait. I see no reason to think that family patterns don't stem from genetics.

PLAYBOY: What about Orientals: Is it possible they are the "superior race," assuming there is such a thing?

SHOCKLEY: They are certainly not inferior. Furthermore, even when discriminated against in the Twenties, Japanese school children in California on two verbally weighted tests showed very small I.Q. deficits and actually outperformed whites on a less verbal one. The massive 1966 Coleman report on 645,000 students showed Orientals about five verbal I.Q. points below whites and on nonverbal I.Q., a shade above in grades nine and 12.

PLAYBOY: All right, here we are back to square one again. Dr. Shockley, aren't you essentially a white supremacist?

SHOCKLEY: No, I am not a white supremacist.

PLAYBOY: If that's the case, why have you allowed yourself to be used by right-wing-extremist groups who promote white supremacy? For example——

SHOCKLEY: I have appeared a few times prominently in such right-wing publications as *Thunderbolt*, a newspaper supported by the States Rights Party, or closely tied into it. It's not a Ku Klux Klan publication, but it is definitely anti-Negro and anti-Semitic and very much white supremacist. I find these views in conflict with my version of the golden rule. But on two points I put *Thunderbolt* ahead of much of the American press. First, I believe it is not hypocritical, though it does express erroneous views. Second, it sometimes publishes valid news that I don't find elsewhere. I also believe that the net result of getting the truth out will be good and that misinterpretations will be corrected.

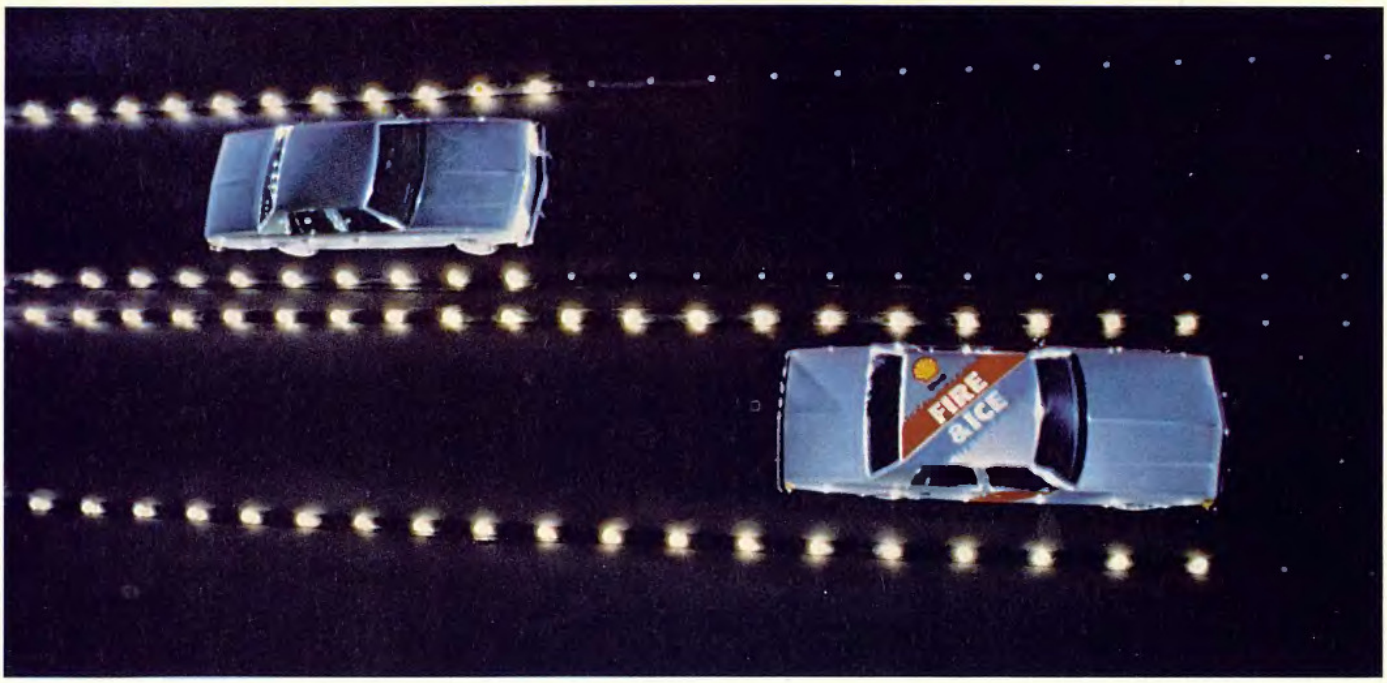
PLAYBOY: But if these people are misusing your theories, why haven't you put a stop to it?

SHOCKLEY: If someone has stolen your car and is driving it recklessly, why haven't you put a stop to it? I have not given priority to a study of extremist groups, but I have this view about them: Those groups view black problems from the perspective of racism, not from that of scientific raceology. Their focus on black crime would be on its brutality rather than its contribution to the Tragedy for American Negroes.

PLAYBOY: You've mentioned black crime before, as if its existence supports your claim of black genetic inferiority. Does it?

SHOCKLEY: The important issue is the role of crime in the Tragedy for American Negroes. The people who suffer most from black crime are blacks themselves. I mentioned earlier the high spouse-killing-spouse ratio. A young black male in Harlem is more than 100 times more likely to be a homicide statistic than a male in Denmark. These are aspects of the tragedy that raceology reveals.

PLAYBOY: As to crime and race: Aren't there tribes in Africa in which crime is almost unheard of? Anthropologists who have studied those tribes point out that their environment tends to discourage crime. On the other hand, there are studies in this country showing that our cities tend to breed crime. Obviously, there's a strong environmental relationship here. How does that fit in with your racial thesis?



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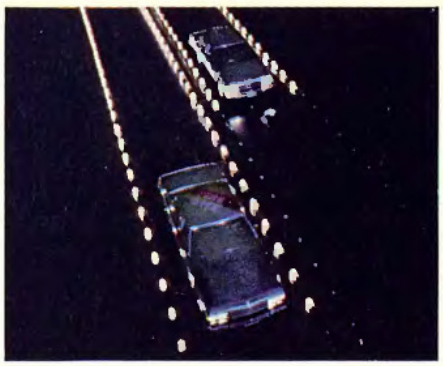

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SHOCKLEY: I don't know of any studies showing such a lack of crime. I do know of some showing that certain tribes tend toward intertribal warfare. Some researchers postulated that this bellicosity was caused by a lack of protein, but that didn't seem to be true once they actually looked into it. With respect to urban slums' breeding crime, the question of a cause-and-effect relationship needs to be researched much more carefully. Do people remain in the slums because they have a low I.Q., which is highly correlated with a high crime rate? I tried looking into this myself once. I asked a law-enforcement agency if it would search its files and give me a reference to anything that had been written on the correlation between I.Q. and crime. They claimed there was nothing available. I went to the Stanford library in one afternoon and produced two studies in which hundreds of prisoners had their I.Q.s tested in two separate studies. As I recall, the median prisoner I.Q. was about 85, or one standard deviation below normal. Of course, someone could argue that high-I.Q. people who commit crimes don't get caught. That might be one explanation, but I doubt it.

PLAYBOY: To return to the central point: There is no question that the K.K.K. and even the Nazis have used your data for goals that are political, destructive and have nothing to do with humanitarian idealism. Given your goal of reaching the so-called black intellectual community with your theories, how can you allow yourself to be misrepresented by those white-supremacist groups?

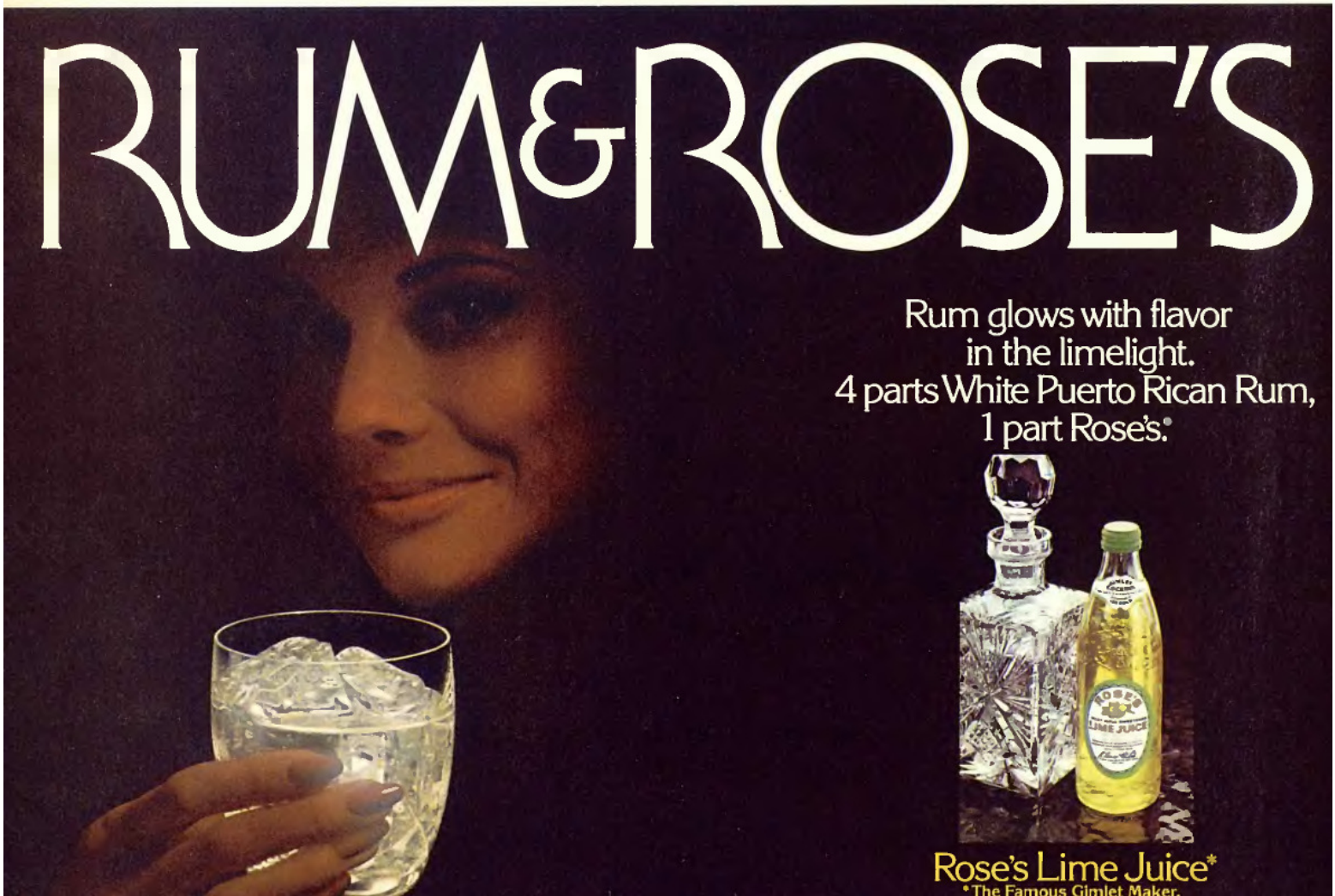
SHOCKLEY: Your emphasis that we must "return to the central point" is a new experience for me. I do not recall anyone making the point before, and certainly not as persistently as you have just now, that I will be irresponsible if, in your words, I allow myself to be misrepresented by white-supremacist groups. Let me assure you that I make no efforts to allow myself to be misrepresented. My efforts instead have been to communicate the concerns and findings that we are discussing as accurately as I can. That, as far as I am concerned, is the central point of this interview. I would then hope that this accuracy would suffice to reach the intellectuals, black or white, who should think responsibly about the dysgenic threat in general and its relationship to the Tragedy for American Negroes in particular.

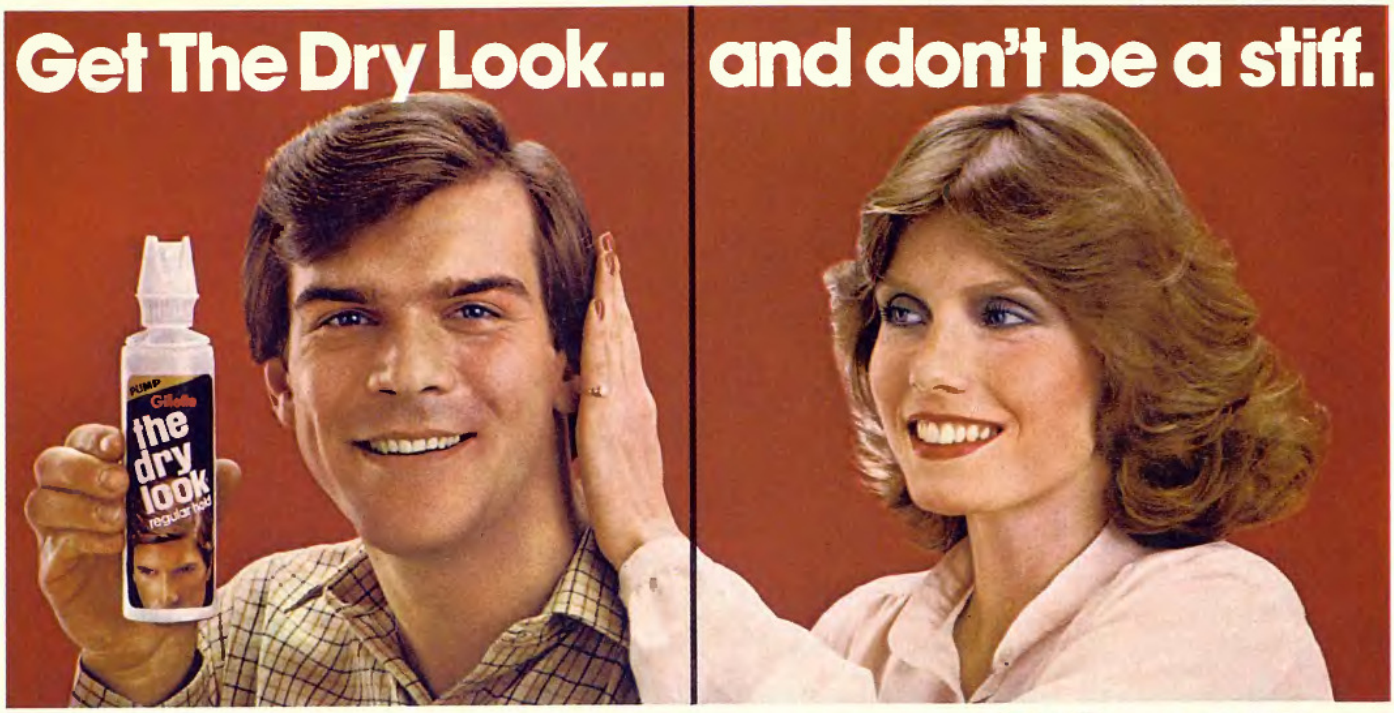
PLAYBOY: What attempts have you made to reach black intellectuals, and with what results?

SHOCKLEY: If I think that one over, I will end up with a pretty long list. Near the beginning are Dr. Alvin Poussaint and Donald Warden, a San Francisco attorney and radio host. James Farmer, Roy Innis and Frances Cress Welsing have appeared with me on TV programs and I have tried to be as precise as I have been here. My correspondence with Roy Wilkins in 1973 was, perhaps, my most diligent effort to open a line of communication. Mr. Wilkins regarded me as a threat to Negro progress greater than the K.K.K., according to press reports of a speech. In that case, I responded with both a press release and a letter to Mr. Wilkins. I asked him to choose 100 to 200 black intellectuals for blood tests and I pointed out if this showed they were no more Caucasian than the national average, then, and I quote from a news story: "This new scientific fact could correct unfair discrimination that now prevails on the opinion that Negroes obtain their intelligence from white ancestors."

PLAYBOY: Some anthropologists say that race is such a fuzzy concept that it would be pointless to try to find out how much Caucasian blood American blacks have. What about that?

SHOCKLEY: One proof that I don't have to be a geneticist to work on these problems is my 1973 paper in the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences* on the determination of the percentage of genes in Oakland blacks that come from white ancestors. I refined the best prior estimate of 22 percent obtained using a particular blood type called Duffy's gene.





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I reconciled that with an estimate of 27 percent for another blood type and obtained a new best value of 23 percent. As far as I have heard, my 1973 paper is still the most advanced on this subject.

PLAYBOY: What was Wilkins' reaction?

SHOCKLEY: Mr. Wilkins rejected my proposal but made no reference to your central point about white-supremacist groups. Biology professor Richard Goldsby and I are on first-name terms after a number of public debates but no closer to agreement on the main issues. Carl Rowan and others were also approached. This interview with you is the latest of my serious attempts.

PLAYBOY: Reaching the black intellectual community is nearly an impossibility for you. Harvard psychiatrist Poussaint, one of the best-known, most respected black professionals in the nation, says that your theories have hurt the black self-image and that blacks tend to take them to heart and feel that they are personally inferior, not as a group but as individuals. Would you comment on that?

SHOCKLEY: Yes. I think that there may be some truth to what Poussaint says, and this is a very sad state of affairs. If a very substantial fraction of the black race is made up of people who have limitations in objectivity of character so that it is impossible for them to accept reality, then disclosure of this dysgenic threat could be a very devastating thing for them, and that would be tragic. But one alternative can be even more tragic. That would be to set up an artificial milieu in which blacks are protected, as some people might be in mental institutions. If such a lack of objectivity exists and if the blacks most susceptible to it are increasing most rapidly because our society is afraid to do the needed research to diagnose the problem, then it's a pretty deplorable state of affairs. It indicates fear and a lack of faith in the power of reason and the existence of humanitarianism—attitudes that I do not share. Where there is a serious illness that needs to be diagnosed before treatment can be wisely made, I see no excuse for withholding the contributions that reason may provide.

PLAYBOY: Your faith in humanitarianism seems unrealistic to us. For example, what logical reason would blacks have for showing faith in humanitarianism when, as a group, they have suffered from severely inhumane acts for generations? And why would most whites who know the history of blacks, and whom you blame for "not doing the needed research to diagnose the problem"—why would they put faith in humanitarianism's winning out over racial hatred and injustice? It never has before, so why would it now?

SHOCKLEY: Well, I have faith that if one brings facts out and presents them properly, sound answers will be found. I may be wrong about this, but not only is this a faith that I have, but it is probably an element of faith that any religious person should have. If he believes that God is involved in this situation, then he is compelled to have the same faith I have.

PLAYBOY: Really? Why?

SHOCKLEY: Because the Apple-of-God's-Eye Obsession says that God has set up the world to be fair to man and to be good to him.

PLAYBOY: But *you* don't believe that, do you? You apparently don't believe in God.

SHOCKLEY: I think that some of these philosophical views are broader than the belief or nonbelief in God. I think these things came about through evolution. In terms of my humanitarianism, you wouldn't say that the blacks in the United States are worse off than they are in almost any African country, would you?

PLAYBOY: Worse off in what way?

SHOCKLEY: Healthwise.

PLAYBOY: No, not for the most part. But blacks in America have been exploited and deprived of their basic human rights.

SHOCKLEY: How about Idi Amin?

PLAYBOY: An isolated instance.

SHOCKLEY: Or how about the civil war in Nigeria?

PLAYBOY: Civil war is one thing, slavery is another. So is genocide.

SHOCKLEY: Is there no black slavery of blacks in Africa now?

PLAYBOY: Perhaps, but how do these digressions help us understand your faith in humanitarianism? Your faith seems somehow unconnected to historical and present-day reality.

SHOCKLEY: You could have some faith in terms of the elimination of slavery, the enactment of affirmative-action programs, the wiping out of Jim Crow laws and things of this sort. But blacks can also conclude that these things will turn around and get worse if dysgenics are at the root of the problem. And, on that basis, it may be very difficult for blacks to share my faith in humanitarianism. Nonetheless, I'm reminded of the dictum of Herbert Spencer: "The profoundest of all infidelities is the fear that the truth will be bad."

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that?

SHOCKLEY: I think I can concur with that, yes. It expresses rejection of a lack of faith in reality. To have such a profound lack of faith in the world is being unfaithful to the very nature of one's existence. That is what it means to fear that the truth will be bad. The truth about Watergate, for example, was a very bad thing. But getting the truth may have been a very good thing.

If one can perceive some kind of a tragedy potentially developing—then one should seek some way of dealing with it that minimizes human misery. For the worries that I express about dysgenics, this aim may very well be best achieved by limiting the number of babies that come into the world under adverse circumstances. The same solution has often been recognized, but not implemented, in underdeveloped, and perhaps undevelopable nations.

PLAYBOY: That kind of humanitarian social Darwinism may be well and good, but it doesn't deal with real-life situations. Take, for example, the white woman who was thinking of marrying a black man. This is a documented case. Somewhere on the East Coast, she heard you speak about black genetic inferiority and she became afraid that her children by this black man might be born inferior. She threatened to break off an otherwise good relationship. She went to a therapist and asked for advice. This kind of reaction seems to be the real potential tragedy, Dr. Shockley—that white people could actually come to believe that black people as individuals are inferior to themselves and will inevitably produce inferior offspring.

SHOCKLEY: Do you know what answer the therapist gave her?

PLAYBOY: The answer was that she shouldn't be concerned about your theories, that they were irrelevant. And that the question itself was inherently racist.

SHOCKLEY: Well, if she had been asking about races farther apart than blacks and whites, and if more facts were known, the therapist might very well have said that the chance of having a mentally retarded child as a result of this vast divergence between the races might be very substantial. I doubt if it is for black-white matings, because if it were, the result would be known. The probabilities might be much larger for very different groups.

PLAYBOY: But we're describing an emotional crisis in a woman who reacted to your theories. Obviously, asking a question about mental retardation in black offspring in the context of your theories is tantamount to questioning the very humanity of a people. Certainly the humanity of the black individual she wanted to marry.

SHOCKLEY: Well, it is quite true that these are very painful thoughts. They are things that strike centrally on one's whole viewpoint toward life and the universe. Objective thinking on this subject is blocked by the Apple-of-God's-Eye Obsession, as I mentioned earlier.

"I certainly would not oppose an interracial marriage in any particular case that might come up. But I wouldn't advocate it as a policy."

PLAYBOY: But you still haven't answered our question about this white woman. Wouldn't it be a tragedy for whites to believe that black people as individuals were inferior to themselves and would inevitably produce inferior offspring? And isn't this an example of that kind of racist thinking?

SHOCKLEY: I'm not saying that this is not a tragic situation, you understand. But what are the facts? If you pick two black people at random in the black population and mate them and produce children, and you take two white people at random in the population and mate them and produce children, the existing statistics fit into this pattern that I call an inescapable opinion that the black children will be, as far as the I.Q. tests are concerned, inferior to the white children. Now, then, you say, suppose people came actually to believe this. It seems to me you are saying, "Suppose white people actually came to believe what you, Shockley, believe."

PLAYBOY: But you keep saying your purpose is to limit human misery. The example of the woman is one in which you may have caused human misery.

SHOCKLEY: I would say even greater misery will result, and is now taking place, because of society's refusal to investigate the dysgenic threat.

PLAYBOY: Are you for or against interracial marriage? Not as a scientific experiment but as a social reality?

SHOCKLEY: I'm going to say I certainly would not oppose an interracial marriage in any particular case that might come up. But I wouldn't advocate it as a policy. One would have to know more about these facts.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there ought to be efforts made to increase marriages between black men and women of high I.Q.s?

SHOCKLEY: I don't see why not. It would be applying positive eugenics to encourage more births in that part of the population.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in equal opportunity for all people, black or otherwise?

SHOCKLEY: Yes. I believe in the created-equal assertion of the Declaration of Independence, when it is interpreted in terms of equal political rights, but I would qualify it some: I don't think the right should be given equally to everyone to have children, if those people having children are clearly destined to produce retarded or defective children. This puts an unfair burden upon society. But when I talk about that burden, my standard language emphasizes the fact that the ones who suffer most are the children themselves.

PLAYBOY: But we're asking about equal opportunity, not about the right to have children.

SHOCKLEY: Can you have equal opportunity if you don't have the same capacity as someone else to utilize it?

PLAYBOY: The fact that you can't go through a door doesn't mean that it shouldn't be open. Don't you agree with that?

SHOCKLEY: That's right. But you may also be led to demand that there should be a wider door. If the door is too narrow for you to go through, you can certainly assert then that, although the door is open for you, you are not given equal opportunity. Is the trouble really with the door or with the width of the man?

PLAYBOY: Suppose we are talking about a handicapped individual. Handicapped by society or by himself. And the doorway to success is not designed to accommodate his wheelchair. Should the door be redesigned to accommodate the man?

SHOCKLEY: This does not lend itself to an absolute and general answer, because if one follows the open-door approach, then one would say that a man should have equal opportunity to visit anyone

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he wants, and every house should be built with a ramp for his wheelchair.

PLAYBOY: No, we're talking about equal opportunity in institutions such as colleges, corporations, etc., that have a responsibility for administering equal rights.

SHOCKLEY: An individual may be limited in his capacity to exploit his opportunity for equal rights. Black students who get into college certainly have equal rights to learn. They are exposed to equal lectures. They may be brought in by quota systems and are underqualified both by training and in their basic ability to grasp the material. Then, although they are given the equal opportunities and, indeed, the extra advantages of remedial courses, they won't be able to make the most of them. They can reasonably conclude that something phony in the system is frustrating them. When society endeavors to enforce equality of achievement by methods like these, then the result may be a sort of induced paranoia on the part of blacks. I see this as possibly related to the high spouse-killing-spouse rate we have discussed.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't it be better for society if you shifted your focus and your energies from the dysgenics question to the goal of equal opportunity for all? Then we might have an equal basis for making qualitative judgments.

SHOCKLEY: To my way of thinking, that is basically not a very astute observation at all. I could at most add only a minuscule contribution to the efforts already under way. I'm perfectly certain I am unique among the Nobel laureates in saying that I feel an obligation to face this problem, the dysgenic aspect or threat. Nothing that has occurred in the past several years has made me feel that my approach is unsound. This situation places me in a position like the one I occupied when my team was probably almost alone in trying to create the transistor. And the dysgenic problem is of greater importance than that was. It has been around since the days of the Greeks. It has been discussed many times and no satisfactory solutions have been found. The transistor will, in due course, probably be replaced by something else, just as the vacuum tube has been replaced by the transistor. But the human-quality problems I'm talking about are going to be with us until some new stage arrives. Possibly, it may be genetic engineering on the DNA code or cloning or things like that. But I think these are so distantly foreseeable that they amount to distractions in discussions like this one. Anyway, if we can prevent dysgenic deterioration of intellectual capacity, future generations will be that much better able to think about genetic engineering.

PLAYBOY: It might be helpful for us to know something about the tenor of your personal relationships with blacks. It could give us some insight into your motives.

SHOCKLEY: I basically haven't had much personal contact with blacks, but I can remember some.

PLAYBOY: What were your impressions?

SHOCKLEY: The earliest recollection I have of any close association with blacks was in my teens. We had a black maid—I think her name was Genoa, as I recall—and my mother and I were both very fond of her. Also, when I attended Hollywood High, there were black students there.

PLAYBOY: How did you get along with them?

SHOCKLEY: I didn't have much contact with them. All I remember about them is that they were active in sports. Later on, when I moved to New York—actually, Madison, New Jersey—we had a maid or housekeeper who was black. She wasn't very efficient, that's what I remember most about her. I also recall that while my children were going to school, I happened to find out that the president of the high school student body was black. I thought that was a constructive social development.

"Industrialists who have operated in Africa have told of the greater value of mulattoes over pure blacks as employees."

PLAYBOY: That's interesting. Anything else?

SHOCKLEY: Well, there's something I hadn't thought about until you asked me just now. One night while I was living in Madison, we found a black boy, about eight years old, sleeping in our garage. I tried to drive him home, but he couldn't or wouldn't find the way. The police finally took him off our hands. They seemed to feel he'd been a victim of some kind of child abuse.

PLAYBOY: What about more recent contacts, outside of your well-publicized encounters with Roy Innis and other professional blacks in a business setting?

SHOCKLEY: Well, in 1961, my wife and I were in a hospital for months in casts after a head-on collision. Most of the nurses who took care of us were black, and the quality of their care stood in marked contrast to that of the white nurses. My wife and I were most impressed.

PLAYBOY: What was it that impressed you so highly?

SHOCKLEY: They gave us the best care and were the most natural and comforting that I had. In fact, while my cast prevented me from doing so, they were the ones who cleaned my rear end properly.

PLAYBOY: One of the more troubling parts of your theory has to do with the degree of white blood you claim affects the genetic intelligence of blacks. Do you really believe there are intelligence differences between light-skinned blacks and dark-skinned blacks?

SHOCKLEY: Industrialists who have operated in Africa have told of the greater value of mulattoes over pure blacks as employees. But where race mixing has gone on for generations, only a statistical correlation would be expected between skin color and performance. Judgments about individuals would be dubious. Actually, skin color alone does not provide the best measure of white ancestry. J. R. Baker in *Race* considers morphological features, in addition to skin color, and concludes that many eminent American Negroes have substantial fractions of Caucasian ancestry. The conclusion seems to me to be borne out by blacks seen on TV—for example, by many black newscasters.

PLAYBOY: That's interesting, but how is it pragmatic for the man in the street, who doesn't understand statistics?

SHOCKLEY: The pragmatism comes in when a businessman says; "I know I have had bad luck hiring three blacks, and so I am going to avoid hiring blacks if I can." Here again, science may offset unfairness by developing valid aptitude tests that see deeper than skin color.

PLAYBOY: Is your opinion based on personal experience you have had with blacks?

SHOCKLEY: It is based mostly on conversations with successful businessmen. Two of these described specific aspects of their problems. I have also obtained a similar impression from general reading. A third item is my own research, which proposes a mathematical model to explain why an increase in I.Q. raises earnings less for blacks than it does for whites. Its name, the cooperative-correlation model, is much shorter than its explanation.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that certain scientific groups that should be dealing with this issue are simply ignoring it?

SHOCKLEY: Yes. My primary target for this criticism is the National Academy of Sciences. Another group I would single out specifically consists of the tenured members of faculties and departments of anthropology in the country. Most of these anthropologists tend to maintain that race is a myth and there can't possibly be any differences in intelligence or anything else deeper than skin color. They will go further, of course, and say that even if there were differences, there wouldn't be anything one could do about

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it. Both of these statements are irresponsible.

PLAYBOY: Most of your critics assume that there is some ulterior motive for your highly inflammatory views, such as racism or some political intent. Is there? And how do we know that you don't have any secret political ax to grind? That you aren't a racist wolf in humanitarian sheep's clothing?

SHOCKLEY: I guess I really don't know how you can convince people of that. Eminent political figures have tried with great eloquence and expressiveness to convey such impressions, sometimes quite successfully, sometimes even when untrue. I wouldn't pretend to have the expertise that politicians have. One characteristic that would make me an unlikely candidate for a covert racist ideology is my not entirely unrecognized lack of tactfulness in some areas. The outspokenness that I have is, I think, by and large, not in keeping with a man who has any skills in being deceptive in political matters. That would be about the best argument I could give.

PLAYBOY: Even so, you are undoubtedly aware that some people would sooner see you in prison than allow you to express these opinions, though the First Amendment protects your right to say what you have said. Do you have any thoughts on freedom of speech?

SHOCKLEY: The words that define the First Amendment seem to me to be some of the most important words put on paper by man. I compare their significance in the political arena with statements in science like Newton's third law of motion: "For every action there is equal and opposite reaction." I have stressed the point that the First Amendment was a lesson that the German people didn't learn during Hitler's time. I don't believe he would have lasted if the First Amendment had been in place in Germany.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry about reprisals?

SHOCKLEY: Not really. As my wife has often said, to do what I do, you must have three things: honesty, a secure professional reputation and financial security. I have those three things and thus have no excuse not to try to communicate what I believe will benefit mankind.

PLAYBOY: How are you hoping readers will respond to the concerns you have raised in this interview?

SHOCKLEY: I am hoping that it will trigger someone who is sitting on the edge of making a decision, saying, "I should take a stand on this." He might then take action. Get a proposition on a ballot or organize a demonstration. I don't know who it would be. My main theme in this interview has been that the diagnosis of racial problems can be done and that good things might happen as a result of open-minded research.

PLAYBOY: What if, in the final analysis, you are proved wrong about all of this?

SHOCKLEY: I've got my answer for that one: My chagrin over a scientific setback would be more than offset by the fact that these new scientific results would go far toward eliminating what would have to be regarded, then, as an unwarranted prejudice against blacks.

PLAYBOY: That's very interesting. Perhaps more than any public figure in the history of this nation, you have been booed off speaking platforms at college campuses, hung in effigy and generally greeted as bad news. How did you feel when that began to happen to you?

SHOCKLEY: I think the first time was at Sacramento State in 1969 or so. There were people dressed in Ku Klux Klan uniforms and I remember a man coming up to the platform and offering me a Nazi salute. Then there was the situation at Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, where there was a 20th-anniversary meeting of the scientific honorary research society Sigma Xi. They had asked me to speak and I accepted and told them the title of my talk, which had the words race and dysgenics in it. A week before I was to give the talk, they called and asked me to speak on physics. I refused. The net result of this was that they canceled the whole meeting and sent out about 500 telegrams one day before the scheduled meeting.

"There were people dressed in Ku Klux Klan uniforms and a man came up to the platform and offered me a Nazi salute."

PLAYBOY: You were involved in a rather famous dispute at Leeds University in England, weren't you?

SHOCKLEY: Yes. Someone thought the transistor deserved to be recognized, and so I was invited to accept an honorary doctor of science degree from Leeds in May of 1973. I was in London in February of that year to lecture to electrical engineers to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the transistor. I can remember well that it was February, because the most dramatic incident occurred on my 63rd birthday, the 13th of the month. Lord Boyle, the vice-chancellor of the university, invited me to have cocktails at the Carlton Club, the noted conservative club in England. He and I had a pleasant conversation for a few moments, and then he said: "Dr. Shockley, when we decided to award this degree, we were not aware of your other interests." I at once began to wonder about this and said, "Lord Boyle, are you leading up to saying that when I come to Leeds University you would like me to behave in some way other than I would normally behave, or are you saying you'd like me to forget the whole thing?" He replied, "A frank question deserves a frank answer. We'd like you to forget the whole thing." After I broke that story to the press, the news coverage in England was comparable to that of Graham's sperm bank here. David Frost interviewed me as the first of a new series.

PLAYBOY: Did it ever occur to you that you might actually get hurt at some of those disruptions?

SHOCKLEY: Yes. There was one occasion when I saw a man in the audience with something that looked very like a sword cane. I've been a little concerned in other situations but not very much. Incidentally, I've acquired great confidence in the competence of the police and security forces.

PLAYBOY: After 15 years of this and at the age of 70, Dr. Shockley, one would think you'd be rather tired of this crusade. Any rewards you have received must be intensely personal in nature, since the world has not exactly welcomed your theories with open arms. What we're wondering, finally, is how you feel about the work you have done and how you would characterize the risks involved in being a "raceologist," as you have described yourself elsewhere.

SHOCKLEY: As I have said before, I don't feel myself that the risks are very large. Young scientists would jeopardize their careers by doing research or expressing views like mine. Such risks have been much smaller for me. I have felt that this fact places an obligation on me to continue. One fellow scientist, whom I meet every year or so, usually greets me with, "Well, here you are again. I didn't know whether you would be here another year." Actually, I have had very few threats. Although sometimes in the press I may not come across accurately, I find that most people, or at least most who talk with me, accept the fact that my intentions are good. I believe this goes a long way toward eliminating the type of hostility that might otherwise exist. As for my personal motivations to continue pressing this subject despite my advanced age, I once used a letter-to-the-editor opportunity, while responding to a column in *Presbyterian Life* identifying me as a disciple of Hitler, to discuss it in these words: "During the last five minutes of my life, should I have my intellectual powers intact, I hope to consider that since engaging in this campaign, I have used my capacities close to their maximum potential in keeping with the objective of Nobel's will of conferring greatest benefit on mankind."

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

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FIRST LOOK
at a new novel

that first time, her heart was broken— not to mention something else

I WAS BORN in the Reign of Queen Anne, but the exact Date of my Birth I do not know, owing to the unfortunate Occurrence of my having been abandon'd upon a Doorstep in tenderest Infancy. Whether my Natural Parents were, as the Saying goes, poor but honest, or whether they were poor and vicious, I cannot in Good Conscience say. That they were poor is a fair enough Conjecture, else why would they have left a poor helpless Babe of their begetting upon the Doorstep of a Great House in the Neighbourhood?

The Foster Parents that Fate thus arranged for me were named Bellars: Sir Laurence Bellars and his Lady, Cecilia. Sir Laurence had been born of impoverish'd Noble Ancestry, having had settl'd upon him a Family Seat as heavily mortgaged as our Chestnut Trees were heavy with Chestnuts; but thro' judicious Employment of his Wife's

By Erica Jong

author of "Fear of Flying"

Fanny,

Being the True History of the Adventures of Fanny Hackabout-Jones

ILLUSTRATION BY ELIZABETH BENNETT

Dowery to finance his Speculations in Stock of the East India Company, as well as thro' Holdings in the Bank of England, he had grown extremely rich, and ev'rything he did, it seem'd, made him richer.

Sir Laurence chose to live mainly in London, pleading the Excuse of his business Dealings; tho' i' faith, Gaming and Whoring probably occupied many of his Leisure Hours. He left his Wife, Cecilia, to preside o'er the Great House and Park in Wiltshire and to instruct the Children, Daniel, Mary and myself, in the Virtues which he had neither Time nor Inclination to impart, either by Precept or by Example.

My Position in the Family was neither that of an Inheritor of the Family Fortune nor that of a Servant. I was a Foundling, lov'd for my Quick Wit, my russet Curls and my playful Disposition, yet not granted the Indulgences given to a proper Child, who, for better or worse, is of one's own Blood.

My Step-Mother, Lady Bellars, was one of the most wretchèd Creatures who ever liv'd, tho' had she been a Man, her Fortune and Beauty would have made her happy. Too clever to spend her Life betwixt the Tea-Table and the Card-Table, too sweet of Disposition to nag and scold her Husband for his long Absences, his Whoring and Gaming, and too timid to be a female Rake in the Fashion of the Day, and to use her married State as a Cloak to cover divers Amours, she languish'd in the Country, devoting herself to her Children far past the Age when they requir'd Care, and to a Menagerie of Beasts on whom she lavish'd a more than natural Maternal Affection. So devoted was she to her Menagerie that e'en upon the rare Occasions when Lord Bellars sent for her to come to London, she declin'd, pleading the Care of her Animals.

Thus, from my earliest Childhood, I had before me the Example of what a blighted, unloving Marriage could do to a Woman of tender Disposition, and I resolv'd in my Heart ne'er to let become of me what had become of my gentle Step-Mother, who, I sincerely believ'd, was driven half mad by the painful Betrayals practiced upon her by her Husband. I learn'd from her to be wary of the Male Sex and to view ev'ry handsome Gallant and Man of Pleasure as a likely Robber of my Wits and my Peace of Mind.

•

That Lesson was to be tested soon enough. Thro'out the Peace and Plenty of my Country Childhood, I was told I was growing into a Beauty. I say this out of no Immodesty; i' faith, I scarce believ'd it myself. Like most Young Girls, when I lookt at myself in the Glass, I saw nought but my own grievous Faults; yet was I *call'd* a Beauty so oft' that I came to understand the World regarded me thus. 'Twas merely the Condition of my Life that I should set Swains to sighing and Footmen to fondling my Hand longer than need be whilst helping me down from Chariots.

Just as my Half-Sister, Mary, was stubby and stout, had a Face like a suet Pudding, and Hair of Mouse Colour, I was, by the perilous Age of Seventeen, straight and tall (*too* tall, I thought) with flaming Hair (too russet for *my* Taste), the brownest of Eyes (would that they were *green*!), a Bosom blue-white as skimm'd Milk (I minded not the Colour but the *Size*!), long taper'd Fingers (O my Hands were pretty—I would grant that!) and slender Legs (but who should see 'em 'neath my Petticoats?) ending in clever Feet that could do any complicated Dance whatsoe'er (for all the Good 'twould do me here in the dull Country!). For all these Things, I was teas'd and tormented by Daniel and silently hated by Mary, whilst my poor distracted Step-Mother tended to her Animals and seem'd wholly oblivious to the Fact that her three tender Human Charges were no longer little Babes, but were growing to an Age when all the Envies, Vices and Temptations of the World might snare 'em.

'Twas about that Season in our Lives when Lord Bellars, who had been chiefly in London o'er the last three Years (with only brief Visits Home), came into the Country.

When the News reach'd me that he was bringing down from London with him no less a Personage than the Great Poet, Mr. Alexander Pope, I could hardly believe my Ears. Mr. Pope—whose *Rape of the Lock* I had got almost by Heart!

A Man who could write that must be the most sensitive Soul that e'er liv'd! He must have Eyes that see ev'ry Thing and a Heart that beats out the Suff'rings of the smallest Creature alive. Here, perchance, was a Man who could understand me, a Man with a great enough Heart, a great enough Mind—not like the foolish Country Boys who gap'd at me in the Village, not like Daniel, who could think of nothing but Excuses for jostling me upon the Stairs or thrusting his greasy Hands into my Bosom.

•

All Day I linger'd at the Windows of my Bedchamber, dreaming o'er a Book of Mr. Pope's Poetry, fancying myself invited to London to mingle with Wits in a Coffee-house, to stroll thro' Pall Mall or Covent Garden, to go by Wherry to Twickenham with Mr. Pope and be invited to view his fam'd Faery Grotto.

I must have changed my Gown three Times that Day, throwing off Dresses and putting 'em on as if I were a Strolling Actress in a Barn! First, I wore the dove-gray saque-backed Silk with the yellow Stomacher and Apron; then I changed into a blue Gown with my prettiest embroider'd Apron and a Tucker of white Lace; but at last, I chose a cherry-colour'd Damask with no Tucker at all, because I had heard that Ladies in London wore their Bosoms almost bare and I did not wish to be thought a plain Country Wench!

'Twas almost Twilight when the Chariot with six Horses clatter'd into View, greeted by the Barking of all our Dogs. Yet still I linger'd at my Window, dabbing my Bosom out of a Vial of tuberose Scent, biting my Lips to make 'em redder.

How had I imagin'd Mr. Pope? Can I not have heard till then that he was a Hunchback? Or can it be that Memory deceives me? Ne'ertheless, I fancied him in the Mould of one of the Heroes of a French Romance, perhaps because the Imagination of a Girl of Seventeen is apt to clothe a Poet in Colours of his own making. His Words were Handsome, so should his Figure be! Nothing else was possible.

Imagine my Surprize and Discomfiture when I saw the Figure that emerged from the Carriage!

He was not above four and one half foot tall and his Back hump'd so prodigiously betwixt his Shoulder Blades that his fawn Coat must have been a Taylor's Marvel to accommodate it! He seem'd to be wearing not one but sev'ral Pairs of silk Stockings at once, and yet his Legs were so piteously thin that the Stockings creas'd and hung on 'em as if they were Twigs rather than Flesh. Under his Coat and Waistcoat, he wore a sort of fur Doublet (such as our Ancestors wore), perhaps to bulk out his crooked and wasted Form, or perhaps to guard against the Chills such Flesh must be Heir to. From my Window's Height, I could not see his lower'd Face, but beside Lord Bellars, he lookt like a sort of Question Mark of Humanity standing next to a Poplar Tree. Lord Bellars was tall and straight, with broad Shoulders and manly, muscular Legs. Under his black Beaver cocked Hat, edged with deep gold Lace, he wore a fine riding Wig, and when he threw his Head back to laugh at some Witticism the Poet had utter'd, I glimps'd a handsome Roman Nose, a clear olive Complexion, glowing with Life and Fire, and Eyes that sparkl'd like Dew Drops upon Rose Petals. His Laugh was as resonant and

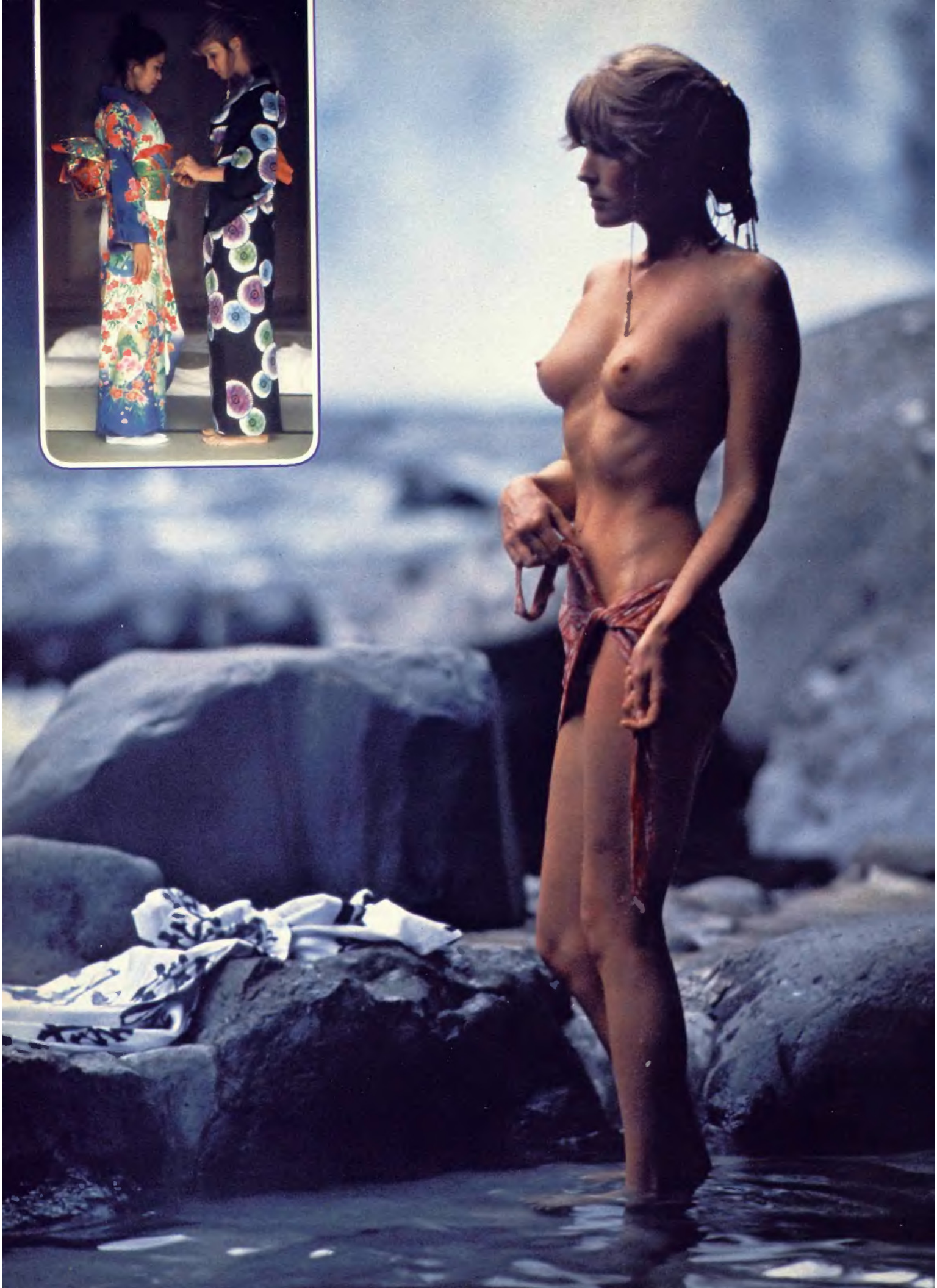
(continued on page 203)

"Natasha, you bitch! This was supposed to be my debut!"

BO...

she's home from japan with a new handle on her career and looking even better than she did when we first met her

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN DEREK



...IS BACK

IN THESE DRY, dusty days of August, we knew you'd enjoy seeing a photographic record of one wet afternoon in the life of Bo Derek. She's bathing in a traditional Japanese bathhouse on the Izu Peninsula just south of Tokyo. You may remember that when we last left Bo (in our first pictorial on her, *Bo*, last March), she and husband John were headed for a vacation in Japan. Now it turns out that the Japan trip was more than a vacation; it was a time of decision making for a young woman whose sudden fame had startled her as much as her beauty had startled millions of people who saw her in the movie *"10."* "I didn't expect *"10"* to cause such a reaction to me," she says, "and I wasn't prepared to see myself described in print as a sex goddess, 'the most beautiful woman' and all that." *(text continued on page 222)*

The young Japanese woman bathing with Bo chanced to be in the bathhouse when the Dereks arrived and John thought her lovely enough to include in his photos.

THE REAGAN QUESTION

he's been in the public eye for so long that we just assume we know what makes him tick. but do we?

article **By ROBERT SCHEER**

IT WAS FRIDAY, SO, according to the schedule, it must have been Augusta, Georgia—steamy, sultry and dull—where we met the two ladies in the hotel lobby, wearing the current thigh-revealing, split-skirt fashion they were showing in New York. They sported the Reagan straw hats and buttons but also the pushed-up-cleavage look that one often finds at Republican dinners, a throwback to the Forties tease who played opposite Ronald Reagan the actor. And it must be conceded that a REAGAN FOR PRESIDENT button pinned near the exposed portion of a woman's breast takes on a campy, rakish quality, making it less chilling when they flash that big smile and say they like Ronnie because he'll give us more bombs and throw the bums off welfare.

There was a contradiction here that one encountered in state after state, traveling with the Reagan campaign. On the one hand, the puritanical and aged warrior intoning a death chant against the godless Communists, permissive Government, the immoral homosexuals, the welfare cheats, unrelieved and simplistic in its enmity but always self-righteous and pure. On the other hand, the people drawn to him tending to be more varied and hip than one would expect from the campaign rhetoric. It is as if they want Reagan to be something they no longer are.

That night in Augusta, the two attractive women, both divorcees in their late 30s, had imbibed a few drinks to prepare them for the meeting Reagan had planned with them and dozens of other hard workers in his local campaign. But as a result of their bar stop, they missed "the next President of the United States." They were left to the consolation of a flirting interview with a film crew sent South by TV producer Norman Lear to capture the essence of what Ronnie's campaign poster—the one with him in the cowboy hat looking 20 years younger—calls "Reagan country."

Earlier that day, in an interview with me on the plane into Augusta,

ILLUSTRATION BY JOANN DALEY

Reagan had blamed the Federal Government for the breakup of the family by encouraging permissiveness. It therefore seemed appropriate to ask those women if they also were opposed to premarital sex. "I love it!" said one who'd worked for Reagan since her college days.

"But Ronald Reagan says the new permissiveness and the Federal Government are breaking up the family," I said, "and he would strongly disapprove of your engaging in sex without the blessings of marriage."

And then, with camera lights on and film presumably rolling, the aging cheerleader flashed that smile, tinged now with wisdom and cynicism, and issued her personal emancipation proclamation: "Well . . . fuck him."

Does that mean she won't support him? Hell, no. She'd still like Ronnie to be President and set everyone *else* straight. They've always liked Reagan because he's a strong moral leader who would bring the country closer together again. And they like his attacks on permissiveness: "I think we ought to have tighter controls."

Reagan can be magical on the stump, because he can convince even a cynical observer that he is a highly moral, honest and purposeful man who has got his act together and can do the same for the country. His appeal is the nostalgic one—as in Reagan's movie roles—that of the good boy next door who will do right by the country, as he has for his family and friends. In that role, he effectively exudes an air of simple virtue that allows the audience to ignore serious gaps in his knowledge, his lackluster eight years as governor and the reality that his own family life has been quite disorderly.

But people want the image more than the truth. The Reagan sermon is a throwback to the Jimmy Carter homilies of 1976—"Ah just want a country as good, honest, decent as are the American people"—and then some assurance about how wholesome everything was back home in Plains, Georgia. The people listening knew they weren't so pure, but they hoped Jimmy might be.

We rarely heard about Carter's nephew serving time in a California prison, or the widespread use of drugs by young people in the county, or the good ol' Carter boys' checking out the latest crop of divorced women at the Best Western Inn near Plains, the closest they have to a night life down there.

Never mind—the voters wanted to believe that someone, somewhere in America, had a better life than they were experiencing, and Jimmy's con filled the void. Virtuous, Bible-studying Jimmy could make us feel good all over again and lead us to what Reagan now calls "the shining city upon the hill"—a phrase taken from the Puritans. But Jimmy's pristine image couldn't sustain him through the Presidency, even though he brought the image shapers—Pat Caddell, Jerry Rafshoon, Ham Jordan, Jody Powell and company—right into the White House. It failed because we are not always so hard-working, selfless and lacking in greed as Carter pretended. His mind ever on the polls, he would not tell us what we didn't want to hear or lead in an unpopular direction. So the image shrivels and the man himself ends up appearing weak and vacillating.

Well, let's just try again. Now, Ronald Reagan—there's a man who rides tall in the saddle; there's a man who can solve our problems the way we used to, who can take on the Russians and anyone else who gets in our way. Let's hear it for plain-speaking, two-fisted common sense. In an interview with me for the *Los Angeles Times* of March 6, 1980, he called the president of Panama "a pipsqueak dictator who hasn't got as much gross national product as Cincinnati, Ohio." And, as an indication of his Presidential negotiating style, he said, "From the minute their dictator down there told us that we had to give up the canal or there was going to be trouble—he was going to make trouble for us—that's when we should have said to him, 'Look, Buster, you withdraw that threat or there's no more negotiation or sitting at a table with you, because we're not, in the eyes of the world, going to give this up in answer to a threat of violence.' "

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Reagan's inherent promise is to solve our problems without additional sacrifice, without adding to our burdens—be they taxes or the draft. He is trusted the way a slicker like George Bush or John Connally wasn't—never to try any more newfangled Governmental approaches or programs. Enough with change.

It is a mood well understood by Reagan's elder daughter, Maureen, who campaigns for her father but is an advocate of change and disagrees with Reagan on the E.R.A. She is an attractive and strong-willed woman who has lived a bit, been divorced and has worked as an editor, a secretary and an actress to pay the bills on her Los Angeles apartment. She is a delight to interview, because she keeps the Scotch coming and refuses to play the Goody Two-shoes role of a candidate's poster family. She can be brutal in her comments, as on the pro-lifers: "After dealing with those people for years, I'm convinced they are not anti-abortion, they are anti-sex." But she is also sympathetic to why people are disoriented by the changes that have occurred in this country and judges that apprehension to be the source of her father's greatest appeal: "You gotta understand that people are starting to fight change now because they're scared; they can only deal with so much; they can only handle so much that's different from the way it was supposed to be, and it isn't, and the way they were raised. Most of us are still part of a fairyland generation and, if we did it all right, Prince Charming was going to ride up on his white horse and we were going to go off into the sunset and live happily ever after. But it doesn't work that way. Maybe he's America's Prince Charming."

Maybe the Reagan phenomenon falls under what Erich Fromm called the escape from freedom. Maybe too much change, too fast, with too few good results. Then there's Iran, inflation and the Russians, and not being able to believe in the dollar or working hard for the future. "They" just push us around and Jimmy Carter just takes it.

Traveling with the Reagan campaign, you hear it everywhere, and Reagan is the candidate best trained to play to that desperation. He has been railing against permissiveness, Big Government and communism for more than 20 years now and has become a creature of his one-liners. Jim Lake, his former press secretary, said in a conversation with me, "Ronnie just cannot resist throwing that red meat out to excite the audience and he sometimes forgets whether he really means it."

Lake, who intends to vote for Reagan, was referring to the fact that in private interviews, one encounters a more reasonable Reagan, but on the campaign hustings, he gets out of control and the crowds love it.

"Just who do they think they are?" he repeats over and over to a crowd in Greensboro, North Carolina, without ever making clear just who "they" are. The sad tale that day has to do with the Government bureaucrats' coming between a mother and her 15-year-old daughter, who is in "deep trouble." It's a story repeated in numerous other campaign stops, with the mother "hugging that child from birth on," only to suddenly lose control to the Feds. He has used it so often that in Greensboro he leaves out half the story. We never do learn the nature of the "deep trouble" and are left wondering whether she committed a crime or was knocked up by the New Deal. But the punch line—"Just who do they think they are?"—got big applause, anyway.

The best rouser is the one about the Federal Government's "destroying the American family." This last was even stated in the Republican primary debates, but no one had the presence of mind or the curiosity to ask Ronnie

(continued on page 226)

"Oh, my. That must be a bonsai."

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY MARIO CASILLI

COOKE'S TOUR

forget fantasy island—just feast your eyes on this playmate in paradise

An avid sailor (she crewed on a 1979 Hawaii State Championship winner), Victoria Cooke watches wistfully (above) as the sailboats glide by off Oahu's north shore.

Victoria Cooke loves the great outdoors. It is the only place she feels truly at peace. She's energetic, physical, sensuous, adventurous and extremely athletic and soon becomes restive when surrounded by four walls. "Let's go outside," she always seems to be saying. "It's nicer outside." But then, ever since her childhood, she has gravitated toward the wide-open spaces. Born in California, the daughter of a real-estate developer, Victoria (one does not call her Vickie) moved to Arizona at 17. After studying real estate and finance at the University of Arizona (and appearing in PLAYBOY's *Girls of the Pac 10*, October 1978), she became restless and just picked up and moved to Hawaii. "I got tired of being in the desert," she says. "I had a desire to go to some faraway place, far from school and family, and be independent." She'd

"I was an ugly duckling in high school," says Victoria. "I tried out for cheerleading so many times, but I just didn't have the assets. Then one day I suddenly had breasts and they just didn't want to stop growing. Immediately, I started getting attention."

"To me, falling in love is the greatest thing there is. Nothing else matters when you're in love. I've been infatuated a lot more often than I've been in love, and sometimes it's hard to tell which is which; but I honestly think that experiencing different relationships can help you get a better definition of what love really is."

never been to Hawaii before and found that her concept of the islands differed radically from the reality. "I had this romantic image that Hawaii was just a bunch of grass huts and deserted beaches," she recalls. "Boy, was I surprised flying into Honolulu Airport and seeing all those high-rises along the beach; but I decided to stay anyway—mainly because I didn't have enough money to leave." The first week, with a paltry $100 left in her purse, she took a bus tour around the island of Oahu and did some exploring on her own. "It was *so* beautiful," she says, "and I felt a lot better about it." But money was running low, so she applied for jobs at hotels on Waikiki Beach, only to be turned away: She'd arrived during the off season and nobody was hiring. Which turned out to be a blessing in disguise, since she eventually did get a job—an outdoor one—selling suntan lotion on the beach. "I became a beach bum," she says. "Eleven hours a day on the beach, in the sun, peddling lotions and surfboards." She prospered, mainly because, as she herself admits, "I've got the gift of gab and I'm excellent at selling things. Always have been." Figuring that she could sell anything, Victoria got her real-estate license and soon started selling time-sharing condos. And she prospered at that, too. "I'd stop people in the hotels and say, '*Aloha*, folks,' and we'd take it from there. I did quite well at it." In fact, she did so well that she had plenty of time to get involved in sports during the day. "I'd work till three o'clock, then jog three or four miles, then swim a few laps, then do a little wind surfing or sailing, then just collapse on the beach and watch the sunset." She became particularly adept at sailing 16-foot catamarans and crewed on the boat that won the 1979 Hawaii State Championships. But then, Victoria Cooke doesn't strike you as the sort of person who loses at anything. She has certainly won *us* over.

"Sailing is like sex," says Victoria. "When you haven't done it for a while, it's especially great!" As you can see (top), she hasn't lost the flair. And, of course, after a day of sailing, what better way to relax than a beach party with friends (above)?

MISS AUGUST
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Victoria Cooke

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Victoria E. Cooke

BUST: 36 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 119 SIGN: Leo

BIRTH DATE: 7-31-57 BIRTHPLACE: Hollywood, Calif.

AMBITIONS: To be blessed with health, wealth & love, and time to enjoy it.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Gone with the Wind, Camelot, Romeo & Juliet, Revenge of the Pink Panther

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: Those in Central Park on a Sunday afternoon

FAVORITE FOODS: Artichokes, papayas, plum pie, Crepes Suzette, Lasagna

TURN-ONS: Enthusiasm, Sports, Gardenias, Camping

TURN-OFFS: Idolatry, Pessimists, Jealousy

LEAST FAVORITE PHRASE: I hate . . .

FAVORITE COUNTRY: U.S.A -- Because we're given the freedom to live the life we each choose.

PEOPLE YOU'RE TIRED OF HEARING ABOUT: The Shah, Ayatollah Khomeini

1yr. Getting in Shape

4yrs. Only winners on my team.

17yrs. When I thought I knew everything.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

My current boyfriend doesn't call his sexual organ John Henry or Big George or any name like that, the way some fellows do," the girl confided to a close friend. "Instead, he calls it Confidence."

"Because he never has any trouble getting it up?"

"In part, yes—but also because he keeps instilling it in me!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *gay pride* as a group of homosexual lions.

The next time we say 'Screw or walk!' to our double dates," groaned the fellow to his buddy, "we better have our own car."

Unbra'd in her T-shirt, Miss Young
Caused antilib cads to give tongue. . . .
And 'twas off she'd get pissed
When a chauvinist hissed,
"You are certainly, lady, well hung!"

Why are you in this particular line of work?" a sociology researcher asked the massage-parlor girl.

"I'm in the clutches of a loan shark named Paul something or other," the girl replied, "so I'm rubbing peters to pay Paul."

There's a susceptible physician with a lithe, big purring cat of a receptionist with whom he spends many Wednesday afternoons when he has told his wife he'll be golfing. He doesn't consider it actually lying, though, since the fact is that he really will be on the lynx.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sexual lubricant* as greasy id stuff.

A not-too-bright habitué of a neighborhood bar had finally married, so when he next stopped by, one of the other regulars maliciously asked him, "How many times did you do it on your wedding night, Gus?"

"How many? Oh, six and a half."

"*Six* times? How did you ever manage that? And what was that half time?"

"It was like this," Gus explained, "in, out, in, out, in, out—and then *in*!"

We've been told about an old rabbi who has performed so many circumcisions that he's popularly known as Max the Knife.

It's the weirdest group-medicine clinic," the patient reported, "because of the doors of the various doctors' offices. The orthopedist's has a broken hinge, the oculist's has a peephole, the psychiatrist's is painted in crazy colors—and the gynecologist's is open just a crack."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *orgy* as rolling with the bunches.

There's an Allen who lives in La Salle
With a dream that inflates his morale:
It's a dollar a gallon
At the gas pump for Allen—
But there's ass at a dollar a gal!

Someone has compared Southern California to a granola cereal: When the nuts and the fruits have been removed, what's left are the flakes.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *off-color comedian* as an obscene jester.

The record of Ben Franklin's sexual exploits leads inevitably to the conclusion that he didn't invent the lightning rod. He was born with one.

I flew today with so incredibly stacked a stewardess," one navigator told another in awed tones, "that even the automatic pilot made a pass at her!"

During the summer months in Fun City, a young man was sleeping in a subway train late at night with a copy of *The New York Times* open on his lap. Suddenly, a wild-eyed girl darted into the car, clawed through the newspaper, unzipped the startled rider and applied her mouth to his manhood!

Ever since, he's been recounting to buddies how he got a job through the *Times*.

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 can't do it with mirrors, Debbie—I keep looking at my bald spot."

THE DOOBIE BROTHERS— FROM THE TOP

article By JOHN ESKOW

america's favorite band has come a long way from honky-tonks—but that's the price you pay for success

LOOKING ILL AT EASE in their tuxedos, The Doobie Brothers strode onstage at this year's Grammy Awards ceremony to receive a thunderous ovation and four of the little golden gramophones that signify overwhelming success in the record business. The rockers, who later posed for snapshots with beaming, well-fed record moguls, had ushered in the Seventies with *Listen to the Music* and ridden it out with *Minute by Minute*. It had been a long decade, and the band whose very name epitomized hippie values—doobie is San Francisco slang for joint—had followed rock 'n' roll through changing styles and passions into middle age. Now, after ten years of one-night stands, the Doobies even had their own celebrity golf tournament.

Of the seven men who stood grinning onstage, only guitarist Pat Simmons was an original Doobie; the others had followed serpentine paths to stardom. From their lives—personal and collective—a story of rock-'n'-roll survival emerges. When rock history begins to seem like a scrapbook of obituaries, The

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN YOUSSI

Doobie Brothers march on, to places they never expected to go.

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"In this business, it's as though you have a license to do whatever you want," says Keith Knudsen, one of the band's two drummers. "We used to wreck motel rooms and get wasted all the time; but now we're incorporated, so we have group dental plans, medical plans, profit-sharing plans." He tugs at a strap of his denim overalls, less a pop star than a barefoot executive whose firm happens to be the hottest band in America.

When Knudsen joined the group, in 1973, it was still in its infancy. It had been conceived in the winter of 1969 by singer Tom Johnston and drummer John Hartman, both of whom have since departed. The early members were bar musicians from the San Jose area, and one tradition of the band is that all the men have endured long years in honky-tonks, playing for rowdies, dodging missiles from the crowd.

"In the early years, we played to bikers a lot," says Simmons. "People got hurt; I remember carrying a stab victim out of the parking lot. This was at the Chateau Liberté, a funky old roadhouse in the mountains near Los Gatos, the birthplace of The Doobie Brothers. But most of the bikers who came to hear us—Hell's Angels, Gypsy Jokers—became our friends. They could identify with us because we were funky—we all rode bikes, we all dressed in leather jackets and Levis and motorcycle boots."

In 1972, the group scored its first major hit with *Listen to the Music*, a bouncy reveille that became a staple of FM stations for years to come. The song's innocence defined the era: "What the people need is a way to make them smile / It ain't so hard to do if you know how." The hypnotic title, repeated 14 times, was an ideal sound track for crash-pad bliss-outs. It was good rock: pagan Gospel. And the secret of the band's name—pretty racy for that period—circulated in schools and communes, with knowing smiles and winks.

Follow-up hits, including *Long Train Runnin'*, *Black Water* and *China Grove*, clinched their reputation as the archetypal boogie band, and they began touring heavily about the time Knudsen joined them. "We'd tour the States four times a year, six weeks a shot, six nights a week. Those were burnouts," he says.

Simmons elaborates: "It used to be an ongoing party. I'd go 60 hours without sleeping, totally crazed—of course, this required chemical aid, which usually was furnished. But mainly it was just the energy of playing. At the height of the madness, we were really into the role of hard-assed rock players. Into our hype. You know—cocaine for dessert."

To certify what Knudsen calls the rocker's license, the band engaged in standard forms of hotel sabotage. "We'd take all the objects in a hotel room," Simmons recalls, "and turn them upside down; or put everything in the bathroom—mattresses, TV set, chairs; that was our symbol of anarchy. But after we got the first couple of bills, we stopped. Because a $9.95 item always comes back to you as a hundred bucks. And pretty soon you get tired of paying ten dollars for a 25-cent ashtray."

These days, the Doobies' conduct is businesslike, verging on the staid, and they are welcome guests at hotels. They journey from gig to gig in two 25-passenger planes, Martin 404s, equipped with couches, TVs, stereos and galleys. But there's very little mania on board: Most of the Doobies don't even smoke marijuana anymore.

Over the years, they've seen a fall-off in dope taking by their audiences, too, while alcohol fumes grow thicker in the arenas. "Drug use has definitely slowed down," says Knudsen. "It used to be that you could tell what drugs were in town by the crowds—especially in Detroit. Slow clapping when Quaaludes had come into town. Since a great part of a rock audience has always been people who want to *be* the musicians, they want to get high the way the musicians do—whether it's yoga or tequila.

"But nowadays I see a lot of young kids fucked up on alcohol. In those 10,000-seat arenas, after we do our final encore and they switch up the lights—it's amazing to watch how fast 10,000 people can leave an arena—you look around at a stadium littered with liquor bottles. Whiskey and tequila, mostly."

Bass player Tiran Porter chips in: "It's the old boogie-till-you-puke mentality."

And yet those drunken kids represent only a fraction of the Doobies' audience. On record, their principal appeal is to an upwardly mobile, young middle class. In 1975, when singer Johnston was replaced by Michael McDonald—arguably the best white singer in rock—the band made a radical change in attack. McDonald is a blue-eyed soul crooner, a devotee of Marvin Gaye; with his lush keyboard work and urgent, sexy vocals, the group seemed to be following its audience from Woodstock to Westchester. And under producer Ted Templeman, its sound has been oiled and buffed into a sleek and purring soft-funk machine.

The Doobies encapsulate the decade in rock. And on the afternoon I met them, they were doing the Dinah Shore show.

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"Dinah Shore? Group dental plans? Golf tournaments? Hey, man, like, *whither rock*?"

I recognize that nagging, adenoidal voice: It's myself, ten years ago. John at 19, scrawny and wasted, sits trimming his fingernails with a knife—a mode of hygiene he picked up from a Kerouac novel. He's scowling. He always scowls.

"The rock band as corporation. *Wow!* Never thought I'd live to see the day, man." I look at the disheveled speed freak with a kind of nostalgic repugnance. He sits there, cocksure, a rock-will-change-the-world theorist to whom dental plans are sheer anathema and TV a sworn enemy. He loves the early Doobie Brothers for their fusion of guitar rock and campfire sing-alongs: When he's berated in the streets with cries of "Take a bath," "Go to Russia," "Cut your hair," the songs—like old labor-union anthems—give him courage. Now he feels betrayed.

"*Golf tournaments.* That's the one that really tore it, man. I mean, can you picture the Jimi Hendrix Desert Classic? Or the Brian Jones Pro-Am?"

In my guise as a grownup, I try to reason with him. Both of the musicians he invokes are dead: Think of all the fiery loons who lie, unincorporated, in early graves. Rock has proved itself to be a homicidal business, no place for heroes. If you band together in 1980—a corporate era—you'd better have more than four or six fellow zanies by your side. Simply put, a band is outnumbered.

John at 19 takes another swig of cheap Burgundy and scowls. He's not listening. He's still muttering the names of imaginary tournaments to himself: "The Janis Joplin Invitational—*wow!*"

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Shaking the speed freak loose, I ride over to the studio to watch the *Dinah!* taping. The air is incredibly thick today, like breathing Cheez Whiz. The low studio buildings, painted bone white and peach, stand like fortresses in the midst of the smog alert. As the band's press agent walks me to the sound stage, droning of TV specials and platinum albums, he leaves out the one saving grace of this appearance. The Doobies are using the show to promote their involvement in the anti-nuclear-power movement, and Knudsen has linked their stance with the drunken kids he sees at concerts: "Hopefully, this cause will give kids something to get straight about." (In fact, many of the events that so nauseate the young John benefit charities. The golf tournament, for example, raised over $25,000 for the United Way.)

Backstage, the Doobies chat with their guests, Jackson Browne and Bonnie Raitt, both pioneers in the rock-against-nukes movement. Meanwhile, out front, Dinah's warm-up man works the crowd—Pasadena retirees, widows with chiffon

(continued on page 187)

CLEAR SAILING AHEAD!

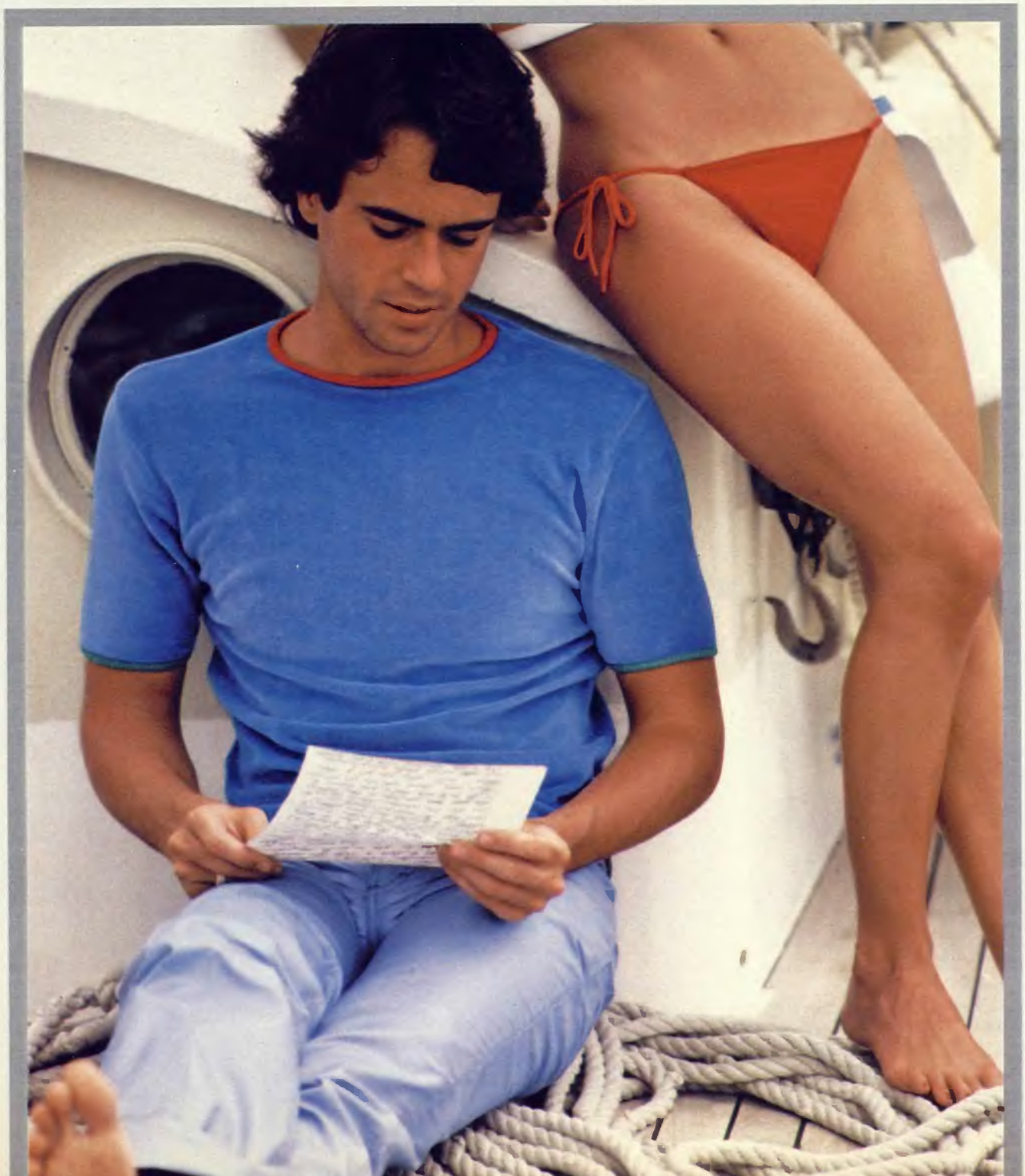
come aboard, mateys, we think you'll like the cut of this year's seeworthy fashions

attire **By DAVID PLATT**

FEW ACTIVITIES make more sense in these energy-conscious days than running with the wind on open waters. And sailing the briny or a fresh-water lake is even more pleasurable when your first mate isn't Mr. Christian and you're togged out in gear that doesn't look as though it were designed for the movie *Treasure Island*. Clichéed yachting looks, in fact, have been deep-sixed in favor of more free-spirited styles that are in keeping with today's fashion currents. The gear, of course, is still designed for warmth and wearability, but that's no reason you can't go down to the sea in style—as we've done on these pages aboard the charter schooner Antares. Cast off!

Below: Shipshape and stylish clothes are the order of the day for this young sailor ond his oble-bodied crew of one. He's weoring a cotton/nylon terrycloth short-sleeved pullover, about $47, combined with lightweight cotton twill Western jeans, obout $40, both by Geoffrey Beene for Chesa.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ULI ROSE



Left: No friggin'-in-the-riggin' jokes, please. This lad's headed aloft aboard the 107-foot Antares decked out in a cotton/polyester jacket, about $200, plus cotton walking shorts, about $75, both by Browns Clothiers, and a cotton knit short-sleeved shirt with placket front, by Bert Pulitzer, $22.50.

Below: Just for laughs, this fun-loving couple take a bow break to watch their watery world go by. His clothes? A colorful cotton terrycloth four-button V-neck short-sleeved shirt with knit trim, $28.50, worn with cotton/polyester pleated swim trunks, $10, both by Ron Chereskin for State of Maine.

Right: Life on board a charter schooner includes ample doses of sun and spray, so it's not surprising that after a few days everyone begins to let down his hair, including our guy, who's eager to brush up on his own railside techniques. He's wearing a cotton/nylon terrycloth reversible jacket, $75, with a cotton/polyester mesh-weave shirt, about $21, and cotton/polyester chintz slacks, $36, all by Nino Cerruti Sport. (In case you're wondering, *her* nifty slacks are by Dickies.)

Left: More of this stylish young salt's wardrobe includes a nylon U. S. Navy–type flight jacket featuring a biswing back and knit collar and cuffs, by Avirex-Aeranautica, about $50; catton striped long-sleeved crew-neck with three-button shoulder treatment, by Gant, about $21; and Western jeans, by Wrangler, about $19.

Below: Far keeping the spray at bay or after sunset, you won't ga wrong in a Dacron/cotton zippered jacket with drawstring hood and bottom, slash packets and adjustable snap cuffs, $80, that's worn with matching slacks that have belt loops, slash pockets and straight legs, $45, bath by Mighty-Mac.

Right: We're not about to claim that the seagoing activities aboard the Antares (whose home port, incidentally, is St. Thomas in the U. S. Virgin Islands) are always this wet and wild, but it is a shoregone conclusion that taking your own bikinied brunette definitely ups the odds in your favor. And we're quick to add that a colorful wardrobe that includes this Hawaiian-print shirt, $28, and cotton shorts, $18, both by Pua Hawoii, doesn't hurt, either.

article By HARRY STEIN

TEN KINDS OF WOMEN TO AVOID AT ALL COSTS

And so it has come to this. A guy I know, someone with whom I used to play football, a fellow who, you'll have to trust me, used to have a fair amount of gumption, called me last week to announce his belief that the vote should be taken away from men.

"Listen," he explained, "I know it sounds drastic, but it's the only way things are ever going to change. We men have run this world for thousands of years now and look where it's gotten us. We've destroyed the environment and brutalized entire populations in precisely the same way we have, as individuals, butchered relationships and brutalized our women——"

"Excuse me," I interrupted, "but how did you come up with that notion?"

There was a momentary pause at the other end. "Uh, well, actually, it was my girlfriend who kind of threw out the idea. . . ."

How else?

Christ, have they done a job on us! As a sex, we men have been in headlong retreat for so long that we have come to accept as plausible just about any accusation hurled by an angry woman. They tell us we're spoiled children, incapable of relationships based on mutual

giving and trust. "Yeah," we say, "there's a lot of truth to that, we guess." They tell us we're congenital bounders, unable to commit to someone for a month, let alone a lifetime. "OK," we admit, "that is a problem, but we're working on it."

All right, there are some less than ideal men out there, Neanderthals of the James Cagney grapefruit-in-the-face school, and fellows whose idea of romantic fulfillment is making 300 women, including at least one from each Common Market nation, before the age of 30.

But this nonsense about all of us, as a species, being tainted has gone on long enough. It's about time for general acknowledgment of a very simple truth: The vast majority of men, like the vast majority of women, are looking for healthy, nourishing relationships. All we want, for God's sake, is to feel good with someone.

How, then, did we get such a bad rap? A lot of it has to do with simple repetition. Since more than a decade ago, when the women's movement identified the long, now familiar list of economic and social inequities that had marked this society from the beginning, not a day has passed without some reference in the media to the woman's struggle for equality. It was a very short step from recognition of those inequities to the assertion that men, in general, are oppressors; and, from there, that we continue to oppress in each of a thousand ways, daily, unthinkingly, unfeelingly. It didn't take long for the movies (*Carnal Knowledge*, *Diary of a Mad Housewife*, *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, *An Unmarried Woman*, *Girlfriends*, et al.), and then even TV, in its tepid way, to pick up the theme. Since there was a large element of truth to it all—a great many men *had* been insensitive to what was going on in their mates' heads and hearts, and many continue to be—it was easy to swallow the canard whole.

Then, too, women have exercised the power of numbers. There has been much disdainful talk in recent years, most of it by women, about male bonding, but during this era of pitched battle between the sexes, it has been they, and not we, who have come together for collective security. Forget about NOW and the other mass organizations. Every day, by the hundreds of thousands, women gather in groups of four or six or eight to discuss, as one woman I know delicately puts it, "our mutual concerns." Every session, she adds, a bit less delicately, they "end up trashing men."

Indeed, every time two or more women get together, in a "feminist group" or simply over lunch, chances are excellent that the conversation will turn to men and what, individually or en masse, is wrong with them. For many women, it has become almost a reflexive action to compare notes and share experiences. When, for purposes of this essay, I called a womanfriend at work for her up-to-the-minute assessment of the male animal, she cut me off in midsentence. "Wait a minute," she said, "this should be done by committee. Hey," she called out to her co-workers, "this guy wants to know what we think of men."

"They're babies," announced one voice in the background. "You're supposed to spend your life catering to their fragile little egos."

"They give you the impression they love you and then you never hear from them again," came another.

"They take too long in the bathroom," added a third.

We men, on the other hand, have shared precious little. Indeed, virtually the only organizations we have created to deal with the social turbulence threatening to engulf us are male consciousness-raising groups, those gatherings of earnestly hangdog fellows whose self-criticism sessions are so eerily reminiscent of those sponsored by certain authoritarian regimes.

It is no wonder, under the circumstances, that we have been so terribly vulnerable to attack. Alone, without support, it has been easy to believe that we are as guilty as constantly charged in the undermining of relationships—and that women are as guiltless.

But, in fact, it is just not true. There are as many destructive women in this society as destructive men, as many women who are petty and irresponsible and cruel. Men have plenty of horror stories to tell, too; we've simply been too cowed to go public.

But no more.

The following are ten general categories of women to be avoided at all costs. Consorting with these women will almost certainly lead to no good; they are the kind who can give *loneliness* a good name; they will, if given the chance, break a heart or stomp on an ego as readily as the vilest man dissected in the pages of *Cosmo* or *Savvy*.

We aren't trying to promote divisiveness between the sexes; everybody's had enough of that. As much as anything else, this survey is provided as one small step toward a common wisdom for men—a service to all you guys, young and not so young, looking to love. The women cited might appear, to the naked eye, utterly charming, even eminent candidates for the happily ever after.

But that's still more reason for this piece—we men always *have* had a tendency to rely too heavily on our eyes, haven't we?

The Tragedienne

There are a startling number of people in this world who don't know they're experiencing emotion unless it's pain. They are not happy, these people, unless they're deeply unhappy, and you can imagine how much fun it is to be around them. Succinctly put, their notion of a relationship is that you have to take the bad with the bad.

Oh, there might be sporadic periods of calm, but those will only set her to worrying: Something's wrong, she should *feel* more, is this all there is? And then, likely as not, she'll provoke a scene that would embarrass Sarah Bernhardt, only to reassure herself that there is, after all, still passion between you.

So, inevitably, these relationships are all push-pull, an incredible amount of crying and screaming, perhaps even an occasional threat of suicide, followed by a stirring reconciliation scene. If trapped in one of these nightmares, you will find yourself getting jumpy and your work will undoubtedly suffer; but one of the few compensations will be that your reconciliations will probably be accompanied by magnificent sex, replete with back scratching and moans that it's never been so good with anyone. But then, the next morning, you'll be back to the flip side—there's a hell of a lot of flip side to these relationships—and the flip side of the sexual question is all those times she makes it utterly obvious that she can hardly keep her eyes open.

Some women of this genre have, in fact, been known to abruptly alter the sexual ground rules in order to keep things popping. One hapless fellow reports that his ex-girlfriend, a dancer, would periodically cut off sex entirely, with the explanation that she loved him too much to sleep with him.

"What the hell does that mean?" he would ask.

"It means," she would say softly, averting her eyes, "that we shouldn't risk tainting something so beautiful." Which would lead to another fight, which would culminate in a feverish bout of lovemaking, which was, of course, the point in the first place.

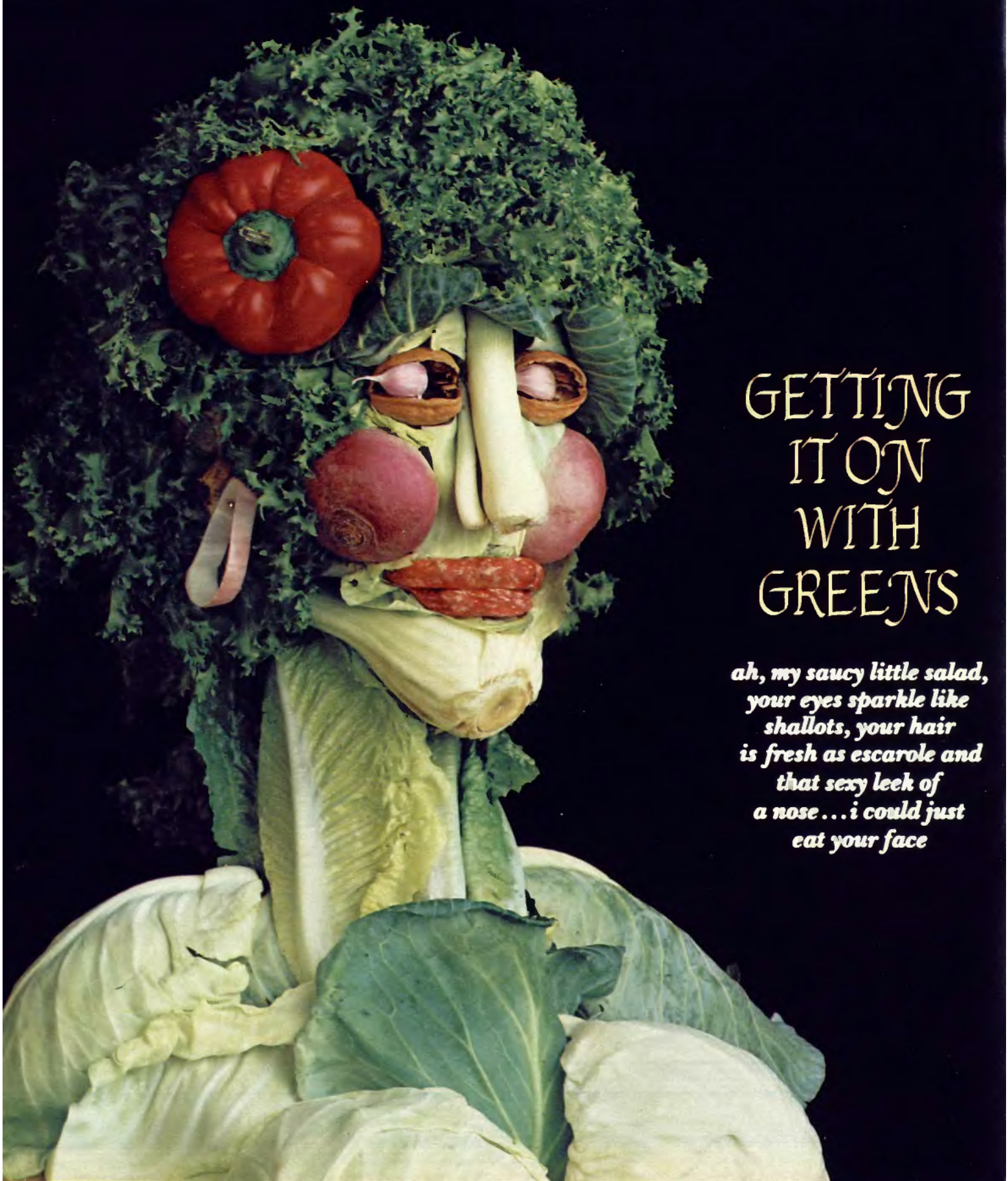
These relationships can be endlessly interesting—there's no question of that—in much the same way that a car wreck featuring big-time mutilation is interesting. The problem is, in this case, you're the victim.

Nor are your problems likely to be kept to yourselves; invariably, there will be marathon phone conversations between her and her friends of the "he

(continued on page 195)

"OK, you've got the TV part. Now do you want to try for a role in a major motion picture?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTHEW KLEIN



GETTING IT ON WITH GREENS

ah, my saucy little salad, your eyes sparkle like shallots, your hair is fresh as escarole and that sexy leek of a nose . . . i could just eat your face

food

By EMANUEL GREENBERG

SALADS? You mean tossed lettuce and tomato wedges, right? Not this time! Oh, you're doing the health-food number: alfalfa sprouts, soybeans, dandelion greens . . . that stuff. No way! What we have in mind are *main-dish* salads—zesty concoctions that are eminently satisfying but not heavy. Hearty salads make a lot of sense—and not just as summer eating. They're composed rather than cooked, often with last-minute pick-ups from the deli and greengrocer, plus any cold treasures the refrigerator yields. The one dish covers you on everything but dessert, and extra guests are easily accommodated by adding more greens, cheese, slices of cold steak . . . whatever comes to hand. As you can see, almost anything goes in a main-dish salad.

Despite *(continued on page 214)*

GIRLS OF HAWAII

in the land of eternal aloha, the natives—and the newcomers—are very, very friendly

Back by popular demand: Audria Wilson (top), the black-Choctaw-Blackfoot-Swiss-German-French-Irish-Dutch-Cherokee-English beauty who bid you *aloha* oe in last month's Hawaii travel feature. The wall tile at right center represents island womanhood; we'll take the flesh-and-blood variety, such as Maile Seaman (near right), a Polynesian dancer from Kailua-Kona on the Big Island, and Honolulu receptionist Lori Lehuanani Kaohimaunu (far right), who's of Hawaiian-German-French-Portuguese stock.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY AND KEN MARCUS

WHEN, JUST A LITTLE OVER 200 years ago, the British sea captain James Cook arrived at the tropical archipelago we now call the Hawaiian Islands (Cook himself named them the Sandwich Islands in honor of his patron, the Earl of Sandwich), he was astonished at the hospitality of the natives—particularly the females. "No women I ever met were less reserved," he wrote, noting their eagerness to "make a surrender of their persons." The Congregational missionaries from New England who followed him in the 1820s made note of the same tendency and were particularly shocked at the expanses of bare skin that confronted them. They soon enveloped Hawaii's buxom wahines in baggy Mother Hubbard dresses (predecessors of today's colorful and casual muumuus). Ah, for the good old days. The tourist landing at bustling Honolulu International Airport today is unlikely to be surrounded by females *(text concluded on page 250)*

Perambulating by pedicab above is Sherry Bush of Kailua; relaxing below is one of the natural wonders of Maui, Halliday Nejla Ozan, a self-described "island girl" of Turkish-Italian heritage. Honolulu-born-and-raised Rebecca Libadisas (right) tells us her ambition is to be financially independent by 30. She still has four years to go; our guess is she should try modeling.

Chicagoan Elise Travis flashes down Lahaina's Front Street (abave) while wintering in Maui; she probably wouldn't an Lake Shore Drive. Elvina Taurua (below) is ane af 15 children of part-Tahitian parents.

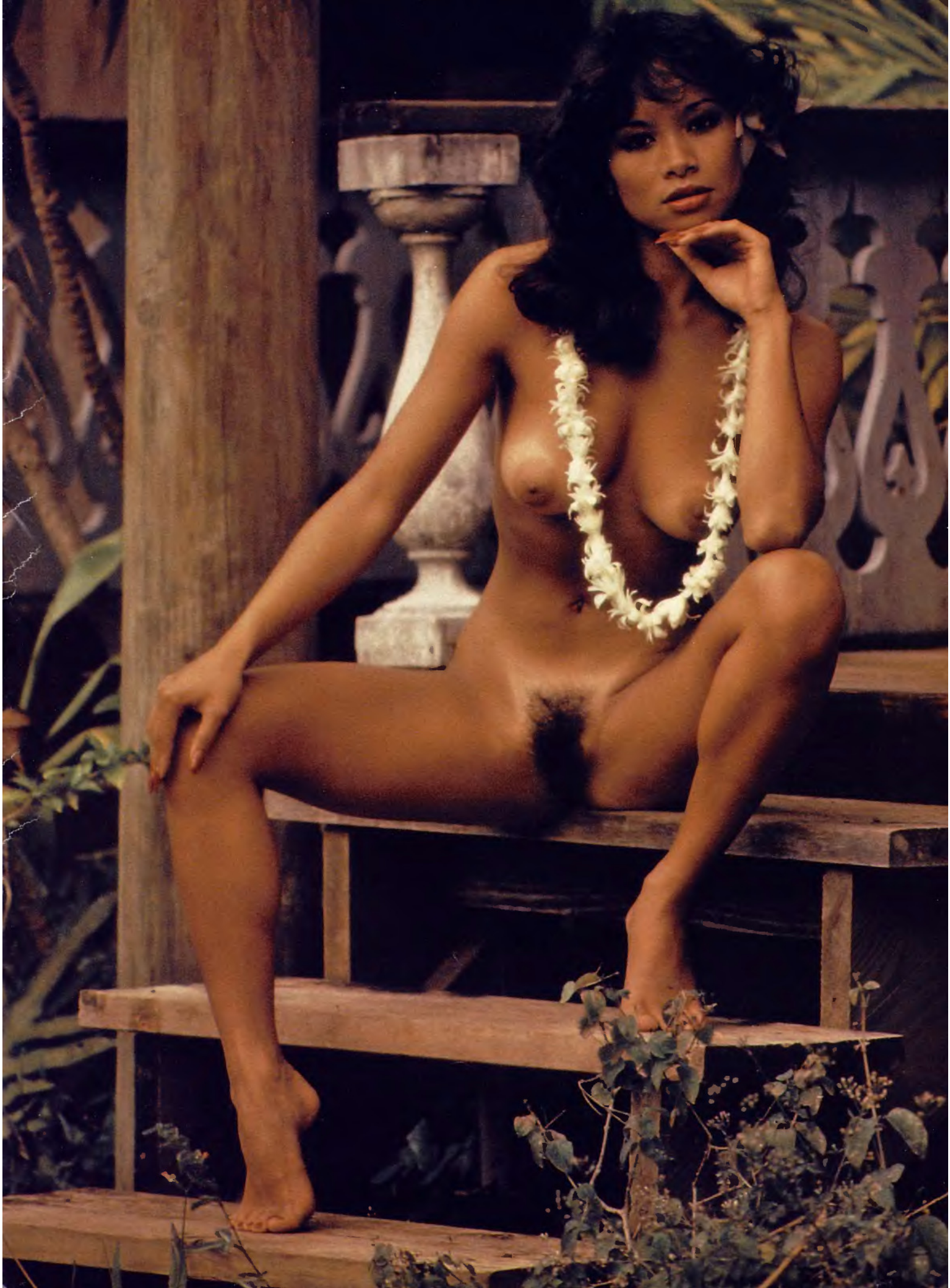
That big smile at left belongs to entertainer Don Ha's daughter Lei, a singer who looks as if she could take over as official greeter for the whole 50th state. Below, Pattie McKinley is a mermaid in dry dock at Hanauma Bay, a three-star beach on the island of Oahu. Pattie, who has a degree in social science, also owns a cookie company.

Both Mimarie Acain (above) and Carole Rose (left) work as cocktail waitresses—Mimorie in Honolulu and Carole in Kihei, Maui. Mimorie was born in Hawaii, but Carole transplanted herself to Maui from her native New England; after the death of her parents, she moved there to live with a cousin and promptly fell in love with the place.

The latter-day Lady Godiva riding through the ginger field is Leilani Ketell, daughter of a Honolulu bank vice-president; Leilani aspires to being a Bunny if we open a Playboy Club in Hawaii. At left is Honalulu boogie-board *aficionado* Sally Plada; at the top is another scenic attractian, one of Hawaii's patented sunsets.

Here's another look at Maile Seaman (above left), this time accompanied by Clarissa Matthews, who lives on an 11-acre macadamia-nut farm, and a trio of male dancers. Above right, carvings from Pu'uhanua a Honaunau sanctuary, a natianal historic park on the island af Hawaii.

Cherie Maiava (above), New York–born resident of Honolulu, is the daughter of a professional wrestler. Kehaulani Cubio (left), who's half Hawaiian, one quarter Filipino and one quarter Portuguese, lives on Maui; she hopes someday to become a "famous female vocalist." At right is Lourdes Ann Kananimanu Estores, a physical-fitness instructor who is obviously very physically fit herself. Lourdes has two ambitions: One is to be a NASA space-travel coordinator and the other is to be a PLAYBOY Playmate.



"I've told you, not when company's here!"

the hyde park frolic from *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, edited by Thomas D'Urfey, 1719

Ribald Classic

One evening, a little before it was dark,
Sing tan tara rara tantivee,
I called for my gelding and rid to Hyde Park,
On tan tara rara tantivee.
It was in the merry month of May,
When meadows and fields were gaudy and gay,
And flowers appareled as the day,
I got upon my tantivee!

The park shone brighter than the skies,
Sing tan tara rara tantivee,
With jewels, and gold, and ladies' eyes,
That sparkled, and cried: Come, see me!
Of all parts of England, Hyde Park hath the name
For coaches, and horses, and persons of fame:
It looked at first sight like a field full of flame—
Which made me ride up tantivee!

There hath not been such a sight since Adam's,
For periwig, riband and feather:
Hyde Park may be termed The Market of Madams—
Or Lady Fair, choose you whither!
Their gowns were a yard too long for their legs,
They showed like the rainbow cut into rags,
A garden of flowers, or a navy of flags,
When they did all mingle together!

Among all these ladies, I singled out one,
To prattle of love and folly.
I found her not coy, but jovial as Joan,
Or Betty, or Marget, or Molly.
With honors, and love, and stories of chances,
My spirits did move, and my blood, she advances:
With 20 quadundrums, and 55 fancies,
I'd have been at her tantivee!

We talked away time until it grew dark—
The place did begin to grow privy,
For gallants began to draw out of the park,
To their horses did gallop tantivee.
But, finding my courage a little to come,
I sent my bay gelding away by the groom,
And proffered my service to wait on her home:
In her coach we went both tantivee.

I offered and proffered, but found her strait-laced—
She cried: I shall never believe ye!
This armful of satin I bravely embraced,
And fain would have been at tantivee.
Her lodging was pleasant for scent and for sight,
She seemed like an angel by candlelight,
And, like a bold archer, I aimed at the white
Tantivee! Tantivee! Tantivee!

With many denials, she yielded at last,
Her chamber being wondrous privy,
That I all the night there might have my repast,
To run at the ring tantivee!
I pulled off my clothes and I tumbled to bed,
She went to her closet to dress up her head—
But I peeped in the keyhole to see what she did:
Which put me quite beside my tantivee!

She took off her headtire—and showed her bald pate!
Her cunning did very much grieve me!
Thought I to myself: If it were not so late,
I would home to my lodgings, believe me!
Her hair being gone, she seemed like a hag,
Her bald pate did look like an ostrich's egg.
This lady, thought I, is as right as my leg:
She hath been too much at tantivee!

The more I did peep, the more I did spy,
Which unto amazement did drive me:
She put up her finger—and out dropped her eye!
I prayed that some power would relieve me!
But now my resolve was never to trouble her,
Or venture my carcass with such a blind hobbler:
She looked, with one eye, just like Hewson the cobbler
When he used to ride tantivee!

I peeped, and was still more perplexed therewith.
Thought I: Though't be midnight, I'll leave thee!
She fetched a yawn—and out dropped her teeth:
This queen had intents to deceive me!
She drew out her handkerchief, as, I suppose,
To wipe her high forehead—off dropped her nose:
Which made me run quickly and put on my hose—
The Devil is in my tantivee!

She washed all the paint from her visage, and then
She looked just—if you will believe me!—
Like a Lancashire witch of fourscore and ten,
And, as the Devil, did drive me!
I put on my clothes, and cried: Witches and whores!
I tumbled downstairs, broke open the doors,
And down to my country again, to my boors,
Next morning I rid tantivee!

You North Country gallants that live pleasant lives,
Let not curiosity drive ye
To leave the fresh air, and your own tenants' wives,
For satin will sadly deceive ye!
For my part, I will no more be such a meacock,
To deal with the plumes of a Hyde Park peacock,
But find out a russet-coat wench and a haycock—
And there I will ride tantivee!

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

sports

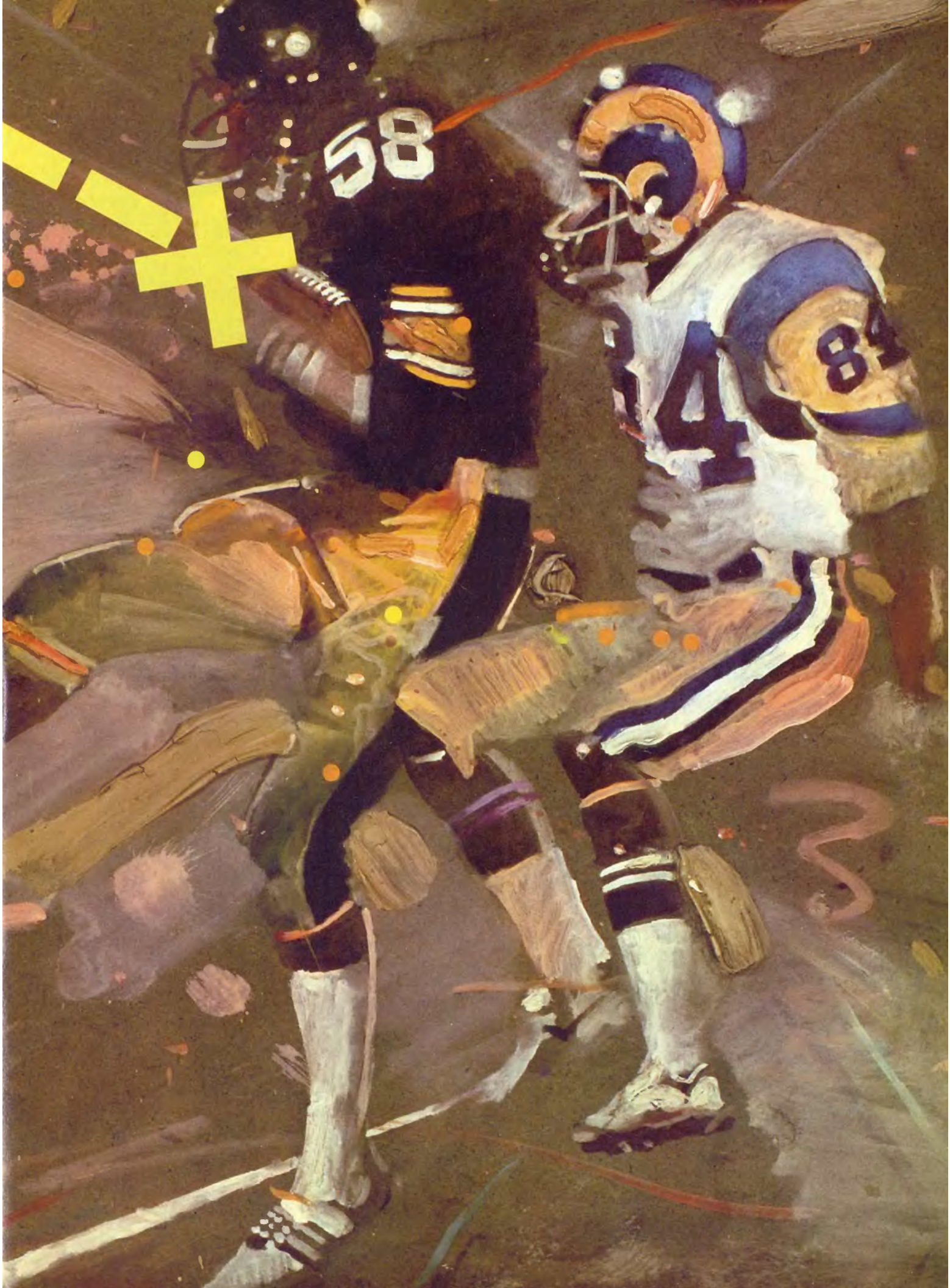
By ANSON MOUNT

an early line on teams and players in both conferences of the n.f.l.

IN THE GARISH LITTLE WORLD of professional football, none of the denizens are so enigmatic—so protected, privileged, pampered and so generally inept in their duties—as the franchise owners. Few of us ordinary fans are ever aware of their foibles, follies or fuck-ups, because they are protectively screened by a battalion of public-relations guards and treated with fearful deference by most of the sports press. Suitably obsequious writers and television reporters are continually treated to cornucopious hospitality by front-office moguls—expensive booze, lavish buffets, free rides on the team plane to and from out-of-town games, and a variety of goodies and gifts carefully tendered so as to avoid an appearance of bribery. Any ingrate who treads on an owner's ego will soon find his supply of

Super Bowl XIV: With 5:24 left in the game and Pittsburgh ahead only 24–19, the Rams have the ball on the Steelers' 32-yard line, first and ten. Quarterback Vince Ferragamo lofts a pass to wide receiver Ron Smith, but Steeler linebacker Jack Lambert intercepts it on his 14-yard line and returns it to the 30. Eight plays later, Steeler juggernaut Franco Harris scores again, and it's all over. Final score: Pittsburgh 31, Los Angeles 19.

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN HOFFMAN


58
84

PLAYBOY'S 1980 PRE-SEASON ALL-PRO TEAM

OFFENSE

Lynn Swann, Pittsburgh	Wide Receiver
John Jefferson, San Diego	Wide Receiver
Dave Casper, Oakland	Tight End
Pat Donovan, Dallas	Tackle
Marvin Powell, New York Jets	Tackle
John Hannah, New England	Guard
Joe DeLamielleure, Buffalo	Guard
Mike Webster, Pittsburgh	Center
Terry Bradshaw, Pittsburgh	Quarterback
Earl Campbell, Houston	Running Back
Ottis Anderson, St. Louis	Running Back
Toni Fritsch, Houston	Place Kicker

DEFENSE

Lee Roy Selmon, Tampa Bay	End
Jack Youngblood, Los Angeles	End
Louie Kelcher, San Diego	Tackle
Randy White, Dallas	Tackle
Randy Gradishar, Denver	Middle Linebacker
Brad Van Pelt, New York Giants	Outside Linebacker
Robert Brazile, Houston	Outside Linebacker
Lemar Parrish, Washington	Cornerback
Louis Wright, Denver	Cornerback
Gary Fencik, Chicago	Free Safety
Mike Reinfeldt, Houston	Strong Safety
Bob Grupp, Kansas City	Punter
Rick Upchurch, Denver	Kick Returner

THIS SEASON'S WINNERS

N.F.C. Eastern Division	Dallas Cowboys
N.F.C. Central Division	Chicago Bears
N.F.C. Western Division	Los Angeles Rams

N.F.C. Play-offs .... Los Angeles Rams

A.F.C. Eastern Division	New England Patriots
A.F.C. Central Division	Pittsburgh Steelers
A.F.C. Western Division	San Diego Chargers

A.F.C. Play-offs .... Pittsburgh Steelers

SUPER BOWL .... LOS ANGELES RAMS

his favorite Scotch sorely diminished. This writer once mistook multizillionaire Clint Murchison, Jr., for a hotel-service attendant at a Dallas Cowboys press reception, and Murchison's nose was out of joint for weeks.

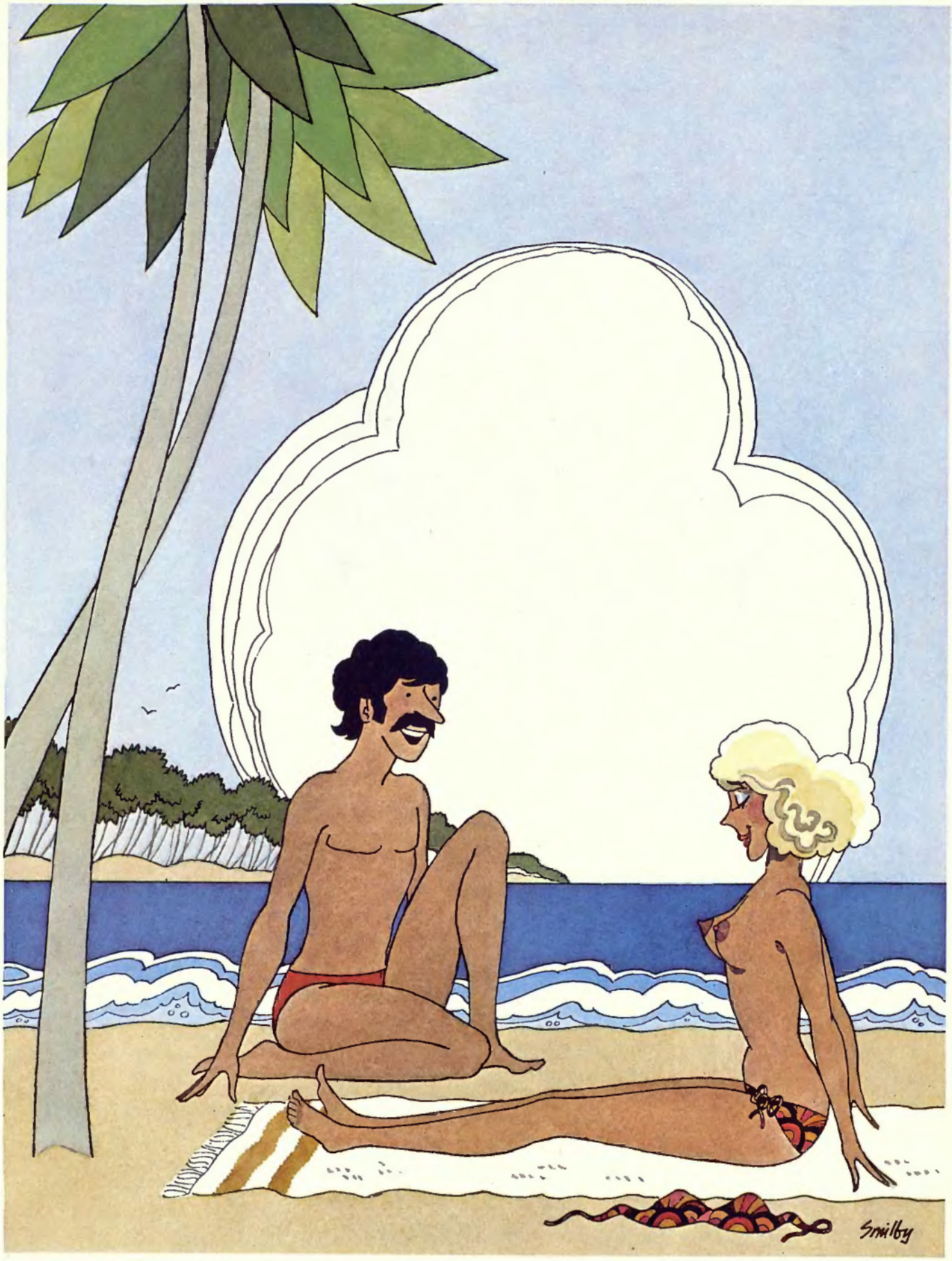
Despite the protective cover, a few of the franchise owners have managed to reveal themselves to a startled public. Robert Irsay is almost a public-relations disaster in Baltimore and Bud Adams is invited to play Scrooge in every Christmas play in Houston.

Professional-football franchise owners fall roughly into three categories: first, the grand old men—widely beloved father figures who helped found and build the game into the show-business empire that exists today, men who owned franchises decades ago, when star halfbacks made $5000 per season and it was sometimes difficult to meet the weekly payroll. Such owners, few now, are epitomized by George Halas of the Chicago Bears and Pittsburgh's Art Rooney.

Nearly as scarce as the living legends are the owners who are mature businessmen—who see their franchises as sound financial investments, turn the everyday operations over to general managers and avoid sportswriters and television cameras. Lamar Hunt of the Kansas City Chiefs and Dallas owner Murchison set the entrepreneurial style and have been joined by such latter-day stabilizers as Seattle's Elmer Nordstrom and Tampa Bay's Hugh Culverhouse.

Most of the other owners are exceedingly wealthy men who need an ego crutch. Typically, such franchise proprietors acquired their wealth more or less accidentally. One happened to own a few thousand acres of sand and sagebrush on which someone discovered oil. Another happened to be in the construction business at the onset of a building boom and was lucky enough to have a relative on the zoning board. Another got very rich by selling used cars, Madman Muntz fashion, during World War Two. Such men, without the kiss of fortune, might well be driving delivery trucks today; but with the onset of great riches, an ego crisis occurs. Despite their affluence, they find that people who live two blocks away have never heard of them; headwaiters ignore them. So they buy professional-football teams, and all of a sudden, strangers recognize them on the street, headwaiters become instantly attentive and almost any day they can open the local newspaper to the sports pages and see their names in print. Such owners have a proclivity for hiring and firing coaches and general managers in the glare of publicity, for ordering their coaches to play (or not to play) certain quarterbacks, for grandstanding before television cameras and for otherwise

(continued on page 178)



"Why, Miss Fanshawe—Jennifer—without your bra you're—you're beautiful!"

Enter the Natural Light $15,000 Switchstakes!

It's $15,000 worth of easy money! Just name the five athletes shown above who switched to Natural Light beer and you'll qualify for the Switchstakes drawing. Here's what you can win:

GRAND PRIZE: All expenses paid trip for two (2 days, 3 nights) to one of the following sporting events with the appropriate athlete: Super Bowl, NCAA Basketball Finals, Heavyweight Championship Fight (WBA or WBC in Continental U.S.), or Opening Game of the World Series.

10 FIRST PRIZES: $500 worth of **Wilson**® Sporting Equipment (winner's choice).

25 SECOND PRIZES: $100 worth of **Wilson**® Sporting Equipment (winner's choice).

100 RUNNER-UP PRIZES: Natural Light Equipment Bags.

TOTAL PRIZE VALUE: $15,000!

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to Natural Light.

Natural Light. Taste is why you'll switch.

HERE'S HOW TO ENTER. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.

1. Complete the official entry form or on a 3" x 5" plain piece of paper write the names of the five Natural Light athletes along with your name, address and zip code. Mail your entry to: Natural Light Switchstakes, P.O. Box 1980, Dallas, TX 75221.
2. Switchstakes ends September 15, 1980. All entries must be received by Sept. 22, 1980. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately. Winners will be determined by random drawing from among all entries received. Random drawings will be under the supervision of Fulfillment Center U.S.A., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this offer.
3. This Sweepstakes is open to residents of the United States who are of legal drinking age in their state at the time of entry, except employees and their families of Anheuser-Busch, Inc., their distributors, their affiliates, their subsidiaries, their advertising agencies, Promotion Resource, Inc. Fulfillment Center U.S.A., all retailer licensees, and the families of each. Offer void in California, Michigan and wherever prohibited by law. Void via retail store participation in the state of Maryland.
4. All entries received will be entered into the Sweepstakes.
5. No substitution for prizes will be permitted. Taxes on prizes are the responsibility of the prize winner.
6. Odds of winning will be determined by number of entries.
7. For a list of major prize winners, send a separate self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Natural Light Switchstakes, Box 2, Dallas, TX 75221.

You must be of legal drinking age at time of entry.

Name _____

Address _____

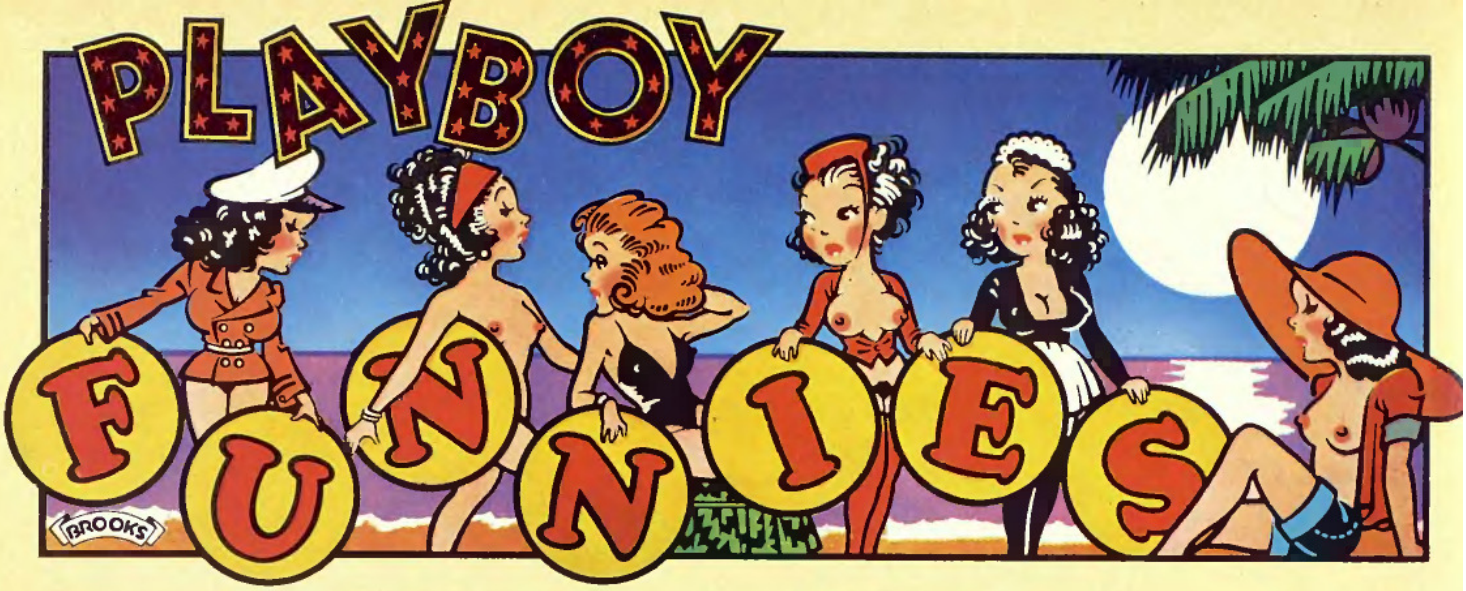
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

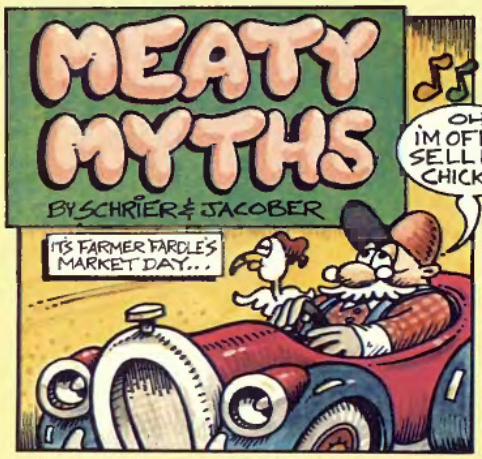
List below the five athletes who switched to Natural Light beer:

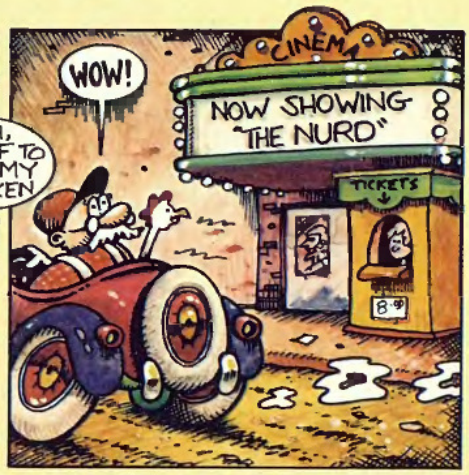
1. _____ 2. _____

3. _____ 4. _____

5. _____

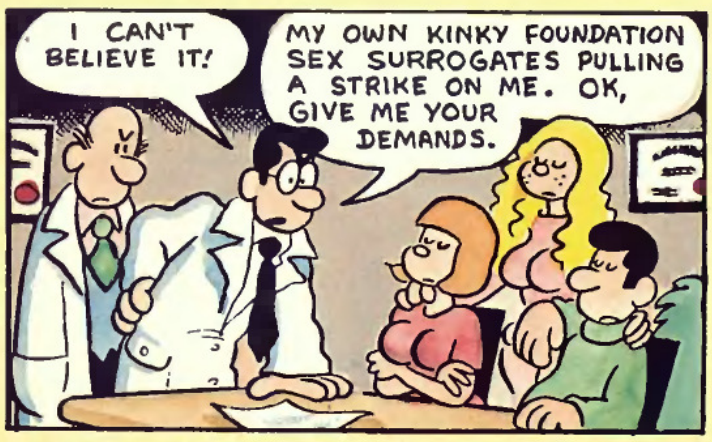


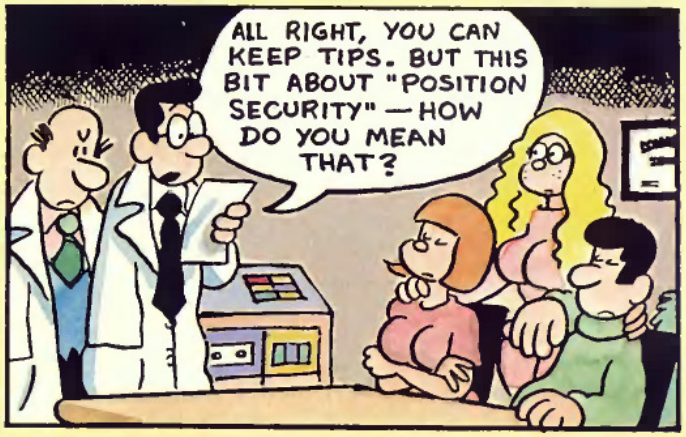




The Kinky Report

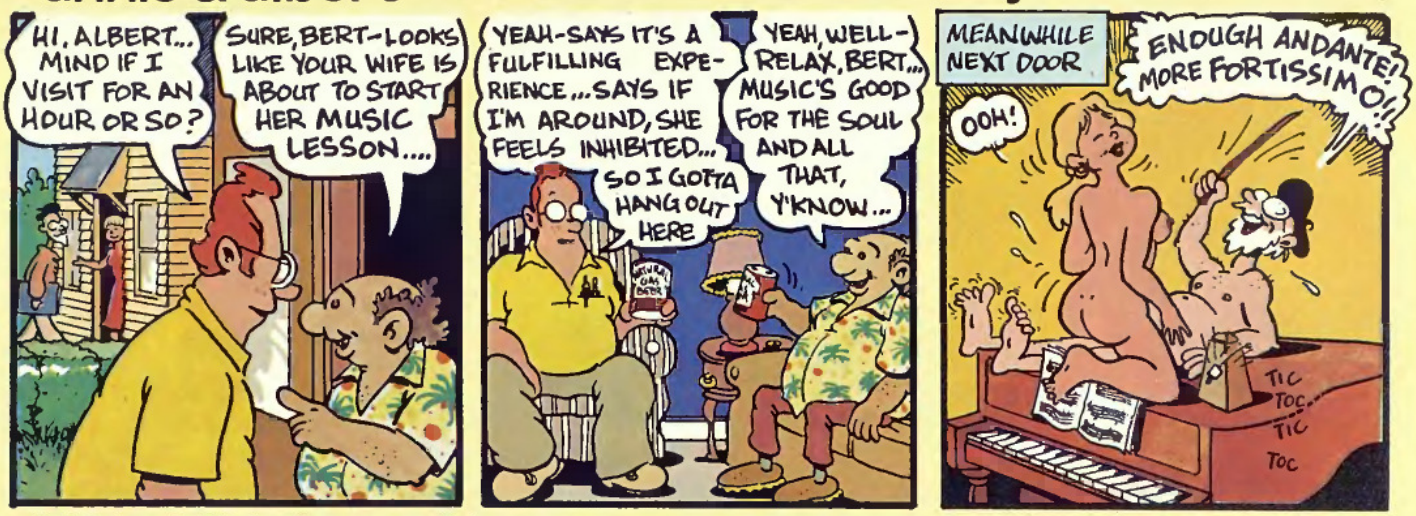
by Christopher Browne





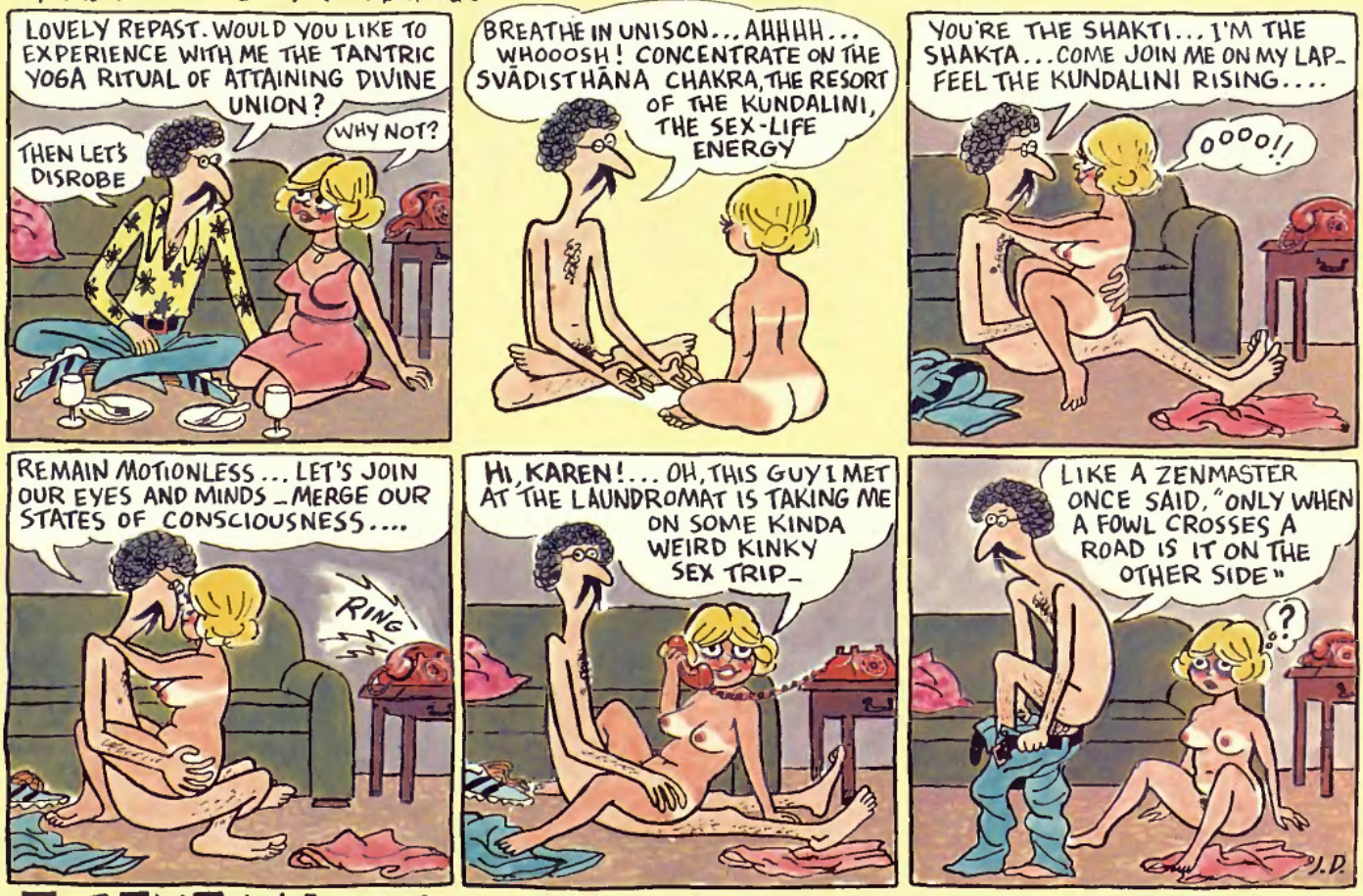
annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard



HOLISTIC HARRY

BY J. DELMAR

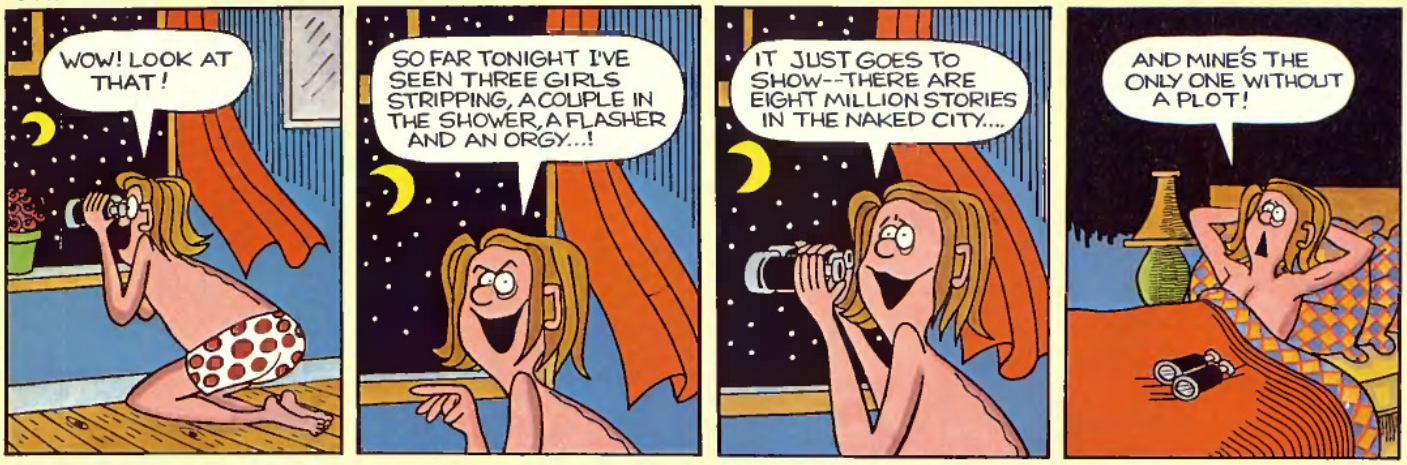


5 CENT MARY

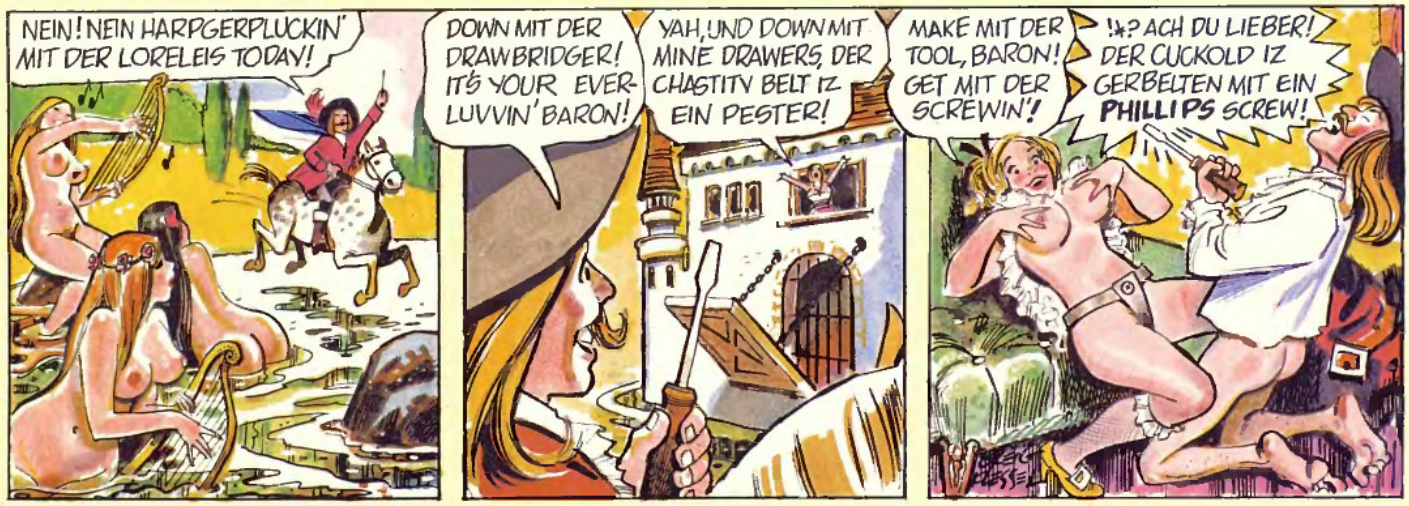
BY E N O S

THE LONER

By Frank Baginski & Reynolds Dodson



THE TALES OF BARON VON FURSTINBED



REG'LAR RABBIT

MOONSHINE McJUGS
BY FRANK THORNE
THEY'S SPIRIT FOLK LIVIN' IN THESE PARTS, MIZZ MOONSHINE. KIN YO' HEAR 'EM?
HOOEEHOO
THEY'S SAYIN'— MOONSHINE, HOW COME YOU ALLOWS ZEB 'N' HOOTCH 'N' FLEM TO BANG THET PATCH O' YOURS!
THEY'S ASKIN'— HOW COME YO' DENIES PO' BARF McBUNS EQUAL BANGIN' TIME?
I ONLY HEARS YOU—BARF McBUNS, TRYIN' TO TALK ME OUTA MAH HALTER 'N' SHORTS.
HOOEEAHOO
THEM SPIRITS SAYS—FEUDIN' IS WRONG, 'SPECIALLY BETWEEN TH' McJUGS 'N' TH' McBUNS.
SPIRIT CRITTER, SPEAK MO' CLEAR LIKE.
REMOVES YO' CLOTHIN', CHILE. FEUDIN' IS SINNIN'.
THET AIN'T NO ENCHANTED FOLK, THET'S YO' BROTHER, CROTCH McBUNS--
--HE GOT TH' LONGEST DANGLE IN YO' WHOLE FAMILY!
SPIRIT! I SUSPECT YOU BEEN TAPPIN' MOONSHINE, SAME AS TH' REST--
--BUT YO' SURE AIN'T THE HEAVIEST HUNG O' TH' CLAN!
I KIN PROVE IT!
HANG PORK!
HUNG!
WELL, MOONSHINE, YOU BE JEDGE.
HUMM, BARF DO HAVE A TRIFLE EDGE AT FIRST GLANCE — BUT CROTCH WINS.
'COUNTA WHAT?!
'COUNTA HE GOT A KNOT TIED IN HIS.

"Last year I switched to rum. This year I graduated to Myers's Rum."

White rums may be what you learn on. But Myers's dark rum will advance your education. It will teach you just how good tasting rum can be. Because with Myers's Rum you get a smoother, softer taste that comes from master-blending.

What makes Myers's precious imported rum cost more, makes Myers's taste better. In cola, soda, fruit juice or any of your favorite mixers.

IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY FRED L. MYERS & SON CO. BALTIMORE, MD

MYERS'S MAKES IT BETTER. Taste how Myers's improves on cola, soda, tonic, fruit juice. Free Recipe Book: Myers's Rum Recipe Book, Dept. PB, P.O. Box 4605, Westbury, New York 11590. Offer expires December 31, 1980.

MAN & WOMAN

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

COUPLE THERAPY

Couple therapy operates on the premise that if either or both members of a close relationship suffer prolonged periods of dissatisfaction, there's probably something seriously wrong with the structure of the relationship itself. With a therapist who functions as a combination coach, referee and cheerleader, the disgruntled pair dissects its relationship to determine whether or not it will continue and, if so, what changes to make. In other words, the couple lay their cards on the table and the counselor helps them decide if it's time to hold 'em, fold 'em, walk away or run.

Men, moreover, are finding couple therapy an increasingly effective way to cope with women's escalating demands and expectations. The American Association for Marriage and Family Therapy, whose 7500 members are currently treating 300,000 couples, reports that whereas ten years ago the male initiated treatment in fewer than 20 percent of the cases, today it runs about 50-50. And there is reason to believe that men are even more dependent on continuing relationships than women: A recent survey showed that divorced men remarry much sooner than women, within two to four years.

PAIRING OFF

A.A.M.F.T. executive director Dr. C. Ray Fowler tells how couples can distinguish routine cyclical slumps from situations requiring therapy. "When the feeling by one or both persons that he or she isn't getting what they expected out of the relationship persists for several months, they ought to summon the courage to go for treatment."

Courage is *de rigueur*, because the going is guaranteed rough, particularly in the beginning of therapy, when the couple unearths a lot of buried dirt. Astonishing revelations emerge on matters trivial and great: You learn she never has liked the way you kiss. You admit you loathe her brother. Sex is no longer fun; in fact, it's no longer much of anything but a memory. . . . It gets grim.

To facilitate communication, therapists often assign homework. Drs. Leon and Shirley Zussman of New York prescribe a "sharing expectations" exercise in which the couple exchange comprehensive lists of everything they want from the relationship.

When basic problems are defined, the therapist may take a more active part in the treatment. If sex is the big hangup—as it often is—the counselor might either slap on a moratorium until the situation lightens up or prescribe specific sexual exercises. If it's mainly a case of unequal growth, the counselor may suggest activities the couple can share or do separately. If sex-role stereotyping is the root of all evil, the therapist may help the pair reorganize the household routine.

The explicit goal of couple therapy, which usually lasts from three to six months, is neither saving relationships at any cost nor pulling the plug. Its purpose is to examine the situation and establish unanimity of sentiment among the warring parties. Even so, the "hold 'em" rate is remarkably high: Therapists believe about 60 percent of the couples they treat remain together.

Regardless of results, couple therapy is an unforgettable ordeal. "No way we'd be together today without it," claims a Boston high school teacher. "It scared the hell out of both of us by revealing aspects of our personalities we never wanted to see. But the important thing is that we went through it together. We both know what's there, so we never have to mention it."

A San Francisco adman isn't sure what hit him: "We hated every minute—the sessions, the rinky-dink exercises and especially our counselor, whom I consider a mind-fucking psycho. He united us against him by acting like a two-bit Ayatollah who held our happiness hostage. I don't know if we stayed together because of or in spite of the therapy. I'm tempted to say the operation was a failure, but the patient lived."

SHRINK RAPPING

If you do decide on couple therapy, don't panic and don't buy the first shrink you see. The act of agreeing to get therapy provides a rush of temporary relief and the personality of the therapist is too crucial a factor to determine in haste.

Although male-female therapy teams are increasingly common, most couple counseling is done by one who, unfortunately, will be a member of your own sex or that of your mate. You might feel as ganged up against with a staunch feminist therapist as she would with a guy from your fraternity. And even if the therapist is impeccably impartial, the presumed sexual bias can be used to discount unpalatable elements of the treatment.

Couple therapists may be licensed psychiatrists, psychologists, psychiatric social workers—or none of the above. The American Association for Marriage and Family Therapy (924 West Ninth, Upland, California 91786) provides names of accredited members in your area, all with at least a master's degree in the behavioral sciences and two years of supervised clinical experience. Most reputable counselors will agree to half-price half-hour preliminary consultations. Take the trouble to check out five or six before deciding on one you both feel you can work with.

Couple therapy usually runs from $25 to $50 an hour and Dr. Fowler strongly advocates a cost-effective consumeristic approach. "Decide what your marriage is worth. You've already spent thousands on it. Why not commit $500 to finding a psychotherapist who knows what he or she's doing and can treat your problem with the focus you want? Through the process, whatever its outcome, you will realize yourselves as adult human beings and terminate the stage of adolescent idiocy once and for all."

—THEODORE FISCHER

The new Minolta Weathermatic-A lets you take pictures where you could never use an ordinary camera before.

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POINTED FACTS ABOUT STEREO CARTRIDGES

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

It's so small you may not even know it is there. Indeed, most of the time all you see of it is a small metal projection popularly called the needle—though by now you may have graduated to the more sophisticated term stylus. We're talking, of course, about the cartridge or pickup at the end of the tonearm on a record player, whose job it is to translate the mute wiggles engraved in the record groove into an electrical replica. This signal eventually becomes the sound you hear.

BASIC PICKUPS

Piezoelectric cartridges were the earliest type, and they are still offered in the lowest-priced phonographs. In this pickup, a sliver of crystal or ceramic, stressed by the stylus vibrations, generates a voltage. The signal produced is about the same in amplitude as that from a radio tuner or from a tape deck through its built-in preamp. The action of this pickup is fairly stiff, so it does not respond fully to the wiggles in the groove. The best models, though, will respond enough to produce a recognizable replica of the sound. Aside from the proprietary brands found in phonographs of given manufacture, the best-known names for replacement models are Astatic and Sonotone. Prices run from about $4 to $18, depending mostly on the associated hardware supplied for fitting into a given record player. Many of these cartridges are the turn-around kind with two styluses—one for the older 78 rpms, the other for all microgroove discs (45 and 33 rpm).

Magnetics are the favored pickups for hi-fi use. Instead of getting the stylus to exert a force against a physical body, all the magnetic pickup demands of the stylus is that it vibrate within a magnetic field. The stylus thus has a much easier time of it and can respond more faithfully, and with less effort. The result is an electrical signal that is a much closer analog of the wiggles in the record groove. The magnetic pickup also is lighter and has less mass than the ceramic. It thus can be used at lower tracking forces, conducive to longer record life.

The magnetics cost considerably more than the piezoelectric types. Prices start at $35 and range upward into the hundreds. They demand better-balanced and lower-friction tonearms and they also furnish a lower signal voltage that must be both preamplified and equalized (hence the special input jacks for such pickups on all standard hi-fi amplifiers and receivers). In one type of magnetic pickup—the moving-coil model—the signal output is so low that it needs "preamplification," which is usually supplied by a separate little box, or it may be, in a few rare cases, built into a regular amplifier or receiver.

Until recently, the moving-coil pickups were a minority group, but lately they have expanded into a sizable offering by several companies. Moving-coil-pickup partisans insist that these types sound better. One favored argument is that they can present more inner detailing of complex instrumental passages.

THE WILD BUNCH

Some maverick approaches to pickup design don't conform to any of the existing broad categories. One is the electret type announced by two companies, Stax and Micro-Acoustics ($480 and up to $200, respectively). The Stax comes with a demodulator that produces an equalized preamplified signal that can be connected directly into a line-level input. Another novel design is the ribbon pickup ($275) made by Nagatronics. Like the moving-coil type, which it superficially resembles, the ribbon pickup requires signal boosting. Another offbeat design is the strain-gauge pickup (Precision Fidelity, $300), in which a D.C.-polarized conductive element has its resistance varied to produce the signal. And yet another is the semiconductor pickup from Win Laboratories. In this $550 model, a transistorlike element responds to the nudges from the stylus.

PICKING A PICKUP

With literally hundreds of pickups on the market, no one critic could be expected to have tried them all. I have sampled a fair number and can tell you what I prefer, though, as with speakers, a good deal of purely personal taste enters the picture. If I had to choose a favorite from the standard magnetics (other than moving-coil models), it would be the Shure V-15 Type IV. But I also liked the qualities of the AKG P8E, the Acutex 320, the Empire EDR-9, the Ortofon Concorde 30 or the LM-30, the Sonus Blue and the Stanton 681EEE or 881S. Prices for these range from $115 to $200. In moving-coil pickups, I would certainly rate the Ortofon MC-30 with the very best of any type, and well it should be at its price of $600—plus another few hundred for a suitable booster.

These are all top-of-the-line (or near top) models. Lower-priced versions also are available. The trick is to mate the best pickup you can afford with the particular tonearm on your record player. Many companies publish lists that suggest such matings. If you're in doubt, a simple plan is to balance the tonearm with the cartridge installed and set the tracking force to the amount recommended for that cartridge. Then play a record with very loud and complex instrumental passages. If the pickup stays with the groove, if you hear no chatter or observe no groove skipping, that's it. The worst thing to do in this test is to increase the tracking force beyond the recommended maximum just in order to keep the stylus in the groove. That can damage both the stylus and the record.

It's easy to be swayed by the often arcane jargon that may be directed at you by a strong partisan of one type or another of phono cartridge. Instead, try to listen to the record being played. Choosing a pickup is a lot like choosing a speaker. It has to sound right to you. And remember, a stylus' worst enemy is dirt. Keep it—and your records—clean.—NORMAN EISENBERG

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There's a reason so many sports car enthusiasts who own a truck, own a Toyota SR-5 Sport Truck. It's more than just the presence of a 5-speed transmission, or bucket seats. Call it a feeling, the way everything works together. Because "feel" is what sports cars, and the SR-5, are all about.

You'll know what we mean the moment you start the 2.2 liter engine. It pulls hard, yet the 5-speed shifts into gear with a light, precise feel many genuine sports cars can't match.

The standard power assisted front disc brakes snug the SR-5 to a clean stop, but there's hardly a pip from the tight, all-welded cab. And the standard AM/FM stereo radio, full carpeting, and blacked-out instrument faces enhance the sporty atmosphere inside.

Everything working in harmony—that's the feeling the Toyota SR-5 Sport Truck shares with good sports cars. *PICKUP, VAN & 4WD* Magazine got the feeling. They put it this way, "...this is how a small truck built by BMW would drive and feel if BMW built small trucks."

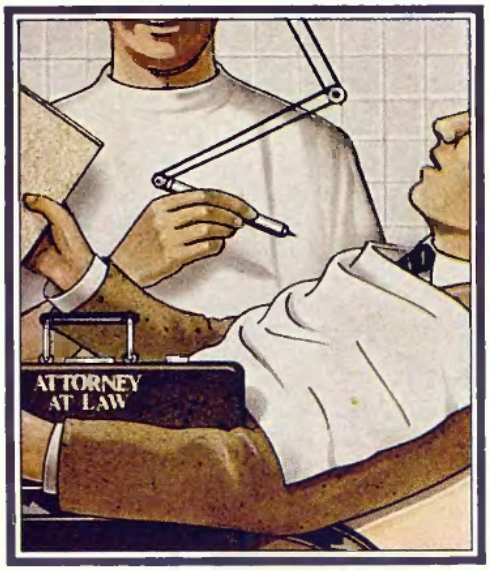
THE SR-5 SPORT TRUCK. THE SPORTS CAR OF TRUCKS.

WHY BUY WHEN YOU CAN BARTER?

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

If the last thing you traded was a picture of Mickey Mantle that smelled of bubble gum, you probably haven't been approached by one of the more than 400 barter exchanges that have sprung up in the U. S. over the past three or four years. With the Internal Revenue Service keeping an anxious eye on the proceedings, thousands of individual businessmen and corporations are learning that barter can provide the equivalent of wholesale buying power. So dentists fill cavities in exchange for new office carpeting, lawyers prepare wills to get a week in the Caribbean and a restaurant owner serves his best steak and a bottle of wine in a swap for a new pair of shoes.

While barter may not be everyone's key to beating inflation, chances are that any product or service you can provide will have more value in trade than in sale.



HOW BARTER EXCHANGES WORK

Barter exchanges have gone far beyond the concept of one-on-one trading. They have become clearinghouses for anyone who wants to turn the margin of profit on his product or service into the opportunity to buy at wholesale. For either a 10–15 percent cut or an initiation fee of between $100 and $300 and dues averaging about the same, you can join this pool of traders. The barter exchange will issue you a credit card that serves as identification and as a method of recording your transactions. You'll also receive a list of goods and services, anything from a can of dog food to an 80-foot yacht.

When you make a purchase, its retail value is debited from your account in the form of trade dollars. When you provide a product or service, its value is credited to your account. Those credits can be used whenever you wish with any other member of the exchange. The exchange may take a commission of 10–15 percent, in trade dollars, cash or a combination of both, on every purchase you make. A monthly recap of those transactions is issued in a form resembling a checking-account statement.

Many barter companies are organized to handle large commercial trades—anything from a one-time trade of product for national advertising to representation on an ongoing basis. Such companies will consider almost any proposed trade; they estimate a successful completion rate of almost 100 percent.

WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU

The benefit realized by trading is directly related to the amount of profit built into the retail cost of the product or service you provide. Although you offer your product or service for trade at its retail value, the actual cost to you is your time, overhead or the wholesale price you paid. Obviously, the bigger your profit margin, the more you benefit from trade. So if you sell a product for $200 that cost you $50 wholesale, you have gained $150 in buying power. If you are a doctor or a lawyer, you can turn open time slots into dollars. And because you are joining a pool of traders, you may gain additional business.

There is, however, a slight catch. Even though no money exchanges hands, increased value is received for product or service and the burden is on your shoulders to declare that margin of profit as taxable income. The temptation not to do so is what worries the IRS. Its agents have enough trouble figuring out how you averaged two business lunches a day last year without having to worry about every trade you may have made.

WHAT TO LOOK FOR

If you are entertaining the idea of joining a barter exchange, here's a check list of things to consider:

1. Anticipate personal and business needs and check the exchange's membership list to see if its trade possibilities match those needs. If they don't, membership would be of limited value.

2. Be sure the barter exchange is not too heavily stocked with purveyors of the product or service *you* plan to provide. If you're a lawyer and 60 other lawyers already belong, you can anticipate difficulty getting your share of the business.

3. Look for an exchange that will direct business your way. Many provide free advertising in the form of a newsletter.

4. Determine the exchange's willingness to get involved with any problems that might arise from inferior workmanship or product. If you cannot arrive at an agreement with the other party involved, the exchange should step in and resolve the difficulty.

5. If you deal with a low profit margin, be sure the barter company will tack a surcharge onto your product, so that you receive adequate buying power.

6. Ask for a list of members and contact a random sample. See how they feel about the exchange.

7. As frustrating as it might seem, many barter companies place an initial limit on the amount you can make in trade purchases. That is actually beneficial. It prevents you from going in the hole before a market for your goods or services has been established and is an indication that the company is concerned about a balance of trade and is not just out to make its commission.

AND IF YOU WANT TO JOIN

A national newspaper, *Barter Communique*, can keep you current. Priced at $20 for a two-year subscription (four issues), it's available from Full Circle Marketing Corp., 5700 Midnight Pass Road, Sarasota, Florida 33581. Two other firms that will answer your questions and direct you to an exchange in your area are Columbus Trade Exchange, 7870 Olentangy River Road, Columbus, Ohio 43085, and National Commerce Exchange, 6501 Loisdale Court, Springfield, Virginia 22150. Good trading!

—EUGENE F. QUINTANO

PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

(continued from page 164)

"Don't look for any changes in Pittsburgh this season, except for the Steelers to be stronger than ever."

displaying the intemperance of an adolescent.

Some such owners tend to cool off after a few years of being embarrassed by the reports of their behavior in the morning newspapers (self-recognition often occurs under an ice pack). Nevertheless, the more mature members of the N.F.L. owners' fraternity, having gained the balance of power in recent years, have decided that no such yo-yos will ever again be allowed to buy a franchise. Recent expansion clubs have been characterized by extremely stable front-office operations and any future owners will be mercilessly screened. It will, alas, be a duller world.

Front-office shenanigans notwithstanding, the real fun and games are still on the field. So let's take a look at the prospects for the coming season.

EASTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

New England Patriots	10–6
Miami Dolphins	9–7
Baltimore Colts	7–9
New York Jets	6–10
Buffalo Bills	6–10

This time a year ago, New England fans were wondering how destructive to team morale would be the precipitous departure of former coach Chuck Fairbanks. But before the season's opening game, players, press and fans alike realized that Fairbanks' defection to Colorado was the best thing that ever happened to them. New coach Ron Erhardt's personal and coaching styles were a vivid and happy contrast to those of his predecessor. The nattily dressed Fairbanks had remained aloof in his coaching tower during practice; Erhardt rubbed shoulders with the players during drills, developed a sense of kinship with them and restructured the entire routine of training camp to provide more personal contact between coaches and players. The result is that the Patriots are a stable and cohesive squad. They will enter this season much better prepared than last year and, with a large number of mature and veteran players, will have an excellent chance to take the division championship.

One of Erhardt's more successful innovations—and an example of the mutual respect and confidence he has built with his players—has been to allow quarterback Steve Grogan to call 90 percent of his own plays in the huddle, a virtually unheard-of arrangement among pro clubs. But the ploy has worked beautifully, giving Grogan much more time to call audibles at the line of scrimmage. As a result, the Patriots (who had been known as a running team in previous years) became an excellent passing team last season.

Erhardt went into the draft looking for new blood for the defensive line because the current starters are aging, plus another big running back to either replace or back up Sam Cunningham. He got Steve McMichael and Doug McDougald for the first need and Vagas Ferguson for the second, but the prime catch of the draft for the Patriots was defensive back Roland James.

Fullback Larry Csonka seems to have an invigorating influence on the Miami Dolphins. Before his departure for the ill-fated World Football League, the Dolphins won four division championships in a row. Miami went into a slump during Csonka's four-year absence, then won the division title again last year after his return. Another key ingredient of the team's success is the leadership of quarterback Bob Griese, who briefly lost his starting job to backup Don Strock after the Dolphin offense had been sluggish the first three fourths of last season. Strock was knocked dizzy in his first start, Griese took over again and led the Dolphins to three straight wins and the division championship.

But the main reason for the perennial potency of the Miami team is head coach Don Shula, whose most important asset is the ability to teach his charges how not to make mistakes. The Dolphins have been the least penalized team in the N.F.L. each of the past four seasons, and when they do get beat, the other team has to *earn* the victory. Perhaps more than any other coach in the league, Shula believes in being prepared. He has plans for every conceivable game situation and every possible injury.

Shula's priority plan as this season approaches is to upgrade his defensive backfield. With all the jet-propelled wide receivers in the league, very quick and fast defensive backs are a principal (but often unrecognized) key to team success. Rookie Don McNeal, therefore, should become a starter his first year.

The bad news in Baltimore is that the combination of owner Robert Irsay's cheap theatrics and the team's victory drought has badly hurt attendance. An average of only 40,000 fans showed up for home games last season, the worst showing in 20 years. Probably nothing can be done about Irsay, but the prospects for more wins is again bright, thanks largely to the return of once-again healthy quarterback Bert Jones.

Football is a game in which success is so dependent on effective team play that rarely is a single player so influential as Jones has been in Baltimore. The Colts have won every game he has completed the past two years. Since 1975, the Colts' record has been 35–16 with Jones at quarterback—5–20 without him. Thus, when Jones was sidelined with a dislocated shoulder for the second year in a row last September, it was like the recurrence of a horrible nightmare for Baltimore fans. And as the season opens, hope for the Colts' revival is once again premised on Jones's full recovery. Other major assets are Joe Washington, undoubtedly the best combination rusher-receiver in the land, and a splendid young linebacking corps.

The Colts' major weakness is a lack of top-grade receivers. The draft didn't solve that problem, but it did bring this year's best runner, Curtis Dickey.

The Jets finished strong last December after the press and fans had written them off—they won eight games for their second straight break-even season. If the upturn is to continue, coach Walt Michaels will have to find some immediate reinforcements for a woefully weak defensive crew that is especially vulnerable to passing attacks, thanks to a nonexistent pass rush. In some games last season, Michaels was forced to play six rookies on the defensive unit. The Jets do have a few bright spots on the squad. The offensive line, made up mostly of anonymous younger players, is one of the best anywhere. Wesley Walker is a superb receiver when he's healthy and the runners are consistent, unspectacular and dependable, and they rarely fumble.

An intangible—but very real—ingredient in the Jets' prospects for success is a healthy team morale resulting from Michaels' avoidance of the star system that was so evident during the Joe Namath era. It's hoped that much improvement will come this season with the added maturity of the team's many young players. That is especially true of quarterback Richard Todd, whose future potential is enormous. Much additional help was expected from a productive draft in which the main need was for a couple of ornery pass rushers. Instead, the Jets used their first pick for wide receiver Johnny Jones and got almost no help for the defensive line.

The Buffalo fans were delighted with a 1979 season that produced only seven victories—at season's onset, it looked as though the Bills would be lucky to avoid a shutout. The main reasons for the relative success were the gleanings from a spectacularly successful draft that produced four immediate starters and an unprecedented performance by quarterback Joe Ferguson. The Bills, therefore, are going into this season with optimism,

"Now, there, Victor, is a real foxhound!"

but they still need a lot of help. Their running game is probably the worst in the league and the squad is still paper thin, with only one quality player available at most positions. A few badly placed injuries could be devastating.

The Bills' progress since coach Chuck Knox took over in 1978 is obvious to all, but the squad is still at least a dozen quality players away from vying for a division title. The last draft, however, did produce three gems, center Jim Richter, runner Joe Cribbs and tight end Mark Brammer.

CENTRAL DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Pittsburgh Steelers	12–4
Houston Oilers	10–6
Cleveland Browns	7–9
Cincinnati Bengals	6–10

Don't look for any changes in Pittsburgh this season, except for the Steelers to be stronger than ever. They were the best team in the league last season with a rash of injuries that would have scuttled the hopes of most franchises. Everyone has healed, an equivalent rash of breaks and strains isn't likely to happen again and all the experience garnered last fall by the younger players should give the team depth.

Opposing scouts look in vain for a weakness in the Steeler line-up, and it's hard for admiring observers to decide which are the squad's greatest assets. Terry Bradshaw is probably the toughest and most durable quarterback in history. He was knocked out of four games last season and came back to win them all. The Steelers need receivers like the ocean needs water; it has become increasingly obvious that Lynn Swann and John Stallworth are the best pair ever to play the game, and reserves Calvin Sweeney and Larry Douglas would be starters on most N.F.L. teams.

The Steelers' only perceptible need is to find eventual replacements for defensive linemen Joe Greene and L. C. Greenwood, both of whom celebrate their 34th birthday as the season opens.

Look for the Steelers to return to the Super Bowl; it will be a minor miracle if they don't.

The Houston players are cursing their fate for being in the same division with Pittsburgh—they would be odds-on favorites in at least three other divisions. A bitchy Houston press corps has repeatedly accused the Oilers of being a one-man (Earl Campbell) team, but that notion will be dispelled this season with the growing prowess of quarterback Gifford Nielsen. Most Oiler fans were stunned last winter when coach Bum Phillips swapped incumbent quarterback Dan Pastorini to the Raiders—even up—for aging quarterback Ken Stabler. The reason is an intriguing one: It has become increasingly apparent the past two years that backup quarterback Nielsen was destined soon to displace starter Pastorini. Pastorini, however, is a compulsive competitor, would go bananas sitting on the bench, and his resultant resentment would likely be a divisive influence among loyal teammates. Stabler, older and wiser, is more likely to be content with a backup role and a fat pay check.

The Oilers still need to develop depth in the offensive line, where a few injuries could play havoc. Rookie Angelo Fields should help take up some of the slack.

Many pro-football buffs insist that Cleveland was the most exciting team in the country last fall, specializing in last-minute heroics and coronary-producing finishes. Three games went into overtime, four games were lost by five points or less and in 12 games the issue was in doubt until the final minute of play. Despite all the excitement, the most impressive results of the season were the blossoming of runner Mike Pruitt and quarterback Brian Sipe.

The Browns' best hopes for this season lie in the regained health of a large contingent of ill or injured key players and a newly potent passing game. Coach Sam Rutigliano insists that tight end Ozzie Newsome is the country's best and that his receiver threesome (Newsome with wide receivers Dave Logan and Reggie Rucker) is the most dangerous group in the league.

The Browns' major need is for help in the defensive line to beef up an inept pass rush, and rookie Cleveland Crosby should fill the bill. The Browns' prime draft catch, though, was Heisman Trophy winner Charles White, who could be this year's leading rusher.

The whole Cincinnati franchise seems snake-bit since the Bengals took a nose dive in 1977. Last season, for the second year in a row, they won only four games. The future would appear to be bright, because new coach Forrest Gregg has one of the most impressive collections of young—but as yet unrealized—talent in the league. Gregg's first job will be to shore up a defensive unit that was disastrous last season. A new 4–3 alignment will be used, and it's hoped that some of the gleanings from the draft will help plug the leaky dikes.

The Cincinnati fans, unaccustomed to bad teams, are complaining loudly but—a front-office functionary reports happily—they're still buying every available ticket. The fans' hopes are placed largely in an offense that was quite productive last season (it got way ahead in several games before the defense collapsed), and the attack unit should be even better this year with the regained health of quarterback Ken Anderson. Backup passer Jack Thompson has the tools to be a future great and will be pushing Anderson for the starting job before the season is over.

WESTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

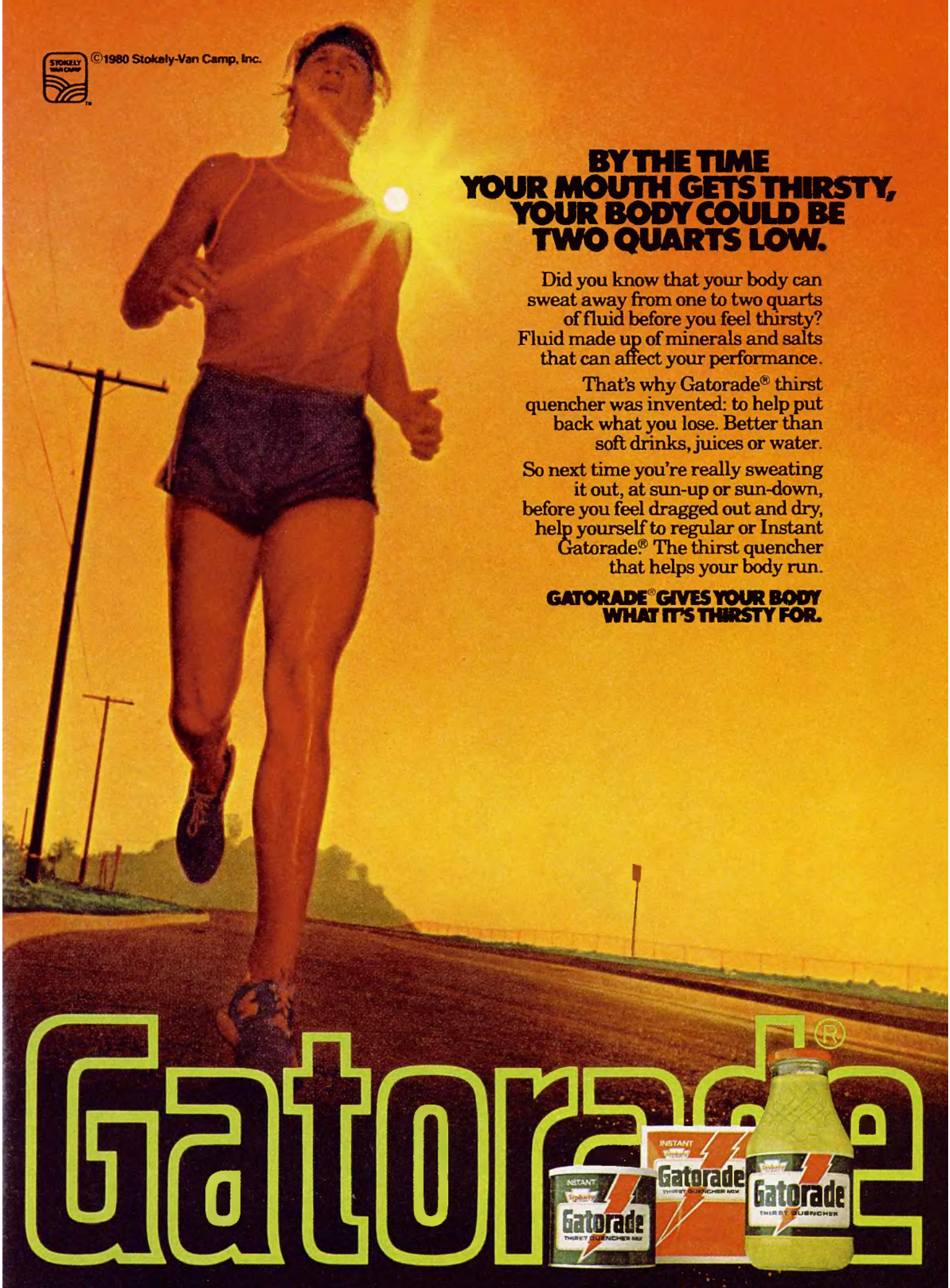
San Diego Chargers	10–6
Seattle Seahawks	9–7
Denver Broncos	8–8
Kansas City Chiefs	6–10
Oakland Raiders	6–10

Last year, the San Diego team won its first division title since the league merger, accomplishing that feat with half an offense—but with the coaching brilliance of Don Coryell, probably the top offensive mind in the history of the game. The Chargers had virtually no running attack, so Coryell devised a passing offense that overwhelmed most opponents, often confusing defenders by going for short yardage—and making it—in situations where other teams would run. The Chargers were the only team in the league to defeat both Super Bowl teams during the regular season, winning both games with lopsided scores. But Coryell is smart enough to realize that the no-run all-pass gambit isn't likely to work two seasons in a row, so he acquired runner John Cappelletti from the Rams during the off season. Cappelletti, a strong runner, a good blocker and an outstanding receiver, will help revive the running game, but the Chargers still need an outside burner. Their first pick in the draft was in the fourth round, when most of the flashy runners were long gone, so Coryell will spend much of pre-season practice looking for a free-agent sleeper.

Coryell likes to use his tight ends as receivers and this year's happy surprise in San Diego could well be tight end Kellen Winslow. He's 6'5", 250 pounds, runs like a deer and is fully recovered from the injury that sidelined him at midseason. Add splendid wide receiver John Jefferson, plus Dan Fouts's arm, and the Chargers' passing attack will still be awesome.

After watching their team miss the play-offs by one game each of the past two seasons, the Seattle fans are convinced that this will be the year the Seahawks will be a Super Bowl contender. They could be right. All the hard work of building an expansion franchise appears to have come to fruition. Many of the young players are just now coming into full maturity, and at midseason last fall, all the intangibles seemed to come together, the offense jelled and Seattle won seven of its last nine games. Major ingredients in the new success formula are the sharpened skills of quarterback Jim Zorn and the uncanny pass catching of Steve Largent. Zorn's best years are still ahead of him (he will become a left-handed version of Fran Tarkenton), and Largent is the only receiver in the past decade to catch for over 1200 yards in a single season.

Another important asset has been the Seahawks' relative good luck in avoiding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injuries in recent seasons. If that luck continues and the inconsistent defense is beefed up, and if the offensive crew can continue to get away with the flaky plays that made national headlines last season—onside kicks, using kicker Efren Herrera as a wide receiver, punter Herman Weaver completing three of four passes from punt formation—this could be a banner year in Seattle. Best news is that the draft produced some promising help, defensive ends Jacob Green and Terry Dion, for the squad's weak pass rush.

Two off-season arrivals, quarterback Matt Robinson and offensive coordinator Rod Dowhower, are the main reasons for renewed optimism in Denver. Robinson, erstwhile starting quarterback for the Jets, will displace Craig Morton and is expected to stabilize a maddeningly inconsistent offense. With Morton, an occasionally brilliant passer, at the controls last fall, the Broncos scored like Gang Busters in some games; in others, they couldn't *buy* a touchdown.

Dowhower, former head coach at Stanford, was a hot-shot passer under Charger coach Coryell when both were at San Diego State University in the early Sixties. Dowhower learned well and is an acknowledged master of the passing game; with Robinson as his prime pupil, he should cause many sleepless nights for opposing defensive coaches.

The new offensive prospects, added to a defensive unit that is one of the two or three best in the league, has made Broncomania even more intense than usual. In April, the Broncos completed their 11th consecutive sellout of tickets. There is a waiting list of 11,000 hopeful fans for season tickets, but only 59 people failed to renew their ticket options for the coming season. That adds up to a long wait for a lot of hopeful fans—and excellent morale in the accounting department.

The Kansas City team won seven games last fall, its most successful season since 1973. The Chiefs' steady progress has been primarily due to the expertise and leadership of coach Marv Levy, a mature Phi Beta Kappa type who is open and unevasive with both the media and his players, and commands respect from both. Another reason for the bright prospects in Kansas City is the decision made by owner Lamar Hunt in 1975—during the depths of the Chiefs' fortunes—to take the long but sure rebuilding route through the draft. The master plan has paid off in big dividends, especially on the defensive unit, where the improvements have been dramatic. Last fall, with second-, third- and fourth-year players suddenly maturing, the Chiefs began winning the close games they had lost previously.

The offensive unit still has a long way to go, largely because second-year passer Steve Fuller, an option quarterback in college, still has to perfect the drop-back skills of the pro game. Also needed are reinforcements in the offensive line and a wide receiver with blazing speed. Rookie Brad Budde should help on the line and draftees Carlos Carson and Bubba Garcia should strengthen the pass attack.

The main issue in Oakland, of course, is the continuing effort of owner Al Davis to move his Raider franchise to Los Angeles. The move attempt, precipitated by an increasing row between Davis and directors of the Oakland Coliseum, has a declining (but still extant) chance of success as this issue goes to press. Whatever happens, look for *something* to move before next year. It may be Davis, who is reportedly planning to sell his franchise and start a new pro-football league if the courts don't uphold his suit to allow the move to Los Angeles. (Davis' new league, a top rival N.F.L. executive tells us, would operate in April, May and June and sell TV rights to cable-television companies.)

Unfortunately, the main losers in this exercise in childishness are likely to be the loyal Oakland fans. They are furious with both Davis and N.F.L. commissioner Pete Rozelle, who seem to have become embroiled in a personality clash over the issue. "How can you have a personality clash without a personality?" a furious Raider fan asked us.

Wherever they play or whoever owns the franchise, the Raiders aren't likely to return to their accustomed domination of their division. The defensive unit isn't the terrorist group of bygone years and immediate help is needed in the linebacker and running-back corps.

The Raiders still have a veteran offensive line, two superb tight ends (Raymond Chester and Dave Casper). With the arrival of quarterback Pastorini (from the Oilers) and healed injuries among the wide receivers, look for a rejuvenated passing attack.

"I'll tell you what. Get your analyst on the phone; if he says it's dirty and perverted, I promise I'll never ask you again."

EASTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Dallas Cowboys	11–5
Washington Redskins	10–6
Philadelphia Eagles	10–6
New York Giants	6–10
St. Louis Cardinals	4–12

Dallas goes into this season with more uncertainties than at any time since 1975—not an especially bad omen, since the team went to the Super Bowl that year. The principal and most publicized gap will be that left by retired quarterback Roger Staubach. "How can you possibly replace Staubach?" we asked player personnel director Gil Brandt.

"If you're president of a university, how do you replace Albert Einstein in the math department?" he replied. "Roger retired at the top of his game. Last fall, he had the best season of his life. Physically, he was 38 going on 27."

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tears fool you. The Dallas franchise is not yet a poverty pocket. Danny White, playing in the shadow of Staubach all these years, is the most underrated quarterback in the country. His substitute will be Glenn Carano, who has not thrown a pass in a regular-season game during his three years with the Cowboys. But he has tremendous potential.

The main difference in the Dallas squad this season will be a less awesome depth of backup talent, making the Cowboys more vulnerable to injuries. The team's most serious problems are on the defensive platoon, so offensive coordinator Dan Reeves will call the plays from the side lines this year while coach Tom Landry concentrates on the defense.

The Washington team, younger and more spirited than any Redskin team in memory, had a comeback year in '79, barely losing the division championship race in the final game with Dallas when Staubach produced one of his patented come-from-behind performances by scoring two touchdowns in the last three minutes. The Redskins are still brooding about that one, and the incentive for revenge will be a psychological factor.

Much of the Redskins' enthusiasm comes from the large number of younger players who have at last become starters, and it will be abetted this season by the arrival of the most significant contingent of draftees in many years. In April, the Washington franchise had a first-round draft choice for the first time since 1968, a second-round pick for the first time since 1971. Wide receiver Art Monk was snapped up first. Then, because the Redskins needed help in the defensive line, where many of the incumbents are getting on in years, rookie defensive end Mat Mendenhall was brought in. He'll help tackle Dave Butz, who is finally playing up to his enormous potential. This may be the first year in a decade when the Redskins aren't the oldest team in the league.

When the Eagles won nine games in 1978 with skimpy talent, Philadelphia fans held their breath, afraid it was a fluke. But last year, with the Eagles winning 11 games against a tough schedule, the skepticism turned to euphoria. The unexpected renaissance was engineered by coach Dick Vermeil, a persuasive motivator who had convinced many of his players to move to the Philadelphia area so they could take part in year-round conditioning programs. "Somehow," a front-office type told us, "Dick can get kids to play much better than anyone ever thought they could." That observation is reinforced by the fact that the Eagles have only three players who were first-round draft choices.

Philadelphia went into this year's draft needing immediate help in the secondary and got it with defensive back Roynell Young, a probable starter.

The Giants hope for a more consistent and more productive year after last autumn's roller-coaster season of high highs and low lows. The team lost its first five games, then won six of the next eight. The most pleasing developments were the early blooming of quarterback Phil Simms and wide receiver Earnest Gray. The biggest problem is the reduced effectiveness of the defensive crew. Tackle Troy Archer, killed in an automobile accident two weeks before last summer's training camp, proved to be irreplaceable, so the Giants went to a 3–4 defense and didn't really shut down any opposing offenses all year.

Fortunately, the draft brought some help in the form of defensive back Mark Haynes and tackle Myron Lapka.

Another plus for the Giants this season will be the benefits of a new off-season training program, made possible by coach Ray Perkins' persuasion of 32 squadmen to move into the New York area. Also, the Giants will go into this season with an established starter at quarterback (Simms), an especially helpful situation because Perkins is a pass-oriented coach. His idea of offense is to go 80 yards and score in three plays.

The St. Louis franchise abandoned any pretense of being a class organization when owner Bill Bidwill fired coach Bud Wilkinson with only three games left last season. New coach Jim Hanifan, an outgoing, likable Irishman, is popular with the players (they learned to like him when he was an assistant under former head coach Coryell), but nitpicking from the Cardinal front office is likely to keep him from improving the team's fortunes this year. Hanifan promises a supercharged offense, and he will probably deliver it with the likes of quarterback Jim Hart and runner Ottis Anderson in camp. The offensive line, thanks to healed injuries and the sudden maturation of Joe Bostic, will again be a major strength, but the Cardinals desperately need new blood in the defensive line. Draftees Curtis Greer and Bill Acker will help there and Doug Marsh should prove to be the top-quality tight end needed to replace the late J. V. Cain.

CENTRAL DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Chicago Bears	10–6
Minnesota Vikings	9–7
Tampa Bay Buccaneers	9–7
Detroit Lions	7–9
Green Bay Packers	5–11

This is the first time in many years that the Chicago team has entered training camp with no doubt about who will be the starting quarterback. Mike Phipps took over after starter Vince Evans was sidelined with illness early last season, and Phipps's enormous but long-unrealized potential finally surfaced. Although he has won 12 of 14 starts since going to Chicago from Cleveland, Phipps has remained a quiet, unpretentious person, careful not to attract attention to himself, and his excellent record with the Bears has been overlooked by most of the Chicago sportswriters.

Phipps has a good chance to take the Bears to giddy heights this fall. Their 10–6 record last season was accomplished despite a plethora of injuries (a misfortune not likely to recur), and Phipps has the support of a superb group of runners led by a once-again healthy Walter Payton. The bedrock basis of the Bears' hopes remains the defensive platoon, though the reinforcement brought by rookie Otis Wilson will be welcome in the linebacker crew. General manager Jim Finks says this is the first year in memory when no rookie has a good chance of starting.

It took most of last season for Minnesota coach Bud Grant to get his many new players acclimated and melded with the remaining veterans. When the Vikes finally got it all put together, they finished strong, though it was their first losing season since 1967. Despite the unaccustomed bad showing, the Minnesota fans aren't complaining, because the Vikings were still a very exciting team to watch, and the coolheaded northlanders realized that the many youngsters on the squad have the potential to be champions in the future. In fact, the Minnesota franchise's greatest strength is its stability—in ownership, front office, coaching staff and team. It's the kind of organization that can weather a bad season. The teams that always seem to be on the bottom are fielded by the franchises in which owners or coaches hit the panic button when things go wrong—as was the case, until recently, in San Francisco, New Orleans and Atlanta.

A fact to remember is that the Vikings are not an old team anymore. In fact, several areas—especially the secondary—need added maturity. The team also needs an intimidating defensive lineman, like ex-Vikes Alan Page and Carl Eller used to be, because, in recent years, the linebackers have held the defensive unit together. Draftee Doug Martin could be the help they need.

It was a giddy year in Tampa. The Buccaneers won ten games and were the only undefeated team in the league after the first five games. It was a spectacular showing for a fourth-year expansion team that had lost the first 26 games of its existence. Principal reason for the success was the defensive unit, one of the best in the country. The linebacking crew, led by Richard Wood and David Lewis, is perhaps the most formidable in the league. Also, the offensive unit has at last come to life, largely because of the arrival of guard Greg Roberts and the switch of tackle Charley Hannah to the offensive platoon. Quarterback Doug Williams, only three years out of college, shows signs of rawness but should get

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better every year. The Bucs still have precarious depth, however, and most of the reserves are untested in combat, so inopportune injuries could be disastrous. Last season's success resulted in relatively low drafting positions, so this year's rookies aren't likely to make a big splash immediately. "It will be nice," said a Tampa Bay spokesman, "to give our newcomers a chance to learn instead of throwing them into the heat of battle right away."

"Detroit," says the general manager of a rival division franchise, "is a Joe Bfsplk team—they walk around with a thundercloud over their heads. Just when they seem to have everything put together, something happens. It can be turmoil in the ownership, dissension in the coaching ranks, injuries—you name it."

Last season, it was injuries. The first two quarterbacks were sidelined for the season and third-stringer Jeff Komlo got very little help from the greenest offensive line in the league. Injuries were so numerous that six rookies were starters and 25 free agents logged playing time.

As a result, the Lions won only two games (after many pre-season seers picked them to win the division title), and the gloom still hangs heavy.

Inexperience will again be a major liability in Detroit this season, with the defensive line (featuring Bubba Baker and Doug English) the only strong area on the squad. Healed injuries and added experience should also help.

Last season's disaster provided the Lions with the very first pick in this year's draft, and they used it wisely getting Billy Sims to fill their desperate need for a game-breaking running back.

The rebuilding project in Green Bay has proved to be a longer and more agonizing job than fans had expected. An injury epidemic made last season especially grim. The offense set an all-time Green Bay record for passing, because most of the runners were in casts. The air attack is likely to continue to be the Packers' main weapon because of quarterback Lynn Dickey's long-awaited recovery from a broken leg and David Whitehurst's continuing emergence as a quality backup passer.

New defensive coordinator John Meyer will install a 3–4 defense in preseason camp, and this year's draft picks were used to bring immediate help for the defenders in the persons of defensive lineman Bruce Clark, linebacker George Cumby and defensive back Mark Lee.

WESTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Los Angeles Rams	13–3
New Orleans Saints	9–7
Atlanta Falcons	6–10
San Francisco 49ers	3–13

You'll get an idea of how promising the immediate future looks for the Los Angeles team by remembering that the Rams went to the Super Bowl last January despite a season of disastrous injuries. Eighteen players were out of action for at least one game. The successful season was one of the most impressive displays of raw determination in pro-ball history. "We just sucked up our guts and did the job," an assistant coach told us, "and it paid off in doubles, because the younger kids got a lot of game experience, and we wound up nearly as strong as ever, despite the injuries."

The Rams have become a big-play team, in contrast to their traditional methodical offensive style, because such explosive talent is on hand. Wendell Tyler is the most exciting breakaway runner in Tinseltown since Jon Arnett, and wide receiver Billy Waddy, who wears two afterburners, is a fearsome long-ball threat. When quarterback Vince Ferragamo showed last year that he could throw long passes with surprising accuracy, coach Ray Malavasi redesigned the offense to take advantage of available skills, and the Rams' home-run threat should be even more evident this season. One of the team's major—if least acclaimed—assets is the rock-ribbed offensive line. The only discernible problem area is the defensive backfield, where some of last year's wounded may not be fully recovered.

Largely because of some fortunate trades in recent years, the Rams had eight draft choices in the first four rounds in April, and they came up with far more goodies than would ordinarily be expected of a Super Bowl team. Defensive back Johnnie Johnson could prove the best choice of them all.

Add it all up and the Rams look like a sure bet to return to the Super Bowl.

New Orleans is the most laid-back city in the country, a Southern version of San Francisco with an acute infection of sanity, and the city's pro-football team has traditionally reflected that ambience. The Saints would like to win, of course, and always promise their fans that next year the adrenaline will start flowing. The team awakened in the last weeks of the '79 season and finished with the best record in its history—a scintillating break-even year. If the Saints can get excited enough, this could be another good season, because there is more quality talent in camp than at any time in the franchise's history.

The offensive line, traditionally lousy, finally came together last fall and gave quarterback Archie Manning the first decent protection of his career. The line has been appreciatively dubbed Archie's Bunker by a relieved New Orleans press corps and, as a result, Manning has emerged as one of the two or three top quarterbacks in the country. The Saints badly need help in the cornerback slots—they repeatedly got burned on long passes last year—and the linebacker crew needs reinforcing. Three rookies, defensive backs Dave Waymer and Mike Jolly, plus linebacker Lester Boyd, will see much action. There is additional hope for the defenders, because coach Dick Nolan has a solid reputation for building formidable defenses. Also, this is the third year the Saints have used the flex defense, and it usually takes about that long for the players to assimilate the complexities of that system.

With a good offense and excellent special teams (which used to be a glaring weakness), the Saints just might make it to the play-offs if some more muscle can be put into the defense.

It was a strange year in Atlanta. The Falcons had an inexplicable tendency to lose to weaker teams but to beat the stronger ones. The offense was potent enough (largely because the past five drafts have been used to stockpile offensive talent), but the defensive unit—especially the pass rush—was awful. An examination of talent from top to bottom reveals much better manpower on the Falcon squad than a few years ago, but it is so imbalanced that a good showing by the offensive crew is usually negated by the defensive bumblers. This spring's draft brought much new help, and the season's success will depend largely on how quickly the rookies, especially linebackers Buddy Curry and Jim Laughlin and defensive back Earl Jones, can close the floodgates. Whatever happens, the Falcons will again be one of the more entertaining—and unpredictable—teams to watch. When quarterback Steve Bartkowski has a good day, he's a one-man aerial circus.

Simple logic would dictate that things have gotten so bad in San Francisco that they can't possibly worsen. But since when did logic play a role in the 49er franchise? Not since before the advent of owner Junior DeBartolo and the late unlamented general manager Joe Thomas. Young DeBartolo appears to have at last learned a basic truth—the hard way—his elders tried to tell him when his daddy first bought him the franchise: You can't build a respectable ball club by constantly hiring and firing people. The front-office revolving door has been shut, the coaching staff has been stabilized and Junior DeBart has made a commitment to coach Bill Walsh, giving him time to rebuild. San Francisco fans must make a commitment also—realizing that there will be a good many dismal autumn afternoons before a trip to the Super Bowl.

The 49ers, having finished 2–14 for the second year in a row, had favorable draft choices this spring, coming up with at least six players who should be immediate starters. The new help is badly needed, because the defense was crappy last year, especially the linebacker corps.

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DOOBIE BROTHERS

(continued from page 140)

"The emcee comes on like a carnival barker who's been given a little Thorazine but not enough."

hair and a bevy of teenage girls. A truly Protestant-looking crowd.

The emcee comes on like a carnival barker who's been given a little Thorazine but not enough: He snaps off his consonants like stalks of dry wheat, makes each vowel a swoon and, in general, exudes the false cheer the job requires. "If you don't understand a joke," he grins, "laugh anyhow and figure it out on the way back home!" He points out the locations of the APPLAUSE signs and reminds the crowd to keep their ticket stubs: "We'll be giving away valuable prizes in a lottery after the show, to say thanks for all your clapping and laughing!"

I feel the icy presence of John at 19, reappearing like a stoned elf in the studio aisle, and this time I agree with him: Rock 'n' roll does not require APPLAUSE signs.

"Now I want to show you how to clap. I call it TV applause—you clap short and fast, as fast as you can, and for some *big scientific reason* I don't understand, it sets up a *reverb effect* and it sounds much *better* on the monitors! So all the millions of folks out there will know just how much you love Dinah and The Doobie Brothers! OK? Let's practice!" Everyone dutifully follows suit, checking with his neighbors to make sure he's got it right.

It takes a while to rig up the Doobies' amplifiers; during the wait, as a joke, the house band noodles with *Minute by Minute*. No one seems to get the aural pun, and since there's no glowing sign, no one laughs. But they're lavish with their short, fast applause when Dinah emerges to sing a show-opening ballad. Moments later, when the curtain parts to reveal the Doobies' setup—two drummers' thrones, stacks of amps on tiers, a dozen microphones, four keyboards and a jungle of wires—the crowd murmurs, unprepared for such a display of hardware. It's a question of proportion.

As the band digs in for its opening song, the upbeat *What a Fool Believes*, I think back to an hour ago, when Porter, the bass player, sat in the front row of an abandoned theater on the lot, speaking of music in elegiac tones. "As the creative aspect of rock in the Sixties petered out," he said in his soft, precise way, "the industry took over. Whenever you give them a vacuum, they'll fill it. Sometimes it seems rock and the industry are at war—and rock loses, slowly but surely." Now in midsong, Porter is at peace because he's working the fret board of his Fender bass in that low-frequency trance reserved for bass players. But when the music stops, he looks slightly ill at ease. Porter is not showbiz.

The song ends, the audience claps on cue and though no sign flashes SQUEAL or GASP, a few teeny-boppers go boldly ahead. They fling "Ooohs" like bouquets at McDonald and a few at Chet McCracken, the new drummer, whose name they don't know: "Ooooh, *drummer*!" The pubescent shrieks induce a longing for the old days. Erotic and irrational, they sound more to the point than the studious clapping of elderly men in aerated golf caps.

Porter sheepishly nods and smiles, McDonald gives a tentative wave that elicits more cries and the band launches into *Minute by Minute*. Offstage, Dinah does a matronly boogie. The band is so tight, so well drilled, that the tune sounds almost exactly like the record. They finish and Dinah leads them over to the conversation area.

As they wait to converse, the press agent whispers in my ear: "Did I tell you that the Doobies are the only band ever to star in a two-part situation comedy? They were on *What's Happening!* Forty million viewers." He's provoking the 19-year-old me into more ridicule: Jerry Lee Lewis on *Bachelor Father* . . . Chuck Berry on *The Donna Reed Show*. . . .

All this TV mania should be placed in context. Rock and the tube have been at odds ever since 1956, when Ed Sullivan exorcised the demon of Elvis Presley's pelvis and filmed him only from the waist up. We'd get the Monkees, we'd get *Midnight Special*—watered-down rock. And when a Hendrix or a Joplin went on talk shows, it was to deliver wasted *non sequiturs* that convinced their nervous hosts that some weird and unnamable force was in the air.

Now we see Todd Rundgren and Alice Cooper on *Hollywood Squares*, matching wits with George Gobel, and the Doobies on show after show. While there's nothing inherently wrong about it—*shut up, you little speed freak*—the band seems awkward shooting the breeze with Dinah. I've watched them do skits on other programs and McDonald looks woefully out of place, despite his bearded good looks. The man who seems to have been hand-picked by God to sit at a keyboard and sing looks edgy being "natural" or repeating scripted jokes.

Later that day, he says, "I love the camaraderie of musicians. Frankly, what I don't like is being pushed into the spotlight of 'performer.' It makes me feel like a complete fool. It doesn't fit me. There's no way for me to express myself in that form. I love walking into

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a rehearsal hall with other musicians. That part—being a working musician—I enjoy immensely. But I don't want to be a personality. I feel like an idiot even trying."

So why does he allow himself to be strait-jacketed into the role? It's possible that McDonald, a shy and gifted man of 28, can't gauge the extent of his power to say no. Industry speculation has it that one day he will be "bigger than Billy Joel," and despite the hype inherent in the business, he stands a good chance. As a songwriter, he has a gift for the opening lyric that plunges the listener into the mood: "He came from somewhere back in her long ago . . ." "You don't know me, but I'm your brother . . ." "Girl, as we take a long, last look at this love. . . ." His melodies are bluesy yet ethereal and his tenor curlicues around them in a way that makes many women, as one Doobie says, "want to fuck his voice." And although McDonald shudders at the notion of being a sex idol, the press agent persists in showcasing him that way—frequently citing his resemblance to Italian film star Giancarlo Giannini, a comparison that turns up in a suspicious number of magazine stories. (That seems a pretty weak ploy: It's hard to imagine teenage girls in North Dakota saying, "Michael's so *cute*, he's like the guy in all those *Lina Wertmuller films*!")

•

That night, over plates stacked high with barbecued ribs, McDonald looks much calmer. We're talking about a subject dear to both our hearts—the bars. Two-bit roadhouses with ornate neon tubing, ratty carpets on the bandstand, rows of bottles under red lights and bouncers named Sal: the clubs that are incubators for musicians. Gigs that pay $100, split five ways, for a full night's work—and not even that if Sal gets mad. Joints where the dancers pester you for a Pink Floyd tune or vomit on your amplifier.

"Right now," says McDonald dreamily, "I desperately miss the clubs. I learned *so much* in clubs. I miss those five hours of playing loose. My whole style comes from the clubs. Because there you have two choices: to be bored stiff or to have some fun with it. For me, bottom line, I was just as happy playing the Pink Panther Room as I am right now. The *real* pleasure—the pleasure I can put my hands on—is the same pleasure I got when I just closed my eyes for a bunch of drunks and really enjoyed the song I was singing. I know that now."

All the Doobies share his nostalgia for cheap dives. But the clubs, once strung along highways in bright profusion, become rarer each year. Some put on airs and become "cafés"; some are forced to close by irate neighbors; but most turn into discos. If you've heard comedians lament the absence of crummy night clubs for young comics, you'll understand the wistful note in Knudsen's voice: "Disco has knocked out the clubs where young musicians used to learn. Where they played five sets a night for two people. Where they learned to jam or play drunk on their butts. It may be leading to a hollow, unsoulful sound."

That's the crux of it: Without the scuzzy bars in Hamburg and Liverpool, the Beatles might have remained gifted amateurs. Bars are schools for intimacy, for touching people firsthand: with eyes closed, you can judge your success by the pounding of feet and the sweat in the air. Huge arenas blunt that sensation. As Knudsen says: "Sometimes I'll think the audience isn't responding and I'll be completely wrong. In a 10,000-seat hall, you're surrounded by monitors and a big P.A. system, and you can only hear the people in the front row."

McDonald began playing small rooms as a child in St. Louis. "My father was in more bars than any drunk you ever met," he says fondly, "but he never drank. He just loved to sit in with piano players. I was singing in front of people at the age of four. My father had a group called the Lincoln Minstrels, an amateur minstrel show, and I'd travel around the city with them, playing old folks' homes—I used to love the old World War One songs.

"And then music was so important to me socially as a teenager. It was my identity. In junior high, I was at everybody's party, because our band would play. We'd do *Mustang Sally*, *Hang On Sloopy*, the latest Sonny and Cher song. It was such a thrill; it was great to be in a band in junior high, because everyone liked you."

McDonald toys with his spareribs, lost in a reverie. You can almost hear the young McDonald singing through a tinny mike, see the bowls of Fritos and coolers of soft drinks, feel the surge of the old songs. "I remember my parents' looking at rock and seeing this rampaging immortality—uh, I meant to say *immorality*, but we thought at the time we were immortal, too—but it was really so innocent then. That innocence was such a wonderful thing. And that's what depresses me about punk rock—I get the feeling that people are making music to make each other miserable, whereas we used to play to make each other feel good."

At a nearby table, a guitarist serenades giggly diners with *The Impossible Dream* and McDonald returns to the present. "Boy, that's a hard gig," he whispers in sympathy. "Singing to tables full of families from Encino. Whew."

At 14, McDonald began his recording career. "The local disc jockey recorded me and sent the tracks to Memphis for overdubbing," he says. "I was on a label called Arch Records, a subsidiary of

Stax-Volt, and the great soul musicians—Booker T. and the Memphis Horns, all those guys—played on my records." Soul music was his touchstone; animated by R&B, he learned to play and sing with passion. "Soul was all that anyone knew around there, to tell you the truth. I guess acid rock was going on, but it was very far away. Ray Charles, Marvin Gaye—those were the influences."

But McDonald never falls victim to the white-boy-singing-the-blues syndrome, which consists of false emoting, blackface vocals without depth. And he's smart enough to know why. "Take Otis Redding. The fact that he sounds like he's got razor blades in his throat was only a physical defect that he got around. Or Ray Charles. You listen to Ray Charles talk and by any medical standard, he shouldn't be able to sing at all. He's so hoarse he can barely talk. But when he sings, there's so much to be expressed that he gets around his hoarseness and, in fact, makes it an attribute—it becomes a warmth instead of a coarseness. So a lot of white singers try to imitate the sound of those voices, instead of understanding the *intent*."

The intent. McDonald has a genius for it. "To a banker, if you can't count it, it's not real. But that's not so. That's why there are guys out in the desert slowly chipping a mountain into the shape of an Indian. They see things as real that aren't physically apparent, they don't have to be there in their entirety. The unseen power—that's like the emotional content of good music."

He peers across the pyramid of spareribs as if hunting that unseen power in the room. "As much as rock 'n' roll is an art form, it's also a symptom—a symptom of technological society. Rock is our right to scream. The more society pushes us into a corner, the more we need it. I see it in our audiences—they *need* to be there. Sometimes I look out at 60,000 people and I realize it's more than a social event: It's a huge *release*, like in the days of ancient Rome. Coliseums seem to be there whenever society gets too big for its britches. When people get lost in the shuffle, they gather in places like that to watch some epic event. It's everyman's way of clutching at the world."

Clearly, in 14 years of rocking, McDonald has burned out very few brain cells. Even John at 19, humbled by the acuity of McDonald's thought, is forced to admit that sanity may, indeed, have its place in a rocker's make-up.

As McDonald sips at his brandy, the café's manager comes over with a ballsy request: Like, everyone's stoked that he's here and, dig it, would he do a couple of tunes? McDonald stares at the snifter of brandy as if requesting its permission. "Uh, normally I would," he says, "but I've had almost a whole brandy . . . I might embarrass myself." He lets himself be cajoled, though, and as he walks into the bar, young women in pastel halters and guys in Hawaiian shirts abandon their food for a chance to hear him.

The house pianist's at work in the bar, doing his James Taylor medley; when the manager whispers in his ear, his eyes widen comically and he wraps up *Fire and Rain* in a hurry. McDonald is announced to a roar of surprise. He sits at the rickety piano, on a brief trip back to the clubs, and says, "Let's see if I remember any songs."

The barroom teems with aspiring stars and pickups—an L.A. version of a backwoods honky-tonk. McDonald closes his eyes, strikes a chord and sings: " 'Together again, my tears have stopped fallin'. . . .' " A perfect choice for a bar, the old C&W heartbreaker induces some women to put their heads on nearby shoulders and dream. After what McDonald's been saying about clubs, you can't help but hear a metaphor in the lyrics: " 'And nothing else matters; we're together again.' " It's a stunning performance, and the bar patrons applaud wildly, without an emcee's coaxing; when he plays the opening figure of *It Keeps You Runnin'*, they know it right away. Doobies for a moment, they sing the chorus while McDonald's voice soars above them. Keeping his eyes shut, he might be back in the Pink Panther or some other joint, a brilliant unknown, playing for nothing.

•

The overhead for the Doobie Brothers operation runs to $65,000 a month. That means it costs $780,000 a year just to keep the mechanism at low hum and forces them to keep touring: Even with 32,000,000 records sold, they can't assume the role of idle rich. Although McDonald can get to the heart of rock with just a booze-stained baby grand and a single microphone, the Doobies travel with four semis, the twin Martin 404 prop planes and a crew of 25. Simmons runs up $600 a month in phone bills to his girlfriend back home. The band goes, as one member says, "first cabin." Despite brief dips in their popularity, that's pretty much how they've done it for the past ten years.

For John McFee, their new guitarist, the past decade has been a completely different trip. He, too, spent ten years on the road—but he toured at ground level, with a band named Clover. And Clover's endurance record is made amazing by the fact that in ten years, virtually no one heard of it—except for a small cult in the Bay Area and other rock musicians around the country. A superb band, Clover had just dissolved when McFee got a call to replace departing guitarist Jeff Baxter.

"I was in limbo, fucked up, down to literally my last $20, and even that was borrowed. But I've always been loyal,

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and the Doobies knew me, so they figured I might not take the gig." *Not take the gig?* How could anyone turn down a job with America's top band in favor of poverty? And yet, over the years, McFee—a veteran session man as well as Clover member—had spurned offers from Boz Scaggs and Steve Miller, in order to remain in his own band. And his story with Clover plays a vital countermelody to the Doobies' tune.

"The last Clover tour was incredible. Thanks to various record-company assholes, we were touring in the middle of winter, back East, all of us driving in one windowed van—the whole band—in blizzard conditions, with no money. It was a kamikaze mission. We took turns at the wheel of the van, driving through Iowa at 15 miles an hour because the roads were so icy you weren't supposed to travel—but we had to get to the next gig. We didn't get paid for three weeks on that tour—with Clover, there was no such thing as per diems—but we got $120 a week for us to live on and share with our old ladies at home. That was it. But for three weeks we didn't even get that. So we had to drive from gig to gig just to get money for gas and food—we couldn't even say 'Fuck, man, this is awful, let's go home,' because we didn't have enough money for a Greyhound bus. And now here we are in North Dakota in the snow. The only food we got was the bare minimum that was called for in the rider clauses of gig contracts—a couple bottles of orange juice, maybe some peanuts, sandwiches and cheese."

Remember, this was not some ragtag bunch of kids on downs: This was a highly regarded band, recording for a major label. As McFee tells his story, brushing his lank hair back over his shoulders, he's remarkably matter of fact about it—because he knows it's far more common than the Doobies' saga, though it's a life that few outside rock know about. "No sour grapes, man. It takes so many things to make it in this business—luck, talent, the right rack jobbers. A whole chain reaction has to happen."

So what centrifugal force kept Clover together through ten years of degradation? "A lot of love, a lot of hope. When you're going onstage and playing great music, you forget you're broke—it's a false nirvana, I guess, as far as worldly things go. I'd do gardening work when I absolutely had to. I'm classified unemployable by the state of California. I have no skills whatsoever, but I'd do odd jobs: polishing doorknobs—for real—house cleaning, scrounge work. Survival. And I'd only do *that* at rock bottom—I'd go through deep hunger before I'd take any day gig at all. But now that I'm married and have a kid, I have a different attitude toward starvation."

The men in Clover were foot soldiers, urged forward through the mud by their own love of rock. Now, with the Doobies, the guitarist has entered the officers' club. How does it feel? "At one time, I would've taken success and gone out and killed myself with it, either through drugs or fast cars. But thank God I was unsuccessful for so long—I've seen enough people go through weird head trips about success—that it's not driving me crazy. I don't have debts to pay off, because I never had credit. So my life hasn't changed that much: I just don't have to worry that my band will break up because everyone's starving."

John at 19, enchanted by McFee, sneaks in a question about the golf tourneys and TV shows. "I think the showbiz stuff is a way of saying, 'Look at us in the broad daylight.' People have come to expect certain things from rock bands—like, 'Wow, they're far too hip to drive a Toyota.' 'You shouldn't have a golf classic, you should have a wild party and wreck furniture.' Well, that's one way to use money, but the Doobies would rather do charity things. You don't have to hate your mother in order to play guitar."

•

McFee, like most of the other Doobies, can stroll unnoticed down the streets of any town—a privilege few stars enjoy. That's due in part to the frequent reshuffling of band members. When rock groups first emerged as self-contained units, in the era of the Beatles and early Stones, the unique mix of characters gave each band its aura. But the rock band—that is, the firmly bonded, roughly socialistic kind—may soon be a historical oddity. The "band" cohered as a structure in the early Sixties, taking shape from a universe of nameless studio musicians; it might not outlive the early Eighties. As attention reverts to individual stars, who are easier to merchandise, the rock group—which flowered in a time of communes, Levittowns and encounter sessions—becomes virtually obsolete.

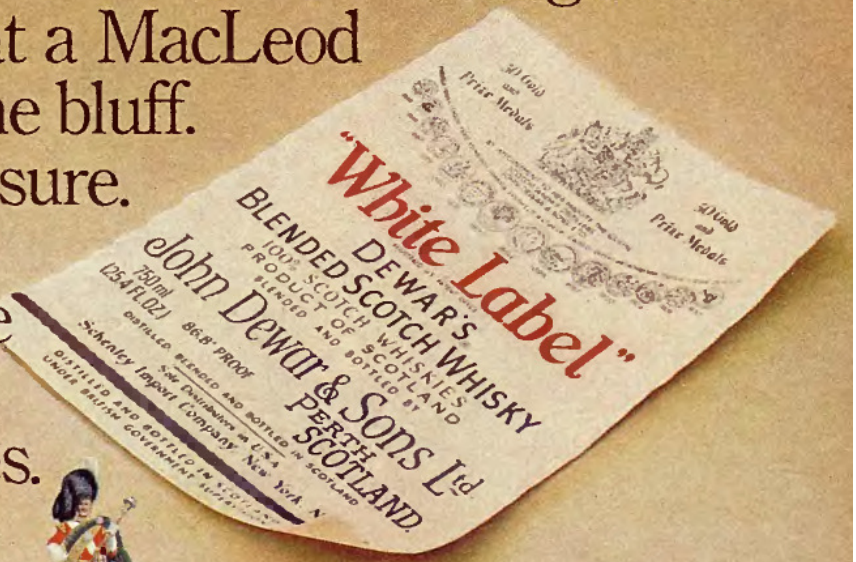
But who mourned for soul bands? Or jazz bands? Or cowboy gangs, for that matter? The Doobie Brothers are, by necessity, as much a corporation as a rock-'n'-roll group.

Still, you'd never mistake guitarist Simmons for a vice-president of Standard Oil. Pale and thin, decked out in skintight jeans, purple jersey and snakeskin boots, he looks just depraved enough to keep up appearances. Aside from McDonald, he's the only truly identifiable Doobie, and he still resembles the San Jose beach hippie on the covers of the group's first records.

Tonight he'll celebrate the decade at the Friars' Club. Now, in the coffee shop of the Sheraton Universal, he orders

"It's not for any charity. This is the business I'm in."

IT'S BEEN CENTURIES
since the Vikings stormed out
of a mist at the Isle of Skye.
But there are mornings still
that a MacLeod
walks the bluff.
Just to make sure.



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a cheese omelet: He has recently become a vegetarian. "No heavy scruples or anything—but we get a lot of bad meat on the road. You get served pretty bizarre-looking stuff at four A.M. in roadside diners. I thought of all the greasy spoons I'd visited in the past ten years and it got scary. So I gave it up."

And yet, despite bad meat and road fever, he appears sane and healthy—caged inside the flashy persona is a bright, quiet adult. How did he manage to keep it together for so long? "I don't know that I have," he says. "I don't keep sane on the road. But I don't get as 'outside' as I used to. I was heavily into that bikers' concept—you know, 'ride hard, die young.'" He smiles in gentle self-mockery as he repeats the axiom; then, as he glances down at the *Los Angeles Times* by his plate, the smile dies and he flinches.

Last night, the ecstasy-or-nothing credo that animates the best rock claimed yet another musician, a close friend of Simmons', and with the obituary still fresh beside his coffee, he looks shaky. "I can't help but think it could've been me. I've been on the verge, and you can't say about the future. . . ." He gazes out at the pool, glimmering in the morning light. "It still *could* be me." Three children run past, pointing at the rock star, flushed and wide-eyed. Simmons doesn't see. "It *will* be me." His coffee turns cold. "It starts to make me feel old."

Although streaks of gray run through Simmons' waist-length hair, 31 isn't ancient even by rock standards. But his line of work entails high insurance premiums. Besides the constant danger of suspect beef patties, what are the perils he faces? "At the beginning, lots of cocaine—which I feel is the most insidious drug going. I was madly into it for several years. We got our advance for the first album and immediately ran out and scored—we cut that whole first album on it. Finally, I reached a point where it was changing me as a person. Making me paranoid. Coke is hard to see out of, once you're inside it. It affects you even when you're not doing it. So today I pretty much shine it on. I might do the occasional toot, but mostly I shy away."

Yet Simmons doesn't leave concerts with volumes of Keats and Shelley tucked beneath his arm for nights of silent contemplation. "Of course, we still get down," he smiles. "It might be in Podunk, North Carolina, way back in the sticks, but if there are some nice kids coming around with joints, we might buy ten cases of beer and kick back for a good time. But there's no abuse of other people—and I think that's where rock bands get their notoriety, when someone gets abused, whether it's a hotel manager or some chick. We've never been that way. Any time we get crazy, it's done in good taste."

He looks cheerful now as he nurses his omelet, but his friend's death stares him in the face. To escape it for a moment, Simmons turns the page, where he encounters a long piece about The Doobie Brothers, with his face looming over the words.

•

At dusk, limousines polished like black mirrors begin to appear in the Sheraton parking lot. The flotilla of Lincolns carries the band and entourage to a record-company party at the Friars' Club, which seems an unlikely venue. (Indeed, the dinner for Jimmy Stewart taking place the same night seems a more appropriate use of the club; as we enter, I fantasize about Stewart's wandering into the wrong hall and breaking into a few bars of " 'Wha-wha-wha-what a, what a fool, uh, what a fool believes. . . .' ")

Record-company parties are, by nature, orgies of self-congratulation, lit by the dazzle of gold medallions on bared chests. This one's a little more tasteful, since Warners' has a reputation as the classiest of labels to uphold. And yet, with the caterers' tables and milling crowd, the initial effect—as my companion points out—is like a "Doobie Brothers *bar mitzvah*."

Porter looks as if he's expecting the worst. "I never relax in these situations," he says. He has put his face in neutral, stashed his lovely smile away. He did not start rocking in order to be feted with huge floral centerpieces. "The Sixties got commercialized and sold," he had said the day before. "Most people are so involved with getting to the top, they don't give a fuck about that spirit anymore." And what *is* that spirit? "Simple: Listen to the fucking *music*."

The press agent works the room, posing Doobies with TV actors for photos, kissing the air by the cheeks of executives' wives, glad-handing at top speed, breathless. He says hello and goodbye with one all-purpose salutation: "Having a good time?" In his world, gaiety is strictly enforced.

Finally, he climbs onto the stage to make an announcement. He stands beneath the Friars' logo—a plump monk in cowl with the motto PRAE OMNIA FRATERNITAS, which means "brotherhood above all" and seems apt. After routine thank-yous, he introduces the evening's music: soul circa 1967, with many of its original heroes onstage. Eddie Floyd, author of *Knock on Wood*, perhaps the ultimate bar tune. Carla Thomas, who sang *Tramp* with Otis Redding. Rufus Thomas, her father, who did *Walkin' the Dog* and loosed the *Funky Chicken* on America. The Memphis Horns, who supplied the brass refrains that made soul so entrancing. And to cap the bill, two

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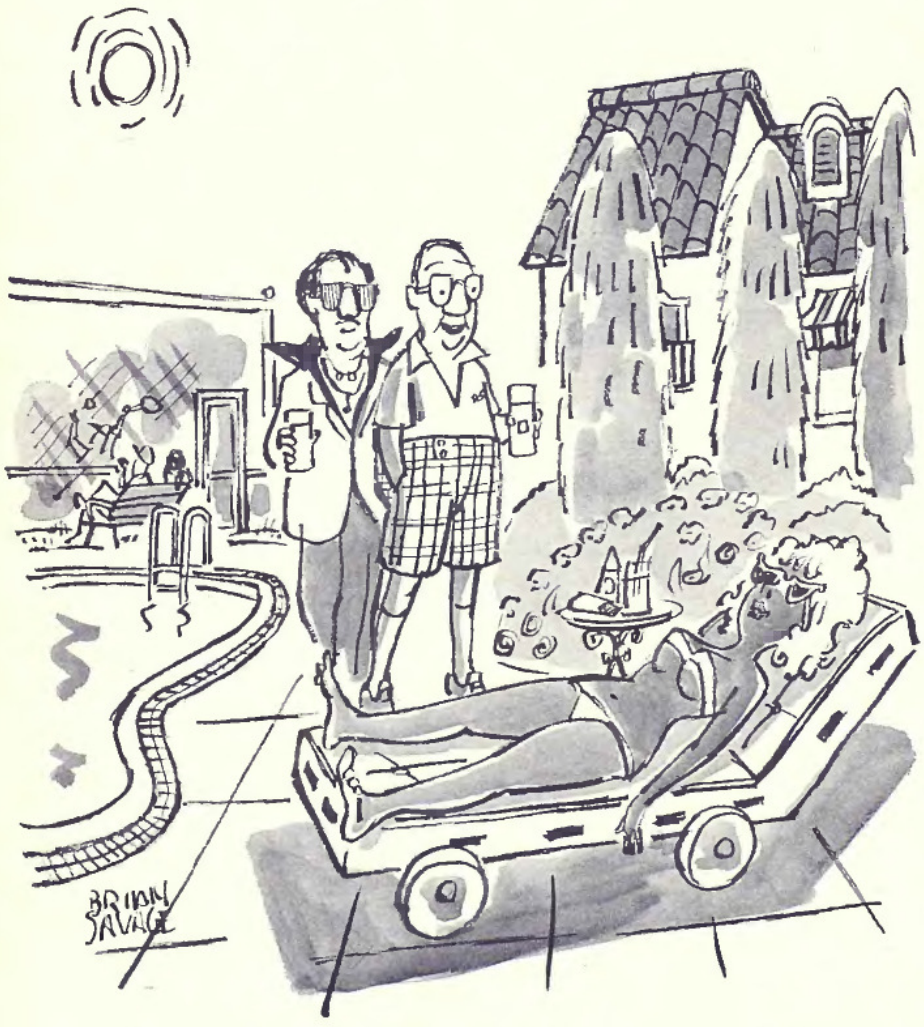
real princes of rhythm-and-blues, Sam and Dave.

The reconstituted soul revue plays for nearly four hours. Its passion is so great—so exuberant and precise at the same time—that it shames 98 percent of current stuff. Rufus Thomas, an old rapscallion in an orange suit with knickers, opens the show by proclaiming, "Lots of people say they don't like the blues—but you get them behind closed *doors*, put a little dip of *snuff* up their noses, put on some Muddy *Waters*, and they'll start hollerin' all over *town*!" Then he launches into a raunchy 12-bar blues, featuring a classic bit of R&B braggadocio: "Oh, baby, don't you want to come with me? I've got bedsprings that can sing *My Country, 'Tis of Thee*. . . ."

By the time Sam and Dave come on to do *I Thank You* and *Hold On, I'm Coming*, the Friars' Club has been transformed into an odiferous joint by the music. Make-up applied with excruciating care rolls down faces in rivulets; Givenchy dresses turn dark in patches. The voice of pagan Gospel returns—people who haven't danced in years buck and prance and shake fists in the air. This is what music was before it became The Record Industry. (Or, as McDonald will say dreamily the next day, summoning his warmest praise, "It was like being in high school again.")

The night concludes with an hourlong version of Sam and Dave's deathless *Soul Man*, in which the principals are joined onstage by McDonald, the Jackson Five, Bonnie Raitt, Kenny Loggins and members of the Ambrosia and Pablo Cruise bands. After 45 minutes, the musicians tamp down the groove and let it simmer, the way only a great soul band can do, and the Sam and Dave number *segues* into *Shake Your Body (Down to the Ground)*, the Jackson Five hit. The unity of the two songs points out, far better than any music critic could, how strong the influence of R&B has been. And yet, as everyone in the room knows, Sam and Dave—their voices and fervor undiminished—are not "commercial" in today's market. "Maybe they aren't Nazi enough for pure disco freaks," McDonald says wryly.



"My own little solar panel—storing up heat until needed!"

But there's something incredibly moving about this all-star jam session—as if, on this one night, only passion counts.

•

The morning after the party, Cornelius Bumpus stands before his hotel window, sweetly blowing tenor sax to the blond mountains of the San Fernando Valley. In a few hours, Bumpus, another rookie Doobie, will perform in the first of seven sold-out concerts at the 5000-seat amphitheater. He has been playing sax for 24 years and been a working musician ("Never out of a job," he says with muted pride) since he was 11. Starting in a high school group whose name, the Trendo Trio, perfectly captured the mood of the era, he moved through Corny and the Corvettes and, by his rough guess, 100 other bands. Now, like McFee, he has stepped into a world of platinum albums and vast arenas. "It's like . . . it's like an *ascension*, man, you know what I mean?"

That night, watching Bumpus solo in the purple-and-amber spotlights, I know what he means. When he sings lead on *Long Train Runnin'* to thousands of fans, he might be thinking back a few years—to when he and two friends played that very song on a San Francisco sidewalk, for coins dropped into a felt hat. Across the stage, McFee plays his black guitar in a classic stance—legs spread, hipbones jutting, head tilted back so all you see is jaw line and hair. Simmons sprints the length of the stage to make a flying leap into the darkness, then ventures into the crowd to solo, escorted by two beefy security men. McDonald's passionate, open-throated vocals do honor to his mentors, Ray Charles and Marvin Gaye.

And yet, despite the rousing encore of *Listen to the Music*, despite the letter-perfect renditions, some hint of ecstasy is missing. You sense the choreography behind each leap, the effort in the smiles: In achieving the respect of the industry, the Grammys and the wealth, the Doobies have misplaced the gift of spontaneity.

"I'm looking to get more basic, more rock 'n' roll," says McDonald. "I think the new members will help us get more fiery. I'm looking for a little more release."

There's more talent in The Doobie Brothers than on the entire rosters of some record labels. But talent alone will not provide that release McDonald seeks; some rekindling of the fire that Sam and Dave lit, some return in spirit to the two-bit clubs and rave-ups must occur, too. For a generation confused about its past and future, rock can never be merely entertainment; it must also be, as McDonald says, our right to scream.

 (continued from page 148)

"You have been invited to fill a void in her life—and the void happens to be 90 percent of the life."

said—I said" variety. Drama, after all, needs an audience.

Any man who can put up with the choreographed chaos for more than a few weeks is to be commended for his perseverance—and probably should be written off himself. Only a bona fide masochist can learn to live with this kind of thing.

The Neuter

Early on, in a relationship with this woman, you will undoubtedly be convinced that you have stumbled upon nirvana. Never has your ego been so fervently massaged. It is apparent from her adoring gaze that at last you've found someone who recognizes that you're as brilliant, as witty, as downright adorable as you always suspected you were.

Then you find out the terrible truth: This woman has no critical faculties whatsoever.

Indeed, you soon learn that she is unsure even of her sense of humor. Lacking direction, she will laugh just as hard at *1941* as at Woody Allen—which is why she makes a point of watching you so closely and laughing only on cue. Your political opinions will become hers, and your biases; she'll even begin dressing to please you.

Quite simply, you have been invited to fill a void in her life—and the void happens to be 90 percent of the life. She allows you to envelop her because, in effect, if there is no man in her existence, there is nothing else. That is why the relationship progresses with such stunning alacrity: Within four days, she's telling you that she loves you; within a week, she's stopping to admire babies on the street and letting you know how much she wants one of her own.

Your first indication that she may not, in fact, adore you exclusively for your matchless qualities might come when you hear about her previous boyfriends. They are entirely different from you, and from one another, and you get the uncomfortable sense that you would loathe every one of them. The only thing you all have in common is her.

"How," you ask in bewilderment, "could you have been interested in a Greek disco dancer and then in me?"

She looks confused. "What do you mean?"

"We're so incredibly different."

"Well, I loved you for different reasons."

The different reasons, upon your further investigation, turn out to be that she happened to be with the Greek disco dancer then and with you now.

There is, of course, an element of genuine sadness to such a person—but the time must come, as it has come for all the creeps who preceded you, to recognize that it is her problem and not yours. In the end, to continue will leave both of you deeply frustrated: you because it's no fun sharing life with an amoeba, because, inevitably, you will grow contemptuous of her; she because being an amoeba affords a person precious little self-respect.

One last thing to watch out for: the words "I've never felt this way," spoken within five days of your first encounter. Trust me; she's felt this way before.

The Too-Recent Casualty

A guy I know, a grizzled veteran of the romantic wars, has promulgated a theorem about women lately split from longtime mates: Expect one year of erratic behavior for every four years of serious involvement; if the woman has been jilted, add another six months for good measure.

It is, of course, terribly easy to be facile at other people's expense, but

"It says, 'Red male, twenty-four, six feet, two, one hundred and eighty pounds, seeks oversexed females all ages. Satisfaction guaranteed. Call at Painted Rock after sunset.'"

the principle is nonetheless exemplary. None of us finds it easy to instantly regain equilibrium after an emotional mauling, but—with apologies to feminists in the crowd—women generally have it even harder than men. This observation is by no means meant to be slighting; anyone whose emotional machinery is in proper working order *should* take some time to recover from a wrenching experience. It is merely being suggested that it is not a good idea to throw yourself into the arms of someone who has recently been so wrenched.

After a period of intense joy—profound relief is always an occasion for joy—chances are excellent that she will resume her brooding with a vengeance. The old boyfriend, whom you'd hoped you'd buried with that early, endless, tearful conversation about what had gone wrong with that relationship, suddenly begins surfacing in her conversation with galling regularity. Often you'll find yourself compared with this faceless (unless, of course, she still keeps a pile of photos of him in the drawer by the bed) rival. "I'm so happy you don't play tennis. Jim was the number-two junior singles player in Michigan." "I can't stand to hear the sound track of *Saturday Night Fever*. It always reminds me of Allen."

Worse yet is the woman who never *mentions* the departed, his presence hanging over both of you like a poisonous mist. And then one night you wake up and find her sobbing beside you.

But the absolute killer is the phenomenon, as common as crab grass yet somehow always startling, of the woman who purports to despise her former lover, snarls about him constantly, appears ready to slay him on sight, and then turns out to be in regular contact with him. Indeed, if she despises him hard enough, for a sufficient length of time, it is altogether likely that she will pick up and leave you for him.

A great-uncle of mine, living in a Florida retirement village and still peppy at the age of 78, had very much the right idea. "You must be doing pretty well," I remarked on one visit, "with all the widows around here."

He clapped a hand on my shoulder. "Only divorcees for me, son. There's no percentage in competing with ghosts."

The Victim

This is the woman for whom everything has always gone wrong, personally as well as professionally, but it is never her fault. A friend of mine was recently involved with one such woman.

"At first," he says, "I was sympathetic. How could I not be? Here was this terrific, sensitive woman, and all this terrible stuff was happening to her. Her marriage had broken up because her husband was so selfish; she'd been fired from her job with a local TV station because her boss was jealous of her; she was being threatened with eviction from her apartment because her landlord, who wanted to jack up the price, was pretending he hadn't received the rent.

"I began to get suspicious only when she explained that the reason a check she'd given me had bounced was that the bank had it in for her; I knew for sure I was in trouble when, after our first big fight, I was chewed out by a couple of our friends who'd heard, in vivid detail, about what a monster I'd been from the beginning."

That, of course, is what it invariably comes to. In the end, she will contrive to screw up the relationship, as she screws up all else—and guess who will be asked to accept the blame.

These women are rarely easy to spot early. Indeed, one of the reasons their tales of persecution are so convincing in the first place is that they often appear to have everything going for them—brains, looks and composure. One fellow of my acquaintance reports that he was deeply infatuated with one such woman, before he began to understand precisely what he'd gotten himself into. "OK, so she'd made a lot of enemies along the way and her romantic past was a disaster area; I thought she was just unlucky. Then one day she begins talking about how unhappy she is, and suddenly, out of the blue, it turns into an attack on me. 'It's your fault,' she keeps saying, getting angrier and angrier. 'My life is in pieces and it's your fault.'

"It was only then that I recognized the symptoms. I went to the closet, dug out some Krazy Glue and tossed it to her. 'Here,' I said, leading her to the door, 'fix it up yourself.' "

The Man's Woman

This is the woman with no women friends, on the face of it a trait that might appear to have little bearing on your relationship with her. Indeed, if you are of a particularly optimistic turn of mind, you might even perceive it as a plus, leaving her all the more available to you. Would that it were that simple....

Women see things in other women that we men, struck insensible by a coy little smile, or the purr in a voice, or an appropriate roundness in all the right places, rarely spot until, panting, with our hearts lying on the floor, it is much too late. Women know that females who tailor their beings to appeal to men are, at best, empty ninnies and, more often, coolly unscrupulous wretches. While we are studying the exaggerated sway to their hips and the suggestion of come-on in their smoky eyes, women see the other side—the gratuitous put-downs and malicious smirks. While we shake our heads in admiration over the cut of their clothes or the luminous glow of their skin, women shake theirs in wonderment at the lunacy of devoting two thirds of a modest salary to wardrobe and every single daylight hour to sun-bathing.

Your problem, if it is your misfortune to align yourself with such a woman, is that sooner or later you will find out all the things the other women already knew—and then some. For, congenital flirt that she is (probably, according to just about any shrink you ask, with profound unresolved problems vis-à-vis her father), she will be constitutionally unable to suddenly alter her behavior. In all kinds of ways, subtle and overt, she will give the impression of coming on to other men, perhaps even to your friends. And when you point that out, she will almost surely deny it, appearing for all the world to believe her denial; it is, she will say, simply the way she is.

In return, the compensations afforded by such a union are very slight, indeed. "For a while," recalls one fellow briefly involved with such a monster, "it was reward enough just to be seen with her, to enter a room and know that every man there envied me. Then I rented a summer house with four other guys, and within a week I was miserable. This woman wasn't going to be happy until she had every one of them panting after her. I'd sit there, watching these incredible scenes—she'd talk to them about their problems, stroking their heads, and afterward suggest we all go skinny-dipping together—and later, when I'd rant and rave at her, she'd accuse me of being an insecure little jerk.

"It took a visit from a woman cousin of mine to straighten me out. She watched my friend in action for an hour and a half and told me, very firmly, to get the hell away."

The Tinkerer

The woman who instantly sets about trying to change her man has probably been around since the dawn of human relations, and in recent decades, thanks to the comic strips and the movies and television situation comedies, she has assumed her place as a full-fledged cultural stereotype, right beside the sympathetic barkeep, the harried husband and the whore with the heart of gold.

Still, a cliché is not always obvious. Often, this woman will operate with a deftness that would give Fred Astaire pause, insinuating her way into your life. Then one evening, as you're en route to dinner with your boss (such is her timing), she may broach the question: "Don't

"Good news, Mr. B. . . . Your little woman is definitely not seeing another man."

you think your hair is a little too long?"

From there, it usually will not take long for her to get around to your habit of fishing ice out of your glass and popping it into your mouth, the way your place is decorated, your choice, for God's sake, of friends. "My goodness," she might put it, if she really knows her stuff, "you're so much more interesting than those schmoes you hang around with."

And then, if allowed to get away with that, like an aggressive power whose expansionism has too long gone unchecked, she will almost surely try to tamper with your very essence. "One evening over dinner," reports a San Francisco friend, "this person just lit into me. 'You're too reserved,' she told me, 'you laugh at the wrong things, your values are a mess.' Then she started playing analyst, shooting at me all kinds of questions about my parents and grandparents—all of which implied that I was a mess and had better change." He pauses and shakes his head at the memory. "People talk about figuratively running away from someone. I left that restaurant and *literally* ran away."

Not a bad policy, that. Ultimately, if one has any self-respect whatsoever, having such a person skulking about becomes intolerable. "I'm a very patient guy," notes my friend Paul. "I agreed to change my wardrobe to please her, went all the way from baggy jeans to Brooks Brothers to please her, because I happen not to care about clothes.

"But when she started belittling me for playing weekend softball, which is my favorite thing to do in the world, I put my foot down. Actually, our parting scene was kind of touching. She looked up at me, gave me a little kiss and said, 'You could be such a wonderful person—if only you were different.' "

The Overly Adamant Feminist

There is no need to catalog the ways in which the feminist movement has altered—indeed, revolutionized—personal relations between men and women. The fact of trying to relate on new, more equal terms has meant a profound adjustment for us all, one that has rent asunder thousands upon thousands of couples; but, in countless other cases, it has been the basis for a new, thrilling kind of mutual understanding. I know a great many men who would dismiss any woman who did *not* ascribe to basic feminist beliefs as a fool, someone not worth bothering with.

But then, of course, there are those women so vigilant in defense of their version of ideological purity, so inflexible in the face of transgressors that they render life unlivable for any man unfortunate enough to have stumbled into their midst. Say something in the presence of one of these latter-day Carry Nations that she deems "sexist"—call a 17-year-old a girl, for example, or make a lighthearted remark about a terrific recent sexual encounter—and you can expect, at the very least, a scowl, and most probably a vicious tongue-lashing.

There is often ample cause to speculate on the motives, conscious and unconscious, of these people, for anything beyond perfunctory observation of them is likely to raise the question: Is the rhetoric, though sincere, in fact a smoke screen behind which hide profound insecurities and shortcomings?

One would be advised not to look into the matter in that kind of depth. Existence around one of these women, to hear the tales of the survivors, can be a living hell. Says one, "The message was drummed into my head every day in a dozen ways—you're bad and I'm good. I'd start to make the most innocuous remark and then catch myself and wonder—will it pass muster? You end up feeling like a ridiculous pip-squeak; either that or you become as self-righteous and humorless as she is."

That, perhaps, is the gravest danger of all. "For a while there," reports another fellow, "I went around parading my high consciousness as much as she did, flaunting my new superiority to every man I knew. My girlfriend loved it—and all my friends stopped speaking to me."

Often the testing does not cease even in bed. "She used to decide how many orgasms she was entitled to," adds the same guy. "God help me if I got mine and she didn't get hers."

Baby Doll

There are certain females in this world—we're talking now about people over six years old—who stick pictures of Snoopy on the wall, refer to their fathers as Daddy, name their plants and call the bathroom the little girls' room; chances are, if you get to know one of these people well enough, you will eventually run into a stuffed animal, too.

To be sure, a woman of this kind can be diverting for a while, as any child can be. But there will come a time when her inability to function as an adult will become absolutely maddening. For, like

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any child, she is very good at taking but has a whole lot to learn about giving and sharing. Invariably, the attitude with such a woman is: You buy me the fancy dress and in return I won't cook. Announce you're bringing Walter Cronkite home for dinner and she'll send out for pizza. The chances are excellent, by the way, that she will be equally passive in bed.

The reason you had hoped, at the very least, that she would be reasonably domestic is that you'd learned at the outset that she was in no way prepared to handle the responsibilities of a serious career or, for that matter, even to carry on a lucid conversation with a bank officer after messing up her account. What both of you will very soon discover is that conducting a relationship is even more demanding than balancing a checkbook.

Still, it can be very amusing to observe one of these people, as long as she is with someone else. The following was actually overheard on a New York City elevator. "Please, Bernie, help me. You *know* I don't know how to work it."

Ms. S. Glick

And then there is the representative of the new breed, the woman as obsessed with getting ahead as any man you know; she is never without her bulging briefcase, is constantly popping up from meals to make vital phone calls, is so often preoccupied with office politics that she is seemingly incapable of talking of anything else. Indeed, in attitude she reminds you of nothing so much as the men in the office you most detest, those cold-eyed bastards who never stop.

But at first her galloping ambition is stimulating, precisely because she *is* a woman. It is likely to be a pleasant change from the aimlessness of other women you have known—and, besides, you get a chance to demonstrate for all the world how unthreatened you are by a successful woman.

But if she is one of the increasingly large number of the truly relentless distaff division, lots of luck in trying to make a success of the relationship. The shooting star you've latched on to will almost certainly have little time to waste on you, let alone any leftover emotion. Any liaison with her is by definition tenuous, and very low on her list of priorities. When you gaze into her deep-blue eyes, thinking of your future together, she will be gazing back, thinking about quarterly earnings. It will not take you long to develop an acute sympathy for all those suburban wives of the cold-eyed bastards who seem to spend every evening waiting around, reheating dinner.

The bottom line—a term she probably uses a great deal—is that there is simply no future in this arrangement. It is not

cost efficient for her—she would do better to slot in a relationship for 45 minutes a week, between appointments—and it is keeping you on an emotional diet about as nourishing as a three-martini lunch.

The Perpetual Noncommitter

The stigma of evading enduring commitment has, of course, long been attached to men. It is perhaps the accusation with which we have been more frequently confronted by women than any other. But, in fact, there are thousands of women out there, and their numbers are increasing, who have precisely the same tendency.

Usually, as in the case of their male counterparts, these women will initially disguise their constitutional aloofness, may even come on surprisingly strong. The object is to get *you* to commit. Only at that point, their egos satisfied, their insecurities once again allayed, do they feel free to retreat.

And often the retreat is as total as it is unexpected. "I thought things were working out beautifully," recalls a writer I know. "We'd spent a glorious weekend together at a country inn in Upstate New York, one of those places with antlers and flagstone everywhere, and on the last night, beside the fireplace, over brandy, I told her that I loved her. For two weeks after that, she didn't return my phone calls."

Yes, these people can be absolutely heart-wrenching. Some of them, in fact, pride themselves on their ability to bloodlessly cut things off. "It gives me a sense of power," confesses one woman I know, "to look a man in the eye and tell him, 'I'm sorry, I just don't love you.' I kind of see it as getting even."

Others, less overtly hostile, will endlessly profess that in the abstract, of course, they are looking for a lasting relationship; they have simply been disappointed by every man they've run across. The truth, it does not take a Ph.D. in psychology to work out, is that these people are incapable of being satisfied. What they don't have always looks better than whoever happens to be at hand. If you have a glaring fault, they will find it and obsess on it until they can barely stand to look at you; if you do not, they will create one and dwell on that. If you're white, they will wish you were black; if you're black, they will wish you were Jewish; if you're Jewish, they will wish you were a Sikh.

A woman of this kind does, however, have one decided strong feature. If you can manage to keep her at emotional arm's length, she is the ideal person with whom to have an affair—after you've been through the ringer with one of the nine others.

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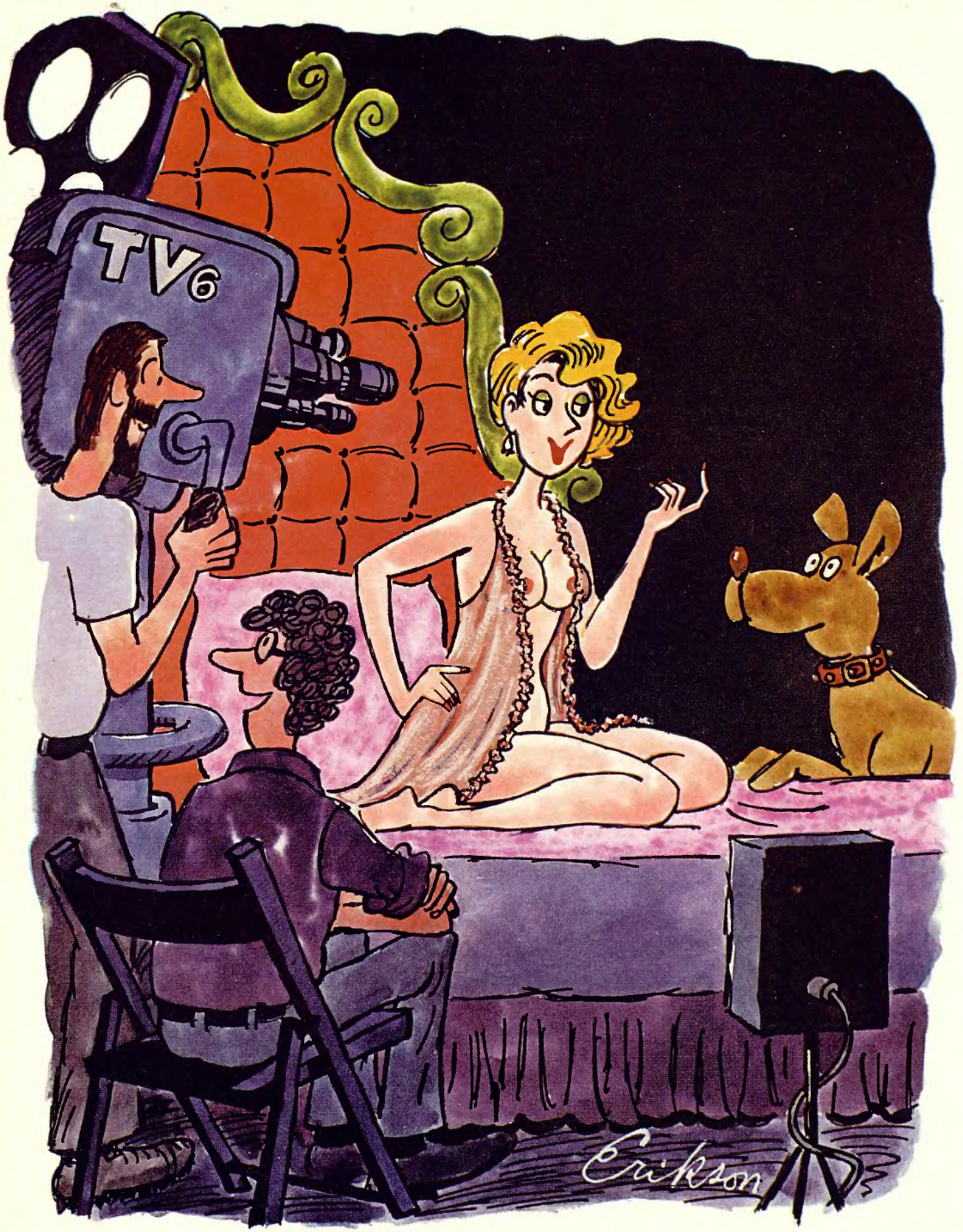


"Then, when we got 'em glued to the set, we hit 'em with the dog-food commercial."

Fanny (continued from page 106)

"In a trice, my Petticoats and Shift are thrown o'er my Head, muffling my Protestations of Shock."

manly as the Barking of Bull-dogs. I' faith, the Moment I saw him, I was prepar'd to forgive, or explain away as vicious Libels, all the scandalous Stories Lady Bellars had told me of him.

Beware the Lure of a handsome Face, the all too ready Assumption that the lovely Façade must needs have lovely Chambers within; for as 'tis with Great Houses, so too with Great Men. They may have grand Porticos and Loggias without, but within may be Madness and Squalor. 'Tis said that by the Cock of the Hat, the Man is known, and Lord Bellars wore his with the Raffishness of a Rogue; yet more gentle Maids of Seventeen have been betrayed by their own trusting Hearts than by the artful Wiles of their Seducers. For, as 'tis usual at that Age to suppose that Nature is ev'rywhere consistent and harmonious, we presume, in our Innocence, that a beauteous Brow contains a beauteous Brain, a handsome Mouth handsome Words, and a robust manly Form, robust manly Deeds. Alas, 'tis not so.

But I was young and I was full of all the wild Impetuosity of Youth; so I clatter'd at breakneck Speed down the Great Steps and should have run immediately into the Courtyard to greet our Visitors, had not a monstrous Villain upon the second Landing stuck out a Leg to stop me, and sent me toppling headlong down the Stair. Before the World behind my Eyelids went starry as the Night Sky and then black as the Grave, I glimps'd Mary's Face like a boil'd Pudding with a Smile plaster'd upon it, mocking me from the second Landing; and I knew in my Heart, tho' all Proof was lacking, that 'twas she who had tripp'd me. Beware, e'en more than the Wiles of Men, the Envy of Women—for more gentle Maids have been betray'd by envious Sisters than e'en by their own trusting Hearts!

How long I lay unconscious I cannot tell, but I awoke to find the whole Household standing o'er me with great Concern and Solicitude, especially Lord Bellars and Mr. Pope, whose great, kind Eyes I now could see, were the all-knowing Eyes of a Poet.

"Come, gentle Nymph," says he to me, extending a Hand which was delicate as a Maid's yet cold and pale as Death itself. I found myself at once repuls'd and attracted by his Delicacy, his deathlike Pallor, his large sensitive Eyes and long quivering Nose, the Physiognomy of Poet within the Carcass of a twisted Dwarf.

"Madam," says Lord Bellars, aside to Lady Bellars, "you did not tell me our little Foundling was growing into such a Beauty."

"And why should I?" says Lady Bellars. "Would you come Home for her when you would not come Home for your own Daughter?"

Lord Bellars made a Motion to indicate that this Remark was beneath Contempt, and, thanking the Poet for his Kindness, he also extended a Hand to me, then swept me at once into his Arms, and in full View of the entire Household, carried me up the Stair to my Bedchamber.

Can you imagine the Fire burning in my Cheaks as this Marvel of Manhood scoops me up into his Arms and carries me thus impetuously off?

"Thou art growing into a Beauty," Lord Bellars says, looking down at me from, it seems, a great Height. And then he gallops up the Stair two at a time, makes Haste for my Bedchamber, where he throws me down on the Bed roughly yet playfully, and says, leering like the Devil himself, "I know of but one sure Way to revive a fainting Wench." In a trice, my Petticoats and Shift are thrown o'er my Head, muffling my Protestations of Shock and Alarm, and a strong, warm Hand plays Arpeggios o'er the soft, silky Moss that but a few Years before hath begun to spring from the Mount-Pleasant betwixt my youthful Thighs, as Velvet Grass springs from a silted River-Bank.

His Fingers play'd and strove to twine in the Tendrils of that womanly Vegetation, but suddenly he begins to insinuate a Finger into the very Quick of my Womanhood, inflaming me beyond the twin Powers of Modesty and Surprize to resist, and causing me to cry out, "O! O! O!" Whereupon he flips the Petticoats back to their Proper Place, surveys my Blushes with Amusement, caresses my Breasts, those great snowy Hillocks tipp'd with rosy Nipples (whose Largeness, i' faith, hath, till this Moment, done nought but embarrass me), laughs, kisses me upon the Lips and declares, "At least my Beauty is still a Virgin—tho' from the Impatience I feel in her willing Young Blood, she will not be one for long!" Whereupon he makes haste to withdraw, leaving me shocked, speechless, all but mute with Outrage mingl'd with shameful Pleasure. Fire cours'd thro' my Veins, filling me with Longing, Disgust and Self-loathing.

O, I had heard plenty from the Servants concerning the Evils of giving Way to bestial Lust (tho' from the Servants' own Behaviour with each other, one should have thought they were scarce the Ones to talk!). Yet I knew that the disorder'd Sensations I now felt presaged my Fall from precious Purity into Ruin and Disgrace, and I wept at my Shame.

Lord Bellars had not lower'd my Petticoats an Instant too soon, for in a very few Moments, Lady Bellars arriv'd upon the Scene, and Lord Bellars pretended that nothing untoward had happen'd.

"The Wench is just reviving," says he, with supreme Ennui.

"So I see," said Lady Bellars haughtily. And then, under her Breath, to Lord Bellars, "I wonder why you grace us with your Presence at all, when all you do here is Mischief." And then, gently to me, "Please wear something more modest to Supper, Fannikins. These Poets are a very hot-blooded Lot. 'Twill not do to stir 'em to a Frenzy." And with that she sweeps out, following her Husband.

•

We had a small Family Supper that Night, after which Mary was to favour us with a Concert upon the Harpsichord (hoping, no doubt, to disguise with the Beauteousness of Mr. Handel's Musick the Ugliness of her Form).

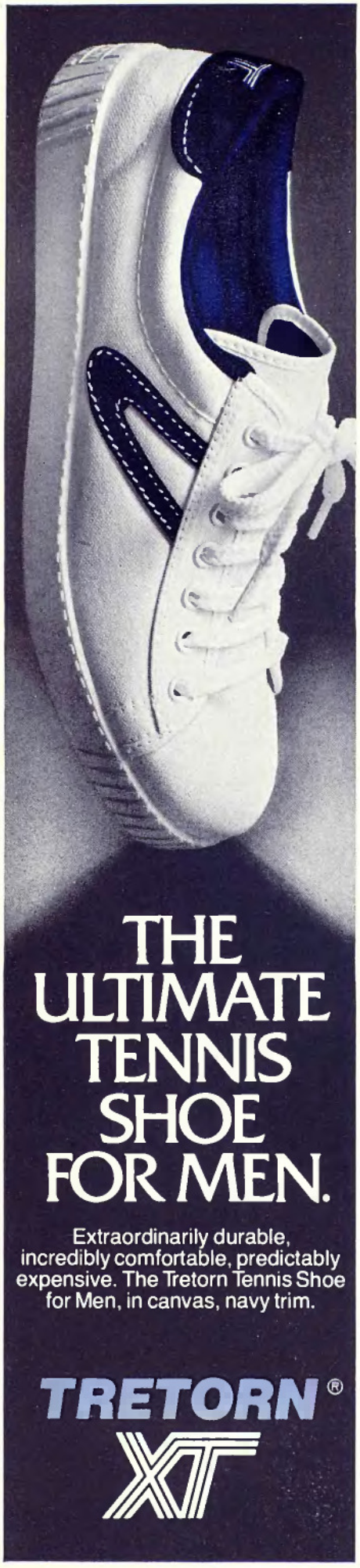
The Poet was sitting on my Right, and i' faith often allow'd his Eyes to wander downward toward my Bosom, which, notwithstanding the Modesty Piece Lady Bellars had caus'd me to wear, was still quite visible. "Pray, Sir," I askt, "describe your Grotto for us, for Lord Bellars hath told us 'tis one of the Wonders of the World."

"It gives me great Joy," says the Bard, "to describe my Grotto to a Young Lady of your surpassing Beauty; for Harmony is all in Nature, and what greater Harmony could there be than to describe one beauteous Marvel of Nature for the Ears of another."

I blush'd crimson at this gallant Compliment whilst Mary glower'd at me across the Table and Lord Bellars glow'd with Pride (or perhaps 'twas Lust), and Lady Bellars toy'd idly with a Muscadine Grape.

"My Dear," he continued, "'tis the very Maze of Fancy, a subterranean Chamber, craggy and mysterious as if Nature herself had made it, finish'd with Shells interspers'd with Pieces of Looking Glass in angular Forms. Connected to this Grotto by a narrower Passage are two Porches with Niches and Seats—one facing toward the Thames, made ingeniously of smooth Stones, and the other rough with Shells, Flints and Iron Ore, like the Cave of the Muses itself. It wants no Thing to compleat it, my dear Fanny, but a Statue of you, in the Garb of a Nymph—or perhaps, if my Eyes do not deceive me about your Natural Beauty, in no Garb at all!"

At this, I blush'd still more furiously



crimson, and Lord Bellars laugh'd uproariously.

"Sir, you mock me," I protested.

"Marry come up, Fanny, I have never been more serious in my Life."

"But tell me more of the Grotto," I said, wishing desperately to move on to less indiscreet Subjects (for little did I suspect in my Innocent Youth that Mr. Pope's Grotto was perhaps a sort of warm Womb to him, who had such Difficulty persuading Ladies to share his lonely Bed).

"There is little more to say," said the Poet. "You must see it with your own Eyes, as Lord Bellars hath done. You will think my Description is poetical, but 'tis nearer the Truth than you would suppose. Moreo'er, I plan to expand the Grotto. Eventually, there shall be a Bagnio and numerous conceal'd Fountains whence Cataracts of Water shall precipitate above your Head, from impending Stones and Rocks, whilst salient Spouts rise in rapid Streams at your Feet. Water shall break amongst Heaps of Flints and Spar. Thus Nature and Art will join to the mutual Advantage of both."

I was silenced once again by the Beauty of his Description, for when Mr. Pope spoke, one forgot his twisted Form, his thinning Hair, the general Fustiness of his Person (for he was too twisted to bathe or dress without Assistance), and one saw, in place of his Form, the Beauties of the Things he describ'd. I resolv'd to find Mr. Pope privily after Supper and discourse more with him.

The Ladies (Lady Bellars, Mary and myself) then withdrew, leaving the Gentlemen to piss and drink, Chamber-potts and Bottles for the Purposes being produced from the Sideboard. 'Twas the Custom of that Time for the Gentlemen to relieve themselves in the Dining Room, whilst the Ladies retir'd to the House of Easement or their own Chambers.

Upon this Occasion, when Lady Bellars had withdrawn to her Chamber, Mary grabb'd me rudely and propos'd that we two attempt to view the Gentlemen's Diversions thro' the Dining Room Keyhole.

"For I am sure," says Mary, "that just as his Back is deform'd, so his Masculine Appendage must be similarly gothick and strange." Whereupon she lets out a devilish Cackle, and goads me with: "Come, Fanny, are you such a Coward you will not?" Whereupon she claps her Eye to the Keyhole, and glues it there, whilst I struggle betwixt Curiosity and Disgust.

"Oooh," says she, "what a prodigious Engine he hath, despite his small Stature," and then she falls silent for a Moment, staring thro' the Keyhole with rapt Attention, and then she makes Noises of Mock Alarm and Surprize (acting more like a Chambermaid than a Lady—except that a Chambermaid might have i' faith had more Pretensions to the Graces than she).

"Come," she says, "have a Look. You will scarce believe your Eyes."

Reluctantly, foolishly, and with feelings of Dread and Foreboding, I knelt and clapt my Eye to the Hole.

My Step-Father, Lord Bellars, was betting with the Poet about who could most closely hit a Grape thrown into the Pisspott, whilst poor, corpulent Daniel lookt on, with Awe and Admiration for his Father's manly Gifts. As for their Masculine Engines, 'twas hard to tell beneath their long Coats, but Mr. Pope's seem'd a tiny piddling Thing, not deform'd, but toylike, whilst Lord Bellars was most mightily well equipp'd. But 'twas the Gaming I wonder'd at, more than the Anatomy. I had little Experience then of confirm'd Gamblers, tho' today, I know they will lay Wagers upon any Thing—from twin Raindrops coursing down a Window Pane to fine Arabian Mares. Lord Bellars was surely one of those, and it astound'd me that the Great Poet, who just Moments before had discours'd of Nature and Art, should now be taking great Delight in pissing at a Grape in a Chamber-pott!

"Pray, what are you doing?" came a stern Voice behind me. 'Twas Lady Bellars, suddenly return'd to pry out our Mischief.

I rose and faced her, blushing hotly.

"Fanny forced me to," says Mary, unbidden. "Fanny forced me. I was so frighten'd. I e'en clos'd my Eyes and refus'd to look. I swear it. I swear it upon a Bible."

"Hush," said Lady Bellars. "Fanny, is this true?"

"Madam," says I, "I cannot plead my own Case. As you saw me with my Eye to the Keyhole, so I was. My Sin was Curiosity, nothing more. But I swear I did not force Mary's Hand."

"Yes, she did! She did!" says Mary.

"Go to your Chambers, both of you," says Lady Bellars. "I will get the Truth of this later."

"Madam, I am deeply asham'd," I said. "I beg you to accept my Apology."

"Go," says Lady Bellars, "both of you, go."

•

Banish'd to my Chamber, I ponder'd my Plight. Owing to my foolish Curiosity, I had lost the Opportunity to discourse with Mr. Pope upon Subjects dearer to my Heart than the Sizes of Masculine Machines. It hath since been my Experience, that only Fools concern themselves thus with relative Anatomies. 'Tis true there are vast Differences betwixt Men in regard to their Am'rous Equipage (which is why Men always wish to be reassur'd to the Contrary), but only Simpletons and Dullards dwell

upon Differences in Size to the Exclusion of other Qualities.

Some Men have stiff staring Truncheons, red topp'd, rooted into Thickets of Curls which resemble the jungl'd Shores of the Indies; some have pitiful crooked Members, pale and white as unbak'd Bread; some Men have strange brownish Mushrooms upon crooked Stalks; and some have tiny pinkish Things, more like budding Roses than Pricks. Also, no Thing in this weary World hath as many divers Names as that commonplace Organ; and you will find that the Name by which a Man calls his own hath much to do with how he regards himself.

Doth he call it a Battering-piece? Well, then, he will probably lie with you that Way. Doth he call it a Bauble? He is probably vain of his Wigs and Waistcoats as well. Doth he call it a Dirk? He is surely a Scotsman, and gloomy 'neath his drunken Bravado. Doth he call it a Flip-Flap? Well, then, be advis'd: You will have to work very hard to make it stand (and once standing, 'twill wish for no Thing but to lie down again). Doth he call it a Lance-of-Love? Doubtless, he writes dreadful Verses, too. Nor is a Man's Estimation of his own Privy Member necessarily infallible. The Politician who boasts of his Member-for-Cockshire, the Butcher who praises his Skewer, the Poet who prates of his Picklock, the Actor who loves his Lollipop, the Footman who boasts of his Ramrod, the Parson who praises his Pillicock, the Orator who apotheosizes his Adam's-Arsenal, the Sea Captain who adores his own Rudder—none of these Men, howsoe'er lively their Mental Parts, is to be trusted upon his own Estimation of his Prowess in the Arts (and Wars) of Love!

But, as I was saying, no one but a Blockhead dwells upon Anatomy to the Exclusion of other Qualities. The Soul is far more Important than the Body in ev'ry Respect and e'en a Man of Pleasure (if he is also a Man of Parts) understands this.

Only a Rake cares more for his Privy Member than his Soul, and a Rake, you will find 'ere long, is the dullest Sort of Man. Because he is so devoted to his Masculine Organ, he can think of no Thing but finding divers Whores to gratify his Lust for Novelty. He thinks he will find a Woman with a newer, prettier Way of wiggling her Hips, a Whore who knows three score and nine Arabick Love Positions, Tricks with Handkerchiefs, Oils and Salves of the Orient, *Bijoux Indiscrets* (as the French call 'em), or Ivory Toys and Gewgaws from China which are carv'd to resemble Elephant Organs or other Absurdities of that sort. Stay away from such Men. There is no Pleasure to be found in their Company, no Wisdom in their Conversation, no Generosity toward their Mistresses, and before long they will surely give you Pox into the Bargain. A dissolute Footman, a Dancing Master with an Excess of Hubris, a Porter with Delusions of Grandeur makes a better Rake than a Man of Parts and Breeding, because he hath no Education to cause him a Moment's Hesitation in his loathsome, ignoble and degrading Vices; if you let a Rake into your Bed, you will i' faith often find a Footman in the cast-off Clothes of his Lord.

But to continue with my Tale. I lay abed consid'ring how my foolish Curiosity (and Mary's Treachery) had undone my rare Opportunity to discourse with a True Poet upon the Habits and Habitations of the Muses, when suddenly the Door sprang open, and who should enter but Mr. Pope himself!

"O Sir," I said, "you were just at this very Moment in my Thoughts."

"And so were you in mine," says the Poet, coming toward me with a goatish Smile upon his Lips.

"I was just this Moment wondering," I said, the Blood flying up into my Face, Neck and Breasts, "if I might pose you a few Queries concerning the Art of Poesy."

"Pose all you like, my Dear," says he, loping o'er to the Bed, and seating himself upon the Edge of it, whence his tiny twiglike Legs dangl'd like broken Branches in the Wind, after a Storm.

"Well, then," said I, so engross'd in my Thoughts of the Muses that I scarce thought to enquire what he was doing in my Chamber, "is it vain for a Woman to wish to be a Poet, or e'en to be the first Female Laureate some Day?"

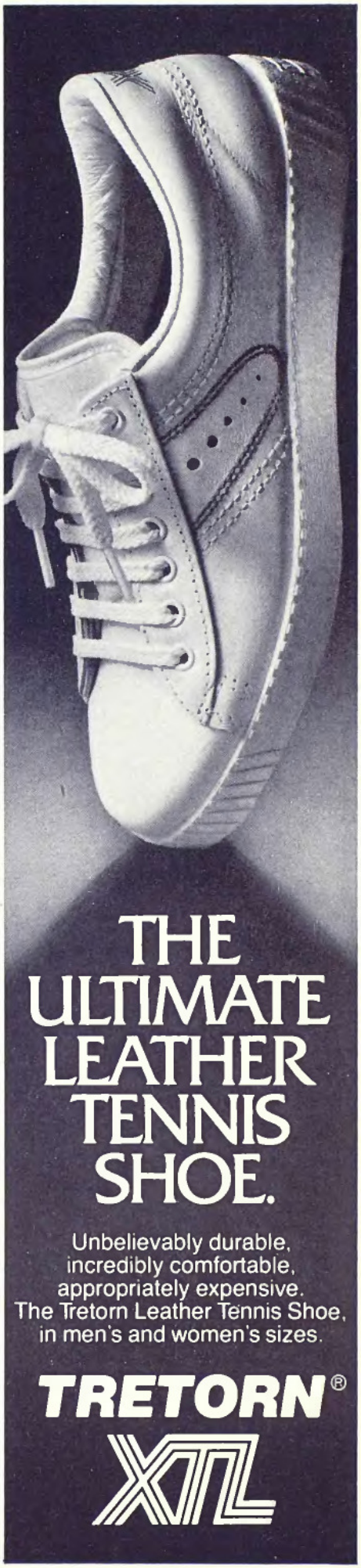
Whereupon he broke into a Gale of unkind Laughter, which made me blush still harder for my presum'd Foolishness.

"Fanny, my Dear, the Answer is implied in the Query itself. Men are Poets; Women are meant to be their Muses upon Earth. You are the Inspiration of the Poems, not the Creator of Poems, and why should you wish it otherwise?"

I confess I was dumbfounded by the Manner in which he pos'd his Query and press'd his Point. I had my own tentative first Verses secreted directly 'neath the Pillow of the Bed, but I was far too abash'd at that Moment to draw 'em out and ask his Opinion. I' faith, with each Word he utter'd, I was coming, increasingly, to disdain those Verses, which only a few Moments before had seem'd touch'd with the Fire of the Muses.

"See these fine twin Globes?" said the Poet, suddenly reaching into my Boddice and disengaging my Breasts. I gasp'd with Shock but dar'd not interrupt the Poet's flow of beauteous Words:

"See these roseate Nipples, the Colour of Summer Dawn? Why, they are like



the twin Planets of an undiscover'd Cosmos," says he, "and these Lips . . ." (he made bold to glue his cold, clammy Lips to one Nipple) "are like unto the Explorer who comes to set his Standard upon their Shores. . . ."

Alarm'd as I was, I could not think of how to interrupt him without insulting an honour'd Guest, and as he suckt upon one Nipple and then the other, firing my Blood and putting all my Thoughts into Disorder, my Resolve grew e'er more befuddl'd. For tho' I found his Person loathsome, his Words were fine and elegant, and despite what he argu'd about the Fair Sex and the Art of Poesy, I was e'er more conquer'd by fine Language than by fine Looks.

"But, Sir," I protested, moving, albeit momentarily, out of his grasp, "is not Inspiration a Thing which hath no Gender, is neither Male nor Female, as Angels are neither Male nor Female?"

"In Theory, that is correct," said the Poet, reaching under my Shift and insinuating a cold, clammy Hand betwixt my dampening Thighs, "but in Practice, Inspiration more frequently visits those of the Male Sex, and for this following Reason, mark you well. As the Muse is Female, so the Muse is more likely to receive Male Lovers than Female Ones. Therefore, a Woman Poet is an Absurdity of Nature, a vile, despis'd Creature whose Fate must e'er be Loneliness, Melancholy, Despair, and eventually Self-slaughter. Howe'er, if she chooses the sensible Path, and devotes her whole Life to serving a Poet of the Masculine Gender, the Gods shall bless her, and all the Universe resound with her Praise. 'Tis all Part of Nature's Great Plan. As Angels are above Men and God is above Angels, so Women are below Men and above Children and Dogs; but if Women seek to upset that Great Order by usurping Men in their proper Position of Superiority, both in the Arts and the Sciences, as well as Politicks, Society, and Marriage, they reap no Thing but Chaos and Anarchy, and i' faith the whole World tumbles to its Ruin."

So saying, he had managed to wiggle a Finger upward into that tender Virginal Opening, which had been unattempted till that very Day (when 'twas visited first by a Finger belonging to Lord Bellars and then by one belonging to the Poet himself!), and by wiggling and squirming it and at the same time intermittently sucking, with renew'd Determination, upon one Nipple and then the other, he had made fair Headway against my Maidenhead, whilst speaking of God's Great Plan and the Mighty Laws of Nature.

"But, Sir," I said, above the growing Pounding of my Blood in my Ears, like Waves upon the Shores, "cannot this Plan be alter'd? Cannot a great Female Poet rise up who will give the Lye to these immutable Theories?"

"No," said the Poet, "a thousand times NO. For whate'er exists in Nature is but an Expression of God's Will, and if He hath placed Women below Men, you can be sure 'tis for a Noble Purpose. In short, whate'er is, IS RIGHT."

Whereupon he loosen'd his Breeches, fumbl'd 'neath his Waistcoat and curious Doublet for his tiny pink Member, threw my Petticoats above my Head, and made ready to assault my Maidenhead, with the very Weapon made for the Purpose. But my Guardian Angel must have been attending me at that Moment, for just as he made for my tender Virgin Cunnikin, his own Eagerness brought on the Ultimate Period of his Hot Fit of Lust, of which my firm young Thighs and clean Petticoats receiv'd the egregious Effusion.

"O, ohhh," he groan'd, part in Relief, part in Disappointment. And he buried his Head betwixt my Breasts, where his Eyes let fall a few hot Tears of Distress.

"O my Fanny, you are all the Inspiration I shall e'er wish. Come away with me to Twickenham. You shall be Mistress of my House and my Heart, Queen of the Muses, first among Women. I shall dress you in Sattens and gold Lace, cover you with Jewels, adorn you as I adorn my Grotto. . . ."

"O Sir," said I, "I cannot leave the tender Parents who have taken me in and rais'd me to Womanhood. Lady Bellars would be heartbroken. Please, Sir, do not tempt me so." But his offer put me suddenly in Mind of a Plan for leaving Lymeworth and making my Way to London. Consequently, I did not tell the Poet what I thought of his miserable Form and his loathsome Avowals of Passion. I wip'd the sticky Substance from my Thighs with a fine Cambrick Handkerchief and begg'd my Admirer to take Leave of me so that I might consider his Proposal till the Morrow.

•

By the Time the Poet took Leave of me, 'twas nearing Eleven o' the Clock;

"But the tooth is dead, Mrs. Croy. You felt pressure, which you mistook for pain."

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for I could hear the large House Clock, which we had standing upon the Backstairs Head, ring its eleven Bells shortly after his Departure. Nor did he leave without putting almost a Handful of Gold into my trembling Hand and making a thousand Protestations of his Passion for me.

How can I convey to you my Perplexity about the Spectacle of Masculine Lust I had just witness'd? At Seventeen, I was a Virgin, and my Knowledge of Venus' Hot Fires was slight, indeed.

I' faith, I had witness'd Swiving in my Time—Dogs, Horses, Chickens, Servants and Daniel did it—that I knew. I had come upon him with the Dairymaid in the Dairy (whence they were doubtless curdling Cream), but to think so great a Bard as Mr. Pope should have such low and bestial Proclivities, 'twas puzzling, puzzling in the extream.

Thus was I reflecting when once again came a Knock upon the Door of my Bedchamber, and without waiting to be invited, who should appear, but my Step-Brother Daniel himself, drunk with Port and slobb'ring into his Shirt Front like an elderly Spaniel. (I could not but note with Amusement and Disdain that he had unbutton'd his Waistcoat most rakishly to show the copious Ruffles of his fine Holland linen Shirt, which he presum'd would have a most killing effect upon the Fair Sex!)

" 'Tis a Shame you miss'd the Party, Fannikin, my Lamb," says he, advancing toward the Bed, and looking Goats and Monkies at me. "We scarce miss'd Mary's Concert at all—so merry were we with Drink and Conversation."

"Pray, who bid you enter?" I demanded, leaping up from the Bed, so as to better defend my Person from his intended Assaults.

"Oho!" says Daniel drunkenly, picking at his Pustules with one Hand, "do you not wish for my Company?"

"Certainly not," say I. "When I wish for the Company of a drunken Lout, I shall find a prettier one than you at the Bear & Dragon." (The Bear & Dragon, as you may guess, was our local Village Tavern, and a dirtier, more scurvy Hole, fill'd with more drunken Country Hobnails could not be found in all of England.)

"Oho! Do you insult me then?" says Daniel, turning red behind all his Pimples and Pock-Marks.

"Call it what you will," I said haughtily, "so long as you quit this Place at once."

"Oho!" says Daniel, "I will not suffer gladly such Insults to my Person and my Parts," and he makes bold to approach me and breathe his pestilential Breath full into my Face (as if 'twould fell me quite—like a Dragon's Breath of Fire!). Whereupon, without further Ceremony or Preamble, he flings his Arms about my Neck, plants his loathsome Kisses upon my Bosom, and attempts to lay me down upon the Bed again and to unlock my Thighs. In a trice, I gather all my Force against his tott'ring Drunkenness, heave myself up with the Puissance which the Goddess of Anger alone makes possible, and kick, with one pointed Satten Slipper, straight into his Breech.

"O Jesus, I am kill'd!" he shouts. "O my poor Pillicock, my poor Peewee!" And he reels backward, holding his Hands to his Breech, and then falls o'er the Washstand, landing in a great Crash and Clatter, with the Wash Pitcher scatter'd in Pieces 'round him.

"Now, then," say I, standing o'er him and pressing my Advantage like Athena the Warrior Goddess herself, "out!"

"O cruel Fanny," slobbers Daniel, "cruel, cruel Fanny. Dost thou not know I love thee?"

"Go make Love to Mrs. Betty the Chambermaid, who is already Great with Child by thee. Or Mrs. Polly the Milkmaid, who soon will be! I have no use for a brawling drunken Lout who is my own Step-Brother to boot."

"But not Blood-Brother, Fanny. Come, what's the Harm in it?"

"The Harm is the next Kick I shall give thee, which shall finish thy Am'rous Tricks fore'ermore!" said I, savouring my Rage.

"O please," he whimper'd, "please, please," and he commenced to crawl upon his Belly like a Snake toward the Door of my Chamber, whimp'ring and mewling and slobb'ring, until, having reach'd the Doorjamb, he rais'd himself by the brass Door Pull and, with a reproachful, simp'ring backward Glance, let himself out of the Chamber. E'en as he departed, one idle Hand pinch'd a Pustule upon his Cheak. (If such a Complexion was the Result of Lust, 'twas well indeed I scotch'd it in myself!)

He had scarce been gone ten Minutes when once again the Door open'd and Lord Bellars enter'd my Virgin Chamber.

My Thoughts were in such a great Turmoil from the divers Events of the Ev'ning, and my Body so weary from my Exertions 'gainst Daniel, that I could do no more than sigh when Lord Bellars came to me, tow'ring o'er my Bed, and looking down at me with those fine sparkling brown Eyes.

"You are so beautiful, my Fanny," he said. "All this Night I have thought of no Thing but your Beauty."

"Pray, do not flatter me, Milord. It makes me blush."

And 'twas true, the Blood came as readily to my Face as Moths to a Candle Flame on a hot Summer Night. As their Wings quiver and flutter, so I trembl'd 'neath Lord Bellars' Gaze. My Hands grew cold, my Cheaks hot; the Blood drain'd, it seem'd, from my Feet and Hands, and sped up into my patched and painted Cheaks.

"Nay. Do not forbid me Speech, for if I can possess you only with Words, I *will* speak, despite your Alarms. You are so inimitably fair and lovely. Your Limbs are fine-turn'd and your Eyes run o'er with Liquid Amber. Your Breasts are whiter than Alpine Snow and your Hair flames like a thousand Autumns past, and a thousand Autumns yet to come. You are like a Daughter to me and yet, do I dare dream an Intimacy betwixt us e'en greater than that of filial Duty and an Orphan's Gratitude?"

He clasp'd me in his strong Arms, and I almost fainted away like one drugg'd.

"Oh, no, Milord, pray, please refrain. Consider me, I beg you, for I am a Creature who hath no Protection but you, no Defense but your Honour. I conjure you not to make me abhor myself!—not to make me vile in my own Eyes!"

He then fell to his Knees at the Edge of the Bed and exclaim'd, "I make an Oath at your Feet, to possess you or dye!" Whereupon he removes the tiny pointed Satten Slipper from my right Foot and presses his Lips to the Sole of my Foot.

"I beseech you, Milord . . ." I stammer'd. For, had he kiss'd my Breasts directly, 'twould have provok'd less Rapture than when he thus abas'd himself to kiss my Foot. How unworthy was that coarse Foot against his fine Lips!

"Please, Sir," I protested.

"My Angel," he sigh'd, now flinging away the other Slipper and kissing the other Sole. "Please forgive, if e'er you can, my Coarseness upon that earlier Occasion, for until Dinner I did not know what a fine delicate Creature you had become, despite your lusty Beauty. O, for my Presumption, a thousand Pardons! But after hearing you discourse with Mr. Pope upon his Grotto, upon Nature and Art, I knew I had treated you most scurvily. And for that I would sooner drive this Sword . . ." (and here he drew it and it twinkl'd evilly in the dim Candlelight) ". . . into my Breast than have you loathe me for a vile Villain, a Common Rake, which surely is your Right, consid'ring what hath transpir'd before Supper."

O what Confusion reign'd in my Breast! First the Poet, then Daniel, then Lord Bellars! Daniel I knew for a Fool and Knave; the Poet seem'd a pitiable Creature, desiring to be above Women because he could ne'er stand equal with Men—but Lord Bellars?—how was I to judge Lord Bellars? Here was a Passion declar'd in Words so tender that one could scarce doubt its Sincerity. (O Lust I knew to be a low Emotion, but Love was all the Poets' highest Good!)

The Sword Tip hung pois'd o'er his

manly Bosom. He tore off his Neckcloth, ripp'd open his embroider'd Satten Waistcoat and laid bare his linen Shirt Front, as if to pierce that snowy Field until the red Poppies of his Blood flower'd upon it.

"Well, then, come Death!" he exclaim'd, and with his left Hand tore open the Linen to reveal a fine, reddish Fur, twining here and there into sweet Ringlets, and two boyish Paps of rosy pink 'round which the same reddish Hair did spring.

"Hold!" I cried. "How should I e'er forgive myself if I were to be the Cause of your Death."

"I would rather dye than dishonour you," he said, "but my Love is such that I must do violence to one of us—and since I cannot be the Murderer of that fair Maidenhead, which I have rais'd from tend'rest Infancy, I must dye myself. 'Tis a tragick but necessary Choyce! Adieu, sweet Maid! Think of me tenderly, if you think of me at all." And, so saying, he drove the Sword Point into his Chest, whereupon I fell to my Knees on the Floor, beseeching him to refrain, to hold, to stop.

He dropp'd the Sword, fell to the Floor and smother'd me with Kisses. The flowing Blood from his Wound (a surface Wound, I later discover'd) stain'd my Breasts and Gown with its sweet Stickiness. I smell'd the salty Odor of his Blood as he enfold'd me, kiss'd me first on the Mouth, then betwixt the Breasts, then betwixt the Legs, where his Tongue thrust upward into my Virginal Opening, making the way slick for the stronger Thrusts to follow.

If I bled a little off'ring my Maidenhead, it seem'd as nothing compar'd to the Blood he had sacrificed for me. I' faith, who could tell where his Blood ended and mine began? Enmesh'd, entwin'd in mutual Stickiness and Sweetness, we lay together dying of Love. The Ecstasy was mutual and compleat.

Later, when I was cynical, I would learn to dissect and analyze the Act of Love, to pronounce upon the Techniques of my Lovers, and to judge them in the Lists of Love, because, perhaps, Love itself was lacking. But upon that first Occasion, my Heart no less than my Maidenhead was taken, and I could no more judge than I could resist. If he had askt me to pierce my own Breast, as he had pierced his, I would certainly have obliged him willingly. Afterward, he fell again to kissing my Feet, this Time in an Attitude of Prayerfulness.

"I swear my Eternal Love," he said. "I swear by Venus, by Jove, by Jesus Himself that I have ne'er lov'd before as I love now." And I felt for an Instant that all the Fulfillment of my girlish Dreams had come true, that I was the Heroine of a French Romance, and that in one Night I had gone from Girlhood to Womanhood, had liv'd a thousand

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Lives, had felt my Soul incarnate in the Body of Cleopatra, of Desdemona, of Portia, of Eloisa, of Juliet. In me were all the Great Heroines of Romance join'd and combin'd. In me did Juliet mingle with Eloisa, did Portia lend her Strength to the melting Tenderness of Desdemona; in me was there e'en something of mad Ophelia—ready to dye for Love and float away down a mossy Stream 'neath a Weeping Willow Tree, whilst drowning Flow'rs dangl'd in my Hair.

Alas! Alas! What foolish Visions strut thro' the Head of a Maid of Seventeen! Lord Bellars took his Leave and I slept the Sleep of the Innocent, the Sleep of the Lamb who doth not yet know that God hath also created Lions, who doth not further guess that God hath created him King of the Beasts, in that teaming Jungle which we call the World.

•

I awaken'd at Five o' the Clock to the Singing of Birds. My Heart was as light as their Song. I wanted to throw my Cloak about me and run barefoot into the dewy Grass of the Park, skipping along the Velvet Lawns, like a Spaniel Pup, bending down to kiss the Grass, looking up to thank God for the new Day, for my Lover, for my Life.

In short, I was light with Love, skittish and sleepless, full of puppyish Enthusiasm. I dress'd in haste, splasht my Face with the cold Water in the Basin, and ran downstairs to greet the Day before the World was up.

The Housekeeper, Mrs. Locke, smil'd at me, yet not without a Query in her Eyes, but I was too taken with my own Am'rousness to answer that intended Query or e'en rightly to apprehend it.

What happen'd next, it pains me extreamly to report, tho' a Quarter of a Century hath pass'd since that Time.

I wander'd, distracted with Love, into the Library, where I meant to seek out a Love Poem, when, in all Idleness and Innocence, I pass'd his Escritoire, and spied upon it an unfinish'd Letter in his own Hand.

As the Mother Cat cannot neglect her Kittens, but must always be carrying 'em from one shady Spot to another, so the Lover cannot avoid examining any Thing belonging to her Belovèd—e'en if she will surely come to Grief thereby.

I paus'd, and read the Letter. I remember e'en the Date as if it had been branded on my Brain with a hot Iron. At first Glance, it seem'd intended for me.

Lymeworth
June 21st, 1724

Adorable Creature, thou dearest, best of Women, my Angel, my Queen, my Ruler:

As I am your devoted Slave, and as you have commanded me to report to you all my most trifling Dalliances—as you, I trust, report yours to me—let me tell you what hath transpir'd here this Ev'ning betwixt myself and my enchanting Step-Daughter, Fanny, the Orphan Girl of whom I have spoken, who lives here at Lymeworth thro' the Kindness and Magnanimity of my gen'rous Heart.

I know your Zeal, your ardent Fervour for Conquest, and I fear you will protest that to seduce a Young Girl, who hath seen no Thing of the World, who is deliver'd into my Hands as a Lamb to a Lion, and whom a kind and flatt'ring Epithet would not fail to intoxicate, is no Triumph at all, and not e'en worth reporting as a Victory. Madam, you are wrong. This Waif is no Serving-Maid, no mean Harlot, but a Devotée of the Muses, well-read in Poetry and Philosophy. Why, e'en as I watch'd thro' the Keyhole of her Closet, she repell'd the Advances of no less a Personage than the Poet, Mr. Alexander Pope, as well as the Advances of my scurvy Son, Daniel (which, admittedly, is no very Great Thing, because the Lad hath no more Charm than a Country Hobnail). But mark you, she is a Worthy Prey, despite her lowly Birth, for by Learning and Application, she hath acquir'd more Graces than my own Children, and tho' naturally hot-blooded, she is also full of Morality (which, as you will remember, is one of the Essential Traits we enumerated when we made up our little Rules for the Sport of amusing each Other, each with the Other's Dalliances).

I' faith, she possesses all the Requisites: Beauty, Morality, Passion, and she possesses 'em in abundance.

Now, you will wish to know what Strategy I adopted, what Campaign, and what Maneuvers; in short, by what Means I arriv'd at my Victory, and the total Subjugation of my Prey. I decided upon a Combination of two Strategies: first, the near-Ravishment (which heated her Blood and disorder'd her Senses), then our oft-discuss'd Strategy of Terror and Astonishment, in which I threaten'd Self-Slaughter and let her be my Sweet Saviour, my Minist'ring Angel. It workt better than I might have hop'd! On other Occasions, many Days, e'en Weeks, have been requir'd for Compleat Victory. Here the entire Conquest took only Minutes!

I enter'd her Room, prais'd her Beauty in Terms borrow'd from the Playhouse, made bold to kiss her Feet (mark you, not her Breasts!), threaten'd to dye for Love unless she save me, actually drew my own Blood, and was rescu'd from the Brink of the Void by the Angel's own Maidenhead. What Capital Sport! Madam, had you yourself been watching thro' a Peephole (as upon that previous Occasion which I am sure you well remember), you would have commended me most highly. Yes, Friend, she is mine, entirely mine; after Tonight she hath nothing left to grant me.

I am still too full of my Triumph to be able to fairly appreciate it. But I promise you, it shall go down in our little Book of Amours as one of our most enchanting Ev'nings of Sport. Cupid himself prepares a Crown for me!

I hope you are well, Madam, and that your Silence does not portend a Continuation of that Ague you reported in your last Letter. I' faith . . .

I could read no more. My Eyes brimm'd with salty Tears and my Heart ach'd with Humiliation so great that Death alone could ease it. I ran into the wall'd Garden, where I wisht to dash my Brains out at the Feet of Venus, and would, no doubt, have done so, had not Cowardice, a base Fear of doing myself bodily Injury, interven'd. The cruelest Phrases from that wicked Letter rang thro' my Brain, like Church Bells resounding in a Belfry.

"Capital Sport!"—I heard Lord Bellars' own mocking Voice say those detested Words. "Subjugation of my Prey!" "A Combination of two Strategies!" "Terms borrow'd from the Playhouse!" Was it not enough that I was ruin'd, that my first, fine Belief in the Pow'r of Love had been betray'd? But must I also be held up to Ridicule in the Eyes of Lord Bellars' London Mistress—no doubt a Woman of Fashion to whom my Ruin was a mere Toy to pass away an Afternoon, or a lewd Playlet, a sort of Afterpiece, to heat the Blood of Jaded Lovers?

O, ne'er was a Wench so wretched as myself! How should I survive this Humiliation? I could not face Lord Bellars or my Foster Mother again. I could not sit at Table across from the Poet, Lady Bellars, Mary, Daniel and the villainous Lord Bellars himself without showing my Distress. What could I do but flee?

Fortunately, I had the Guineas the Poet had press'd upon me, and I had, besides, some good Clothes and Jewels that might be pawn'd, a Silver Snuff-Box, a Gold Watch and sev'ral Gold Rings.

I ran back to my Chamber to gather all my worldly Possessions (including my tentative first Verses) and to plan my Flight from Lymeworth.

I was consid'ring how I might escape

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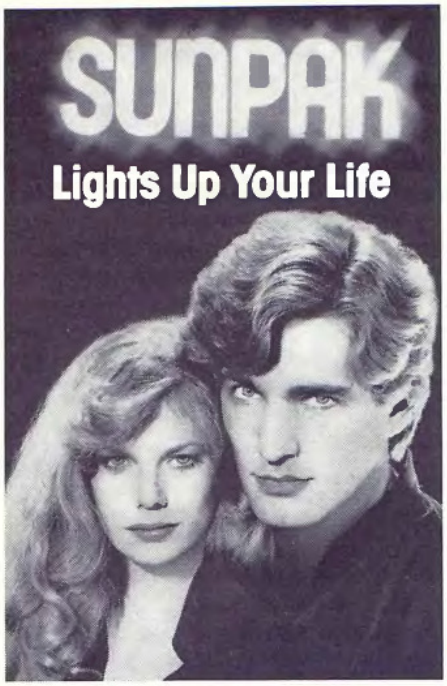

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to London, without falling Prey to Highwaymen and Robbers, when I recall'd the Custom of certain famous Actresses in London of dressing up in Men's Clothes to play "Breeches Parts," and I form'd the Idea of stealing Daniel's Riding Clothes and Riding Wig and making my Way to London *en homme*. Fortunately, I was an excellent Horsewoman, but whether I should be able to fetch my own chestnut Arabian Stallion, Lustre, without incurring Suspicion from the Groom and the Stable Boys, I did not know, and whether I should be able to reach London unharm'd was also doubtful. But what other Choyce did I have? I dried my Tears and set about preparing for my Journey.

•

Daniel slept like a Pig, or, still worse, like an old Country Squire, wheezing, sputtering and farting. For all his Pretensions to the Manners of a Man of Pleasure whilst awake, asleep 'twas clear he was more to be pitied than fear'd.

'Twas not much Trouble to take what I wanted without awak'ning him. I snatch'd a fine black Riding Wig that must have cost a Pocketful of Shillings, and took as well a Pair of Jack Boots, brown Leather Riding Breeches, Stockings, a fine Silver-Hilted Sword, a green Redingote, clean Linen, a Cravat, a black Beaver Hat, and a heavy scarlet Cloak against the Rain.

I was too full of Fear about awak'ning Daniel to wonder about the Fit of these Clothes or what Sort of Figure I should cut as a Beau. E'en as I left his Chamber, Daniel heav'd and mutter'd, "Fanny, Fannikins, Fan . . . ," and for a Moment I fear'd I was lost. But 'twas only a Dream; the scurvy Fellow would pollute me in Sleep e'en as he would awake.

I hasten'd to my Chamber to attire myself properly in these stolen Clothes before setting out.

O I cut a fine Figure as a Boy! My long Hair bound up close to my Skull with Ribbands and Pins (so as to remain hidden under my Riding Wig), my Face bare of Paint or Patch, my Breasts hidden 'neath Coat and Cloak, my Hat tilted rakishly forward to shadow my Face, my Jack Boots and Sword giving me the Assurance of a Beau.

I stood before the Glass and practised talking like a Man.

"Stand and deliver!" I fancied a Gentleman of the Road demanding.

"Damme if yer not a Rascal and a Knave!" I replied in a deep Voice.

But 'twas no good; I still sounded like a Girl.

"Sir, yer a Rascal and a Knave!" I said in a deeper Voice. 'Twas better, if only by an Ounce.

Well, then, again.

"Damme if yer not a Son of a Whore!" I said with still greater Assurance and (what I hop'd was) a fine manly Tenor. 'Twas fair enough, tho' not perfect. I should ne'er sing Bass, but perhaps I might pass as a Castrato!

I then composed a farewell Letter to Lady Bellars, knowing as I did the Grief it could not but communicate to her.

I fasten'd the Letter to my Pillow with a Pin, snatch'd my Poems and secreted them about my Person, bid Farewell to my belovèd Chamber, and crept down to the Stables.

The Clock struck Eight as I let myself quietly down the Back Stair, and thence thro' a Secret Passage which led to the Library. I thanked my Guardian Angel that Mrs. Locke and the other Servants were below in the Kitchen preparing Breakfast, and I took one last Look at the detested Letter as I cross'd the Library to reach the Double Doors that led into the Park.

I ran across the Velvet Lawns to the Stables, my small Feet slipping within the large Boots, my Heels sinking into the wet Earth.

The Fates surely must have approv'd my Journey, for they arranged it that the Groom and the Stable Boys were off in the Meadows exercising two prize Arabian Stallions which Lord Bellars wisht to race at Newmarket the following Year, and I was able to saddle my own dear Horse, Lustre, and make my Escape without anyone being the Wiser.

•

What heavenly Bliss to gallop across the English Meadows upon a June Morning, talking to one's Horse! What a perfect Cure for the Vapours! Ne'er did I mount Lustre without Exhilaration, and ne'er did I gallop upon his Back, the Wind at my Ears, without a Sense of Freedom so compleat it banish'd all Melancholia. Yet, as I remember'd this was no ordinary Morning Gallop, but my very last Morning at Home, the Tears began to flow as if they should ne'er cease!

Adieu! Adieu! Sweet Home of my Youth, and all the Safety I e'er have known! I began then to brood upon the terrible Tales I'd heard told of London, Tales of Highwaymen and Bawds, of Robbers disguis'd as Dealers in Hair or old Clothes, of Procuresses disguis'd as Housekeepers or Decent Matrons. I' faith, I was upon the very Point of turning back, when I harshly commanded myself to cease weeping and be brave. Whereupon my old Determination did not fail me (for I had learn'd e'en then the curious Knack of commanding myself to appear courageous in the Face of Fear—and lo and behold, the Pretense of Courage almost created it!).

"So I spur'd Lustre on and gallop'd toward the High Road, resolving bravely to face the sundry Adventures which the Fates surely had in Store.

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GETTING IT ON WITH GREENS *(continued from page 151)*

"Main-dish salads allow plenty of latitude for freelancing and personal expression."

their informality, main-dish salads can be delicious eating, running the gamut from a chef's salad laced with strips of boiled ham and cheese to Italian spectaculars calling for meaty *porcini* mushrooms, sticks of parmesan and thin strips of cold roast veal, all set on a bed of Bibb lettuce and topped with grated white truffles. At $600 a pound, fresh truffles are dispensable, but there's no dearth of intriguing salad ingredients to pique the palate and engage the cerebrum—*tortellini*, duckling, kiwi fruit, pine nuts, daikon (a mild white Japanese radish) and the Mediterranean treat sliced squid being just a few.

For a fairly unpresuming course, salads seem to generate controversy—whether greens should be torn or cut, for example. However, only a few procedures significantly affect the finished dish:

- Salads should be served chilled; plates should be chilled, too.
- Greens should be dried, whether it's done with paper toweling, dish towels or whirling in a salad spinner. The last is easiest and effective.
- Don't drown the salad in dressing—too little is better than too much.
- Unless you have a special source for buying dressings, make your own. It's worth the trouble.
- Quality and freshness of ingredients is the single most important factor. No one seeks out tired water cress or soggy radishes, of course, but you should be downright finicky when selecting salad ingredients.

The innovative Soho Charcuterie does a particularly good job with main-dish salads. The two that follow are popular with patrons of this attractive Manhattan restaurant.

INSALATA DI TORTELLINI
(Serves four to six)

Soho Charcuterie Vinaigrette: 1 egg yolk, 1 teaspoon Dijon mustard, ¼ cup red-wine vinegar, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup vegetable oil (may be part olive oil)
24 ozs. fresh *tortellini* (small stuffed pasta rings)
6 ozs. Black Forest ham (or other good-quality cooked ham), cut in julienne strips
1 red bell pepper, seeded and cut in julienne strips
¾ cup cooked broccoli, cut in small pieces
½ cup minced scallions
1 teaspoon chopped fresh dill
2 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese
Garnish: radishes, *cornichons*, fennel sticks

Combine all dressing ingredients, except oil, in large bowl; whisk together until thickened. Gradually add oil, while continuing to whisk. Cook *tortellini* in boiling, salted water just until tender, 4 to 5 minutes. Cool quickly in colander under cold running water; drain well. Add *tortellini* to dressing in bowl, along with remaining ingredients, except garnish. Toss gently. Chill about ½ hour before serving. Arrange on platter and decorate with garnishes.

Note: Fresh *tortellini* are available at shops that sell fresh pasta, and some large supermarkets carry them frozen. If neither are available, small fresh or frozen *ravioli* may be used, though they're not as delicate as *tortellini*.

GREEN-BEAN ANTIPASTO WITH PINE NUTS
(Serves four)

Soho Charcuterie Vinaigrette
1½ lbs. fresh green beans
12 cherry tomatoes
¼ cup toasted pine nuts
6 ozs. smoked mozzarella, cubed
6 ozs. pepperoni, thinly sliced
1 tablespoon oregano
Garnish: curly chicory, marinated artichoke hearts, anchovy fillets

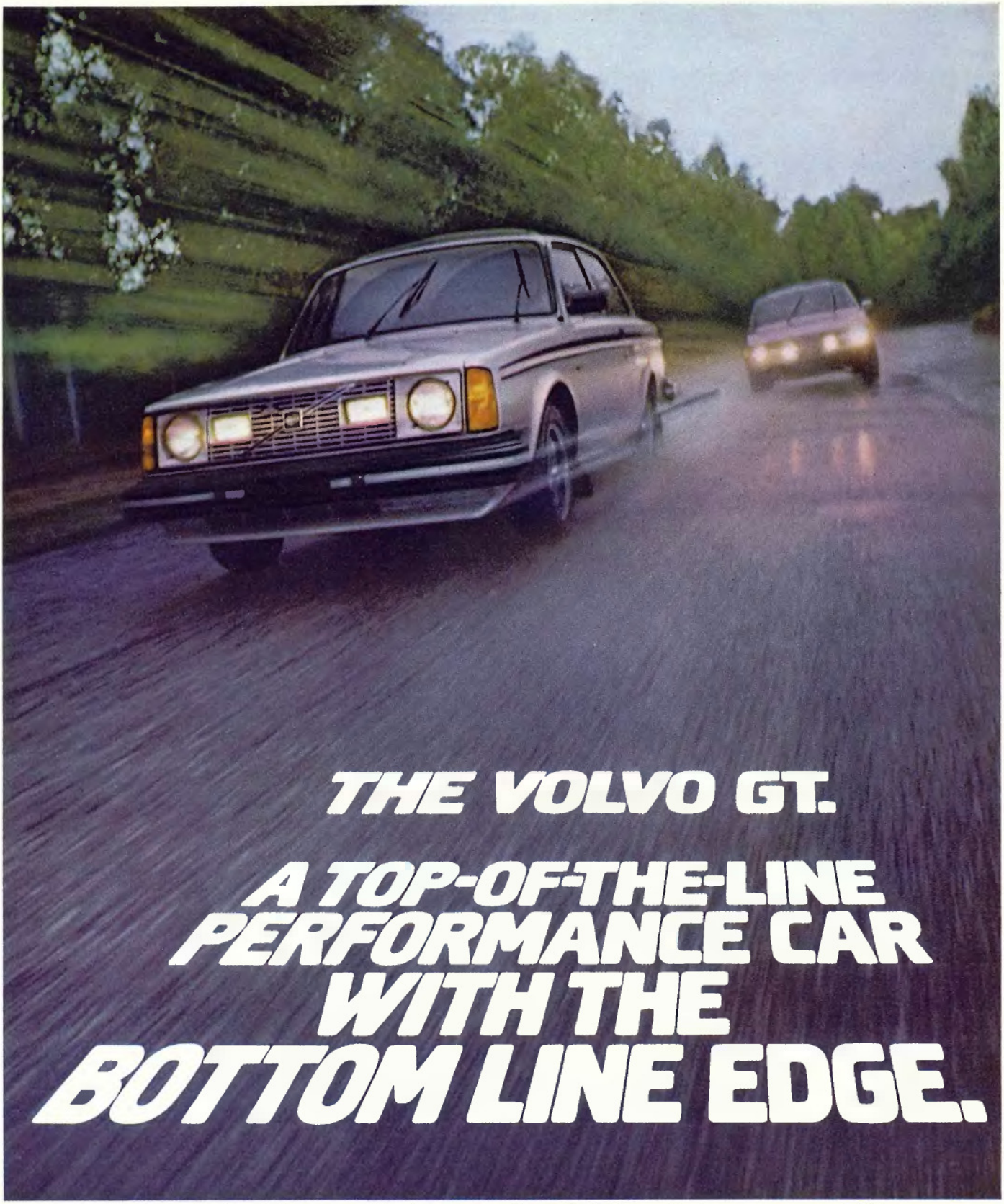
Prepare vinaigrette as for Insalata di Tortellini. Remove stems from green beans, but leave whole. Bring large pot of lightly salted water to boil, add green beans and cook 3 minutes or just until crisp-tender. Cool quickly in colander under cold running water; drain well. Combine with other ingredients, except garnish, and toss with dressing. Arrange chicory leaves on platter. Mound antipasto mixture on top. Decorate with garnishes.

MELANGE OF COLD DUCK, IMPERIAL
(Serves four)

2 large ripe peaches, peeled and cubed
¼ cup fruit vinegar (raspberry, cherry, etc.)
2 cups cubed cooked duck
2 medium-size seedless oranges, peeled and sectioned
1 cup seedless green grapes
½ medium-size sweet onion, thinly sliced and separated into rings
¼ cup sliced pitted ripe olives
Dressing: ¼ cup orange juice; ¾ cup walnut oil; 1 tablespoon chopped onion; 2 sprigs parsley; 1 teaspoon soy sauce; ½ teaspoon dried marjoram; salt and pepper, to taste
Garnish: Bibb lettuce, orange slices, grapes

Toss peach cubes with 1 tablespoon vinegar, in salad bowl. Add duck, orange, grapes, onion rings and olives. Combine

"Don't mind him, Mr. Wilcox, he's just gathering evidence for my sexual-harassment suit."



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rest of vinegar with dressing ingredients in blender; blend until smooth. Pour about half over salad; toss gently. Add additional dressing as needed and toss. Arrange Bibb lettuce on platter. Top with salad, decorate with fruit garnish.

New way with a staple—the chef's salad. The old chef never looked better.

SUPERCHEF
(Serves four to six)

Dressing: ¼ cup each wine vinegar and mayonnaise; ¾ cup vegetable oil (use part olive); 1 crushed clove garlic; salt and pepper, to taste
6 cups assorted salad greens, torn in bite-size pieces (romaine, butter lettuce, spinach leaves, etc.)
¼ lb. cooked, shelled shrimps, halved
¼ lb. pickled tongue, slivered
¼ lb. smoked turkey, slivered
¼ lb. baked Virginia ham, slivered
¼ lb. *feta* cheese, in ½-in. cubes
2 large tomatoes, peeled, seeded and diced
Garnish: 4 to 6 slices crumbled crisp bacon, half-sour pickles, cherry peppers

Combine dressing ingredients; mix well. Put remaining ingredients, except garnishes, in large salad bowl. Toss with dressing until well mixed. Top with garnishes.

CRAB LOUIS
(Serves four)

¾ lb. lump crab meat (or 2 6-oz. packages frozen Alaska king-crab meat)
Crab-meat dressing: 1 cup mayonnaise; ¼ cup chili sauce; 2 tablespoons each finely chopped onion, green pepper and green olives; 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce; salt and pepper, to taste
Vinaigrette: 3 tablespoons vegetable oil; 1 tablespoon wine vinegar; small clove garlic, crushed; salt and pepper, to taste
1 medium-size ripe avocado
2 tomatoes
Romaine-lettuce leaves, torn in bite-size pieces
4 hard-cooked eggs, quartered and sprinkled with paprika

Pick over crab meat to remove bits of shell. (If frozen crab meat is used, thaw as package directs.) Combine ingredients for crab-meat dressing and mix well. Add crab meat and toss gently. Combine ingredients for vinaigrette. Peel and slice avocado, quarter tomatoes and sprinkle both with vinaigrette. Cover bottom of serving platter or shallow salad bowl with lettuce. Mound crab meat in center. Ring with avocado slices, tomato and egg quarters.

This piquant dressing is a specialty of Balducci's Market—a gourmet haunt in Greenwich Village. You can use it with any combination of fruits that happen to be in season.

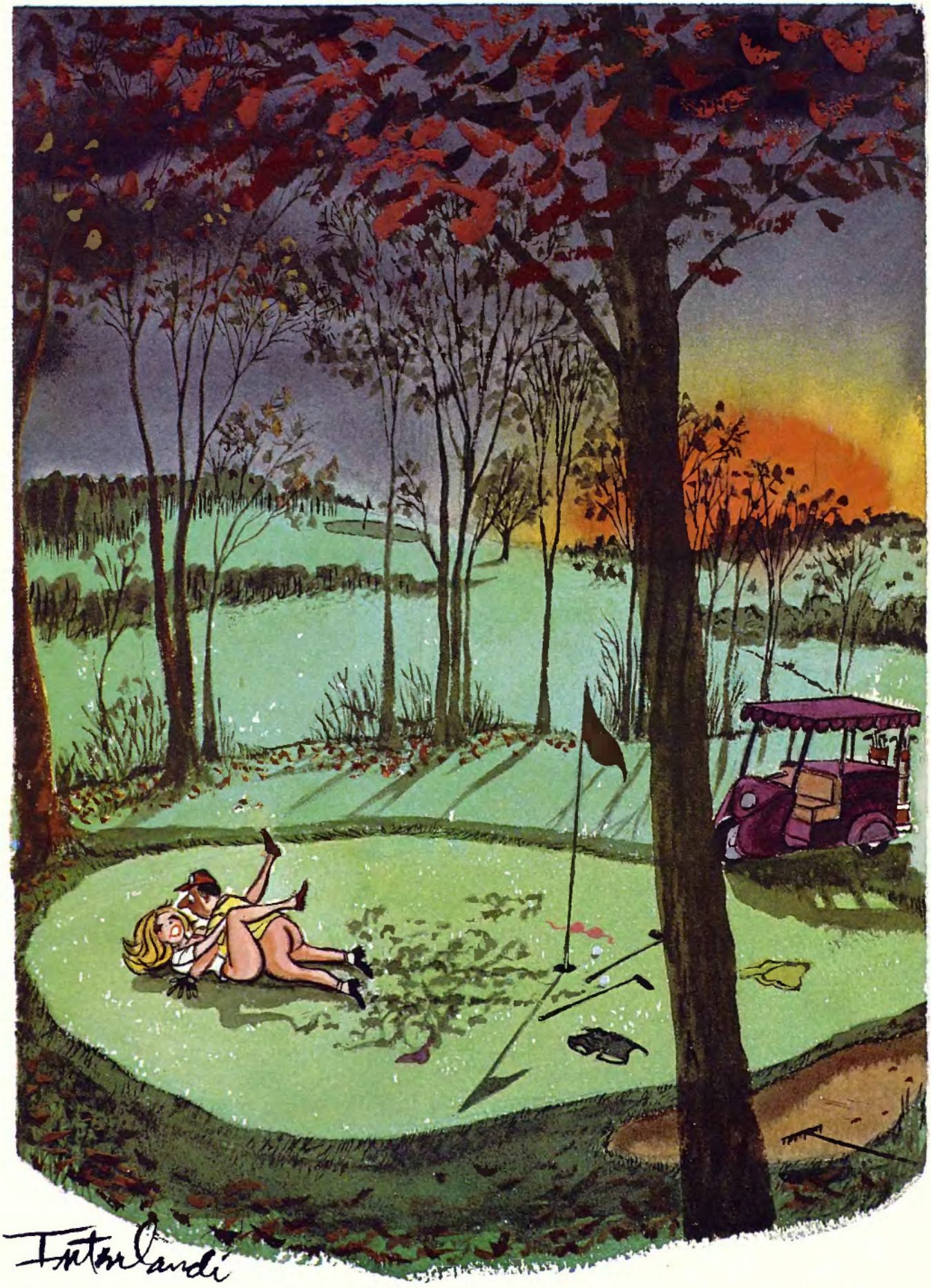
FRUIT IN COCONUT-GINGER-LIME DRESSING
(Serves six)

Balducci's Coconut-Ginger-Lime Dressing: ½ cup heavy cream; 2 tablespoons shredded or flaked coconut; 2 tablespoons fresh lime juice; 1 tablespoon grated lemon peel; 2 teaspoons honey; 1 teaspoon grated fresh ginger; ¼ cup mayonnaise
1 large banana, sliced
2 nectarines, peeled and sliced
½ cup thinly sliced jicama
1 kiwi fruit, peeled and sliced
1 cup fresh pineapple cubes
1½ cups cantaloupe and honeydew balls or cubes
1 cup whole strawberries
12 ozs. *bucheron* or other goat cheese
½ cup pistachio nuts

Combine all dressing ingredients, except mayonnaise, in blender; blend until smooth. Pour into large bowl; fold in mayonnaise. Add fruit to dressing in bowl; stir gently. Marinate several hours in refrigerator. Spoon out on salad plates. Flank fruit with half-moon cheese slices; sprinkle salad with pistachios.

Note: If jicama is unavailable, substitute crisp, tart apple—peeled and cubed.

(concluded overleaf)



"Boy, I'll say my husband would be furious. He's the greenskeeper."

At last, a different, and delightful, kind of chicken salad.

CHICKEN-PEANUT SALAD
(Serves two to three)

½ lb. bean sprouts
2 cups shredded cooked chicken
⅓ cup sliced canned water chestnuts
1½ cups water-cress leaves
1 small red onion, thinly sliced
⅓ cup chopped peanuts
Dressing: 3 tablespoons peanut butter; 2 tablespoons each soy sauce, white wine and vinegar; 1 tablespoon vegetable oil; 1 teaspoon each sesame oil, sugar, grated fresh ginger root; 1 crushed clove garlic; ½ teaspoon each dry mustard and curry powder; 4 dashes Tabasco, or to taste
Garnish: chutney, trimmed scallions, English-cucumber slices

Pour boiling water over bean sprouts, rinse with cold water, drain very well. Combine with chicken, water chestnuts, water cress, onion and peanuts in large bowl. Combine dressing ingredients and mix well. Toss salad ingredients with dressing until well combined. Arrange on platter and decorate with garnishes.

SHELLFISH REMOULADE
(Serves four)

Sauce Rémoulade: 1½ cups mayonnaise; 1 large clove garlic, crushed; 2 tablespoons each chopped *cilantro* (coriander leaves), minced shallots; 1 teaspoon chopped capers; ¼ teaspoon dry mustard
1½ cups dry white wine or vermouth
½ lb. bay scallops
½ lb. fresh shrimps, cooked and shelled
6 ozs. cooked lobster chunks (or lump crab meat)
Red leaf lettuce
1 lb. asparagus spears, cooked
Cherry tomatoes

Combine sauce ingredients and chill. Bring wine to simmer in shallow saucepan. Add scallops and poach just until they turn opaque, 3 to 4 minutes. Drain and chill. (Shrimps and lobster are available cooked, at good fish stores.) Arrange bed of red leaf lettuce on oval platter. Mound shrimps at one end, follow with rows of asparagus, scallops, cherry tomatoes, lobster. Spoon dressing over all.

Note: Fresh *cilantro* is usually available in Oriental and Hispanic produce markets.

COLD ROAST BEEF GRIBICHE
(Serves three to four)

Sauce Gribiche: 2 hard-cooked eggs; 2 teaspoons mustard; 1 crushed clove garlic; ¾ cup vegetable oil (use part olive); ¼ cup wine vinegar; 3 tablespoons well-drained pickle relish; 1 tablespoon each capers, finely chopped shallots, chopped parsley; ½ teaspoon dried tarragon; salt and pepper, to taste
¾ lb. cold roast beef or steak
½ lb. mushrooms, sliced
1–2 tablespoons vegetable oil
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 large potato, cooked, peeled and sliced
Garnish: slivered pimiento, sliced daikon radish, tiny pickled beets

Prepare sauce: Mash hard-cooked egg yolks in bowl until smooth. Work in mustard and garlic. Beat in 2 tablespoons oil, few drops at a time. Then beat in rest of oil in slow stream. Beat in vinegar, little at a time. Stir in chopped egg whites and other sauce ingredients. Cut beef in thin strips. Stir-fry mushrooms in hot oil until lightly golden. Remove from heat and add lemon juice. Combine beef strips, mushrooms and potato slices in salad bowl. Add Sauce Gribiche and toss gently until well combined. Chill about ½ hour. Decorate with garnishes before serving.

TUNA CANNELLINI
(Serves two)

1 can (7 ozs.) Italian-style tuna in olive oil
1 can (1¼ lbs.) *cannellini* beans, well drained
¼ cup sliced pitted ripe olives
¼ cup slivered pimiento
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
½ medium-size red onion, sliced
¼ cup olive oil
2 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ teaspoon dried thyme
Salt and pepper, to taste
Garnish: *arugula* or escarole, whole ripe olives, green-pepper rings

Break tuna into chunks in bowl. Add beans, olives, pimiento, parsley and onion; toss lightly until mixed. Mix oil, lemon juice and thyme. Pour over tuna and toss. Add salt and pepper to taste. Arrange on platter; decorate with garnishes.

The Romans and the Chinese used both lettuce and cress as aphrodisiacs. Maybe they knew something. What the hell . . . if they don't work, you can always go back to oysters.

"Then someone suggested we go to a tattoo parlor, but, frankly, I was drinking so much I don't remember if we went or not."

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people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

SOLAR HEAT!

This summer, that lucky old sun is going to have some sexy new fans, sun worshipers in string bikinis with solar-powered propellers that spin when the sun shines (she'll have to go topless into the water). A string bikini in yellow, black or red is $56.50; a bikini with removable solar units is $61.50; the solar-powered hard-hat is $18.50; and there's even a man's bikini with propeller for $41.50—all from Up in the Air, 1615 North Laurel Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90046. Anyone for a spin?

A WATERY GROOVE

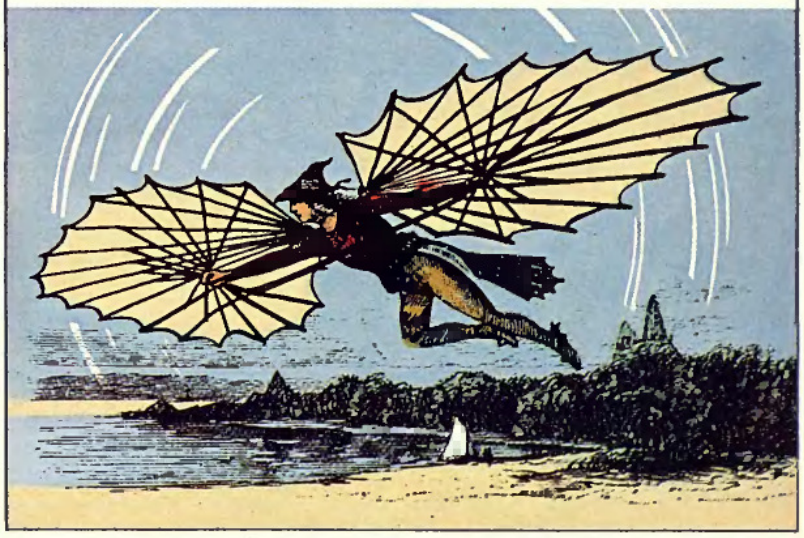
Nautical Quarterly magazine contains the kind of stuff most landlubbers can only dream about: gorgeous photographs of the paneled interiors of yachts, a look at exotic ports of call and in-depth coverage of both the sailing and the motorboating scene. Four slipcased issues annually cost $49.50 sent to *Nautical Quarterly*, 141 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10016. That's cheaper than a brass oarlock.

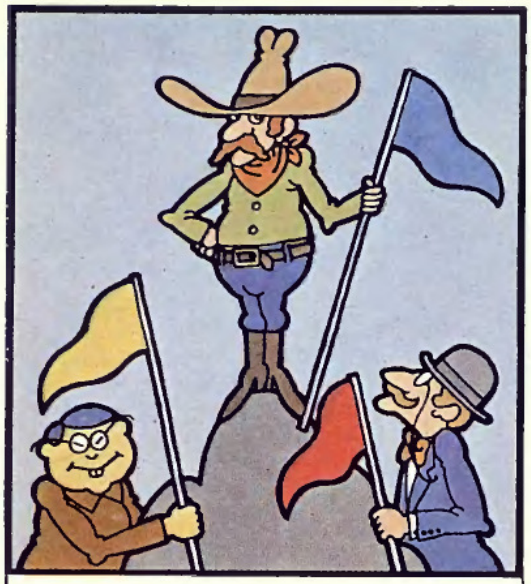
PAYING ATTENTION TO MR. DETAIL

Kenna Pridemore is a stickler for detail. Mr. Detail, in fact, is the name of his company at 2301 Purdue Avenue in Los Angeles and he's that car-crazy town's number-one cosmetologist. Call him for an appointment at 213-478-3486 and quicker than you can say Porsche Carrera, Kenna and his crew of cleanup men will have gone over your cherished machine, polishing, rubbing, scrubbing every nook and cranny, followed by a wax job. The cost? Just $85 to $250, depending on the machine. Yes, he's planning to franchise.

STRAIGHTEN UP AND FLY RIGHT

If our kit-plane feature in this issue leaves you longing to learn how to pilot your own little cloud jumper, pick up a copy of *Pilot Training*, a soft-cover by Arthur J. Sabin that's available from the publisher, Anderson World, Inc., P. O. Box 159, Mountain View, California 94042, for $5.50, postpaid. Included in the book is info on how much it costs to become a pilot and a self-evaluation quiz to tell you whether or not you've got the right stuff for flying. No, it doesn't show how to pack a parachute.





CLIMB EVERY MOUNTAIN

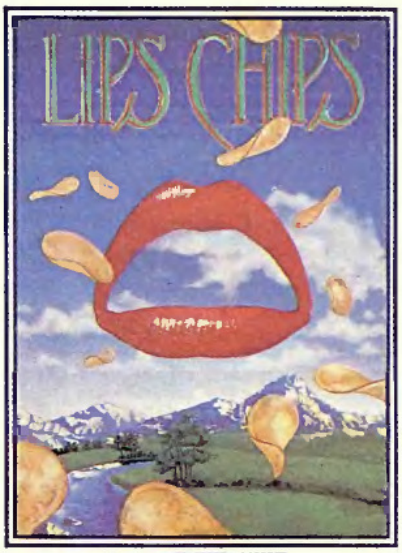
Everest, the mountain-climbing game for two to six people, has something for every armchair adventurer: illness and falling cards, foul-weather bulletins and the chance that you won't have the right equipment. The good news is that the game costs only $9.50, postpaid, from Wilkins & Associates, Box 8043, Greenville, South Carolina 29604. That's $250,000 less than the going rate for an expedition. Press on, Sir Edmund.

WAY OF ALL FLESH

Want to add a little spice to your cooking? Try serving up your favorite tuna casserole in Flesh Pots, British-made male/female torso serving dishes, and watch your guests line up to lick the platters clean. The dishes, which are ovenproof and sell for $300 a torso or $550 the set, are available from On Broadway, 3176 North Broadway, Chicago, Illinois 60657. And when dinner's over, it's a sure bet that everyone will help with the dishes.

SNACK YOUR LIPS

The free-floating abstract lips at right are the label for Lips Chips—tasty, open-kettle, hand-salted and hand-stirred potato chips that definitely don't taste like the machine-made spud shavings you get at your local supermarket. Lips Chips are cooked with loving care and for that you must pay accordingly: $15.95 sent to the Lips Chips Company at 10517 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles 90064, will get you a one-and-a-half-pound can of unsalted or salted ones. And for $17.50, you'll receive the same-size can of Hot Lips—barbecued chips liberally sprinkled with cayenne pepper. When you're through snacking, the cans make terrific wastebaskets.



SINK OR SWIM

We haven't personally had the opportunity to take the plunge with an Aquamax snorkel, but according to the manufacturer, Marketing Control Corporation, it's the greatest thing to happen to underwater diving since the invention of the face mask. The Aquamax incorporates a unique engineering principle: Dive deep below the surface and an air pocket will automatically form in the top of the snorkel—even during a 360-degree somersault—and keep practically *all* water out of the breathing tube. And, best of all, the price isn't going to drown you—only $12.95 sent to Marketing Control at P.O. Box 2643, Palm Beach, Florida 33480.

COLD STORAGE—EXECUTIVE STYLE

Busy executives may not have time for three-hour lunches, but that doesn't mean the cottage cheese they tote to work has to be eaten warm. A company in Tustin, California, called Divajex is marketing the Lunch Pal, a polystyrene 10″ x 7½″ x 4″ suitcase-style container that has room for a can of pop, a sandwich, yogurt or whatever, all kept well chilled thanks to a refreezable Blue-Ice unit that tucks into the corner of the case. Lunch Pals are being sold at drugstores and supermarkets for about $7. A mini flask of martinis will fit nicely in there, too. Drink up.

BO IS BACK (continued from page 111)

"'They started crowding around me, shouting, "Bo! Bo! Turn this way, Bo." I kept my head down.'"

Husband John, recognizing an incipient anxiety attack when he saw one, suggested that they get away so that Bo, in his words, "could begin to figure out who Bo was."

And that, Bo frankly admits, was a tough one. "Before I met John, I didn't have many interests other than boating and motorcycles. John used always to ask me, 'What are you thinking, Bo?' And I'd say, 'Well, I don't know.'"

John says: "Ignorance is bliss. Bo didn't want to open a single can of peas in her head. The reaction to her in *"10"* forced her to take stock of herself."

"Suddenly," says Bo, "I found myself continually confronted by people in the media asking me, 'Who are you?'"

They retreated. First to Japan, then to a half-dozen other countries, including Australia and Switzerland. But they quickly discovered that there are few places in the world where Bo Derek can go unnoticed by the press. In Sydney, the media were so obsessed with her—*"10"* had just opened there—that, with a nudge from Warner Bros. (distributor of *"10"*), she and John granted a press conference. It didn't go well.

"We didn't mind going through answering questions," Bo says, "but we didn't want any photos taken, because the photos would haunt us through the rest of our trip, all over Europe. So Warner Bros. had asked the press not to bring cameras. Well, when the press showed up at this little restaurant where we held the press conference, they were all carrying cameras. We said, 'Hey, you guys knew in advance that there were to be no pictures.' John was trying to explain our point of view when one of the photographers interrupted him, saying, 'Mr. Derek, how long do we have to listen to this? Let us speak to your wife.' Well, that made John furious and it made me mad, too. But John told me, 'Let them take their pictures and then let's get the hell out of here and go home.'"

And that was the turning point, the beginning, she says, of finding Bo Derek. "I couldn't do it. They started taking pictures of me and I told them to stop. John was telling me to go ahead and cooperate, to do it for him. But, at the same time, everything that I'd learned from him about being assertive cried out against staying for the interview and the pictures. So I ran out of the restaurant. John was shouting at me, the photographers were following me, clicking away, and I didn't have any idea where I was. I mean, I was in Australia, right? A lady who works with Warner Bros. was there and she caught up with me and tried to get me away. The photographers were so close that we decided to jump into a car. A photographer jumped in with us and started taking pictures. The lady and I started trying to push the guy out and shouted at him to leave us alone, but then he informed us that we'd jumped into *his* car! It turns out that the car we'd come in had been moved. So we jumped out and ran another block until we found our car. Finally, we escaped, but I was nearly in hysterics.

"When I got back to our hotel," Bo continues, "John was there and I immediately broke down, shaking and crying. I was so mad, and at the same time I thought he'd be mad at me because I didn't do what he told me. But John said he was proud of me and that he'd been trying to tell me—with his eyes—to go. I was confused, but so happy." She had finally done what Bo wanted to do. "It was a good lesson for me," she says.

By the time she returned from the ten-week vacation, Bo was sure she could handle the pressures of being a star, including the press. Her new-found assertiveness first showed up on the set of *A Change of Seasons* (due to be released in December), in which she co-stars with Anthony Hopkins and Shirley MacLaine.

"Ordinarily, when I get mad, I don't scream or yell; I cry, because I usually feel it's my fault. But one day in Vermont [where *A Change of Seasons* was filming], a combination of pressures built up. They made me really mad and I blew up in front of the crew. I actually yelled. When I got home, I started shaking."

As she recounts the story, Bo sits in a rocking chair in the high-ceilinged living room in the Dereks' cozy Marina del Rey apartment. She's not wearing make-up, which verifies for us that she owns the rosiest cheeks in Hollywood. Her sandy blonde hair hangs loose, except for one long beaded braid reminiscent of her role in *"10."* She's dressed in a large red T-shirt, blue jeans and her favorite black hand-knit socks (from Afghanistan). Her T-shirt says MOSCOW, 1980. In view of the Olympic boycott, we ask her why she's wearing it.

"I was thinking just before the interview," she laughs, "that maybe I shouldn't wear it. But I decided, why not? It's a comfortable T-shirt. On the other hand, I wore it to the supermarket the other day without thinking and I was worried the whole time that I should cover it up, that someone would recognize me, see the T-shirt and scream, 'You traitor!' But no one did."

(We reflect for a moment on what kind of man might spy Bo Derek in his local supermarket and think only of criticizing her T-shirt. Probably not the kind of man who reads PLAYBOY.)

Wearing what she wants is also a part of Bo's new self-awareness. For the 1980 Academy Awards ceremony (at which she and Christopher Reeve presented the Oscar for Best Film Editing), she scorned the starlet's standard low-cut dress and, instead, opted for a plain white, almost pristine A-line dress with a shallow scoop neck. For that she may wind up on Blackwell's worst-dressed list again (she made it last year, to which she commented, "It's far better than being on his best-dressed list"), but neither she nor John cares. John helped her hem her Oscar-night dress but stayed home to watch the ceremony on television because, as he says, "I've been through it before." Perhaps it's good that John didn't go, because it gave Bo a chance to test her new-found moxie vis-à-vis the media.

"After the ceremony," she tells us, "I was to escort the man who won for Best Film Editing backstage to meet the press. There were two rooms, one for still photographers and one for television cameras. I was taking him to the one with the television cameras and we passed the other room on the way. Inside, photographers were taking pictures of the various Oscar winners, and suddenly, they all ran out of the room to follow me, leaving the other people behind—which I thought was terribly rude—and I felt embarrassed, since I was just there as an escort, not as a winner or a nominee. They started crowding around me, shouting, 'Bo! Bo! Turn this way, Bo! Look up, Bo!' I kept my head down. They weren't even photographing the man I was with, who'd won an Oscar. Just me. I wouldn't pose for them, so at one point this photographer, an older man, said loudly, in a very stern voice, 'Bo, you are invited here as a guest, and to have your picture taken, and you *will* look up.' You've got to realize that until recently that sort of thing would have paralyzed me, because I would have felt that this man was a grownup and I was only a child, and who am I to say no to an adult? But instead, I asked the man I was escorting if he minded if I left. He said he didn't, so I walked out. And as I left, you should have heard the boos from the photographers. 'Boo, Bo! Booooo.'"

If you get the impression that Bo's a reluctant superstar, you're only half right. She wants success, but on her own terms—not an unreasonable expectation

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SHEIK

Schmid Products Company, Little Falls, N.J.

when you consider that she's been offered literally millions of dollars to perform in movies she doesn't want to do and to endorse products that she doesn't use.

And why should she? After all, with only one hit movie under her belt, she's already so well known that she receives fan letters addressed "Bo Derek, Hollywood," and sometimes just "Bo Derek." And it's probably a reflection of her aristocratic image (a real 10 is a girl you wouldn't think of belching in front of) that "I've never had an obscene letter. Not one. They've all been very nice. A few have been erotic, but more poetic than vulgar. I haven't heard from one weirdo." However, those who fancy themselves Cyranos of the erotic couplet should be forewarned that Bo's grandmother answers most of her fan mail. "She seems to enjoy it," says Bo.

Bo and John have planned her immediate future rather well. Their main concern at the moment is the production of *Me, Jane* ("Tarzan the Ape Man from Jane's point of view," says John), starring Bo, produced by Bo and directed by John. It will be, according to John, "Sexy, exotic, funny, everything."

We ask Bo why she elected to produce her own film and she answers, "Because John will be too busy to worry about the details."

John adds, "And Bo is very good with details." After completing *Me, Jane*, the Dereks plan to make a film John tentatively titles *The Cowboy and the Crazy Lady*, which will star Bo as a teenaged girl and co-star John's ex-wife Ursula Andress as Bo's mother.

"I love Ursula," Bo says unaffectedly, "and I'd love to work with her."

After that, who knows? Perhaps another vacation in Japan. If there's one country whose press Bo likes, it's Japan.

"We held a press conference, and when we walked in, everyone was so quiet, it was so formal. We had an interpreter who, for some reason, suddenly couldn't interpret, and there I was, standing in front of these people who were all so quiet, not knowing what to say. Finally, someone asked me a question. I answered it, and then it was silent again. They all just sat there and looked at me. I looked around at the Warner Bros. people and asked, 'What's wrong? What's wrong?' Finally, one of the Japanese writers who spoke English said to me, 'If you want to answer more questions, you have to ask us to ask them every time.' They're so formal, it's wonderful. We just had a lot of fun in Japan, even though John and I don't particularly like Japanese food. John ate rice and sugar and milk the whole time. But we really enjoyed the people."

In Japan, they call Bo "*Ju*," which means, of course, ten.

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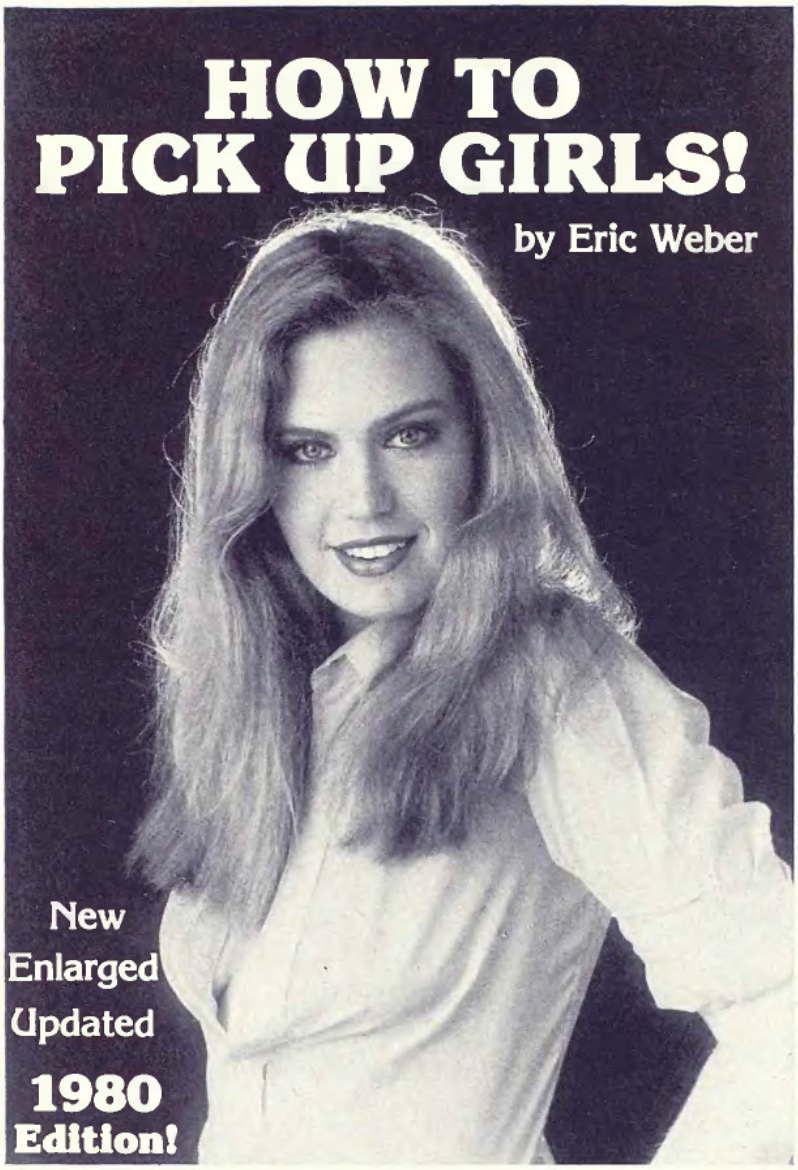

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 (continued from page 122)

"The Reagan children do not conform to the plastic normalcy Ronnie has been pushing all these years."

what he was talking about.

On the chartered campaign plane from Orlando, Florida, into Augusta, I finally got a chance to ask the governor to spell it out (this and all subsequent exchanges taken from the interview I did with him for the *Los Angeles Times*):

SCHEER: You speak of the breakdown of the family, the Federal Government's intrusion into life between the parents and the children. What do you have in mind?

REAGAN: There has been a constant effort on the part of government at almost every level to interfere with the family and make decisions with regard to children. For example, you've got a woman who has been appointed a judge by the President who has advocated that children should have the right to legal counsel in disputes with their parents. In California, they tried to get a bill passed that would allow underage children to go on their own, to a doctor, and get advice on contraceptives, and so forth, without the knowledge of their parents.

SCHEER: But isn't that one way to avoid the need for abortions, which you oppose?

REAGAN: But isn't that also government sticking its nose into the family?

SCHEER: But if you have an underage child, isn't it better that he or she get a contraceptive device and then thereby avoid what you have termed murdering a fetus?

REAGAN: What has ever happened to the teaching of a family. . . .

SCHEER: What if the family has broken down, what if the parents aren't there, what if it's a grandmother or an aunt who's raising that child, and the child needs a contraceptive device or wants one; isn't it better to allow him or her to purchase it rather than to have an abortion or an unwanted baby?

REAGAN: Whatever happened to just saying no?

•

Is Reagan kidding? Does he not know what has been going on in this country, and does he really believe it's all due to Government's "breaking up the family"?

Following that exchange with Reagan, I wandered back to my seat in the press section of the plane very much needing a drink. All I could think of was sound trucks cruising our communities, urging young people to just say no. "Hey, you, in the back seat of that car, whatever happened . . . ?" I wanted to say yes, to indulge some minor decadence. To sin in the pathetic way that one does covering a campaign, by heavy drinking. What world did Reagan live in? As in other campaigns, a number of the people around me on the plane, Reagan staff, press, off-duty Secret Service, would often spend their evenings near drunk, just hoping that some woman or man would turn up to whom they could say yes. Many of them are divorced or actively behaving in such a way as to become so. And I'd never once on any campaign trip ever heard anyone speak in other than an approving way about extramarital sex. Nor was any of this permissiveness inspired by the Federal Government.

But what about Reagan himself? How had he managed to avoid the pitfalls of ordinary humans? Then suddenly I realized that I had accepted the sanctimonious Reagan stance at face value. I, in fact, knew very little about Reagan's family life, and neither did others in the press corps. His family life is a closely guarded secret. The Reagan staff barely concedes that the candidate has a family and keeps the press away from the two younger children.

But since Reagan has mixed up the personal and the political, it seemed necessary to take a closer look at his family life. After interviews with family and friends, it was possible to learn that Reagan does, indeed, live in the same messed-up world that the rest of us inhabit. And it hardly seems that the Federal Government caused the breakdown of his own family.

Was the Government responsible for his divorce from actress Jane Wyman 32 years ago or was it, as she testified in court, his attempts to subordinate her interests to his political preoccupations?

Was the Government responsible for his younger daughter, Patti's, history of teenage rebellion and later running off to England with a member of a rock group—The Eagles—just prior to the 1976 campaign and not letting her parents know where she was? Or was it, as I hear it, Reagan's rigid refusal to allow the young musician into the house because they were living together without the blessing of marriage? Reagan makes the point repeatedly that a wholesome family life is the best and simplest counterweight to the ills of society spawned by a permissive Government. He has also consistently led the hunt for scapegoats—hippies, radicals, lenient judges—which obscures the complexities of raising a family in a changing world. There is a smirking self-righteousness to the man—"Whatever happened to just

saying no?"—which implies that he and other proper folks have been successful at coping with family problems.

The point is not to extend gossip but, rather, to observe that the Reagan family has experienced the same problems of divorce, generational revolt, conflicting morality and dilution of sense of purpose as most Americans.

The campaign does not like to mention the Reagan children, because they do not conform to the plastic normalcy that Ronnie has been pushing all these years; but I was pleasantly surprised to find them far more interesting than the Forties movie image of the family that he projects. True, all four Reagan kids dropped out of college over their parents' objections, but Maureen did so to become an actress and eventually an organizer for the E.R.A. Elder son Michael races boats and sells gasohol, and Patti, 27, is now a rock musician. The youngest, Ronald, Jr., 22, left Yale suddenly after his first year to become a ballet dancer. Maybe it doesn't fit Reagan's high-in-the-saddle image to have a son who's a ballet dancer, but his teacher's report is that he is a serious and talented student with The Joffrey Ballet who had worked extra hard to make up for his late start.

The Reagan children are an embarrassment to the campaign precisely because they are interesting. Reagan staffers cannot easily control the offsprings' comments or actions. The younger two are not currently campaigning for their father and the older two, who are, must be kept at a distance, perhaps because they are bright and funny.

Aside from being outspoken and independent, Maureen, 39, and adopted son Michael, 35 (children of his first marriage), who strongly support their father's candidacy, are thought to be a liability because they sabotaged Ronnie's campaign simply by growing up. They both joked to me about the campaign staff's wanting to have some little kids sent over from central casting to complete the campaign portrait. They support Reagan because they judge him a very good man who will effectively lead the country. But he is a good man not because, as a father, he sat them down for prayer each night—he didn't. They lived mostly in boarding schools and occasionally got a weekend with Mom or Dad. It wasn't his fault; he and his ex-wife, Jane Wyman, were actors involved with the demands of their careers in Hollywood and, later, Ronnie was promoting General Electric and his own politics. Evidently, it is possible to be a good father even if you don't rush home from work to the suburban tract house to hug the wife and kiddies and take them to church on Sunday. But to hear Reagan's campaign speeches, you would never know that.

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up one day on the campaign trail and said, "Hey, even before *Kramer vs. Kramer*, I knew divorce wasn't the end of the world." Or, "My wife, Nancy, and I were so eagerly in love that we produced a seven-pound baby girl just seven and one half months after our wedding." Or, "I learned that kids can rebel against everything I stand for, and still be in the human race." Or, "I got divorced because I was a male-chauvinist slob who was threatened by Jane Wyman's being a much better actor. So I went off to marry a woman who lives only through me and my career." Or, "After my divorce, I drank a lot and chased women and I still managed to come out of it OK."

In his autobiography, Reagan refers to his divorce only in the last four paragraphs of a chapter detailing how he and the House Un-American Activities Committee did in the Hollywood leftists. (Perhaps the Feds *were* responsible for his divorce, after all.) As he recalls, "I arrived home from the Washington [HUAC] hearing to be told I was leaving. I suppose there had been warning signs, if only I hadn't been so busy, but small-town boys grow up thinking only other people get divorced. The plain truth was that such a thing was so far from being imagined by me that I had no resources to call upon."

The question is whether or not he has since expanded those resources. For his campaign rhetoric still reflects—indeed, celebrates—the thinking of small-town boys, at least as they were pictured in the movies of the Forties, following their father's example of hard work, pious living and substantial success.

Reagan's real-life father, as he concedes, was something of an alcoholic who had trouble holding on to a job and was all but destroyed in the Great Depression. He and the entire Reagan family were saved from poverty only by F.D.R.'s New Deal. In fact, Reagan's father was one of those faceless bureaucrats, the "they" in the "Just who do they think they are?"—the guy who gave out the relief payments and then the jobs when they made him the head of the local WPA. The real-life elder Reagan sounds like he was terrific; and perhaps it reveals a hidden side of the son that he recalls his father's robust complexity so affectionately in his autobiography:

> I bent over him, smelling the sharp odor of whiskey from the speak-easy. I got a fistful of his overcoat. Opening the door, I managed to drag him inside and get him to bed. In a few days, he was the bluff, hearty man I knew and loved and will always remember.
>
> Jack (we all called him by his nickname) was a handsome man—tall, swarthy and muscular, filled with contradictions of character. A sentimental Democrat, who believed fervently in the rights of the working man.

When Reagan wrote those words about his father, he had abandoned his own trade-union career with the Screen Actors Guild and gone off to preach the corporate message for General Electric.

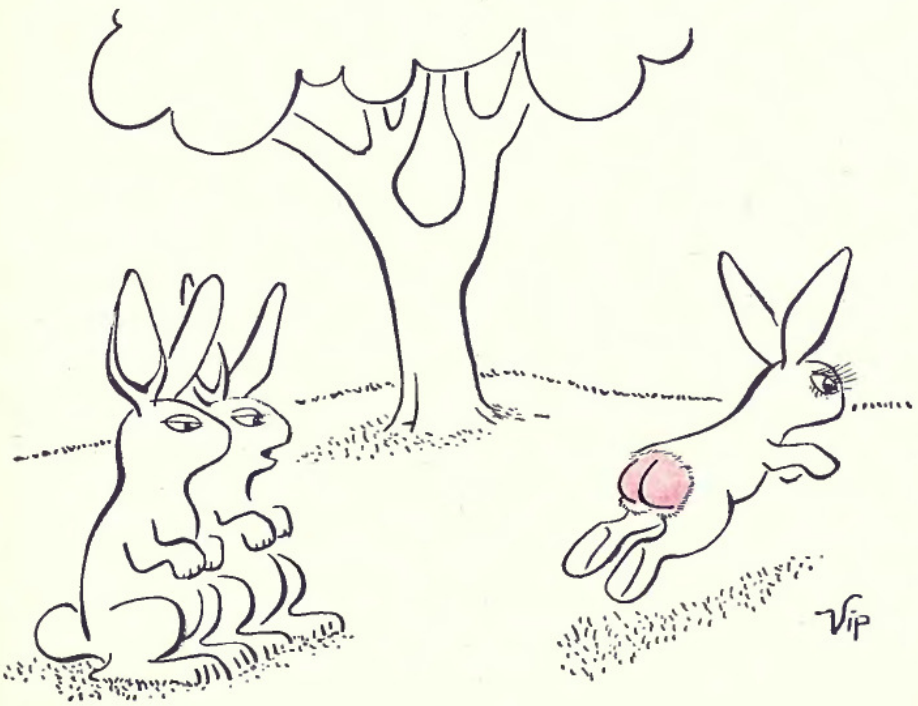
Reagan recalls his father as "the best raconteur I ever heard, especially when it came to the smoking-car sort of stories." He claims that Jack "drew a sharp line between lusty vulgar humor and filth. To this day, I agree with his credo and join Jack and Mark Twain in asserting that one of the basic forms of American humor is the down-to-earth wit of the ordinary person, and the questionable language is justified if the point is based on real humor."

Privately, Reagan can use rough language both humorously and in occasional flashes of anger. He can also be one of the funnier candidates on the campaign trail. He likes to tell jokes, and that's why he told the ethnic joke that got him into some trouble. Perhaps if reporters didn't overreact to a politician's telling the very same joke they routinely hear and tell in the city room, we'd get more humor. Reagan seems inclined to that sort of jest, and he's even reported to have whispered an ethnic joke—about blacks and Chinese—at Jack Benny's funeral. But people who know Reagan deny that he's bigoted, and certainly not toward ethnic groups. He himself is the product of an ethnic joke—the cross of a hard-drinking Irish-Catholic father and a Bible-toting Scotch-English Protestant mother. His nickname, Dutch, derives from his father's referring to him at birth as a fat little Dutchman.

Reagan's humor may derive from his Irish father, but his puritanism bears the mark of his mother, who considered herself snatched by God from an early deathbed to stick around to convert sinners. Nelle Reagan's missionary work took her and her Bible in and out of the jails of the Midwest and later the hospitals of California. Maureen Reagan remembers her grandmother as a remarkable woman of near Biblical strength and conviction, a woman of great social conscience and concern for the less fortunate. But it seems more a pie-in-the-sky, missionary's vow for the sinner to be saved than, as Jack would have had it, for the poor to organize to gain their just deserts. Those are two views of poverty, and Reagan seems to have traveled from the vision of the father to that of the mother in his march from early liberalism to late conservatism.

In any event, Reagan's mother was a strong figure and he seems to have looked for similar qualities in his wives, but their strengths differ markedly. In his marriages, he went from Jane Wyman, who exhibits a mocking independence, to his current wife, Nancy, a vassal of cold public virtue. The two women represent a startling contrast and it is difficult to imagine his having been attracted to both, though each is strong-willed and possessed of a fiery temper.

I met Jane Wyman, who has shunned the press, by happenstance at a party for



"I still like the little cottontail effect better."

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Ronald Reagan's daughter Maureen's dog. It was a party that was ripe for a snappy "conservative chic" dismissal, but that would have gotten it all wrong. Yes, there was a large red, white and blue birthday cake and buttons saying, BARNAE FOR FIRST DOG (one guest offered—to considerable laughter—that it should be BARNAE FOR FIRST LADY), and the dog who received presents was one of those frisky little ones that rich people adore. But Maureen's apartment is modest and the crowd eclectic, a mix from the neighborhood including a *Los Angeles Times* pressman who belongs to Maureen's local Lutheran church and the local hairdresser, who doesn't. The party was an annual put-on for the little mutt who was found in the rain in Texas eight years ago, when Maureen was on tour. Brother Michael was happily telling ethnic and other jokes; he confessed he had told his father the one that got him into trouble, and he wasn't going to stop now. Actress Gretchen Wyler, who's involved in Actors and Others for Animals, talked about saving dogs, and Jane Wyman was challenging the role of multinational companies. It was L.A. at its best—an easy mix of immigrants from all over the country, featuring a variety of styles and obsessions, whose coexistence is made possible by an easygoing tolerance.

One could imagine the best part of Reagan (the one I've seen at moments in interviews and must confess to liking) enjoying this party with his two older children and his ex-wife, though Nancy would not welcome it. Nancy and Jane do not get along. And Nancy prefers socially important functions. She is a serious, no-nonsense social climber. In public, Nancy Reagan is the extreme opposite of open. She possesses the tightest smile in the land, and it can always be clicked exactly into place.

Nancy's chief mission in life appears to be to stick constantly to Ronnie's side to caution him when his momentary exuberance might lead him once again to put his foot in his mouth. I experienced her screening effect at one press conference in Sarasota in March. In New Hampshire, Reagan had called marijuana "one of the most dangerous drugs." At the Sarasota press conference, he was asked for the factual basis for that statement. Reagan referred to an HEW study showing that one marijuana cigarette had a potentially greater carcinogenic content than an ordinary tobacco cigarette. I had read the same report, which also indicated that marijuana users need far fewer joints to get high than the number of cigarettes used by the average smoker. I broke through the babble of the press conference to point that out to him and thought I had him cornered. He was, as is his custom, about to compound the error by talking even more about a subject he knew nothing about. But Nancy swiftly moved her face next to his, looked up at him with her unwavering smile and whispered loudly enough to be heard by a few reporters near her, "You wouldn't *know*." Reagan snapped to, suddenly relaxed, cocked his head back as if to ponder his answer and said with a smile and oncamera, "I wouldn't know."

But there is still some vestige of the preconservative, pre-Nancy Ronnie who is the old actor, who won't take himself too seriously, who is aware that the world is made up of many different types. Maureen says, "How could he be thought naïve and prudish when he worked so long in Hollywood? He met *all* types."

However, on the campaign trail, Reagan frequently rails against homosexuals. As governor, he got in a flap for his reported firing of two high-ranking staff members who were accused of being gay. Reagan's security man investigated the matter and could find no evidence, but they were fired anyway, on the basis of another staff member's accusation. The Anita Bryant people liked him in Florida; but, on the other hand, it is Reagan who, more than anyone, gets credit for sinking the Briggs initiative in California in 1978 by publicly opposing the antihomosexual proposition. Yet his tolerance is ambivalent:

SCHEER: Why do you attack homosexuals, as you did at a recent rally?

REAGAN: I didn't attack them, I was asked a question. A fellow asked me if I believed that they should have the same civil rights and I said I think they do and should but that my criticism of the gay-rights movement is that it isn't asking for civil rights, it is asking for a recognition and acceptance of an alternative lifestyle that I do not believe society can condone, nor can I.

SCHEER: For religious reasons?

REAGAN: Well, you could find that in the Bible it says that in the eyes of the Lord, this is an abomination.

SCHEER: But should that bind the rest of the citizens, who may not believe in the Bible? Don't we have the right to separation of church and state?

REAGAN: Oh, we do; yes, we do. Look, what other group of people demands the same thing? Let's say here is the total libertarian—or libertine, I should say—who wants the right to just free and open sex.

SCHEER: That's the thing that's confusing me—it's the conservative who wants to keep government out of everything; why don't you keep it out of private morality? Why do you want the cops coming in, the Government, the state, and telling people what their sex life should be?

REAGAN: No one is advocating the invasion of the private life of any individual. I think Mrs. Patrick Campbell said it best in the trial of Oscar Wilde. She said, "I have no objection to anyone's sex life so long as they don't practice it in the street and frighten the horses."

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California reporters who have long covered Reagan do not tend to judge him a mean-spirited man. He never seems the elitist and, indeed, conveys a sense of deference and concern to those who work for him or are just there to shake hands. Few people who have spent time with him dislike him, but there are far fewer people who will claim to really know him. He is a legendary loner who spends virtually all of his free time in solitary activity—mending fences on his ranch or riding his horse. Solitary except for his ever-present mate, Nancy.

The ranch house near Santa Barbara, where they spend much of their free time was built small with little room for guests. Ronnie has few if any close male friends and one aide who worked with Nancy insists that she "simply does not like other women, she is threatened by their presence, including that of her own daughter." It was also said by one family member that "he is totally and devotedly in love with her and, for that reason, suffers her not infrequent tantrums." An associate said, "She is a force, a strong woman in the preliberation sense of strength. Her power derives from her association with and power over a male." First there was the famous neurosurgeon father, whose name and contacts gave her entree to Hollywood and her abortive starlet career prior to marrying Ronnie. Now she manages his equilibrium and has life-and-death power over his staffing decisions. In the weeks preceding the firing of former campaign manager John Sears, both Sears and his nemesis, Ed Meese, the governor's campaign chief of staff who won out, were compelled to make their case to the governor through the wife. And there is little doubt that she was instrumental in this and many other final decisions. This is no Eleanor Roosevelt or even a Rosalynn Carter, smart women with their own strong social values and insights. Her life is Ronald Reagan.

Which is how Ronnie wanted it in his second marriage. His first had come to an end when his movie career foundered and Jane Wyman's flourished. (She was nominated four times for Academy Awards and won once; he was never nominated.) Wyman clearly had ideas of her own and, perhaps, was ahead of her time. At their divorce trial in 1948, according to the account offered by the *Los Angeles Times*, "Miss Wyman told the court that she and Reagan engaged in continual arguments on his political views."

Reagan was then the gung-ho president of the Screen Actors Guild. It was when he came back from being a friendly witness at HUAC, testifying against Hollywood Reds, that Wyman first asked for

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a divorce. According to a report of their divorce, "Despite her lack of interest in his political activities, Miss Wyman continued, Reagan insisted that she attend meetings with him and that she be present during discussions among his friends. But her own ideas, she complained, 'were never considered important.' "

Those years of HUAC and the black list gave Reagan not only a new wife but also a new ideological commitment. To understand his persistent obsession with the Communists, one has to view history from his point of view rather than, say, from Lillian Hellman's. Reagan still believes that there never was a black list against Reds in Hollywood, as he revealed to me recently: "There was no black list of Hollywood. The black list in Hollywood, if there was one, was provided by the Communists. There were black lists by our customers and clients who said to the motion-picture industry, 'We won't go to see pictures that those people are involved in.' "

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In his view, it was war, as he stated back in 1951: "The Russians sent their first team, their ace string, here to take us over. . . . We were up against hard-core organizers."

Some of Reagan's critics of the time suggested that the aging actor (he was 40 then) was attempting to lay out a political string to compensate for a stalled acting career. But whatever the original motivation, there can be little doubt of the passionate hatred that Reagan developed for the people he considered Hollywood's hard-core Communists and their liberal fellow travelers. And the feeling was mutual. It was a civil war within a community that pretends to familial intimacy and even attains it at times, perhaps more than in any other industry. To hear each side tell it, the other had all the guns. There is now substantial literature documenting the fact that there was a black list and that many artists—actors, writers, directors—had their careers destroyed because people like Reagan could reach producers and theater owners and advertisers. But, as Reagan describes it, the Reds had the power of the pen and mouth—to besmirch reputations and to organize effective fronts to cloak subversion with the protection of the First Amendment. To be sure, both sides played hard ball and Reagan, who was out in front for his cause, took his lumps.

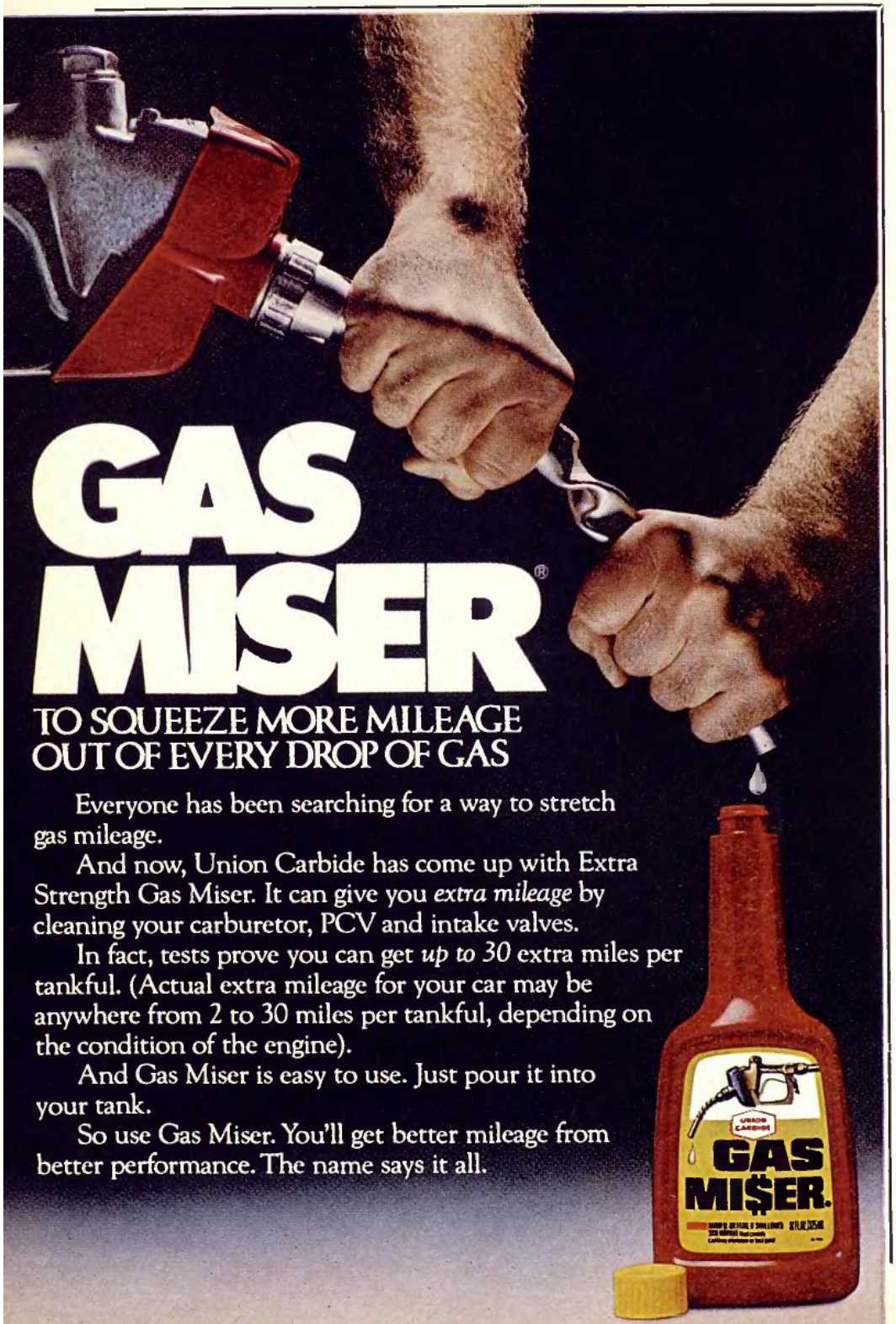
It was similar to the ways in which one could view the campus disturbances at Berkeley over the Vietnam war when he was governor more than 15 years later. The students saw that Reagan had the regents of the university and the cops, but he must have recognized that the students had grabbed the high moral ground and would win.

It is easy for Reagan to feel the aggrieved party. But then again, that's not unusual in an activist. The problem, however, is that Reagan's basic education for the Presidency—his world view—seems to have grown rather linearly and simplistically out of the Hollywood and Berkeley skirmishes with "communism." To this date, a conversation with Reagan clearly indicates that he knows and cares less about the Sino-Soviet dispute in judging world events than he does about the battles within the Screen Actors Guild of the early Fifties.

In fact, Reagan must now detest the Sino-Soviet dispute, because any such complexity, if accepted, would mitigate against the rage that still wells up in him at the memory of those Commies who first broke his liberal faith and led him on the long march toward a conservative Presidency. The new faith, steeled in combat, was simple, direct: Communism is godless and its practitioners are monsters. He believed that in 1951 in Los Angeles and in 1980 in Orlando, Florida:

SCHEER: You attacked "godless communism" and I'm curious about the use of the word godless—why is that an important element there?

REAGAN: Well, because this is one of the vital precepts of communism, that we



"The Arabian mornings can be fun, too."

are accidents of nature.

SCHEER: But is it the godlessness that makes them more violent, more aggressive, more expansionist?

REAGAN: Well, it is one that gives them less regard for humanity or human beings.

SCHEER: But here we have the Ayatollah in Iran, who certainly is not godless, and he seems to be——

REAGAN: A fanatic and a zealot——

SCHEER: But he's not godless.

REAGAN: No, not in his sense—and we have had that all the way back through history. We go back to the Inquisition in Spain. So there are people who, through their fanaticism, misuse religion. But the reason for the godlessness with regard to communism—here is a direct teaching of the child from the beginning of its life that it is a human being whose only importance is its contribution to the state, that they are wards of the state, that they exist only for its purpose, and that there is no God, they are just an accident of nature that created a human being. The result is, this is why they have no respect for human life, for the dignity of an individual.

I remember one night, a long time ago, in a rally in Los Angeles, 16,000 people in the auditorium, and this was at the time when the local Communists, the American Communist Party—and this is all well documented—was actually trying, had secured domination of several unions in the picture business and was trying to take over the motion-picture industry, and with all of the rewriting of history today, and the stories that we have seen, and the screenplays and television plays, and so forth, about the persecution for political beliefs that took place in Hollywood, believe me, the persecutors were the Communists who had gotten into position where they could destroy careers, and *did* destroy them.

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With Reagan, the categories get all mixed up and the Commies metamorphose into welfare socialists and the New Deal. Thus, in the appendix in his autobiography, under a section titled "Karl Marx," we find this tirade, not against the Russian Bolsheviks but against the very Keynesians of the New Deal who kept his father from the gutter: "We are faced with the most evil enemy mankind has known in his long climb from the swamp to the stars. There can be no security anywhere in the free world if there is not fiscal and economic stability within the United States. Those who ask us to trade our freedom for the soup kitchen of the welfare state are architects of a policy of accommodation."

Is he talking about unemployment insurance and senior-citizen centers and Medicare? And why does that basic speech, now 15 years old, still go over on the campaign trail? Because he's riding a crest of resentment toward overblown programs that don't work and bureaucrats who get paid even if they don't.

And just who do "they" think they are? If you can't afford the suburbs and must live in the inner city and get your child bused to a school with tough ghetto kids, you can get pretty pissed. Especially when they—the sociologists, the judges, the liberal scribblers, the HEW bureaucrats—send their kids to private schools.

There is pain out there among the employed taxpaying masses, and the brilliance of Reagan is that he can absolve his own politics of any responsibility while fixing blame on all past steps taken to solve any of the problems. Take tough blacks and white racists in the schools. Did the liberals invent racial hostility? Are they or their political ancestors responsible for slavery, the maiming of black culture, the persistence of segregation in the South and discrimination in the North?

Reagan's own position on civil rights is of the "some of my best friends are" variety:

SCHEER: In 1966, you were quoted as saying you were opposed to the 1964 Civil Rights Act, as an example of Federal intrusion.

REAGAN: I was opposed at the time, I can't remember the exact details, not for the idea of doing something against prejudice, certainly. I was opposed to certain features of that law that went beyond and infringed on the individual rights of citizens that are supposedly guaranteed by the Constitution.

SCHEER: Which features?

REAGAN: Well, they had to do with the, let's say the person who owns property, his right to do with his property what he wants to do.

SCHEER: Do you mean discriminate in renting it or discriminate in selling it?

REAGAN: At that time, this was what I thought was interfering with the right, particularly, with the idea of selling. I recognize that that could lend itself to the same prejudice that we're talking about, and I'm opposed to that prejudice. I said at that time that I felt that the President had a moral responsibility to use the powers of persuasion that the office has, to help cure us of the kind of bigotry and prejudice that made those discriminations possible.

SCHEER: But you would still be against the Civil Rights Act of 1964?

REAGAN: No, no, I wouldn't, because I recognize now that it is institutionalized and it has, let's say, hastened the solution of a lot of problems.

SCHEER: So why is that so difficult in an interview situation for a politician to say, "I was wrong in '66 and I've changed my mind and now I would have supported the Civil Rights Act"?

REAGAN: One reason is because, very frankly, you of the press—and not meaning present company—you of the press have a way of seizing upon a sentence and then distorting the view and presenting a political candidate or a political official as having some beliefs or prejudices that he does not have. Now, I will weigh my fight against bigotry and prejudice against that of the most ardent civil rights advocate, because I was doing it when there was no civil rights fight. I, on the air as a sports announcer years and years ago, was editorializing against the gentleman's agreement that kept blacks from playing organized baseball. I dealt with it in my personal life; I played on a college football team alongside a black who's today my best friend, when this was not commonplace.

SCHEER: One thing that came up in the New Hampshire [Republican] debate was the question of the number of black people, the number of minorities on various people's staffs. I've been traveling with you for a few weeks now and I have yet to see a single minority person.

REAGAN: We've been traveling with a very small segment. When we talk about staff, we're talking about not only several hundred actual staff employees but even more, literally thousands of volunteers. I know we have a committee that is totally black. I don't know their exact numbers, but we're going to do an inventory and find out. But certainly there has been no effort to exclude.

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Reagan is still against the desegregation of neighborhoods and affirmative action; and, surely, having one black friend from college football days will not solve the problems. When Reagan was governor, he said jobs created by the private sector for hard-core unemployed blacks were the answer. And the answer turned out to be fewer than 2000 jobs in a state that has 40 percent black-youth unemployment, a state of 20,000,000 people.

What Reagan added was a begrudging spirit—a contempt for those who had tried to do something. He loathed the civil rights activists whom he termed "irresponsible militants" and was later to embrace Nixon's Southern Strategy with equanimity. He made people on welfare feel even more forlorn and weak than they were. At the time of the S.L.A./Patty Hearst kidnaping, when the Hearst family provided food to the poor as a partial ransom, Reagan said, "It's just too bad we can't have an epidemic of botulism." He challenged the patriotism of those who would stop the war in Vietnam and had his own Strangelovian solution: "We could pave the whole country, put parking strips on it and still be home before Christmas." He derided environmentalists by saying, "A tree's a tree—how many more do we need to look at?" He delighted in humbling the great public university system with inane comments such as, "The state should not subsidize intellectual curiosity." He responded as governor to

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campus demonstrations by saying, "If it's to be a blood bath, let it be now."

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Ironically, as governor, despite his vicious rhetorical stabs at programs for the poor and randomly heartless budget cuts, as in mental health, he ended up administering, indeed expanding, the liberal program of the most liberal state in the union. He did that begrudgingly—and only in his second term, when his back was against the wall—because of the pressures from Democrats and even liberal Republicans. As the editor of *Ramparts* then, I was among those who found much to criticize. But recently, I was surprised to find Reagan more reasonable on the "social issues" than one would have expected from his public pronouncements. He also can be quite genial, as in this exchange:

SCHEER: Why are you willing to talk to me? Why aren't you more uptight?

REAGAN: Well, because—why does a preacher preach?

SCHEER: It's an amazing encounter for me, because you seem relaxed, you don't seem like a zealot.

REAGAN: No, I'm not, but I remember this also: When I was a New Deal Democrat, I remember somehow that it was easier to dislike than to like. There seemed to be something about liberalism that worked better if you were kept angry and worked up.

SCHEER: And yet up on your public platforms, you convey a more hostile, nastier image than you do right now.

REAGAN: Well, let me give you a few things that I haven't mentioned up there on the platform to further confuse the image. As you know, I succeeded a very liberal governor, Pat Brown. As far as his record on minorities went, I found out that it was all talk. I appointed more blacks to executive positions than all the previous governors in California put together. And yet *I* was the conservative. When I put through humane prison reforms, I was told my liberal predecessor couldn't have done it because he would have been seen as soft on crime. I'm sure a lot of people think that would have been so foreign to my image that—well, I didn't leave my former party; my party left me.

SCHEER: But when you're up on that platform, why don't you say, "I was governor of a state for eight years that did more to house, feed, clothe its citizens than any other state"?

REAGAN: Probably because today some of those things have become so costly and beyond control that people now want to know that something will be done about that. I've often said that my compassion was just broader than that of some of the liberals. It's easy to have compassion for the downtrodden, the people on welfare; we all feel sorry for those people. But what about a little compassion for the worker who's getting up in the morning, going to his job, paying his bills, sending the kids to school, trying to keep up with his taxes, contributing to his church and charity—and who makes the whole damn system work? That's the difference between me and the liberal.

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But in California, the definition of downtrodden has been very broad. The historical role of the Golden State has been to absorb the poverty of the ethnic Northeastern working-class slums, the whites of the Great Plains dust bowl and the Deep South rural black poor. No state in the union has been more generous in providing supporting social services to those immigrants from the rest of America than California, whether it was administrated by Democrat or Republican, by Pat Brown or Ronald Reagan.

Reagan's California gubernatorial campaign promises "to squeeze and cut and trim until we reduce the cost of government" stand in absurd contrast to the fact that he signed two separate billion-dollar tax increases that were the highest in the state's history. Tom Goff, then the *Los Angeles Times* Sacramento bureau chief, who covered the Reagan administrations, summed up the eight years in saying, "Government plays a larger role in the life of every Californian today than it did eight years ago. Taxes—both state and local—are higher than they ever have been. The cost of government, in dollars budgeted by the state each year, has more than doubled." Goff concludes that Reagan had only one lasting accomplishment, in the area of welfare reforms. But the price he paid—at the insistence of a Democratic legislature—for more stringent eligibility requirements was the doubling of benefits to those millions who remained on the rolls, and the over-all cost of the program actually increased.

The rest of Reagan's cuts in government largess succeeded more as a matter of rhetoric than of reality. In his first year, he made headlines by ordering a ten percent cut in all state-agency budgets but, instead, ended in signing a budget that was ten percent more than

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that of his predecessor, the free-spending Brown.

Reagan made a big deal of attacking the state's mental-health program; his comments on it and its participants were heartless, but he ended by reversing himself on the cuts.

The governor gained a national reputation for his extreme attacks on the university system but, at the end of Reagan's reign, as Goff put it: "The simple fact remains that state funding for the University of California and the state colleges and universities actually has increased about 100 percent during the Reagan years, while funding for general state operations has increased only 50 percent." Nonetheless, his rhetorical attacks on the university *did* take their toll. As Bill Boyarsky, then A.P. political writer in Sacramento, said, "The university system suffered greatly—not in money but in the loss of a unique spirit of experimentation and pride."

Reagan now campaigns as an opponent of government regulation but signed the Democratic-controlled legislature's bills on air and water quality control, creating the powerful state energy commission and providing for higher smog controls than the Federal standards. Want more? It was Reagan who initiated the requirement for environmental-impact studies on all state construction projects.

Compared with Carter's reign in the Mickey Mouse state of Georgia, Reagan's administration seems almost a case of socialism in our time. As Governor Jerry Brown said to me during the New Hampshire primaries, over a quiet, late-night drink: "Damn, Reagan ran one of the most progressive states in the country, and now he's campaigning like a reactionary."

Reagan did those things because California Democrats, and some Republicans, badgered him into it. The fiery rhetoric of his gubernatorial campaigns soon gave way to a spirit of realistic compromise. So much so that one Republican critic said, "Reagan charges up the hill by day and retreats under the cover of night."

There were also times when, then as now, he seemed less than serious about the business of governing—what with his nine-to-five schedule and frequent out-of-town trips. His lack of attention to detail may be illustrated by the famous California bill that liberalized abortion by accepting the mother's health—including mental health—as grounds for abortion. Reagan now campaigns heavily in opposition to abortion, calling it "murder," and is a hero to the Right-to-Lifers. And he claimed to me that the only reason he signed the bill was that he wasn't fully certain of its implications, despite great controversy and extensive legislative hearings:

REAGAN: The abortion bill that I signed—it was a bitter fight. There was no right-to-life movement or anything. It was in 1967, my first year in office, and, naturally, there was the usual bitter fight—on the one side, predominantly led by the Catholic Church. Now, I had never thought about abortion, or given it any kind of thought as an issue prior to that time. I happen to be Protestant, so it had not been a part of, brought up in my religion, and so forth, and a legislator, now a Congressman, who authored the bill, was going for, literally, abortion on demand.

So I did a lot of reading and soul-searching on this. I finally came to the conclusion that the only justification in our Judaeo-Christian society is self-defense. I came back to them and said I could sign a bill that was based on that, to save the mother's life. Now, the issue came up, what about health, permanent health? So I agreed to that, with provision that there would be, in a hospital, a committee of doctors who would join the presiding physician in the determination that permanent health was at risk. And, of course, that led to—that did not include mental health. They happened to have me there. . . . I said, "OK, I will make health general, all of it." Now, there never was anything in there that permitted abortion on demand, but what has happened to that abortion law is

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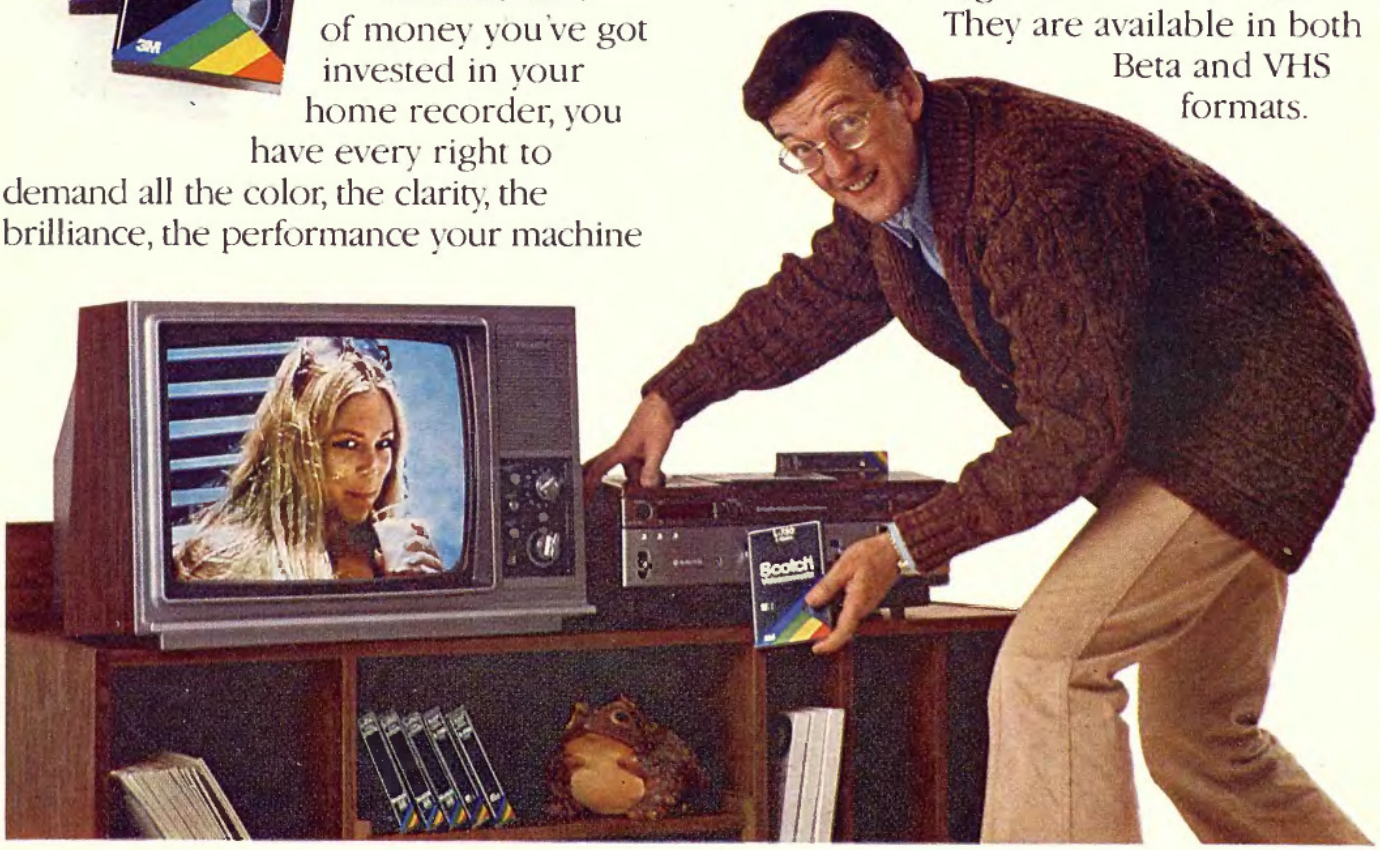

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that the safeguards, that I thought were in the legislation, are regularly violated in an unethical way by various groups of professionals.

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The confusion Reagan displayed in his handling of the abortion issue as governor has continued to plague him during the campaign, as illustrated by the many misstatements of fact and statistics the press only recently pointed out—but of which he has been guilty for years on the stump. A close aide to Reagan confided to me, "Don't worry, as President he'll be better briefed."

But one man who has briefed him in the past says, "He's been on the rubber-chicken speaking circuit too long to let the facts get in the way of a good one-liner."

(In a February 1952 speech to the Hollywood Advertising Club, Reagan, then president of the Screen Actors Guild, announced: "Hollywood is not the Babylon it has been made out to be. Seventy percent of our workers are married and have children and 70 percent of these are married to their first wives. Our divorce rate is 29.9 percent, while nationally divorces average 40 percent." He also went on to point out that "communism is infinitesimal in the motion-picture industry."

Then, as now, Reagan was reassuring American businessmen that communism could be stopped, that the moral fiber of the country was strong and that all would be well if we kept the old family virtues intact.

It bothered none of his listeners that two weeks after that speech, the divorced actor married his second wife. Nor that he had his statistics wrong—the national divorce rate at the time was less than that in Hollywood, not more, as he claimed it was. Believe what I say, not what I do, and don't let's haggle over the facts. Then, as now, people loved it.)

Reagan loves the sound of his own voice, and he works hard for the applause. During the 1980 campaign, he would continue to use erroneous information that worked with crowds, even after he had been told it was wrong. For example, his claim that a Government study showed that Alaska had greater potential of oil than the known reserves of Saudi Arabia. Those of us traveling with him soon discovered that he had gotten the report wrong, and press aide Jim Lake conceded it. But Reagan had grown too fond of the line to drop it and claimed to his aides that it was based on a newspaper clipping that he had picked up somewhere but could no longer find.

The sloppiness is habitual, but it is dismissed by admirers as proof that he is his own man, not the carefully programed product of advisors, as happened in the Carter phenomenon. There is a charming fumbling quality to Reagan's work habits, with his clippings stuffed into his pockets and anecdotes that he hears from those shaking his hand at receptions stuffed into his brain. The use of this "data" becomes less charming when it supports one scapegoat theory or another to explain the source of our problems. The bumbling septuagenarian then becomes the effective demagog whipping up the passions of a public that is confused, frustrated and ripe for the clarity of his positions, even when they are totally without foundation.

Reagan's sloppiness has caused him to be viewed with suspicion by the elite Northeastern wing of the Republican Party, probably less for what he did as governor than because they doubt his stability or fear that he may actually believe in some of his proposals for dismantling the Federal Government, which, after all, does serve the interests of big corporations. His proposal to return us to the gold standard must have been viewed as primitive by the economists at Chase Manhattan. Nor can the managers of multinational corporations, who have done quite well in a complex and changing world, be terribly sanguine about his sledge-hammer nostrums for the world's problems. Those gentlemen are internationalists par excellence—world statesmen more interested in cutting deals with the Russians than in a holy crusade against them.

Unlike Carter and Nixon, Reagan has never made the journey back East to the centers of power to demonstrate his reasonableness. So the fear in those quarters persists that he may be a primitive isolationist.

Prior to the New Hampshire primary, David Rockefeller convened a secret meeting of like-minded Republicans aimed at developing a strategy for stopping Reagan by supporting Bush and, failing that, getting Gerald Ford into the race. Reagan heard about the meeting and was, according to one aide, "really hurt." This aide reports that Reagan turned to him and demanded, "What have they got against me? I support big

"But, before continuing, I suggest we get on a first-name basis."

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oil, I support big business, why don't they trust me?" The aide suggested charitably that maybe it was because he was once an actor and that he attended too few important lunches in the East.

In any event, when Reagan scored his resounding triumph in New Hampshire in February, the overtures to the East began to work. New York establishment lawyer Bill Casey, who became campaign director the day of the New Hampshire victory, began building bridges and promising that a more moderate Reagan would emerge after the Republican Convention.

The problem with the creation of a moderate Reagan after the convention will be with Reagan himself. His previous campaign manager, Sears, tried to do it during the primaries; and Reagan got so confused in the attempt to appear more restrained and reasonable that he became inarticulate. He fired Sears, went back to being his old outrageous self and wooed them in the Southern states. William Buckley once likened Reagan to William Jennings Bryan, and there is something to that. He is far more effective as a demagogic speaker than he would be in the role of head of state. He is happiest with right-wing rhetoric and miserably plodding in any effort to express a more complex sentiment. I saw that one day in April when he went straight from a rousing rally in North Carolina, where he had them on their feet and seemed to know what he was talking about, to a stumbling performance before the American Society of Newspaper Editors in which he might just as well have stuck his prepared speech into his ear. He was afraid of that crowd, not because they were more liberal than the electorate—they may not be—but because he feared them socially.

There is to Reagan a sense of great intellectual and social inferiority, born of the fact that he does not have the educational credentials or broad range of knowledge thought by some, including most editors, to be a prerequisite for the Presidency. He mispronounces the names of world leaders and gets countries in the wrong hemispheres. He prefers to stick to the simple slogans about the welfare state and godless communism, because to venture into any greater complexity might prove acutely embarrassing, as it often has when he has tried it, be it in a discussion of his proposed blockade of Cuba or farm-price parity. He is painfully aware of the gaps in his knowledge and, for that reason, prefers to stick to his sure-fire one-liners. And the best ones—because he is a true believer on this—have to do with his attacks on the Russians.

The emotional high point of a Reagan campaign speech comes with his oft-repeated charge that *détente* is a failure and that we have been sandbagged by the Russians. To hear him, one would not know that our gross national product is twice that of the Soviets or that they have suffered immense reversals throughout the world, particularly with the loss of their influence in China and Egypt. Reagan's speeches about the threat of godless communism are straight out of the Fifties and would have an absurdly archaic ring to them were it not for the equally absurd positions that Jimmy Carter took to increase his standing in the polls—positions that have made Reagan seem suddenly credible.

Carter's overreaction to the Soviet Afghan intervention gave Reagan the opening he needed, and the elephant went charging through. Carter had said that Afghanistan represented the greatest crisis since World War Two, implying that it was a greater breach of international etiquette than the Berlin blockade, the Korean war, the crushing of the Hungarian revolution and the invasion of Czechoslovakia. That's all Reagan needed to hear to dust off his rhetorical guns and go blasting away at this *détente* business, which he always thought was a trick of some sort. If the Russians were as bad as Carter now had it, how could the President have pushed for the SALT agreement? How could he have abandoned trusted anticommunist allies like the shah in Iran or the government of Taiwan? How could he dwell on human rights and nonproliferation of nuclear weapons when he should have been backing any anticommunist dictator he could find as a necessary ally for the future Armageddon? Carter had managed to shift some of the rage felt over the hostages in Iran to the Soviets in Afghanistan and, as we moved through the spring primaries, it almost seemed as if we were boycotting the Olympics in an effort to free the hostages. Suddenly, the relative equanimity of *détente* was out and the old devil theories of communism were in. And that, for Reagan, is a piece of cake—he never believed they were anything other than monsters, anyway, as he states in the following exchange with me:

SCHEER: The last time I talked to you, you said that no President of the United States should rule out the possibility of a pre-emptive nuclear strike in a potential confrontation [with the Russians].... Now, would that include the possibility of a pre-emptive nuclear strike by the United States?

REAGAN: What I'm saying is that the United States should never put itself in a position, as it has many times, of guaranteeing to an enemy or a potential enemy what it won't do. For example, when President Johnson, in the Vietnam war, kept over and over again insisting, "Oh, no, no, no, we'll never use nuclear weapons in Vietnam." Now, I don't think nuclear weapons should have been used in Vietnam, I don't think they were needed; but when somebody's out there killing your young men, you should never free the enemy of the concern he might have for what you might do. See, you may feel that way in your heart, but don't say it out loud to him....

SCHEER: Do you believe that we could survive a nuclear war?

REAGAN: No, because we have let the Russians get strong and we have let them violate the agreement.

SCHEER: But let's say we get stronger than them again. Do you think we could survive a nuclear war? With the right underground shelter systems, with the right defense systems, could we survive one?

REAGAN: It would be a survival of some of your people and some of your facilities that you could start again. It would not be anything that I think in our society you would consider acceptable, but then, we have a different regard for human life than those monsters do.

SCHEER: How did the Chinese stop being monsters? I mean, they were on a par, at least, with the Russians in treachery and monstrous deeds, supposed to have killed 20,000,000 of their people.

REAGAN: Fifty million.

SCHEER: Fifty million—I don't think the Russians have killed 50,000,000 of their own people—when did the Chinese stop being monsters?

REAGAN: I don't know that they have.

SCHEER: And yet we're talking about having an alliance with them.

REAGAN: Because we're hoping that through time and through their animus and fear of the Soviet Union, maybe they'll become more like us. People who have gone there say there is indication—that they're trying to improve the situation and that they allow more human rights for their people.

SCHEER: Why couldn't the Soviet Union change in the way the Chinese have?

REAGAN: Have the Chinese changed? I don't know. The Chinese people are still the victims of tyranny.

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In such private interviews, Reagan states his positions matter-of-factly, with no apparent sense that the future of civilization may hang in the balance. He comes on like a friendly but determined coach who says if we want to win in the second half, we've got to go all the way. But he does not tend to rave and rant, as he can in public appearances. This, some advisors will say, is the reassuring thing about Reagan—that he is more reasonable, even in foreign affairs, than his public rhetoric implies. And they also immediately add that his bark was worse than his bite as governor of California—and that, anyway, he was a "nine-to-five governor" who left running the state to a bevy of "reasonable aides."

But it was one thing to verbally shoot

(concluded on page 248)

"Heck, up in the Yukon, this stuff was worth a lot more than gold!"

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PLAYBOY'S NEW AGE PRIMER

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DURK PEARSON: LIVING WELL PAST 2001

The Eighties may well be the decade of the scientist superstar, if the sudden popularity of Durk Pearson is any indication. He graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1965 with a degree in physics and scored in the highest percentile in the United States for that year's graduate record exam. Putting his genius-range I.Q. to work, he started a scientific consulting business involving him in aerospace, energy and life-extension research. But his most exciting discoveries have come from his 12 years of research into life science, aimed at allowing a human being to live to 150 years with the physical and mental agility of someone in the prime of life. Durk "went public" when the Merv Griffin show found him by accident; and after a dozen national television appearances, he has become the largest male draw in the history of that show, resulting in a publishing contract and several high-budgeted consulting assignments from major corporations such as General Mills.

Los Angeles writer Peter Barsocchini caught Durk in one of his not-infrequent talkative moods and recorded the following interview. As you'll see, Pearson suggests fascinating scientific ways to improve both your intelligence and (seriously, Sammy) your sex life.

PLAYBOY: Evidently, you've seen the future, but you're still smiling. Why?

PEARSON: Because there are many futures, not a single future for everyone. If you take the attitude that all the problems we face for the future must be solved by society, then, yes, your outlook is bleak, because the Government has a lousy track record in solving major problems. But when you consider the options available to you as an individual, the future looks brighter. For instance, pollution is a major problem. But you can turn a stage-three smog alert into a stage-one alert simply by taking extra vitamin E on a smoggy day.

I know that I can tamper with the aging clock in my body, by using vitamins and nutrients, and significantly increase my life expectancy. I see no reason, unless I get hit by a bus, why I shouldn't live to be at least 150 years old, with a healthy body and quick mind all the way. The future for life extension is incredibly exciting, real and nearby. Our future in space is also truly great. By the mid-Nineties, we will have spaceships that should be able to reach Mars in two or three weeks. No, I see an exciting future and I plan to be around for it.

"I can tamper with aging by using vitamins and nutrients. I see no reason why I shouldn't live to be 150."

PLAYBOY: Do rats cringe whenever you walk into a lab, or do you test your life-extension theories on yourself?

PEARSON: My research associate, Sandy Shakocius, and I have done more testing on ourselves than on lab rats or any other kind of animals. We have been testing life-extension theories on ourselves since 1968. In fact, it was an article by Ernest Havemann in PLAYBOY that aroused our interest in the use of BHT as a life-extension nutrient. BHT has been widely used to preserve foods such as potato chips and cereals, but it has also been found to be a powerful anti-oxidant for the human body. As the human body ages, essential mechanisms oxidize, like a car slowly rusting out, and BHT helps prevent this. We take six grams of it a day. We also started taking large doses of other anti-oxidants, like vitamins C, E, A, B_1, B_5, B_6, PABA, selenium, and a long list of other vitamins, minerals and nutrients. We've had literally hundreds of tests run to determine the effects of our program, and so far, the results are all positive. For instance, I had a liter of blood drawn recently for some tests. Now, normally the body can't give up that much blood without a significant loss of blood pressure. The veins lose their elasticity as we age and we can't pump that much blood. Well, the doctor took my blood pressure before and after and there was no significant change. That happens only in, say, an 18-year-old male athlete in peak condition. A 23-year-old athlete couldn't pull that off. And I'm a 36-year-old rather sedentary scientist. So I seem to have the cardiovascular system of someone half my age. My skin is two to three times more resistant to ultraviolet rays than most people's. My body destroys hydrogen peroxide ten times faster than other people's bodies.

PLAYBOY: If one doesn't want to spend all his waking hours popping vitamins, what's the best thing we can do for our bodies to ensure a long, healthy life?

PEARSON: Don't be obese. Obesity suppresses the immune and repair systems of the body. Stay away from large doses of sugar, particularly before bedtime. Even if you do lead a "clean, healthy" life, you'll add only a few years to your life. If you want to live an unnaturally long life with unnaturally good health, you just have to do unnatural things to your insides. If taking some vitamins and nutrients after meals and before bedtime seems like too much trouble, think what a nuisance it is to

get up from the table and wash the dishes. Put the benefits of life-extension programs in that kind of perspective and it might seem easier. Just increasing your C, E, A and B vitamins can offer enormous benefits.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any suggestions for someone who wants to get smarter without studying? Particularly come exam time?

PEARSON: You can go into a health-food store and buy any number of substances that can fairly be called "smart pills." For example, in normal young people, an oral dose of ten grams of choline improves memory and serial learning. Choline is a nutrient found in meat, eggs and fish, and it can be purchased in most health-food stores. Three grams a day is reasonable for adults.

Lecithin is perhaps even more effective than choline in raising the acetylcholine level in the brain, and it can be expected to improve memory and learning. Two to ten grams a day of RNA, found in any health-food store, is a good memory booster. Vitamin B_{12} is good brain food, as well. In terms of prescription drugs, Diapid nasal spray, made by the Sandoz company, is a synthetic version of vasopressin, a hormone produced by the pituitary gland. Vasopressin is a stimulant of memory and learning, and medical researchers have shown it to be useful in restoring memory to amnesia patients; men in the 50s and 60s have also improved their concentration, motor rapidity and memory with the use of Diapid.

PLAYBOY: Can you take a pill at breakfast and be smarter by lunch?

PEARSON: Yes, you can take a squirt of Diapid with breakfast and benefit by it before the dishes are done. You see, it is involved with natural memory mechanisms that function fine when you are a youngster, but as you age, those chemicals are in smaller quantities. Adding vasopressin, a swiftly acting stimulant, helps. Interestingly, cocaine releases vasopressin from the pituitary gland, but its side effects lead me not to recommend it as memory enhancer.

PLAYBOY: Can you cook up something in the lab to perk up one's sex life?

PEARSON: Sure. For one, Diapid increases the duration and intensity of orgasms. I use it all the time. Many older people who take choline suddenly get hornier. By the way, Diapid has a half life of about two hours; you can't take it in the morning and count on a big night.

PLAYBOY: Will it be possible in the near future to take, say, a 53-year-old man who has led a rich, full life of wine, women and song, and reverse the dissipation that might have caused?

PEARSON: I've done it. I know a Chicago attorney in his mid-50s who was rotund and rich in equal proportions. By going on a modified version of our life-extension formula, he lowered his cholesterol level and blood pressure and is in the best shape of his life. That's just taking 25 percent of what we take. And he still eats in gourmet restaurants every night. His doctor is flabbergasted, and very impressed.

PLAYBOY: What is going to be the next great scientific breakthrough?

PEARSON: Regeneration. Cloning. We know the basic way of doing it. Before the year 2000, I think a paraplegic will be able to grow four new limbs. If you have a bad heart, you will be able to grow a new one. Genetic engineering is the next great breakthrough.

SPACE WATCH

On the Other Hand, Did the Alien Carry a Passport?

With the NASA space shuttle scheduled for launch sometime next year, we're obviously at the dawn of an age in which the common man will become

a spaceman. Robert Haag of Tucson, Arizona, is one common man who's been ready to go for years. One night, while lying abed thinking of planet hopping, he wondered: How would I identify myself if I ran across alien critters out there?

Light bulb. "It hit me," Haag says, "that I'd need a passport." Since none are available from official sources as yet, he designed his own with the help of an artist friend, Jim Jacobson. "Hours of research went into its design to make it as useful as possible to the potential space traveler," Haag says.

The eight-page passport includes the customary lines for personal identification and a few extras, such as "space habitat," dock and ship numbers and a space-travel and alien-encounter log. It also includes material designed to identify earthlings to any aliens they might bump into.

On the back cover, a solar-system "signature map" shows the location of Earth and relates its distance from the sun to the speed of light. Aliens could get a vague idea of human anatomy from the drawing of a nude family next to the spot reserved for the bearer's pictures. Done in the same puritanical style as the drawings of human figures NASA included on its Voyager plaque, it may leave a knowledgeable alien in some doubt, however, as to how we reproduce.

A myriad of symbols, from ancient alphabets to computer number systems, adorn the inside back cover, "in the hope that one or more will be recognizable." The alphabets include ancient Phoenician, Greek, Mayan and cuneiform. And, "Just in case there's something to UFO theorist Erich von Däniken's ancient-astronaut theories," says Haag, he added several other drawings.

One shows the Plain of Nazca, which Von Däniken theorized may have been a landing strip for spacemen who visited Earth eons ago. If aliens don't recognize that, they may be able to identify the drawing of "a mysterious ancient artifact which resembles a modern jet fighter," a scarab or a Brittany hill sketch. If they'd fly a light-year for a Camel, they'll surely recognize the three pyramids included—and if Von Däniken's right, they may remember building them.

Now, to some, Haag's passport may seem a bit premature, but Haag says not at all. "Boeing has said it could operate the space shuttle profitably, and many people have sent requests to NASA for tickets to ride it. I say no human should leave the planet without the passport. You might encounter anything in space. Why be vaporized for lack of recognition?"

Haag sells the passports for five dollars (a small price to pay to avoid vaporization, yes?); they're available from the Space Passport Office—Earth, P.O. Box 27527, Tucson, Arizona 85726.

CONTRIBUTORS

Peter Barsocchini for "Durk Pearson: Living Well Past 2001" and Allan Maurer for "Space Watch."

Believe it or not ... as incredible as it seems ... Bausch & Lomb soft lenses are made with water! So they look like water, and they're almost as soft. Which means they're cool, comfortable, safe and easy to wear from the very first time. They're so soft they actually curve to the surface of the natural moisture in your eye ... so they stay in better without irritation. And with our specially designed care products, keeping your lenses clean and clear takes you only a few minutes a day. Which drop is the Bausch & Lomb soft lens? The one nearest our name. Just ask for soft lenses by Bausch & Lomb. We've been helping to correct people's vision for over one hundred years.

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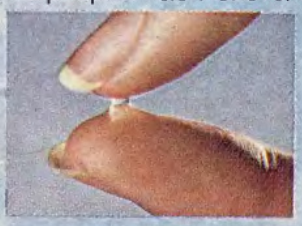

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THE REAGAN QUESTION

(continued from page 212)

from the hip as governor, attacking welfare recipients and students, and quite another to dismiss one's international adversaries (and even one's friends, as in the case of China) as monsters. It may also prove scary. He savors making important decisions by himself, albeit based on his aides' one-page memos summarizing various options, and he prides himself on acting decisively. As Nancy once said, "He doesn't make snap decisions, but he doesn't tend to overthink, either." In California, that led to pronouncements of courses of action that had to be quickly reversed. But can sudden foreign-policy decisions be reversed so easily?

Reporter Boyarsky, who wrote the incisive book *The Rise of Ronald Reagan*, says, "As governor, Reagan used to *revel* in confrontations with dissident students. It makes me wonder now how he would act as President in any confrontation on the world scene—in the taking of hostages, for example."

After one Reagan tirade on the hustings in North Carolina, I turned to a TV reporter who had covered him extensively in Sacramento and asked, "Is this guy going to blow up the world?"

The reporter's reply was, "Only if he gets the opportunity between nine and five."

Later, I asked Reagan about it:

SCHEER: What about the commonly held fear among those who distrust you—are you going to push the button? Are you going to get us blown up? Are you going to get us into a nuclear war?

REAGAN: I've known four wars in my lifetime. I've been in only one of them, but, no, I don't want one. But what I've seen about all these wars is that we've gone into them every time through weakness. . . . Am I a warmonger for saying, "Look, the answer is to never let an enemy believe you lack the will to defend: there is a point beyond which you will not buy peace at any price—that is slavery and humiliation"?

•

It's true that Nixon came in with a reputation not unlike Reagan's, as a hysterical Southern California anti-Communist, and he broadened contact with Russia and China. Perhaps Reagan would do likewise, though I just cannot imagine it. Nixon was always an opportunist, testing the winds of conventional wisdom; but Reagan has the marks of a true believer. He acts like a man who is captive of his own phrases, and it was not altogether reassuring to watch him nod solemnly when North Carolina Senator Jesse Helms introduced him one night by saying, "Perhaps God is giving us one last chance."

PLAYBOY PUZZLE

SEDUCTION DEDUCTION

It's the morning after and a strange lady is asleep in his bed with a smile on her lips. Pleased but puzzled, he struggles to recall the details of the night before, but his hung-over brain cells won't cooperate. Luckily, we've recorded the highlights; unluckily, our photographer believes in only extreme close-ups. At any rate, see how *you* score: Simply identify the 15 objects or events pictured up close that had a role in this passion play.

CREATED BY THE EDITORS OF *GAMES* MAGAZINE.

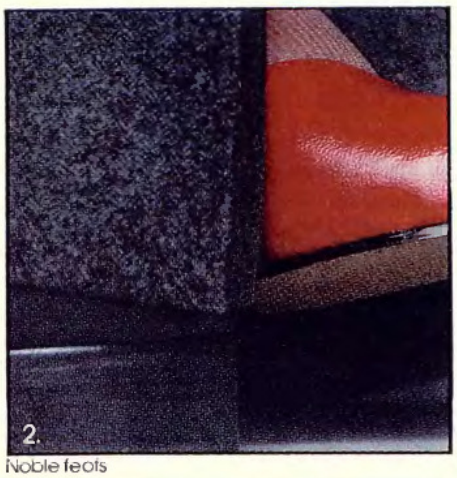
Auto suggestion

D day

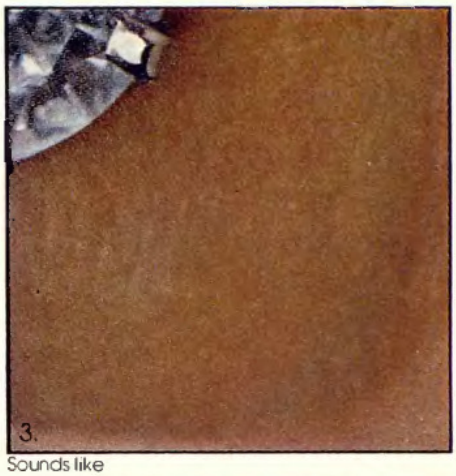
Close encounter

PHOTOS BY ROGER ALLYN LEE

A stiff one



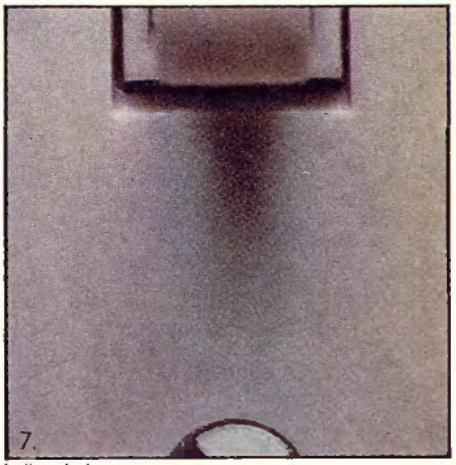
Noble feats



Sounds like

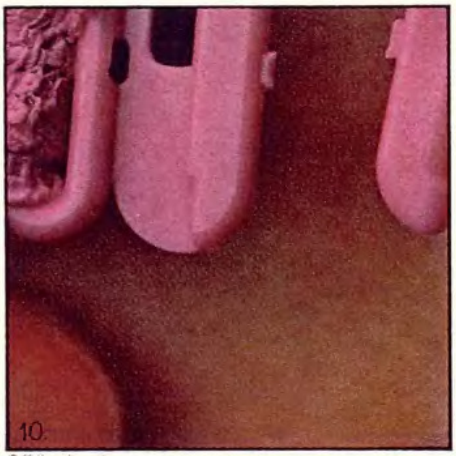
Entree

Groovin'

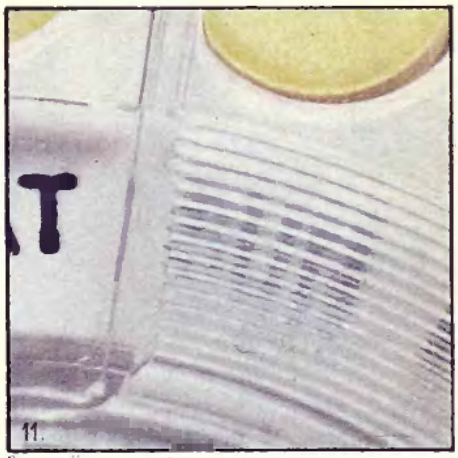


In the dark

One-line opener

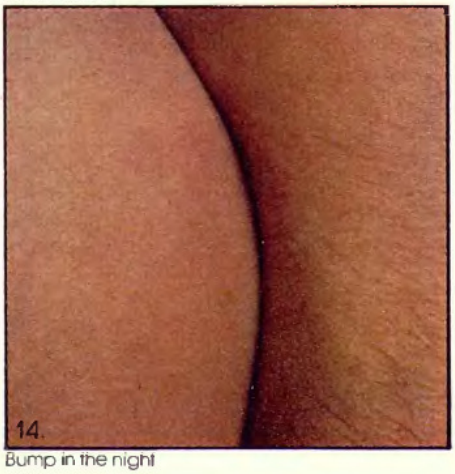


Off the hook

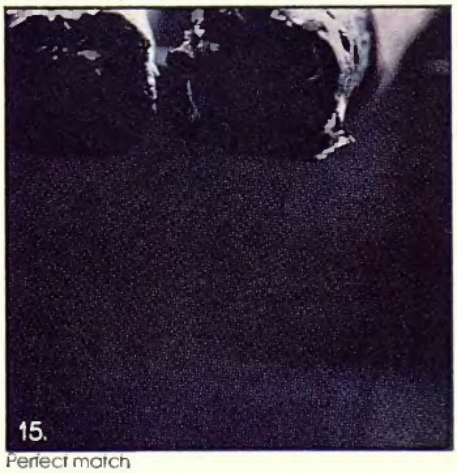


Precautionary measure

On the case



Bump in the night



Perfect match

Answers on page 250.

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Answers to puzzle on page 248.

1. Cherry and swizzle stick in drink
2. The feet of dancing man and woman
3. Diamond earring in ear lobe
4. Car-door handle
5. Apartment-door lock and key
6. Stereo stylus
7. Light switch turned off
8. Cleavage
9. Zipper descending
10. Bra hook
11. Birth-control-pill container
12. Kissing mouths
13. Pillow
14. Two hips
15. Cigarettes in ashtray

GIRLS OF HAWAII

(continued from page 153)

"'To many of these girls, nudity is no big thing,' observed Associate Photography Editor Jeff Cohen."

clamoring to "surrender their persons," nor is everybody running around Maui unclothed. But much of the islands' tradition of hospitality remains—as does their inhabitants' lack of reticence about their bodies. Maybe the weather has something to do with it, but PLAYBOY staffers, scouting for this feature, found that most girls of Hawaii have a positive attitude toward their bodies.

"To many of these girls, nudity is just no big thing," observed Associate Photography Editor Jeff Cohen, who coordinated the project.

An idea of Hawaiian ladies' responsiveness may be gathered from the fact that when Honolulu radio station KORL conducted a Playboy Wahine Search for applicants interested in appearing in the magazine, more than 350 young women submitted photos of themselves. By comparison, when two years ago the Great Playmate Hunt went to New York City—which has a population *23 times greater* than that of Honolulu—in search of a 25th-anniversary Playmate, 421 applications were received. And that contest, you'll remember, carried the tantalizing prospect of a $25,000 bonus!

The hospitality noted by the aforementioned Captain Cook—never mind that he was assassinated by those same hospitable Hawaiians; that was due to a misunderstanding over his position in the pantheon of gods—is also responsible for the most noteworthy feature of Hawaiian womanhood, its strikingly beautiful mixture of racial heritages. Hawaiian, European, Japanese, Tahitian, Chinese, Korean—all strains have blended over the years in the easy, relatively nonprejudicial atmosphere of the islands. In our own less enlightened recent past, that racial mixing was largely responsible for delays in admitting Hawaii to statehood; Southern legislators thought it set a bad example, and statehood bills failed in Congress dozens of times. The 50th state finally flew the American flag on July 4, 1960.

Since then, more and more haoles—a term denoting foreigners, now usually taken to mean whites—have settled in Hawaii, so that among the dark-haired, dark-eyed natives we find a generous smattering of lighter-skinned mainlanders, some of whom themselves now feel like *kamaaina*, or old-timers. Take Holliday Ozan: "My dad and I arrived in Hawaii in 1962," she told us, "when I was eight years old. He met and married a local lady of Japanese descent, and we decided to stay in Hawaii. Back then, I was the only white person I knew. Life was very simple, very primitive."

California-born Nicole Ericson first visited Hawaii in 1970 with *her* father, actor John Ericson, who was on tour. Today she actually commutes from Los Angeles to Oahu. An actress herself, she has appeared in *Hawaii Five-O* and *Eight Is Enough*, as well as in live theater.

In contrast, Shelly Silva, another Hawaiian girl we interviewed, can trace her ancestry back on one side to a shipload of early missionaries and on the other to a great-grandfather who "just happened to get off the ship here while sailing around the world in search of employment; he married a local girl."

Audria Wilson's paternal great-grandfather was born into slavery in the American South; her maternal grandfather, Fred B. Sutter, was a descendant of California pioneer John Augustus Sutter.

"I give up trying to break my ancestry into percentages," she says, "but I'm black, Choctaw, Blackfoot, English, French, Cherokee, German, Swiss, Irish and Dutch."

Clarissa Matthews' parents and grandparents were all born in the islands; they're a mixture of Hawaiian, Chinese, Irish and Korean blood. Clarissa's father is now director of a school for disadvantaged children on the Big Island.

Elvina Taurua comes from the island of Moorea, sister island of Tahiti; youngest of 15 children of Tahitian-English-German parents, she was taken to Hawaii at the age of seven to be educated by an American couple who later adopted her. A professional Polynesian dancer, she speaks three languages: Tahitian, French and English.

To Pattie McKinley, a *hapa haole* (half-Caucasian) resident of Honolulu, growing up in Hawaii was wonderful. "There's so much to do outdoors all year round; I was always *brown*, out at the beach, fishing, climbing mango trees and eating the fruit right off the branch. There's a real family feeling in Hawaii, too. Everyone helps out; grandparents, parents and children live under the same roof in many cases, like mine. I basically grew up in an Oriental family, spoke pidgin among friends and family and good English in school and on the job. Being from Hawaii is like weaving a multicolored tapestry."

Mahalo nui (many thanks), Pattie. That celebrated literary admirer of the islands, James Michener, couldn't have put it better.

THIS MONTH IN

OUI

The August issue of OUI provides refreshing relief from the summer heat. You'll get cool tips on the art of flattery and one woman's advice on warming up your lady to morning sex. Then you'll go behind the scenes of the Blues Brothers movie to see what craziness Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi cooked up. Meet members of the most bizarre and devoted cult of all—Grateful Dead worshipers. Plus a sexy photo feature on Shelley Smith of *The Associates*, the best of canned cocktails, an education on hiring a storefront lawyer, and the nicest women you'll ever see. August OUI. You can't beat the heat without it.

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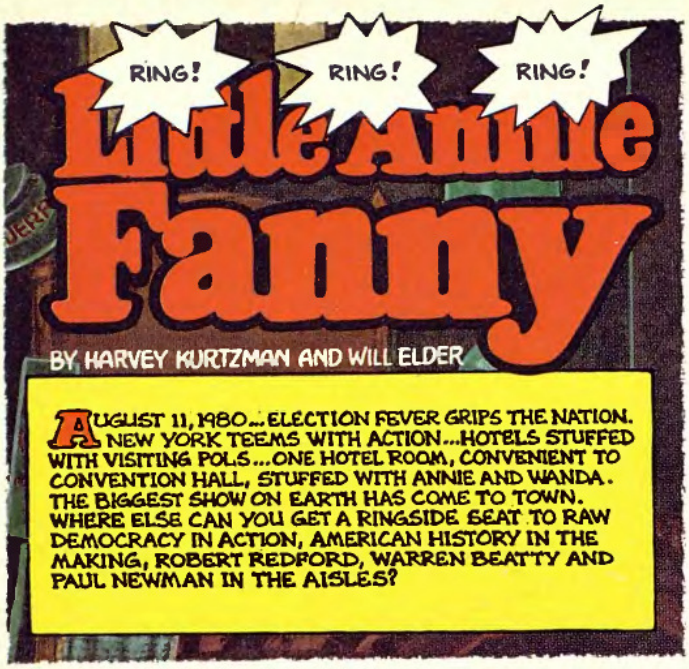

RING!
RING!
RING!
Little Annie Fanny
BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
AUGUST 11, 1980... ELECTION FEVER GRIPS THE NATION. NEW YORK TEEMS WITH ACTION... HOTELS STUFFED WITH VISITING POLS... ONE HOTEL ROOM, CONVENIENT TO CONVENTION HALL, STUFFED WITH ANNIE AND WANDA. THE BIGGEST SHOW ON EARTH HAS COME TO TOWN. WHERE ELSE CAN YOU GET A RINGSIDE SEAT TO RAW DEMOCRACY IN ACTION, AMERICAN HISTORY IN THE MAKING, ROBERT REDFORD, WARREN BEATTY AND PAUL NEWMAN IN THE AISLES?

WAKE-UP CALL!
GOOD MORNING, WANDA... WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT?
THIS POLITICO KEPT ME UP, EXPLAINING PROPOSITION 13, WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE PROPOSITION 69.
MILLARD FILLMORE
EQUAL RIGHTS

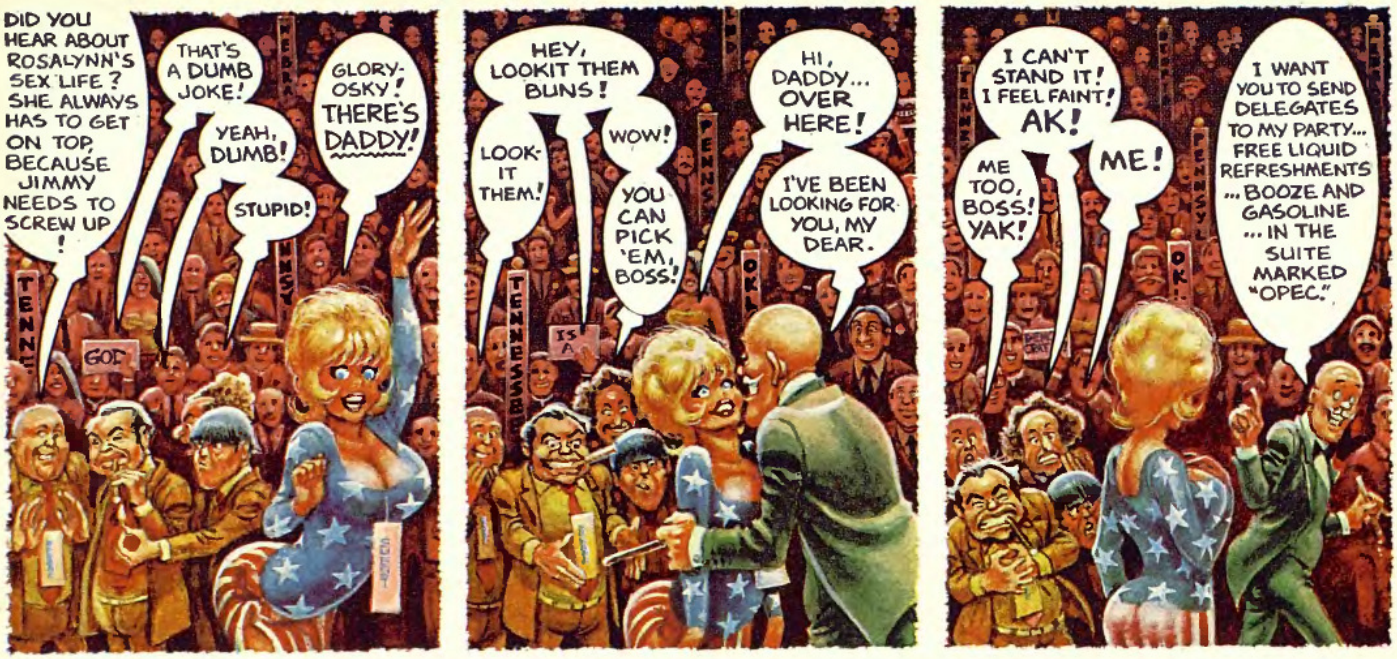
I'VE GOT DATES WITH SWING-VOTE DELEGATES WHO NEED SWINGING.
I'M OFF TO HELP DADDY BIGBUCKS. SEE YOU ON THE CONVENTION FLOOR!
WE'LL GET THOSE RIGHT-TO-LIFERS FOR THIS.
I THOUGHT YOU SAID THE A.M.A. HOSPITAL SUITE HAS AN AMBULANCE.
WHAT I SAID WAS, THEIR HOSPITALITY SUITE HAS AMBIENCE!
AMA
E.R.A.

WHAT'S YOUR POSITION?
DOGGIE STYLE!
GOLLY! SO MANY HOSPITALITY SUITES!
NATIONAL RIFLE CLUB
WELCOME
STASSEN
GET IN HERE!
GAY RIGHTS
WELCOME DELEGATES

AND WHAT'S THE OTHER ONE'S NAME?
HI, DADDY!
ANNIE, THESE CREDENTIALS WILL GET YOU INTO THE CONVENTION HALL. MIX WITH THE DELEGATES. ... I MUST GO SUPERVISE THE HOSPITALITY SUITE, SPONSORED BY OUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD GAS STATIONS.
GUEST

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
SHOW YOUR CREDENTIALS, PLEASE.
I HAVE TO GET INTO THE PRESS SECTION.
SORRY. THAT'S A "FLOOR" CREDENTIAL.
I'M A GUEST.
YOU'LL NEED FLOOR CREDENTIALS AS WELL AS GUEST CREDENTIALS.
MY WIFE JUST FAINTED.
DOES SHE HAVE A "FAINTING" CREDENTIAL?
LET ME THROUGH. I'M A DOCTOR.
HOLD IT! WHERE'S YOUR "DOCTOR" CREDENTIAL?

E.R.A.
UH, OH!
RIGHT TO LIFE
TAKE YOUR SEATS!
CLEAR THE AISLES AND TAKE YOUR SEATS.
WE RENT 5000 CHAIRS AND NOBODY SITS.
BAM.BA.M.B.A.M.!
ISN'T THIS BETTER THAN LAST YEAR?
CIRCUS
DELAWARE
TEXAS
I LOVE YOUR BUTTON.
WHAT BUTTON?
YOUR BELLY BUTTON.
HOWDY. WE'RE ROY AN' DALE FROM NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.
WE'RE ANGELO AND SOPHIA FROM DALLAS, TEXAS.
NEW JERS
PENNSYL
TREKKIES FOR BROWN 1980
OKLAHO
WHERE'D YOU COUNT THREE VOTES?
ONE, TWO (HIC), THREE!
EXIT
NEVADA
AS PER THE FIFTY PERCENT RULE, OUR DELEGATION HAS ONE TOO MANY WOMEN.
BRING BACK BERT FOR PRESIDENT
NOT TO WORRY
DO I LOOK DEAD, DUMMY?
EASY, JOHN. HE WANTS TO KNOW IF THIS IS THE CAUCUS, NOT THE CARCASS.
FOUR MORE YEARS!!
OH! NOOO!
MR. BILL FOR PRESIDENT
N. CAROLI
IT SAYS 'PRESS'!
VIRGIN ISLA
BEVERLY HILLS
CALIFORNI
DON'T WORRY. IF I PASS OUT, THERE'S ALWAYS MY ALTERNATE DELEGATE, O'LEARY!
(HIC) SOMEBODY CALL ME?
SIR! THAT'S MY WIFE!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, ALEX! HE'S YOUR ALTERNATE!
LEAPIN' LIZARDS... ME, LITTLE ANNIE FANNY, AT A PRESIDENTIAL CONVENTION! NOW I KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.
IT'S ABOUT FIVE DAYS IN NEW YORK WITHOUT OUR WIVES, SWEETHEART.
WE'RE A JOINT COMMITTEE!
RUN! THE GLAD-HANDERS ARE COMING!
UGH, MY ICE-CREAM CONE!
AGH! MY ARTH-RITIS!
HOW ARE YA?
HIYA, JOE!
SLAP!
POOT!
HI MOM. SEND $
YOU'RE OK.
YOU'RE OK.
YOU'RE FANTASTIC!
BLACK-LIGHT CHECK.
MAGNETIC-TAPE CHECK.
FRISK!
FRISK? SECURITY DOESN'T HAVE A FRISK.
I'M IN LABOR.
WHO, ME PACK MY DELEGATION WITH RELATIVES?
YOU ARE "SERVICE"?! WHERE ARE YOUR TOOLS?
I CAN STRAIGHTEN YOUR PIPES, HONEY.
HER BUTTON READS "UN-BUTTON"
PIPE-FITTERS for TEDDY
GUESS WHO HAS BIGGER BOOBS THAN DOLLY PARTON'S? MIZ LILLIAN HAS... BILLY AND JIMMY!
NYUK YUK YUK!
YOU'RE A RIOT, BOSS!
YOU'RE FUNNY, BOSS!

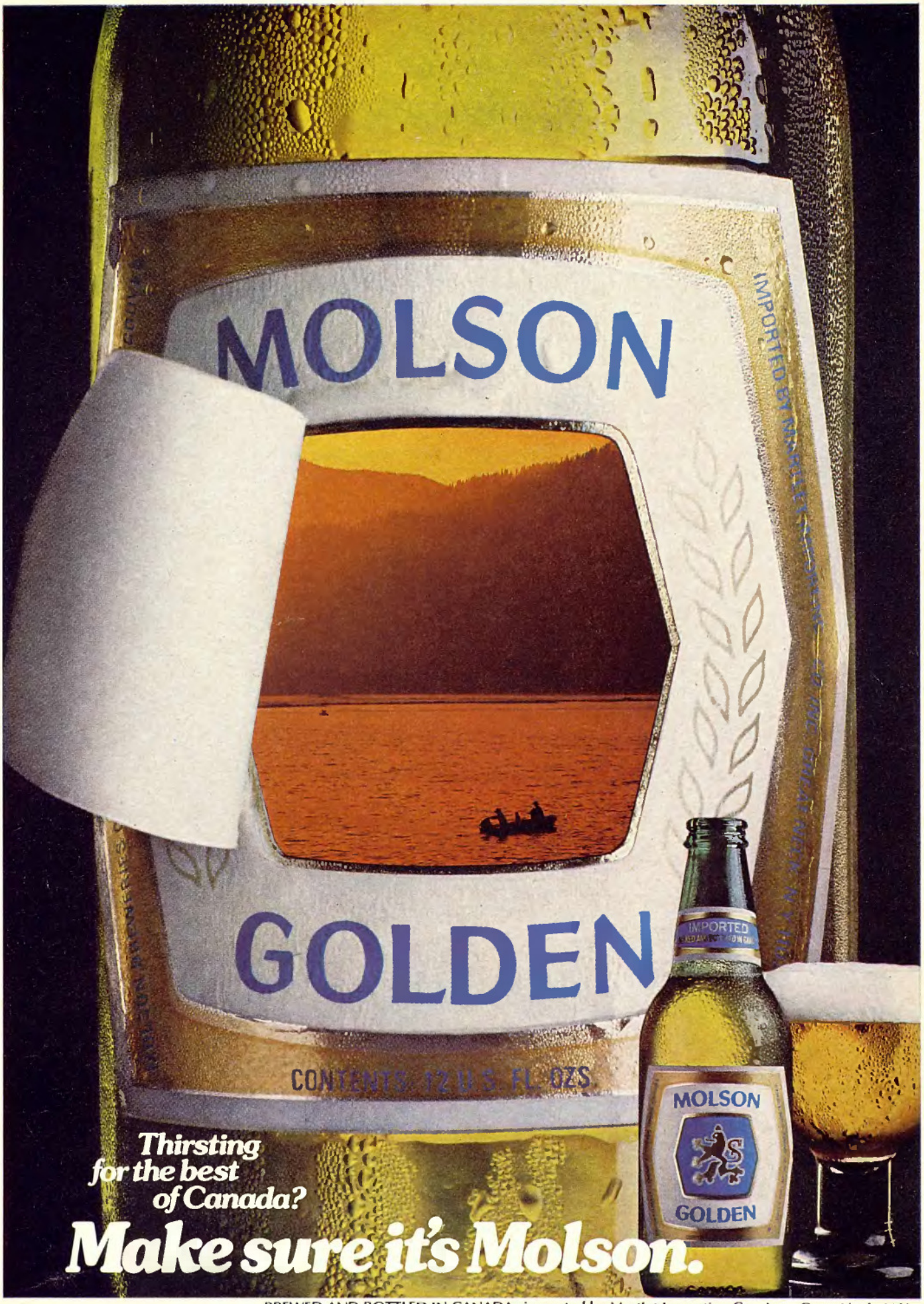

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT ROSALYNN'S SEX LIFE? SHE ALWAYS HAS TO GET ON TOP, BECAUSE JIMMY NEEDS TO SCREW UP!
THAT'S A DUMB JOKE!
YEAH, DUMB!
STUPID!
GLORY-OSKY! THERE'S DADDY!
HEY, LOOKIT THEM BUNS!
LOOK-IT THEM!
WOW!
YOU CAN PICK 'EM, BOSS!
HI, DADDY... OVER HERE!
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU, MY DEAR.
I CAN'T STAND IT! I FEEL FAINT! AK!
ME TOO, BOSS! YAK!
ME!
I WANT YOU TO SEND DELEGATES TO MY PARTY... FREE LIQUID REFRESHMENTS ... BOOZE AND GASOLINE ... IN THE SUITE MARKED "OPEC."

CAN WE GET UP NOW, BOSS?
HAH, BOSS?
AND WHAT KIND OF A DELEGATE IS A "GOFER"?
I GOFER THIS. I GOFER THAT. AND, MAINLY, I GOFER THEM, THERE.
ANNIE, MEET WILLY. HE'S A COUNTY LEADER. I'M TRYING TO PERSUADE HIM TO SHIFT HIS VOTES.
NEDY

LATER
ARE YOU AWAKE, WANDA? WHEW! I'VE BEEN DISCUSSING POLITICS SINCE FOREVER.
I DON'T THINK I CHANGED A SINGLE OPINION. DID YOU PERSUADE ANYBODY WITH YOUR POLITICAL LOGIC?
NO, BUT I USED THE LOGIC OF LOVE.
YIKES! SOMEONE'S IN THE BED!
NOK! NOK!
!

I THINK WE'VE GOT WILLY AND HIS COUNTY FIRMLY IN THE CARTER CAMP.
SHOOT! I AIN'T REALLY A COUNTY LEADER. I AIN'T EVEN A DELEGATE! ...AND, HELL, JIMMY IS FAMILY.
BILLY! DIDN'T WE TELL YOU TO WEAR THE DISGUISE?
HE ISN'T WEARING ANYTHING!

ALWAYS MAKING TROUBLE! DIDN'T WE TELL YOU TO AT LEAST WEAR THE MUSTACHE? DIDN'T WE TELL YOU TO KEEP A LOW PROFILE? I DO DECLARE!
HE KEPT A LOW PROFILE, ALLRIGHT!
AW, GEE, MA!
...LEAPIN' (SIGH) LIZARDS ...GOOD NIGHT, WANDA.
END



BREWED AND BOTTLED IN CANADA; imported by Martlet Importing Co., Inc., Great Neck, N.Y.

PLAYBOY
ON·THE·SCENE
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

TRAVEL

LIGHTWEIGHT CONTENDERS CARRY ON

For weekend getaways and quickie business trips, carry-on luggage is the only way to fly. Your gear won't wind up in Boise when you're going to Boston, and you can kiss that queue at the baggage counter goodbye as you breeze by to be first in the cab line. A lightweight style of bag with plenty of durability and a design that makes every inch count is what to look for. Most are made of waterproof canvas or a rugged type of nylon and often feature shoulder straps and easy-access exterior pockets in which you can stash a few paperbacks. Carry-on soft luggage fits nicely into the trunk of a snazzy sports car, too.

Below: The Packet, a compact cotton canvas carry-on that measures 13" x 19" x 8", has a heavy-duty zipper around three sides and a roomy exterior pocket, from Lands' End, Chicago, $35.

Below: An 18½" x 10½" black roll bag that's made of heavy-duty rip-stop parachute nylon, by Action Bags, $16.

Above: This waterproof oxford nylon traveler duffel is 24" long and has two easy-access end pockets, from White Stag Camping, Portland, Oregon, $18.

Right: Cordura nylon Jumbo Explorer, by Florentine Luggage, $50. Left: Danish Souperbag of waterproof canvas, from The Chocolate Soup, New York, $45.

DON AZUMA

Left: a 19" x 15" heavy-duty nylon satchel tote that slightly resembles a doctor's bag; on one side is a zippered pocket, by Delta Luggage & Imports, $15.

Right: The international status symbol—a side-zip duffel of green Battue nylon with bridal-leather trim, from Hunting World, New York, $410; optional shoulder strap, $35.

HATS APLENTY!

Thirty years ago, a man never left home without his fedora. But the problem was that not everyone looked like Ronald Colman when he snapped the brim. Then President Kennedy made the simple observation that he didn't feel comfortable in a hat and the business of making lids virtually died overnight. Now, however, hats are rapidly being rediscovered, partially because of our ongoing fascination with Western wear. The styles in favor today are a far cry from the serious fedora/Homburg business uniform. So hats off to fun-loving lids that bring yet another accent to your wardrobe. —DAVID PLATT

Right: Remember when only farmers wore straw hats? Well, step out in this straw model with a brown band and feather, by Miller Bros., Western, $15, and look out for a stampeding herd of farmers' daughters. Far right: You don't say no to this evil-looking dude when he asks for a light. And don't say no to his black lacquered straw hat, from Jon Larkin Hats, either, even though the price is $100.

Above: Hats off to this great white hunter who has bagged his prey with this lambskin suede safari hat ringed with a pleated band, by Dobbs Hats, about $58. Right: The perfect hat for watching the dawn come up like thunder over China—a natural hand-blocked raffia model with knotted rawhide band, by Makin Hats, Ltd., about $23, that's designed to be worn with the brim turned down.

Right: It looks as though the lady has taken a shine to this flipped lid—an iridescent cotton/nylon Western hat with an iridescent nylon herringbone band, by Miller Bros., Western, $18.

Left: Without a hat, our guy is just one more good-looking face strolling down the avenue. Add a chapeau, however, such as this jaunty wool felt dress model with a braided leather band accented with a feather, by Adams Hats, $15, and he's definitely the cock of the walk.

Right: More than one kind of action takes place under quilts, case in point being this nylon/ciré quilted hat with matching band and an adjustable chin strap for keeping it on in high winds or out of the clutches of hat-fancying females, by Miller Bros., Western, $15.

DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

If you're shopping for a tailored suit or sports coat this fall, look for one on which the front buttons have been considerably lowered; in some cases, to just above the waist. That affords more exposure of the shirt and tie or, more to the point, of contrasting sweaters, vests, etc., which will be worn increasingly for layered looks.

•

Expect men's designer jeans soon to be available in colors from brights to pastels. Teamed with a tweed sports coat, they're a stylish yet inexpensive alternative to the classic denim look.

•

We've seen military and survival chic. Now comes industrial chic, with such oddball wearables as airline maintenance jackets showing up far from runways and hangars. Aside from looking funky, these coats are exceptionally well made, designed for ease of movement and provide superb protection from the elements.

•

Another way to vary your wardrobe—especially if you're young—is to wear sweaters, sweat shirts, etc., inside out. Sometimes a boldly patterned garment will take on a softer look on the reverse side. Just remember to remove the label first.

•

As a way to get more mileage from your three-piece suits, try wearing the vest of one suit with another suit. For example, the vest from a glen-plaid model can add flair to a gray-flannel style. Some mixes are unexpectedly successful. Experiment!

•

Experienced travelers will tell you it is a good idea to take a fresh shirt, tie, underwear, socks and a toiletry kit in your carry-on bag. Add a pair of lightweight slip-on shoes and a sweater and you might not even need a suitcase.

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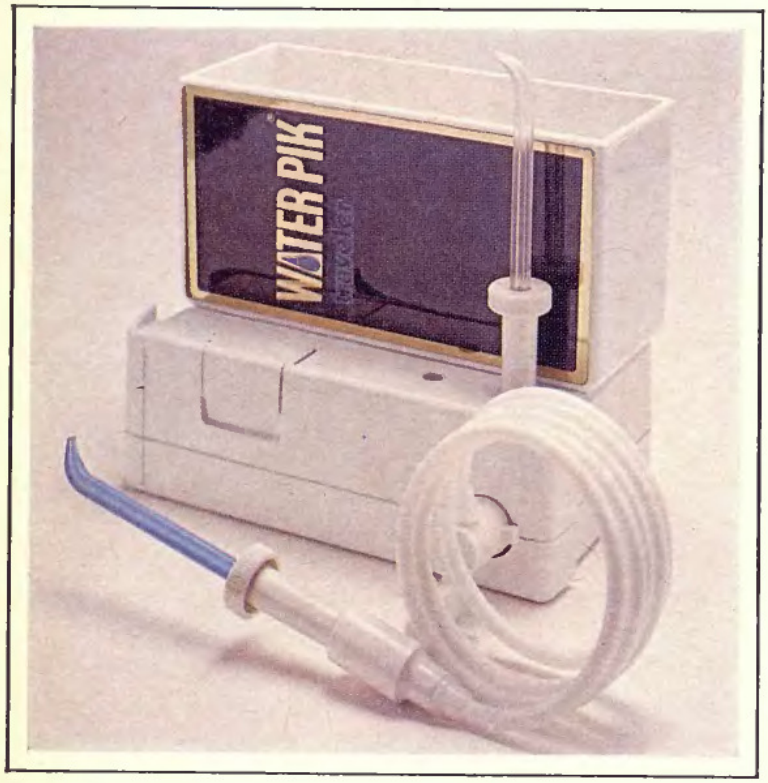
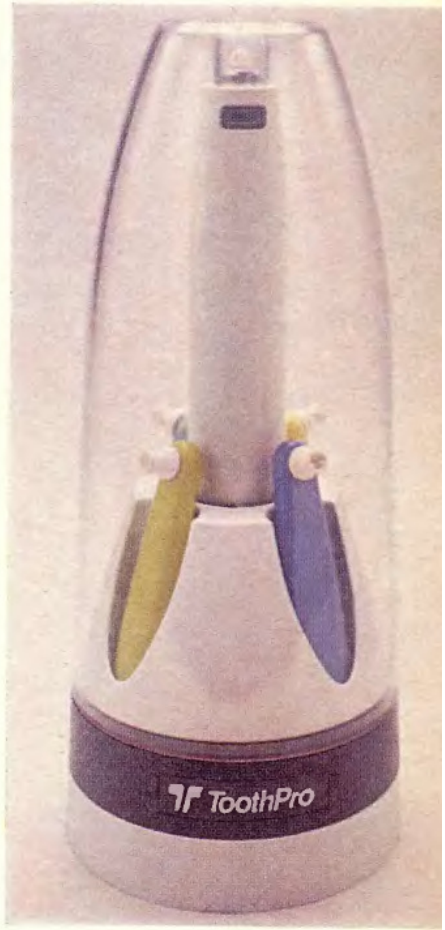
TOOTH OR CONSEQUENCES

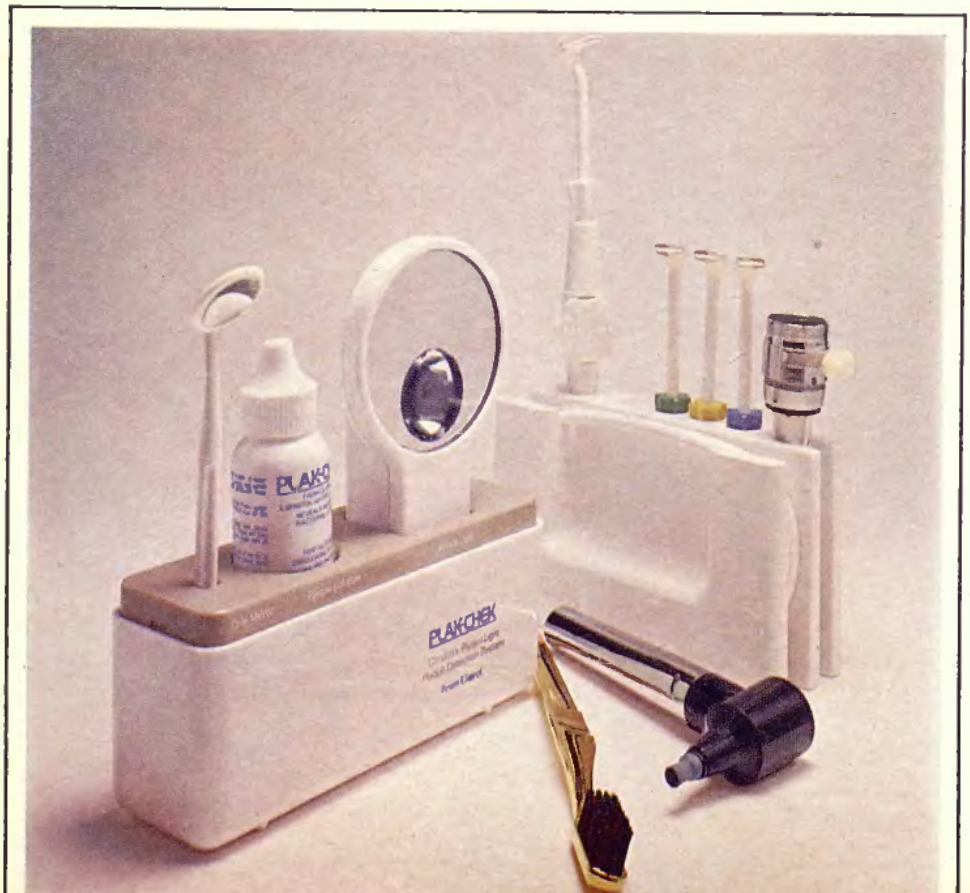
You've probably heard the gag about having great teeth but those rotten gums have to go. Well, dental hygiene is no joke; if you don't take care of your choppers, it may be toot, toot, toothies, goodbye. The good news about tooth care is that there are so many products on the market that can do most of the work for you. Water-pulsating devices loosen food particles that an ordinary toothbrush won't budge. And plaque-removal gizmos are beneficial to anyone who's a coffee drinker or a heavy smoker. (Being called Old Blue Eyes is fine, but who wants to be known as Old Brown Smile?) None of these products is designed to take the place of regular dental checkups. Unattended-to cavities are for people with holes in their head.



Left: The rechargeable Water Pik Traveler, a compact appliance that can be tucked in the corner of your suitcase, comes with a cord and two jet tips for high-pressure and low-pressure cleaning and massage, by Teledyne Water Pik, $45.95, including a good-looking leatherette carrying case.

Below: For ultrabright choppers, there's the futuristic-looking Tooth Pro, a rechargeable cleaner/polisher that comes with four disposable color-coded cleaning heads and a wall-mounting bracket, by Porta Pro, $29.95.





DON AZUMA

Left: Plak-Chek is a cordless detection system that reveals invisible plaque, from Bristol-Myers, $16.50. Next to it, an Assist-Dent nonelectric pulsating dental spray that operates on water from a faucet, also from Bristol-Myers, $20. In front: A Swiss-made gold-plated toothbrush, from Chris Craft, Algonac, Michigan, $10; and a battery-powered polisher, with four cups, from Hammacher Schlemmer, New York, $14.95.

The Chicken Meets the Chicks

The SAN DIEGO CHICKEN was spotted interviewing this great-looking trio (from left to right): CBS sportscaster JAYNE KENNEDY, MARY CROSBY of *Dallas* and *Dukes of Hazzard*'s CATHERINE BACH. This was the annual CBS *Celebrity Challenge of the Sexes.*

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LYNN GOLDSMITH

Sissy Goes Bananas

We're not going to be shy: This is a love note. Actress/singer SISSY SPACEK is talented and adorable and we think she's great in *Coal Miner's Daughter.* So will the Oscar committee, we bet.

Mirror, Mirror Off the Wall....

Who wins our celebrity breast award this month? NICOLETTE LARSON, who finally stepped in front of the mike after years of legendary backup singing for most of the greats. Welcome to the front, Nicolette; we're happy to see you.

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MELINDA WICKMAN

The Man Who Fell to Earth

On his most inventive days, DAVID BOWIE strives for the bizarre and is usually quite successful. The last time we saw him on television, he was wearing a smart women's suit. Here's Bowie doubtless explaining bisexuality to the natives.

She's Got It on Tape

Punk princess WENDY WILLIAMS of The Plasmatics was rocking and rolling one night recently when somehow (how do these things happen?) her top flopped, revealing a hint of electrical tape. In basic black, of course. We can see endless fashion possibilities....

LARRY BASCHKIN / LARNUS PRODUCTIONS

Bridge over Untroubled Waters

Sweet Home Chicago's Elwood Blues, a.k.a. DAN AYKROYD, is balanced here on the edge of his new movie. If you don't go to see *The Blues Brothers* right now, we hear he's going to jump. Honest.

Blondes Have More Fun

Signs of creeping respectability: *Call Me*, the hit song from *American Gigolo*, and some upcoming TV commercials. Can punk first lady DEBBIE HARRY survive the mainstream? Stay tuned.

JOHN ROCA / LYNN GOLDSMITH © 1980

PUSSY-WHIPPED

Feminist godmother Betty Friedan has announced that the *macho* male has just about breathed his last. Writing on American men for *Redbook*, Friedan predicted a tidal wave of change in men's identities—a nation of males envious of the strong bonds of sisterhood, mindful of the feminist movement and good and ready for a male consciousness raising. We hope this won't require a wardrobe change.

GARRICK MADISON

Just what kind of noshery is this De La Cruz Deli, anyway? The San Jose, California, eatery's offering—oral delights—takes a leap beyond service with a smile.

WORK WITH ME, ANNIE

Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality magazine recorded poll returns from 400 psychiatrists on the subject to working wives. Given the rapidly growing number of wives in the workplace (about 47 percent of all married women), we'd say the shrinks are worried. Seventy-one percent of them believe that extramarital sexual temptation is greater among working wives than among stay-at-homes. Obviously, they haven't even considered the thousands of housewives who go to sleep each night praying for just ten minutes with Phil Donahue. Fifty-seven percent think that affairs are more common among women who work than among women who don't. But, ladies, pick up your briefcases, because 70 percent believe that when a marital sexual relationship improves, it's because of the working wife's greater self-respect and happiness. So take that and put it in your cigarette holder, Phyllis Schlafly.

KIDS' PLAY

Clinical psychologists in New York City have turned up evidence that the female hormone progesterone administered in early pregnancy may influence the masculinity and femininity of children's behavior. Use of the drug in early pregnancy has already been associated with birth defects, leading the Food and Drug Administration in 1973 to ban the common practice of prescribing it to prevent miscarriages. Progesterone also is a major ingredient in several types of birth-control pills. Columbia University psychologist Dr. Anke A. Ehrhardt used psychological tests and questionnaires and conducted interviews with children between the ages of eight and 14 who had been exposed to progesterone prenatally. None of the children was found to have gender-identity problems, but they registered distinct differences in temperament from control groups. Girls exposed to progesterone were decidedly less interested in rough-and-tumble play and were more interested in clothes and grooming. The effect on boys was less dramatic: Interest in stereotypical *boys'* toys was slightly less common in those exposed to progesterone. Slightly more of them were teased for effeminacy by their friends, while they were significantly less aggressive toward their fathers. In previous studies, girls exposed prenatally to male androgens (hormones) were inclined to play more roughly than other girls. While there may be physiological reasons the hormones seem to influence girls more than boys, Dr. Ehrhardt speculates that social pressure to adhere to sex roles may be greater for boys than for girls.

This watercolor, *You Get More Salami with Modigliani*, appears in *Mel Ramos: Watercolors* (Lancaster-Miller), an anthology of the famed pop artist's nudes, which salute various classical artists.

Meanwhile, despite the FDA's order against prescribing the drug in early pregnancy, in 1978, American doctors wrote 31,000 progesterone prescriptions for preventing miscarriages. We suppose you have to start early if you want to keep women interested in clothes and out of the profession.

RUBBER DISCO DUCK

In a move to popularize the use of condoms, Planned Parenthood in Washington, D.C., invited teenagers to a rubber disco. Kids with condoms got into the disco at a reduced rate. It turned out that 95 percent of the teens came with protection. We hear some slow learners showed up in galoshes.

For the man or woman who has everything—the stuffed animal that has everything. These cuddly little fellas maintain an erection for perpetuity, and that's an awfully long time. Pet Perverts cost $19.95 apiece from Yours, Mine & Ours, P.O. Box 561, Dayton, Oregon 97114.

GARRICK MADISON

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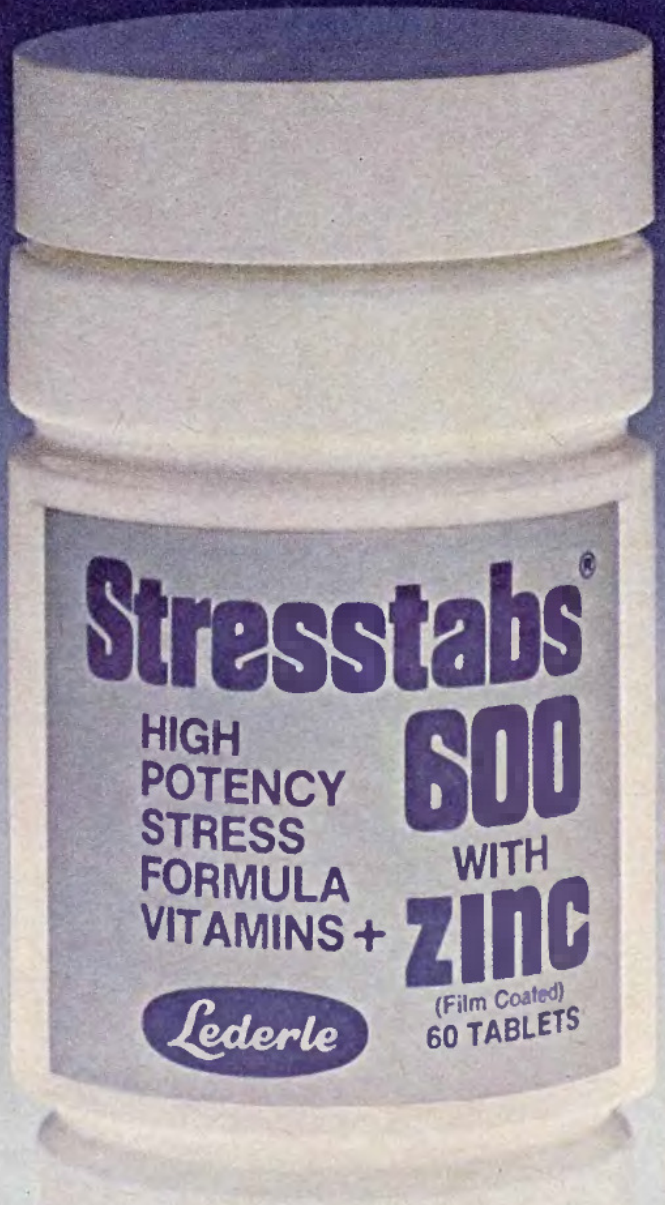

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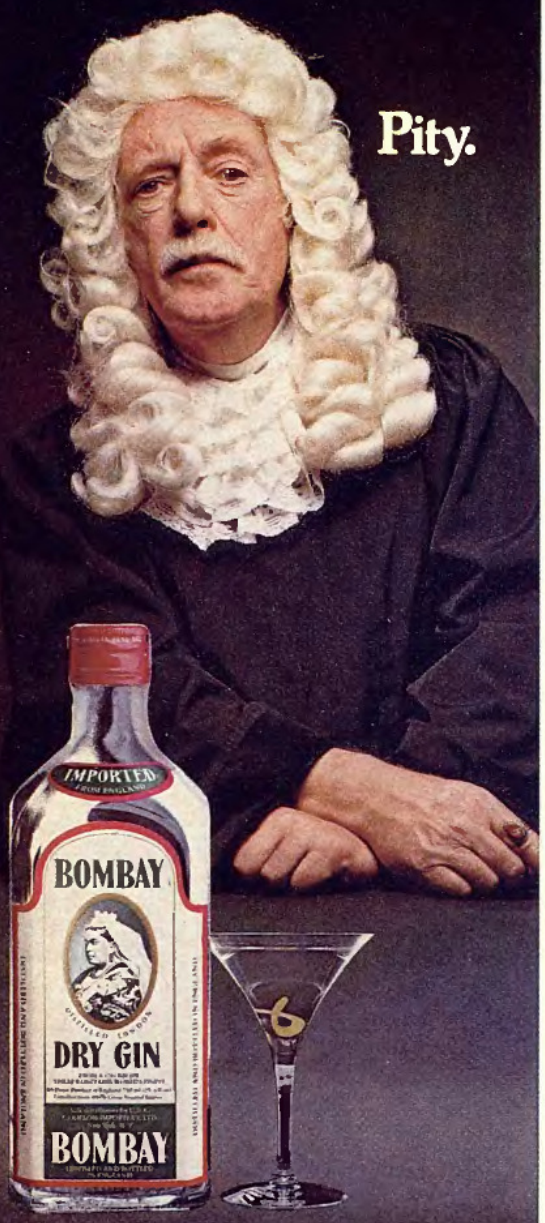
Some Americans go through life without discovering Bombay.



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"CRAZINESS WITH CHEECH & CHONG"—THE STARS OF *CHEECH AND CHONG'S NEXT MOVIE* SEND A *PLAYBOY* PHOTO SHOOTING UP IN SMOKE

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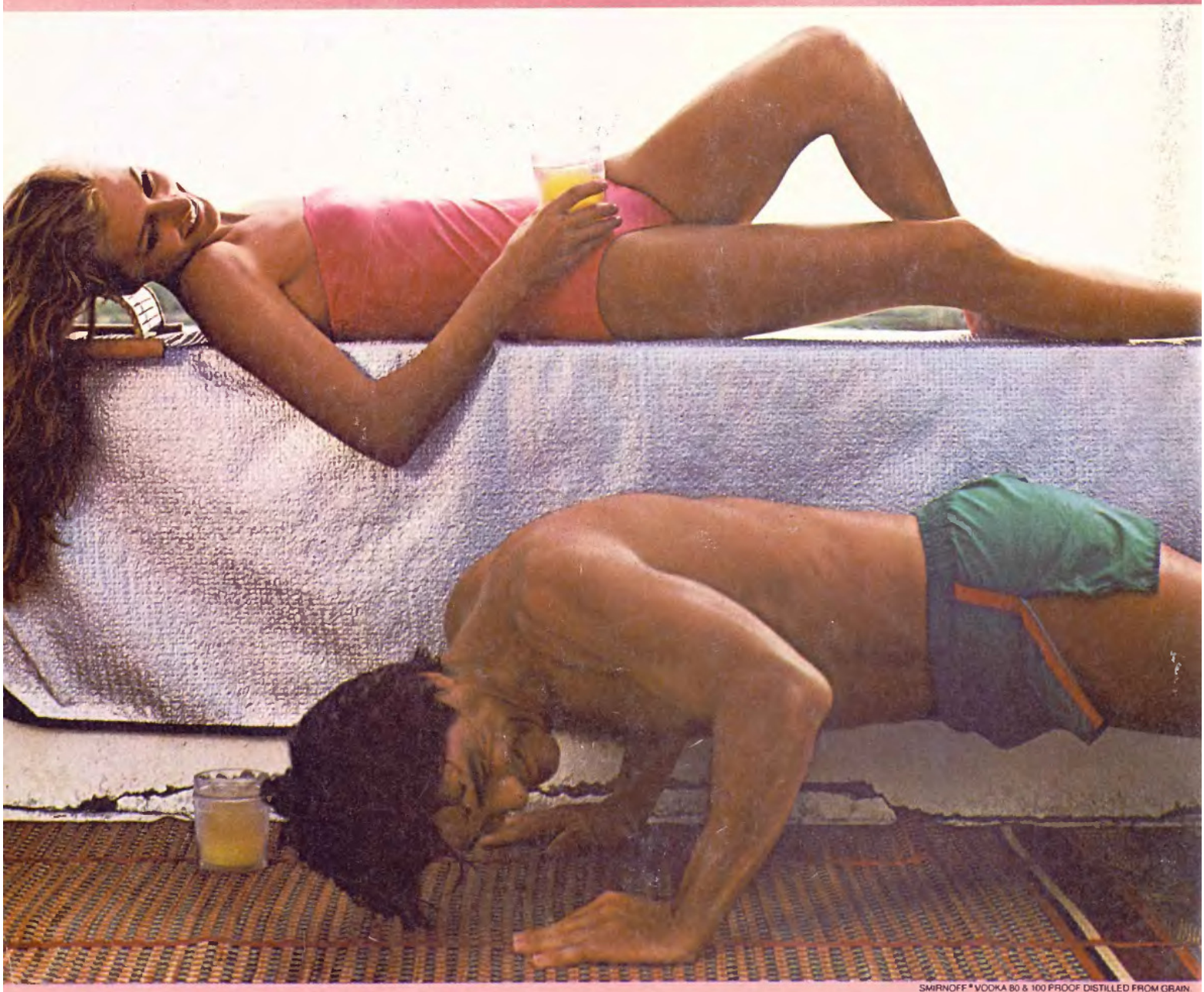

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