

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1981 • \$2.50

**SUMMER
SEX ISSUE**

**GREAT GIRLS,
SEXY GAMES,
SECLUDED
BEACHES AND
A NEW WAVE
MOVIE**

**GETTING READY
FOR 1984:
A PLAYBOY
REPORT ON
THE MOST
REPRESSIVE
LEADERS
IN CONGRESS**

**NEW HUMOR
FROM
JEAN
SHEPHERD**

**PRO FOOTBALL
FORECAST BY
GRIDIRON WIZARD
ANSON MOUNT**

**VALERIE
PERRINE
SUPERMAN'S
NEMESIS
UNCLOTHED**

**PLAYBOY
INTERVIEWS
REAGAN GURU
GEORGE
GILDER**



Gilbey's idea of a Gin and Tonic:

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 Gin & Tonic, you'll taste the gin, too.





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INEXPENSIVE. AND BUILT
TO STAY THAT WAY.**



*AVAILABLE ON CERTAIN MODELS.

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T/A[®] HIGH TECH RADIALS

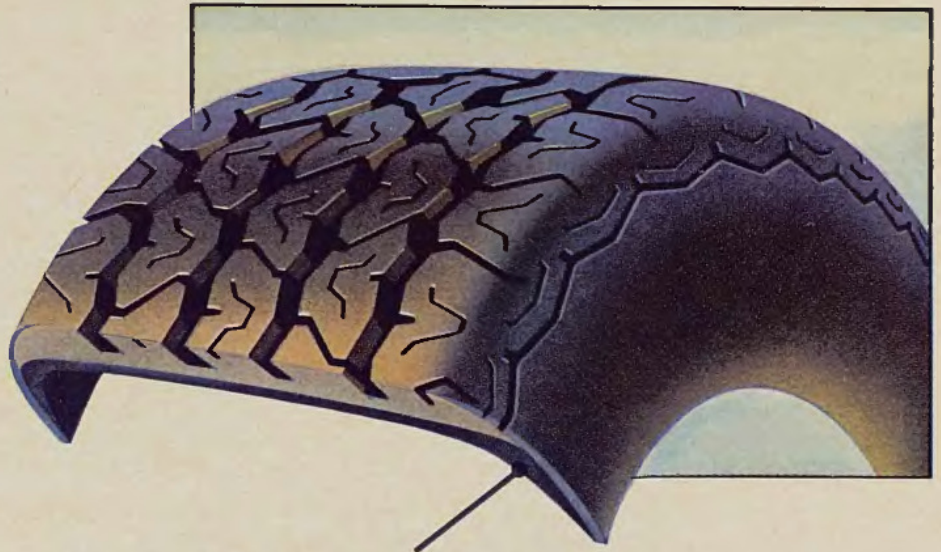


Objective: Develop a traction block radial tread design that helps reduce hydroplaning and maintains European-style handling qualities.



The Mark T/A[™] tire has excellent wet handling characteristics because its low rubber-to-void ratio and independent tread blocks with transverse grooves squeeze water out to help reduce hydroplaning.

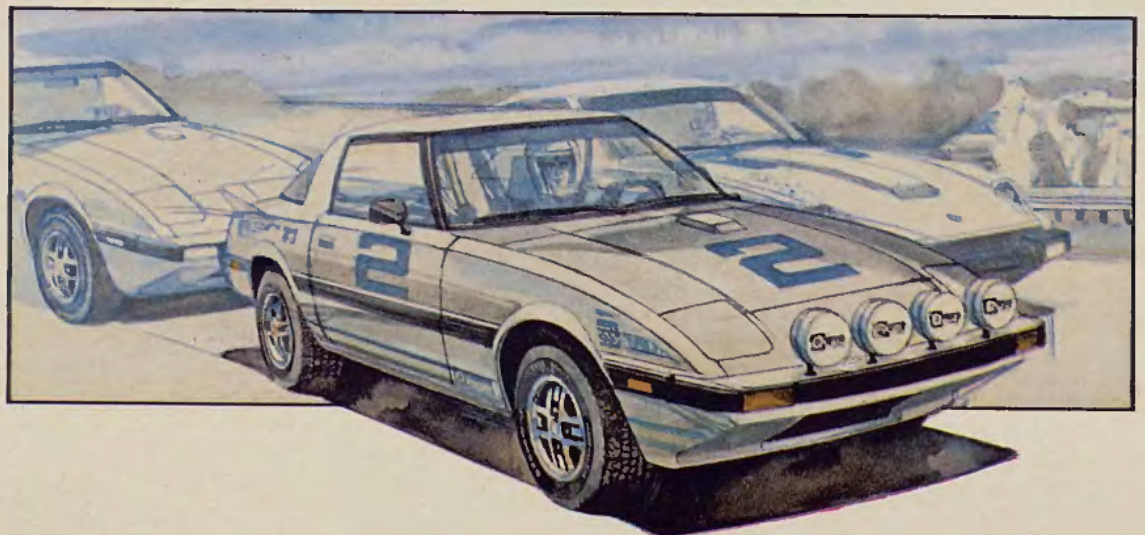
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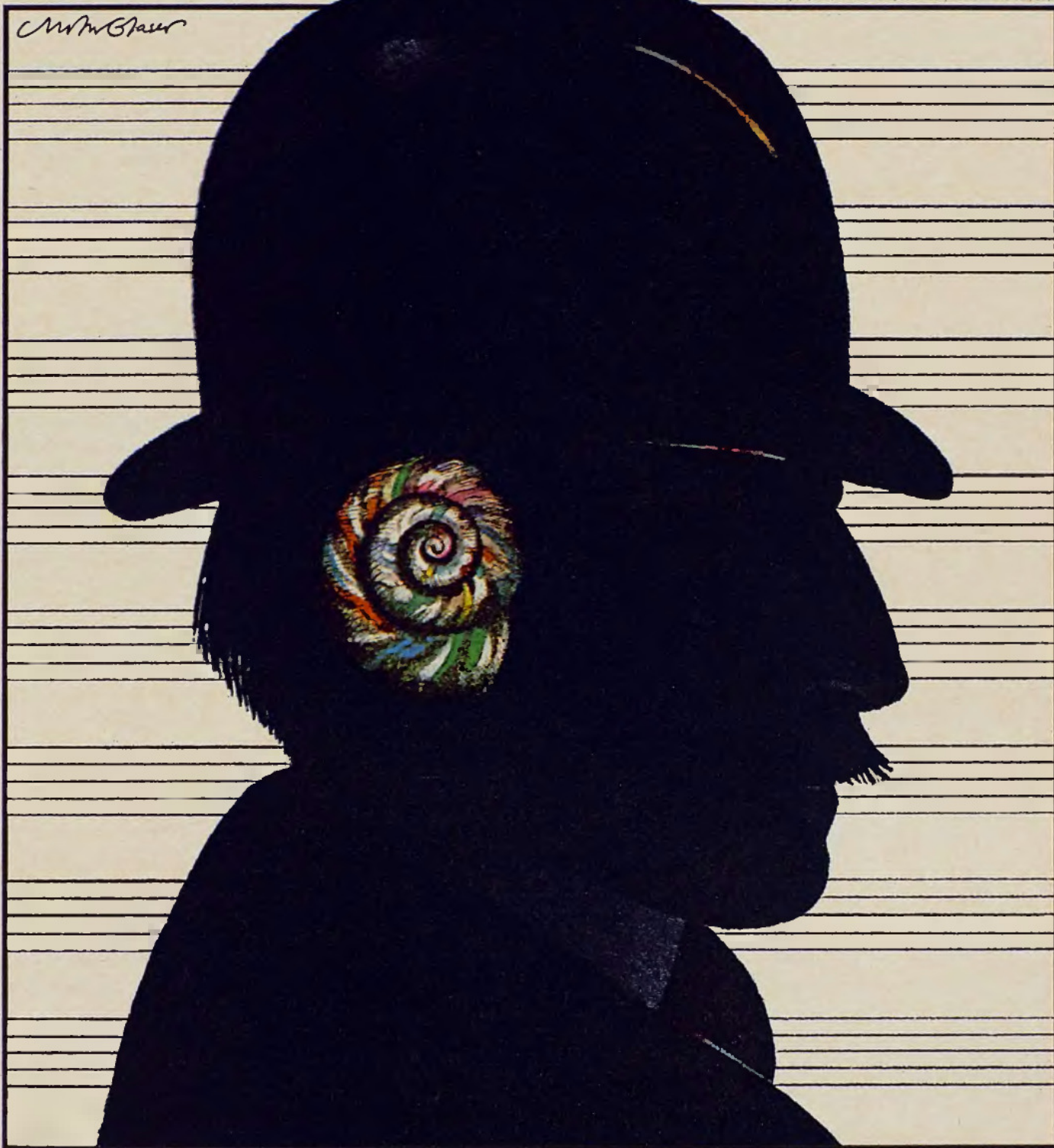


Dual compound tread offers the benefit of cool-running tires with excellent wear characteristics. Dependability is so exceptional BFGoodrich offers free replacement warranty coverage for The Mark T/A.

The Mark T/A radial's flat tread radius keeps the tread rubber in contact with the road surface during transient conditions, high traction tread compound further enhances dry handling.

Every Radial T/A utilizes state-of-the-art technology to meet the driving requirements of a particular vehicle type. Whether you drive a sports car, light truck, import, or a sedan, there's a Radial T/A designed for you. T/A® High Tech™ radials. Truly, the State of the Art.





SONY TAPE. FULL COLOR SOUND.

There's more to Full Color Sound than meets the ear.

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What makes Sony audio tape so special is *balance*. The fine tuning of all the electrical and mechanical elements to match



each other, for a recording as close to perfect as is humanly and technically possible.

The more sophisticated your equipment, the more you'll appreciate Sony high quality audio tape.

Try Sony SHF (normal bias), EHF (high bias), FeCr or Metallic.

Listen to the balance. It's the secret of Full Color Sound. **SONY**.

PLAYBILL

FOR SOME, summer is a warm blur and a beer cooler, a good magazine to read at the beach. This one, of course. If you can tear your eyes away from that blonde in the string bikini, we have an issue for you. Associate Editor **John Rezek** has engineered, for the second year in a row, our Summer Sex Issue, which includes an incredible pictorial ode to girl-watching, games, a tour of the national monuments of outdoor sex and a New Wave comic strip—Frankie and Annette go punk.

For the summer insiders, we have a fantastic fiction offering. We are pleased to give you the first look at **Thomas Berger's Reinhart's Women**, the fourth volume in the series that began with *Crazy in Berlin*, followed by *Reinhart in Love* and *Vital Parts*. The excerpt (illustrated by **Kinuko Y. Craft**) is part of a novel that will be published this fall by Seymour Lawrence-Delacorte. Humorist **Jean Shepherd** returns to *PLAYBOY* after eight years with *A Fistful of Fig Newtons* (illustrated by **Gordon Kibbee**). The story is about a confrontation between a scholar and a Big Ten tackle; the choice of weapons, chocolate laxatives at ten paces.

Which brings us to the subject of *Inside the New Right War Machine*. Better enjoy yourself today, because tomorrow it may not be allowed. We sent Contributing Editor **Peter Ross Range** into the vipers' nest for an eyewitness account of the new conservative hierarchy. Range, who was once *Time* correspondent in Berlin, filed this report: "Talking to the New Right was sometimes like talking to the Communist leaders in East Berlin. They don't talk back. Some refuse to grant interviews or allow questions. They still practice the paranoid's ancient rite of trying to kill the message by attacking the messenger. **Richard Viguerie**, direct-mail wizard of the conservative movement, announced over the phone his 'long-standing policy of not talking to pornographic magazines.' **James McClellan**, a staff director for **Senator John East**, Republican of North Carolina, denounced me as 'morally offensive.'" We asked **Edward Roeder**, one of Washington's top investigative reporters, to designate the Government's most repressive leaders. Roeder has just completed *PACs Americana*, a directory of political-action committees that will allow citizens to figure out just what the political and economic interests are behind their elected officials.

Don't get us wrong. Some of our best friends are Republicans. Business Manager **Michael Laurence** got his start in magazines as the managing editor of *Advance*—a periodical for liberal progressive Republicans, all five of them. His partner and classmate at Phillips Exeter, **George Gilder**, is now President Reagan's behind-the-scenes financial advisor. We reunited Laurence and Gilder for a candid *Playboy Interview*.

Enough of the serious stuff. What is summer without sex symbols? We sent photographer **Stan Malinowski** to shoot and **Robert McGarvey** to talk to actress **Valerie Perrine**, and **Robert Crane** to interview the inimitable **Joan Rivers**: two very outspoken ladies, as you will see.

A wise sage said that there are only four things we can count on—death, taxes, **Anson Mount's** pro-football forecast and lost luggage. Our favorite prognosticator picks the teams and players to watch (with visual aid from artist **Ed Paschke**). **Peter S. Greenberg** tries to explain how the airline-baggage handlers make life miserable in *The Vanishing-Suitcase Caper*. Missing luggage is all too often the work of thieves, but in one case, documented by **Reg Potterton** in *The Bombayment Method*, it is the work of inspired lunatics. Reg is currently seeking employment as baggage handler on the space shuttle. (Bet those guys didn't have any problems with their bags.)

So sit back. Enjoy. Turn over. You've already had enough sun on that side.

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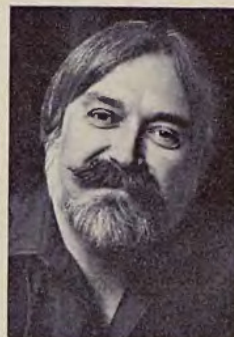
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KIBBEE



RANGE



ROEDER



REZEK



GREENBERG



MOUNT



PASCHKE



POTTERTON



PERRINE, MALINOWSKI



CRANE



LAURENCE

PLAYBOY®

vol. 28, no. 8—august, 1981

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



Reinhart's Women P. 118



Summer Sex P. 103



Jock Threads P. 138



Fine Perrine P. 152



Lost Luggage P. 165

PLAYBILL	5
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY	11
DEAR PLAYBOY	15
PLAYBOY VIEWPOINT: BY SEX POSSESSED	CHRISTIE HEFNER 20
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	25
BOOKS	30
Stephen King's latest horror tale lacks bite; Sugar Ray bio packs few punches.	
MOVIES	33
Seasons: a timely transition for Alda; Blake ("10") Edwards' S.O.B. looks like the year's best comedy; Elvis docudrama's a labor of love.	
MUSIC	46
Springsteen band's Miami Steve reviews the new Gary U. S. Bonds LP; Manhattan's Lounge Lizards take a national leap.	
COMING ATTRACTIONS	50
George C. Scott snares rights for Patton sequel; Pennies pairs Martin and Peters in a sizzling Thirties musical-drama.	
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR	53
THE PLAYBOY FORUM	57
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GEORGE GILDER—candid conversation	69
Hailed as the new right's emerging savant, economist George Gilder gained notoriety with his procapitalism <i>Wealth and Poverty</i> , whose denunciation of welfare and the women's movement earned him the admiration of the Reagan Administration and the hatred of liberals and feminists. With his characteristic wit and aplomb, Gilder discusses his controversial philosophies.	
INSIDE THE NEW RIGHT WAR MACHINE—article ..	PETER ROSS RANGE 98
Fueled by last year's sweeping defeat of liberal Democrats, the new right guard—directed from Capitol Hill by Senator Jesse Helms—is shifting its moral search-and-destroy mission into high gear. Our Washington-based correspondent provides a frighteningly vivid blueprint of the right-wing political machine.	
FREEDOM FIGHTERS—article	EDWARD ROEDER 100
The most repressive leaders in Congress and how they stack up on the issues.	
SUMMER: A CELEBRATION	103
It's here, get into it. A guide to the season's hottest entertainment: a pictorial ode to man's favorite spectator sport; Blo-Bowl and other boffo games; Frankie and Annette's New Wave beach party; sex outdoors; celebrity summers and more.	
REINHART'S WOMEN—fiction	THOMAS BERGER 118
In this excerpt from Berger's latest novel, Carlo Reinhart exhibits a weakness for gourmet food and splendid women—and a dangerous tendency to over-indulge in both.	

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COVER STORY

The flashing lady on the cover is definitely no Superman. It's Valerie Perrine, superstar, who's appearing in the upcoming *Superman II*. Check out *PLAYBOY*'s exclusive shots of the super Miss Perrine on page 152 and see why she attracts audiences faster than a speeding bullet. Executive Art Director Tom Staebler designed and photographed the cover. And if you can't find the Rabbit Head this month, guys, better borrow Valerie's specs.

THE SPARKY LYLE . . . AND OTHER GREAT RELIEF PITCHERS—drink EMANUEL GREENBERG 121
 Beat the heat with pitchers of these refreshing grand-slam coolers.

LE ROY NEIMAN SKETCHBOOK—pictorial 123

BEAUTY AND THE BEACH—playboy's playmate of the month 124
 Sea-loving Debbie Boostrom left Florida in a van, destination unknown; it's no surprise she ended up in California.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor 136

SPORTIN' LIFE—attire DAVID PLATT 138
 You don't have to pack muscle to show off strong form in these super warm-ups and sporty casualwear.

ROLL OVER, BEETHOVEN—article NORMAN EISENBERG 142
 And Ludwig probably would if he were around today. Portable cassette players are simply everywhere you go—and that's where they should be.

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW—sports ANSON MOUNT 144
 Our annual preview of the N.F.L. teams and players who'll be gracing the gridiron.

20 QUESTIONS: JOAN RIVERS 148
 One of America's funniest ladies and most versatile talents discusses Jewish thighs (hers), the pitfalls of being a comedienne, what turns her on and just about anything else that pops into her zany head.

A FISTFUL OF FIG NEWTONS—humor JEAN SHEPHERD 150
 It began innocently enough as a gentlemen's bet and grew into a manly test of intestinal fortitude. One of *PLAYBOY*'s favorite contributors returns from a long absence with a cheeky new twist on the age-old battle of brains vs. brawn.

VIVA VALERIE!—pictorial 152
 We pay a call on one of Hollywood's most irrepressible talents and discover why Miss Perrine is a consummate entertainer.

ENGLISH SAILOR SONGS—ribald classic 161

THE VANISHING-SUITCASE CAPER—article PETER S. GREENBERG 165
 More and more, it seems, there are only two kinds of baggage: carry-on and lost. Thanks to airline deregulation, smart thieves and even smarter passengers, the number of missing and mangled bags has reached epidemic proportions. Our author, a seasoned traveler, takes an in-depth look at who's responsible.

THE BOMBAYMENT METHOD—memoir REG POTTERTON 172
 What really happened to those BOAC bags in 1958 is known to only five people. Potterton is one of them.

PLAYBOY FUNNIES—humor 178

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI 222

PLAYBOY PUZZLE 245

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE 249
 Shipshape toys; Flusser on fashion; Japanese sports cars; Grapevine; Sex News.



Fig Newtons P. 150



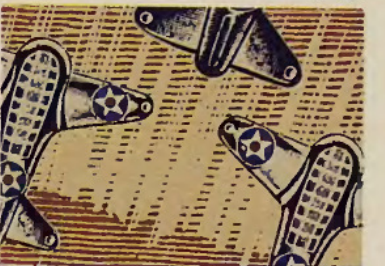
Relief Pitchers P. 121



Pro Forecast P. 144



Delightful Debbie P. 124



Right Guard P. 98

VERSER ENGELHARD, P. 6, 223; RICHARD FEGLEY, P. 12, 222; RON FELSING, P. 11; RAY FISHER, P. 5; ARNY FREYTAG, P. 110; MICHAEL GOING, P. 125 (2), 131 (2); RICHARD KLEIN, P. 8 (4), 222; LARRY L. LOGAN, P. 5, 11; ROBERT MATHEW, P. 12; KERRY MORRIS, P. 8 (2), 126, 128; JOHN NEUBAUER, P. 5; PETER NULL, P. 12; SIMON O'NEILL, P. 11; HERB RITTS, P. 80; LOREY SEBASTIAN, P. 50; STEVE SHAPIRO, P. 50; VERNON L. SMITH, P. 5 (2), 250; RONN SPENCER, P. 256; "SUPERMAN" TM D.C. COMICS, P. 154; UNIVERSAL PICTURES, P. 50 (2), 159; WARNER BROS., P. 154; STEVE WAYDA, P. 126; JOHN WHITMAN, P. 5. ILLUSTRATIONS BY: MIKE EINHAUS, P. 49; EARL HOKENS, P. 46; B. J. JOHNSON, P. 111, 222; DENNIS MAGDICH, P. 103, 110, 111, 114, 115; ROY MOODY, P. 28; PAT NAGEL, P. 25, 53, 57; LE ROY NEIMAN, P. 136; KERIG POPE, P. 58, 59; BOB POST, P. 30, 223; SLUG SIGNORINO, P. 46; PAUL VACCARELLO, P. 223; LEN WILLIS, 223. INSERT: PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL CARD BETWEEN P. 242-243.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka The spirit of the Czar

Life has changed since the days of the Czar. Yet Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka is still made here to the same supreme standards which elevated it to special appointment to his Majesty the Czar and the Imperial Romanov Court.

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The spirit of the Czar lives on.



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PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

DERICK J. DANIELS president

A comparison of projections from manufacturers' treadwear ratings under the new government Uniform Tire Quality Grading System indicates that on a government-specified course:

Michelin fell a little short of the Uniroyal Steeler. About 24,000 miles short.

For many people, Michelin has always been the yardstick to compare other tires by. But recently, the U.S. Department of Transportation gave the public a standardized system. Now, each tire company is required by law to grade its tires in three areas. Traction. Temperature resistance. And treadwear.

And then to emboss the resulting grades on the sides of the tires.

When compared, Michelin's XWW fared somewhat better than Uniroyal's comparable Steeler in the traction and temperature resistance tests.

But when it came to the important grade that indicates the relative wear rate of your tire, Michelin's tire fell a little short. In fact, when you translate their ratings into projected miles on the government-specified test course, you see it was no photo finish.

On that course, the mileage projection for Uniroyal's Steeler is 66,000 miles. 24,000 miles longer than Michelin's rating projects.

(And, by the way, 15,000 miles longer than the projections from the ratings of the Goodyear, Goodrich, General and most Firestone tires in the chart.)

These mileage projections (including those in the chart) should be used for comparison only. You will probably not achieve these results. Actual treadlife will vary substantially due to your driving habits, condition of vehicle and, in many sections of the country, road conditions and climate.

See your Uniroyal dealer for details.

UNIROYAL

You'll see there may be a new yardstick to compare tires by.

Uniroyal.

Clip and take this to your Uniroyal dealer:

MANUFACTURERS' RATINGS FOR U.S. GOVERNMENT QUALITY GRADING SYSTEM			PROJECTION OF MILEAGE ON GOVERNMENT-SPECIFIED TEST COURSE
Manufacturer/Tire:	Traction and Temperature Resistance	Treadwear	
UNIROYAL Steeler	B/C	220	66,000
GOODYEAR Custom Polysteel	B/C	170	51,000
FIRESTONE 721 (13" & 14" sizes)	B/C	170*	51,000
GENERAL Dual Steel II	B/C	170	51,000
B.F. GOODRICH Life Saver XLM	B/C	170	51,000
MICHELIN XWW	A/B	140	42,000

*Most 15" Firestone 721 tires rated 200 which projects to 60,000 miles.

Source: U.S. D.O.T. 12/19/80.

For a free booklet on grade-labeling, please send your name and address to: Uniroyal, Inc., Tire Advertising Department, Middlebury, Connecticut 06749. © 1981 Uniroyal, Inc.





THE SCIROCCO THAT WON JOHNNY RUTHERFORD.

Johnny Rutherford makes his living by driving over 200 miles an hour in a Chaparral that costs a quarter of a million dollars. He's won more races than you can shake a checkered flag at, including three firsts in the Indy 500.

Out of all the high performance cars there are in this world, the sports car he chose was the Volkswagen Scirocco. How come, J.R.?

"Because the Scirocco's overhead cam engine and front-wheel drive, along with excellent aerodynamics give it speed, performance, and believe it or not... terrific fuel economy." (EPA estimated 25 mpg, 40 mpg highway estimate. Use "estimated mpg" for comparison. Mpg varies with speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway mpg will probably be less.)

"Whoever engineered this car did one heck of a job putting the power, handling, steering, comfort and braking all in just the right balance.

"Sure there are more powerful sports cars around but who needs them on the highway or in downtown Indianapolis. My Scirocco is plenty of car for me. All in all, it's a winner. And that's important.

"Because nobody ever remembers who finished second."

J.R., we couldn't have said it better ourselves.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

INTRODUCING OUR NEW MAN ON THE COAST

Stephen Randall, PLAYBOY's new West Coast Editor, is the center of attention at a Mansion West party held to welcome him. Steve now keeps us up on what's happening in the land of silk and money. The rest of the line-up, below, from left: Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner; West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski; Steve's wife, Gail; and Editorial Director Arthur Kretchmer.



PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Robin Williams, a.k.a. Mork, Popeye and Garp, is beside himself and Janet Pilgrim at an informal Mansion West gathering. Three-time Playmate Janet debuted as a centerfold in July 1955.



HERE COME THE COTTONTAILS

No, the Bunnies are not standard equipment on the new Mini Metro shown here. Above, 12 London Bunnies squeeze into the car, which makes its daily rounds among Playboy's 71 betting shops there. Notice the lucky rabbit's feet on the right. At right, the custom-painted shuttle with three life-size Bunnies.



THE ETERNAL B.M.O.C.

Photog David Chan is on campus more than a beer truck is. He has already covered the Ivy League, Big Ten, Pac 10 and Southwest conferences for our *Girls of . . .* series. Above, he auditions University of Florida coeds for *Girls of the Southeast Conference*, a two-part pictorial due in our September and October issues.

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY



ENTERTAINMENT FOR PHIL

In case you were wondering where musicians find their inspiration, here's Boardwalk Records rocker Phil Seymour pondering the wonders of our universe (above).



MIXED MARRIAGE: MONKEE MARRIES A BUNNY

Ex-Monkee Davy Jones pointedly introduces his bride, Anita Pollinger, a former London Playboy Club Bunny and public-relations assistant. Jones and his fellow Monkees are the latest rock-'n'-roll rage in Japan.

WALTZ ACROSS TEXAS WITH JEANA

When *Texas Country* magazine editors heard that Jeana Tomasino dreamed of owning a Texas ranch, they couldn't wait to put her on their cover (right), even though she was born in Milwaukee. Below, one of Jeana's November 1980 Playmate shots.



VICKI TELLS THE TRUTH

Will the real Playmate Vicki McCarty please stand up? When Vicki (center) was on *To Tell the Truth*, panelists weren't stumped for a minute. Each voted for the actual Vicki, our September 1979 centerfold, who is now PLAYBOY's Los Angeles Contributing Photo Editor. The impostors are dance teacher Terry Ross (left) and Cathi Betten, who works for a car-leasing company.



PLAYMATE UPDATE: HAPPY DAYS FOR MARTHA SMITH

At left, July 1973 Playmate Martha Smith trades lines with Henry "The Fonz" Winkler on a recent rerun of *Happy Days*. Marion (Mrs. Cunningham) Ross monitors the action. In recent months, Martha has appeared in other stage and TV productions, including the sitcom *Taxi*.



NO RUM REFLECTS PUERTO RICO LIKE RONRICO.

Puerto Rico is the Rum Island, the world's foremost rum-producing region. And Ronrico is *the* rum—authentic Puerto Rican rum since 1860. Ronrico's smooth, light taste has been the pride of six generations of Puerto Rican rum masters. One sip will tell you why.

**RONRICO: AUTHENTIC
RUM OF PUERTO RICO.**

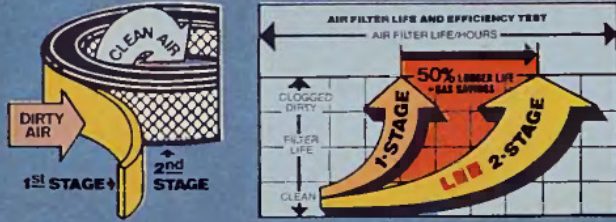


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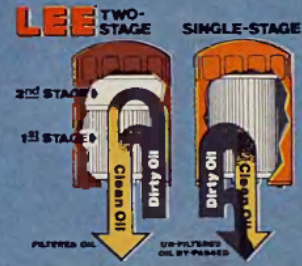


THE LEE MAXI-AIR FILTER has a unique outer filter that traps large dirt particles, helping the inner filter work more effectively. Result: LEE Maxi-Air Filters stay cleaner up to 50% longer, last up to 50% longer, and trap up to 50% more dirt than ordinary single-stage filters.

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DOROTHY



An article in *PLAYBOY* has caused me to put aside my normal apathy toward what I read in magazines and extend my sincere and heartfelt thanks to those involved in presenting it. I am speaking, of course, of Richard Rhodes's *Dorothy Stratten: Her Story* (May). I wept when I had finished reading, full of anger and resentment that someone had taken life from her, full of sorrow that so much promise and happiness had been denied her. Today, I only wish we had all had the opportunity to know her, to have our lives brightened by her for more than just the brief glimpse we were allowed. To those at *PLAYBOY*, thank you for this picture of her life and, most of all, for the happiness that you helped Dorothy attain during those two years. Would that there were more like you, and like her.

Robert W. Longair
Fort Collins, Colorado

I recall driving down the road last August and hearing of Dorothy Stratten's death on the radio and thinking, How could anyone kill such a beautiful person? What a waste. After reading the story of her life in the May issue, I realize that she was even more beautiful than she looked.

Gary L. Krueger
Sleepy Eye, Minnesota

I haven't written a thank-you letter to a magazine in all of my 64 years—but I want to thank you for the beautiful, if tragic, article.

Ethel Buck
South Lake Tahoe, California

For those of us who were not fortunate enough to have known her, I would like to express my deepest gratitude to *PLAYBOY*, to writer Richard Rhodes and to all those involved in bringing us the real story of Dorothy Stratten.

Steve Lindsey
Houston, Texas

Your fine article on the life and tragic death of Dorothy Stratten raises the haunting specter of violence, domestic and otherwise, that daily grows and threatens the fabric of our free society. Dorothy's untimely end, as well as that of John Lennon barely four months later, should open the eyes of legislators from sea to shining sea. But it won't. The profircarms adage lifted from *Shane*, so dear to the heart of Reagan, that patiently explains that a gun is a tool, as good or as bad as the man using it, will not return Dorothy Stratten to life, nor will it enable a reborn John Lennon to return to his wife and son. It won't bring back the nameless victim shot two blocks from my apartment last month. It will allow some jealous, estranged idiot to shoot his wife next week because he could not own her, or

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some creep to kill a gifted musician because he could not be him, or some punk to end a life on a late-night sidewalk just to see how it feels. Patience and the realization we can't have everything we want at the snap of a trigger finger must enter the American consciousness.

Eric Barker
Los Angeles, California

My life has been touched profoundly by the Dorothy Stratten story in your May issue. I never met Dorothy, yet by reading your account of her life and death, I feel I have acquired and lost a dear friend. Just as I began to feel I really knew her, her beauty and vivacity were snatched away by a senseless act of violence. I cried as I read of the occurrence and aftermath of this tragedy. I have subscribed continuously for 17 years, and have always held the Playmates as unreachable goddesses who exist only on the pages of PLAYBOY. I will no longer do that. Thank you for making Dorothy so very real to me. Thank you most of all, Hef, for being so human and sensitive and for being a friend and father to my friend. I notice that I haven't allowed you to be very real to me, either: Welcome to my world.

Robert B. Akers
San Jose, California

I was deeply moved by your article on Dorothy Stratten. It's tragic that so beautiful a young woman met her death in such a brutal, ugly manner. But I think the biggest tragedy of all is that there will always be men like Paul Snider . . . and vulnerable young women who will unwittingly fall into their clutches, for one reason or another.

Linda M. Dalton
Port Richey, Florida

Your article on the life and death of Dorothy Stratten is certainly the most moving piece of biography I have ever read. Richard Rhodes did a superb job in objectively yet intimately telling the story of this exquisite and cherished woman. I suppose it is the give-and-take of life—the joy and sorrow, love and hate—that makes life worth living. For every Dorothy Stratten who walks in the light on this earth, there must surely be a Paul Snider in the shadows. For every creature of dreams and beauty, there will always be those who are unable to tolerate either beauty or dreams because they cannot find such qualities in themselves.

Richard Ivey
Tucson, Arizona

Dorothy Stratten's story has made an everlasting impression on me. The lady haunts me. I find myself thinking of her at work, at home, wherever I hap-

pen to be. After reading the story, I found myself going back through all my old issues of PLAYBOY . . . looking at the ones featuring Dorothy. She went from a pretty girl in the January 1979 issue to a lovely, classy lady in the June 1980 issue. If I had picked up a paperback book in a store and read about Dorothy's life, I would have called it too bizarre, too strange to be true. But, unfortunately, it is all too true. We have lost a beautiful, warm and magical person who will stay with us in memory for a lifetime. But somehow that memory can't erase the pain of knowing that a fine lady was killed before she ever really lived. You haunt me, Dorothy, and I never really knew you. But I know I'll never forget you. Mr. Hefner, I thank you for making her last months happy ones, for making a poor little girl's dream come true. And thanks, PLAYBOY, for the most touching story I have ever read.

L. A. Duncan
Kentontown, Kentucky

DIABOLUS EX MACHINA

Bravo! Having just read *A Guerrilla Guide to the Computer Revolution*, by Robert E. Carr, in your May issue, I now see why I quit my job two years ago to return to school to learn all about computers. Carr's article should be required reading material for all new students in the field. Thanks for the reaffirmation of my career choice.

Richard F. Jones
Tucson, Arizona

Re Robert E. Carr's fine article: I can sympathize with his feelings of disgust toward a computer game that doesn't care if it loses. When playing Atari backgammon, I insist on playing with stakes of at least "two bytes." Take that, computer!

Dan Bares
Olympia, Washington

BALKAN BEAUTIES

Great work on *Girls of the Adriatic Coast* in the May issue! Having traveled extensively in Yugoslavia, I can really appreciate the outstanding photography of Pompeo Posar. He captured the true beauty of both the Yugoslavian women and the land along the coast.

Lanny R. Middings
San Ramon, California

The pictorial essay *Girls of the Adriatic Coast* is fantastic. I would miss the Bosnia-Herzegovina turnoff any time for a little of that Slavic sensuality.

Lee S. Janet III
Fort Bliss, Texas

I would like to compliment Pompeo Posar for his splendid photography of the *Girls of the Adriatic Coast*. It's a



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side of the old country I haven't had a chance to see before. It makes me wonder why I moved from Zadar. Now I want to go back!

Zoran Skrlec
Houston, Texas

We notice a particularly gorgeous female in your pictorial *Girls of the Adriatic Coast*. We are also impressed by her intelligence, as it seems she is a law student. And we can't help but notice her taste in clothing. Her name is Mirjana Vulic. Since we are interested in political science and in foreign languages, we're wondering if you would send her to our dorm room. Our parents will be visiting us on the 15th of September, but any other time is fine.

Charles Field
Bob Connifey
Virginia Tech
Blacksburg, Virginia

SCIENTIST AND PSYCHIC

Thanks for the informative May interview with Elisabeth Kübler-Ross. I have had no out-of-body experiences, contact with spirit guides or other "heavy" mystical experiences. I know people who say they have. Some I believe, some I do not. But for me, the number of such reports throughout history lends credence to the whole subject. Because those records are usually fantastic, however, and because mundane scientific tests are not applicable to spiritual phenomena, skepticism is easy and common—as is charlatan-ism. From the little I know about Kübler-Ross, and feeling her integrity come through in the *Playboy Interview*, I believe her recounting of strange events is not fabrication, even if it is not fact. Throughout history, those making claims such as hers have almost always suffered ridicule and worse. Before Christ was crucified—partly for his teachings about the afterlife—he was accused by Pharisees of being a cohort of Beelzebub. Earlier, his family tried to dissuade him from his mission, convinced he was crazy. Like Kübler-Ross, we should keep our minds open. Whatever phenomena are reported—spirit guides, healing, moon walks—the fact that we have not been there does not make them false.

Dan Pierce
Three Rivers, California

Your interview with Elisabeth Kübler-Ross is downright depressing. I am reminded of another interview—with Anita Bryant, some years back. In both cases, the baring of such severe emotional hurts (only superficially disguised by childlike beliefs in "spirit guides" or a heaven paved with gold) is painful to behold. Kübler-Ross looks forward to that separation of spirit and body after which she will "finally be taken care of and pampered." Anita's

heaven is one in which she will do only what she wants to do, sing only when she wants to sing. The tragedy is doubled when this wishing for lollipop rewards at the end of a good little girl's life belongs to such a well-educated, intelligent woman as Kübler-Ross.

Brian R. Schuck
San Francisco, California

GLITTERING GOLDBERG

Your May Playmate, Gina Goldberg, was a welcome surprise to me. At last, a Finnish girl in PLAYBOY!

Mika Kujanpaa
Turku, Finland

Gina Goldberg took our breath away and drove us to our knees! Her charm, poise and class just radiate from the page. Just one more look at her—please!

The Men of Delta Sigma Phi
Georgia Tech University
Atlanta, Georgia

It sounds like Gina delta devastating



blow to your fraternity. We hope granting your request will help make amends.

TRUMPETING GABRIELLA

The pictorial of Gabriella Brum (*World Class*, PLAYBOY, May) is a beauty pageant in itself. We're wondering where we can get tickets for a personal "world tour." We surely would enjoy spending 80 days or so with Gabriella.

Eighth Floor South
Palmer Hall
Ball State University
Muncie, Indiana

My kingdom for a poster of your May cover with Gabriella Brum. Fantastic!
Kenneth Martin
Millsboro, Delaware

Congrats on a doubly good May issue! Gabriella Brum is, beyond any doubt, the most heart-stopping lady to grace

your pages in years. I may have to quit work for about a month to recover from the excitement.

Gene Mage
New Orleans, Louisiana

STELLAR SPECULATIONS

I was delighted to see you pick up my *Star Wars* theory in *The Year in Movies* (May). George Lucas' original reference to cloning came out of Princess Leia's recording in R2-D2's memory banks: "Years ago, General, you served the Old Republic in the Clone Wars. . . ." That conflict forms the basis for the next *Star Wars* trilogy, episodes one through three, in which Vader and the Emperor destroy the Jedi Knights, an ancient religious order that protected law and order in the galaxy. Why call them the Clone Wars unless the major participants are clones? By the way, Old Ben Kenobi's name isn't OB-1 but OBE-1.

Bill Hays
Lansing, Michigan

OB fair, Bill—we got most of your theory right!

RABBIT STEW

The May *Playboy Potpourri* is among your masterpieces! I am forced either to understand it as a form of collage art or to see a psychologist. Here you have Apple of the Earth offering a mind-bending ad reproduction of Ronald Reagan endorsing cigarettes, and you place the man occupying the single most powerful office on earth right on top of the Nuclear Crazies' new product, one's very own pet nuke! S-C-A-R-Y! So what do we find beneath Reagan and pet nukes? Yup, personal puzzles from Custom Crosswords. Come on, the whole world is a puzzle, not to say in a *stew*. And the original meaning of potpourri is "a stew." Not only scary but W-O-R-R-I-S-O-M-E! And so, next to Reagan, on top of the pet nuke, over the puzzle, what have you? Perfect! An offer from the Acme Worry Service to take on our worries. Boy, are they taking on a job! And beneath the A.W.S. offer, a traditional response to stress, "GONE . . . FISHIN'," with an electronic fishing reel from Miya Epoch. All of this is not to mention the facing page, composed of Hip Hold-sters, Liars Poker, American corkscrews and a Mount St. Helens video cassette. And Reagan's comments are often shot from the hip, less than veridical, screwing someone and explosive! Well, Mount St. Helens is just up the road from here, so I've had enough blowups recently. But I am going to take a bite of the Apple and order some Reagan ads, consider nuclear pets, puzzle over the world's condition, send some worries to A.W.S. and go fishin'!

(Name withheld by request)
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BY SEX POSSESSED

an informed reviewer considers "take back the night: women on pornography" and finds it less than logical

By CHRISTIE HEFNER

For its January 1981 issue, Inquiry, a San Francisco-based journal of contemporary news and comment, asked Christie Hefner to review "Take Back the Night: Women on Pornography," a collection of feminist essays edited by Laura Lederer. Christie's review turned out to be a thoughtful analysis of the emotionalism and dogma that permeate the antiporn movement, which itself has led to a curious alliance between some women's groups and their own worst enemy, the new moral right. We've published articles, interviews and commentary on these subjects in the past (February, October and November, 1980), but Christie's observations go beyond previously stated arguments. She perceptively examines the tendency to equate pornography with pornographic violence and to confuse the two, simplistically relating both of them to rape. With thanks to Inquiry for permission, we reprint the review here.

In September 1977, I received a letter from a woman named Laura Lederer, a founding member of a year-old organization called Women Against Violence in Pornography and Media. She was requesting a grant from the Playboy Foundation, of which I am a director, to support her organization's efforts toward "decreasing the number of violent crimes against women . . . by removing violent images of women in the media." She explained that she was asking the Playboy Foundation for help because "PLAYBOY magazine has always been in the front lines of the battle against this country's social problems. . . . PLAYBOY has always been interested in healthy, happy relations between the sexes." The five-person foundation board voted against funding W.A.V.P.M. because of our concern that the stated goals of the organization implied a reliance less on voluntarism and persuasion than on state censorship.

Now Laura Lederer has edited a book entitled *Take Back the Night: Women on Pornography*. It is a collection of essays (including some by well-known feminists like Gloria Steinem, Susan Brownmiller, Robin Morgan and Andrea Dworkin) that reflect a variety of concerns in the area of pornography. These include "Child

Pornography," "Racism in Pornography and the Women's Movement," "Lesbianism and Erotica in Pornographic America" and "Why So-Called Radical Men Love and Need Pornography."

The book as a whole, however, reflects a strong and singular feeling about pornography. It is dedicated "to the thousands of women in this country and abroad who recognize the hatefulness and harmfulness of pornography and who are organizing to stop it now."

Somehow, during the past three years, "women against violence" has become "women against pornography." Some feminists have been so shocked, frightened and disgusted by the violence in some pornography that they have concluded that pornography itself is the enemy. Although a few contributors to the volume try to justify this transformation by arguing that violence is one of the defining characteristics of a pornographic work, most of the authors here are just as likely to condemn nonviolent pornography. In 1977, Laura Lederer credited PLAYBOY with being "interested in healthy, happy relations between the sexes." Now she has edited a book in which "the Playboy ethic" is called "a threat to our very lives as human and humane beings."

Condemning violence against women is easy. The number of reported rapes is increasing alarmingly. Whether this is because the feminist movement has encouraged women to step forward and press charges, or because these crimes actually are on the rise, the new awareness of violence toward women has created an atmosphere of fear. The title *Take Back the Night* indicates the emotionalism surrounding the issue: Women feel more and more frightened of being alone in the streets, especially after dark. "Take back the night" has become the slogan of women seeking to reclaim territory for themselves and dispel those fears.

Condemning violent images has become almost as popular as condemning violence. Commenting on the media's obsession with violence has turned into a set piece for pop critics. But the essays in *T.B.T.N.* are not aimed primarily at violence or sadism. Rather, their target is pornography—which

may or may not be violent, may or may not be sadistic, and which above all means very different things to different people.

The inability to define pornography is the fundamental problem that remains unresolved in the essays in *T.B.T.N.* One contributor, Robin Yeaman, writes that "pornography is any use of the media which equates sex and violence." That's a clear enough definition, but most of the other contributors don't accept it. In the opening chapter, Lederer states that "not all pornography is violent, but even the most banal pornography objectifies women's bodies." This criterion of "objectification," however, is so broad that it seems to encompass, for example, virtually all fashion photography.

Dr. Diana Russell's definition of pornography would probably be accepted by most of the other authors: "Pornography is explicit representations of sexual behavior, verbal or pictorial, that have as a distinguishing characteristic the degrading or demeaning portrayal of human beings, especially women." Although this definition presumably allows for sexually explicit representations that are not degrading or demeaning (images which most contributors to this volume would call "erotica"), the basic problem of who decides what is degrading and demeaning persists. As feminist Deirdre English pointed out in an article in *Mother Jones* not reprinted in *T.B.T.N.*: "Degradation, after all, is highly subjective. As for the line between pornography and erotica, it is hopelessly blurred. . . . For example, what would feminists have thought about *The Dinner Party* by Judy Chicago if it had been created by a man—honoring 39 great women in history by making dinner plates of their vaginas?"

The failure to be honest about the fact that differences of opinion exist—among feminists as in the general population—as to what is pornographic and what is merely erotic gives *T.B.T.N.* a heavily dogmatic tone. A dictum by feminist activist Charlotte Bunch points up the intellectual evasiveness that permeates the book: "We don't all like or respond to the same things sexually, but we do all know the distinction between eroticism, which

celebrates our sexuality, and pornography, which degrades us."

In reading these essays, you get the strong message that if you don't agree with what some of the authors condemn as pornography, then you've obviously been co-opted by the enemy and therefore your views are at least suspect. Dr. Judith Bat-Ada states unequivocally that "healthy, self-respecting females do not want to see *PLAYBOY*, *Penthouse* or any other pornographic magazines in drugstores, grocery stores and markets." What does that make the nearly 5,000,000 women who actually read *PLAYBOY*?

Not surprisingly, much of the outside support for the feminist campaign against pornography comes from bitter antifeminists. Despite efforts to distinguish the feminist antipornography perspective from the conservative anti-pornography perspective, the newly powerful new right is all too happy to join forces in this crusade. The conservatives never marched against violence, but they're certainly ready to march against "immorality," especially sex without benefit of clergy—which in their view constitutes pornography. And feminists who've stopped focusing on the violence in pornography and elsewhere are fighting against the same sexual images as the conservatives.

Some feminists seem actually eager to make use of the political, and even intellectual, support of conservatives. In a section of the book entitled "Pornography and the First Amendment," Susan Brownmiller cites Chief Justice Warren Burger's view on obscenity to justify her contention that not all images and ideas are worthy of constitutional protection. Putting aside the point that Brownmiller would scarcely want to live by the Chief Justice's views on other subjects (such as abortion), this drawing on conservatives for support is a highly dangerous game. As Gloria Steinem points out in her *T.B.T.N.* essay, "Erotica and Pornography: A Clear and Present Difference," "Right-wing groups are not only denouncing prochoice abortion literature as pornographic, but are trying to stop the sending of all contraceptive information through the mails by invoking the obscenity laws. In fact, Phyllis Schlafly recently denounced the entire women's movement as 'obscene.'"

Pornography, like all forms of expression, reflects the values of the society in which it is created. Consequently, a lot of pornography reflects the power inequities that are a real part of the lives of women and men. Some pornography is also violent, although as against the claims in *T.B.T.N.*, Dr. Joseph Slade, who monitors pornographic films for the Kinsey Institute, estimates that only eight to 12 percent of the films produced dur-



ing the past decade are violent in content.

Then what of the connection between pornography and violent crime? The contributors to *T.B.T.N.* generally ignore or dismiss the research that has been done in the United States, the United Kingdom and Denmark, which overwhelmingly concludes that no statistical, let alone causal, relationship exists between pornography and criminal acts. On those occasions when they do deal with the evidence, the treatment borders on the cavalier. Dr. Michael Goldstein, for instance, has studied convicted rapists and heavy pornography users and concluded that "rapists had no greater likelihood of encountering material combining sexuality and aggression than the controls, so the idea for the aggressive sexual act does not appear to derive from pornography." Dr. Pauline Bart and Margaret Jozsa reject his conclusions, in an essay entitled "Dirty Books, Dirty Films and Dirty Data," on the basis that "the assumption that the control group does

not contain rapists is untenable."

I agree with the contributors to this book that the presentation of violence meant to be sexually stimulating is offensive and deplorable. In fact, I refused to see *Dressed to Kill* because the idea of a woman being sliced up was so disturbing and offensive to me. But it never occurred to me that Brian De Palma didn't have the right to make that film, so I believe that pornographers who make use of violence in their business should be condemned, but not outlawed. It is simply not true that, as Florence Rush says in commenting on the cases where pornography has been discovered in the possession of a rapist or murderer, "the step from pornographic fantasy to acting out the fantasy as real-life experience is negligible."

Were that so, we might be forced to conclude that women who fantasize about being raped (and research by Masters and Johnson, among others, indicates that many women do) were really "asking for it." But as Dr. Diana

Russell is very careful to state: "It cannot be overstressed that having voluntary fantasies of being raped and wanting to be raped in actuality are two entirely different things."

I agree. But I believe that having fantasies of rape and committing rape are also two entirely different things. As the British Committee on Obscenity and Film Censorship concluded: "The cases in which a link between pornography and crime has even been suggested are remarkably few." The basic response to these results by the contributors to *Take Back the Night* is that, in the words of feminist author Kathleen Barry, "It is costly for us to be diverted to false issues like freedom of speech or busy work (such as trying to prove through research what we already know through common sense)."

Although there is a great deal of genuine and affecting pain—and anger—in *T.B.T.N.*, the sad truth is that there isn't nearly enough common sense. Nor is this book an accurate reflection of the diversity of feminist thought on the issue of pornography. Where is Susan Jacoby's view that "the arguments over pornography blur the vital distinction between expression of ideas and conduct"?

Where is Ellen Willis, saying, "If feminists define pornography, per se, as the enemy, the result will be to make a lot of women ashamed of their sexual

feelings and afraid to be honest about them. And the last thing women need is more sexual shame, guilt and hypocrisy—this time served up as feminism"?

And where are Lindsay Van Gelder's observations, published in *Ms.*?

What especially bothered me was what I perceived to be the frequent failure to address the complexities of sexuality and sexual fantasy. . . . I know plenty of women who like porn—including porn themes of rape and humiliation *that have nothing whatsoever to do with their real-life sexual behavior or desires.* At best, I worry that the current feminist antiporn analysis has no credibility with such women, who can legitimately conclude out of their own experience that porn is harmless; at worst, I fear that being labeled as brainwashed degenerates (by feminists, yet) can push women right back into the closet of sexual guilt.

The failure in *T.B.T.N.* to recognize the subtleties and complexities of sexuality, pornography and violence, coupled with its underlying theme that "men have a propensity to rape and beat women," is likely to mean that the book will preach primarily to those who are already fervently committed.

The issues raised by Lederer and her associates need to be addressed, but what the next collection of essays should offer is a positive vision to counter the ugliness and misogyny that are present in much of today's pornography. Charlotte Bunch writes that "if we had even one quarter of the money that goes into pornography, we could produce some genuine erotica about lesbian love, portraying the real beauty of women and of women loving women. . . . And I promise you—there would be a difference." There can also be a difference in the portrayal of sex between women and men. And Bunch should recognize that the national crusade to restrict heterosexual pornography—violent or otherwise—is not likely to stop short of graphic depictions of lesbian love.

I share Deirdre English's belief that "maybe what we need even more than women against pornography are women pornographers—or eroticists, if that sounds better. Without proscribing the images that exist, feminist sexuality would confront misogyny with new images." We don't need a feminist antipornography perspective, so much as more unconstrained feminist exploration of what Lederer highlighted in her letter to the Playboy Foundation: "healthy, happy relations between the sexes."



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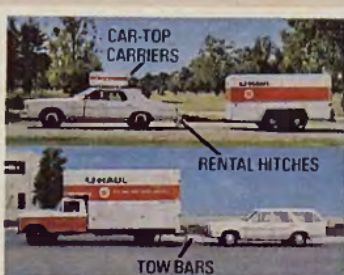
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



HAVE DUNG, WILL TRAVEL

A rash of thefts from the city zoo led Canton officials to discover a brisk black-market trade in tiger dung, which is being sold as a supereffective dog repellent. Fleeing Chinese buy the excrement to ward off the ferocious hounds patrolling China's western borders. The hounds take one whiff of the potent feces, are paralyzed with fear and abandon the chase. Smart entrepreneurs offer two kinds of prized shit: pure and adulterated. The pure type is costlier, they say, but worth its waste.

A POX ON PICKETEERS

Just to keep you up to date on what movie is offending whom this year: *Fort Apache—the Bronx* irked New York Hispanics; *Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen* angered Chinese-Americans; and *The Final Conflict—Omen Part III* greatly upset a group of witches. A group of Satanists recently picketed 20th Century-Fox because the film shows the Devil being rubbed out by the forces of good. "The movie shows him being killed," says witches' spokesperson Babetta. "This, of course, cannot happen. The movie is preaching a lie and we want the scene removed." To help convince studio bigwigs to scissor the Satan scene, the witches draped a black cloth over a bus-stop bench, burned some charcoal and chanted. At last report, *The Final Conflict* still had the Devil being bedeviled, but no more protests have been lodged. Guess the witches just figured the hell with it.

THE GRADUATE

There's nothing like a good education to help a fellow get ahead in this world. Take the case of Harry Halseth, a prisoner in a Vacaville, California, jail. To pass the time, he enrolled in a job-training program, hoping to become a suc-

cessful electrician. Fast learner Harry then allegedly sabotaged the prison's electronic security system one night and escaped under the cover of darkness. We're all thankful that he did not sign up for Nuclear Physics 101.

WHAT PRICE WORDS?

As salesman John Eller was motoring the boring stretch of Interstate 10 between Tucson and Phoenix, the maxim "Money can't buy happiness" occurred to him. But wait, he thought—what if money *could* buy HAPPINESS? or SUCCESS? Or FRIENDSHIP? And if it could, reasoned Eller, why not be the one to sell those words?

And so was born The Word Broker. For eight dollars, The Word Broker will send you up to three words all your very own, with a stately certificate of ownership to prove it.

Here's how it works: Let's say you want to own THE WORLD. You send in your money and in return receive a docu-

ment stating you own THE WORLD. A few months later, someone else requests THE WORLD. The Word Broker gets in touch with you and asks if you'd be willing to sell THE WORLD for, say, 15 bucks. If you are, a new certificate is issued to the new owner, The Word Broker takes 20 percent off the top and \$12 is sent on to you. Your original eight-dollar investment in THE WORLD has returned a 50 percent profit!

"It's a way of owning something you might never be able to afford," Eller explains. "Like LOS ANGELES OF A ROLLS-ROYCE." He calls the brokerage "a Pet Rock type of idea."

Among the words purchased so far: PUNK, SEX, SUCCESS, K-PASTA, I LOVE YOU, COKE and BIG JUMBO HIPS. No fooling.

YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE

Emergency-room physicians in San Francisco were having a difficult time treating some of the more adventuresome gays in the community. Seems the custom of inserting solid objects, such as golf balls and the like, up the rear end had evolved to include light bulbs. After many botched removals, with obviously severe consequences, San Francisco proctologist Dr. Gerald Feigen found a solution: a sort of plaster-of-Paris enema that encases the object, preventing breakage when it's removed. At least for this medical problem there's light at the end of the tunnel.

POOCH SCOOP

If you're a dog lover, don't you want your dog to be a dog lover, too? If so, try dabbing a drop or two of Monsieur Chien behind your pooch's ear. It's a new perfume (eight dollars for eight ounces) that's guaranteed to make your canine downright carnal. Jennifer Adler of the Gray Consulting group explains, "It's designed for the dog whose address



is chic but whose social life is the pits."

Not to be sexist about dog sexiness, Adler says that if Monsieur Chien catches on, nail polish and color rinse will follow. Also reportedly in the works is a series of too-small studded collars for pups of both sexes who are into S/M.

FIT TO BE TIED

If you want to be "in" with the current Administration, be seen wearing a necktie embroidered with profiles of Adam Smith, the 18th Century political economist.

"They are all the rage in the White House, and Milton Friedman and William Simon and all those guys have them," says Candy Chimples, secretary to Martin Anderson, domestic-policy advisor to Ronald Reagan.

The ties, which come in a variety of colors, have also been worn by such free-marketeers as Martin Anderson and Edwin Meese, in *Fortune* magazine, on the *Today* show and at various press functions. They're the brain child of The Decatur Shop, a mail-order house in North Adams, Michigan, which has sold 4000 of them since 1975. In case the idea of an Adam Smith necktie strikes you as being just a wee bit too conservative, there are also Adam Smith T-shirts and sweat shirts and, for the more contemporary *macho* politico, a Milton Friedman T-shirt. Sort of the thinking man's Ted Nugent concert outfit.

SHE'LL TAKE MANHATTAN

Chicago's vision of womanhood sometimes centers on the physical, but not if you're talking about *Judy Chicago*. Her controversial sculpture exhibit *The Dinner Party* honors 39 important women culled from the history of Western civilization. Each woman is represented by a ceramic plate said to resemble a butterfly, though some think the spread is more graphic.

"Where *Judy Chicago* comes from a very historical point of view," says New York-born conceptual artist Maria Manhattan, "I come from a very hysterical point of view." Manhattan's exhibit *The Box Lunch* parodies *The Dinner Party*; her slogan begins, "If you're still hungry after *The Dinner Party* . . ."

Manhattan and her colleagues have constructed cardboard-box collages honoring women of dubious distinction, including Auntie Mame, Eva Perón and Miss Piggy—the good, the bad and the porcine. Included, says Manhattan, are those who influenced our culture and how we think about women. "Their points of view may not be the greatest, but they served as the role models we grew up with, like Cinderella or Esther Williams." But she feels that, most of all, her show is about equality. Her definition? "Not only do I recognize the

greats but I honor the near greats and the ingrates, as well."

Born Maria Scatuccio, Manhattan took a name she felt was her birthright ("After all, my grandfather was a construction worker on Radio City and the Empire State Building") after viewing Chicago's exhibit and discovering that many of her favorite women had been left out.

Others among them: Sadie (Mrs. Henny) Youngman, who is being lifted up out of her kitchen by a giant hand. "She is completely anonymous," observes Maria, "yet the subject of the most famous one-liner in history: 'Take my wife—please.'"

Then there's Joan of Arc—"the most famous French fry ever"—portrayed as a potato wedge tied to a stake. Christine Jorgenson's blood-red box contains two things: a newspaper clipping headlined "AT 50, CHRISTINE JORGENSON STILL ENJOYS BEING A GIRL" and a scalpel. And, of course, there's Greta Garbo's box, which wants to be left alone; it is hidden from sight under the tablecloth.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Ronald Reagan to showbiz bigwig Sonny Werblin: "If only you had been a better agent, I wouldn't have this job today."

CHECKING IN



HARRY LANGDON

Richard J. Pietschmann met "Flamingo Road" star Morgan Fairchild for lunch in Los Angeles. "She wore a powder-blue sweater that had regularly spaced gaps the size of dimes," he told us. "I knocked over my Heineken trying to turn on my tape recorder."

PLAYBOY: Why does Texas produce such good-looking women?

FAIRCHILD: I have this theory that all those guys who hit it big in the Twenties and Thirties went all over the country and bought themselves good-

looking, pretty chorus girls and took them back to Texas to settle down.

PLAYBOY: What were you like as a kid?

FAIRCHILD: I was born and raised in Dallas. First I was a skinny little kid with white hair and white eyelashes and big, thick glasses. And then I turned into a fat little kid with white hair and white eyelashes and big, big glasses. I was just one of those very studious kids. I was so incapacitatingly shy. The teachers loved me, the kids didn't even know I was there.

PLAYBOY: A slow-starting preadolescent?

FAIRCHILD: Everybody else was in such a hurry to grow up, but I kind of knew what pain it was going to be. And I wanted to stay a kid as long as I could. I just sort of skipped adolescence.

PLAYBOY: When did you realize that you were a little bit more than a little girl with white eyelashes and thick glasses and were beginning to attract attention from the boys?

FAIRCHILD: I didn't attract attention from the boys at first. I attracted attention from grown men. When I was about 14, I was going into a grocery store in a shopping center. I had curlers in my hair and had on these little tight capri pants. And this father was driving by and nearly had a wreck in his station wagon, staring at my rear.

PLAYBOY: Morgan Fairchild can't be a real name. What is your real name?

FAIRCHILD: Patsy McCleenny. I changed my name when I got my divorce, and I picked Morgan from a movie that came out in 1966 called *Morgan!* It was about a man who lived in his fantasies. He thought he was a gorilla. I tended to live in my fantasies and identified with it. Then a friend of mine came up with the Fairchild part. She thought it went well with Morgan. I thought I'd have this terrible identity crisis, but I never did. I always felt like a Morgan, never like a Patsy.

PLAYBOY: How does it feel to be considered Hollywood's number-one bitch?

FAIRCHILD: Well, it was a long time in coming. It's fun. But it still amazes me how seriously people take it.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't you like to play a few nice roles?

FAIRCHILD: Playing a nice lady would be a good change of pace. I kept begging to read for the good girl in *The Initiation of Sarah*, but the director said, "Look, we can find an ingénue anywhere, but a good bitch is hard to find."

PLAYBOY: You do arrogant and spoiled as well. How do you project arrogance?

FAIRCHILD: You stand up very straight. You tilt your nose slightly in the air. People buy it every time.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'll ever break out of your megabitch screen stereotype and play roles such as a bored housewife or a vulnerable cripple?

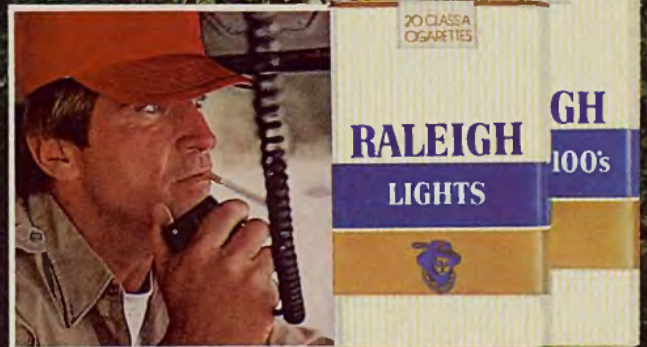
FAIRCHILD: A vulnerable cripple who's

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RALEIGH LIGHTS



NEXT YEAR'S BEST SELLERS

In an era in which a book's merit is determined by daily computer analysis of its shelf life, it becomes possible to create statistical models of upcoming chart busters. We put our computer on overtime and came up with the following prospects for next year's hot literary numbers.

The David Stockman Diet—New "supply-side" diet program trims food stamps and school lunches, while heating up frozen pork barrels to grease the way for throwing American weight around.

Creative Suicide, by Jean Harris—A penetrating personal document in which the late Dr. Herman Tarnower's spurned mistress explains how she overcame despondency by firing a bullet at herself that somehow hit her beloved. Four times.

Residuals of the Gods, by Erich von Däniken—The veteran coincidence-meister presents irrefutable proof that network programing was created by beings from outer space.

Jogging Made Tolerable, by Jim Fixx—The guru of heaven's gait explains his secret for not boring yourself blind while plodding mile after mile, year after year: *Write* about jogging, and think of each step as another royalty check.

Up and Down with the Osmonds, by Brigham Sanchez—Donny and Marie's trusted road manager tells all! The night Donny overdubbed in L.A.! The truth about Marie's all-girl Lysol parties! The microphone they shamelessly shared, then abandoned!

The Collapse of Civilization Adventure, by Irwin Allen—The novelization of the biggest disaster movie yet. It portrays, in explicit but family-oriented terms, what happens when a librarian at the nadir of her Hegelian cycle finds love in the arms of a dim but well-endowed biker, against a spectacular background of crashing productivity, exploding birth rates, violent political shifts, plummeting literacy and catastrophic cultural disintegration.

Evolution: Lies or Propaganda?, by the Reverend Jim Bob Billy Jeff Joe Bud John—Tract urging creationism as a college-level science course claims the bones of an alleged stegosaur can be reassembled as the frame of a '53 Nash. Other disturbing points include a photostat of Charles Darwin's

13-week renewable option with the Devil and the Reverend John's observation that "even Negroes don't have natural selection."

How to Prosper in the Postnuclear Economy, by Howard Ruff—Pronouncing the current glut of books on how to flourish during a new Depression "irrelevant," the cheeky economist predicts that tomorrow's entrepreneurs will be those who corner today's market on bottled water, Geiger counters and back issues of PLAYBOY.

Don Juan: Tales of the Plastic Desert, by Carlos Castaneda—The spiritual seeker follows his master to a mysterious shopping center, where designer fashions are always on sale and everyone's credit is good. Is this reality or just a dream of the Eisenhower years?

Women Screw, Too, by Erica Jong—An attractive young author on the loose in Manhattan discovers that when it comes to the good life, she's one of the boys. You'll laugh, you'll cry, but you won't stay for breakfast.

Planet, by James A. Michener—The epic novelist creates his masterpiece with this painstakingly researched ten-volume tale of Earth in its wild and woolly formative years and the hard-driving family that tamed it. Two love-starved unicells found a dynasty at the bottom of a seemingly stagnant gene pool. Their descendants claw their way into the atmosphere, and then above it, in Michener's sprawling spectacle of life in this once-barren corner of the cosmos.

Is There Death After Death?, by Elisabeth Kübler-Lovecraft—The most optimistic treatise yet among the current secular pleadings for the age-old dream that *rigor mortis* is a passing phase. Based on interviews with six terminal hypochondriacs who all reported seeing a reassuring night light at the end of the hallway, the book argues that death is just a placebo to ease our passage into another ward.

The Jesus Diaries, by Robert Ludlum—The Vatican's elite force of Ninja nuns battles the K.G.B., Israeli commandos and a mysterious little man named Swifty in a desperate race to locate a manuscript that threatens to demolish the theological underpinnings of the West and make chopped liver out of *Portnoy's Complaint*.

—LENNY KLEINFELD

a nymphomaniac is probably what they'd give me. Or a bored housewife who's into kinky things. I don't know if they'll ever give me a real-person part, because all they ever want to do with you is glitz you to hell and throw you out there in a see-through bikini.

PLAYBOY: What are some of the ways you get hit on by men here in Hollywood?

FAIRCHILD: I've had men walk up to me and say, "This is my Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud outside. I'm the one who owns it. The chauffeur is mine," and blah, blah, blah. "And these are \$300 chains, each one of these right here," and they start giving you a Dun & Bradstreet before they even ask you out. It's like they pile up all their possessions in front of you and hide behind them and then say, "Will you go out with me?" I mean, who wants to go out with all that? I'll take the Rolls and chains and leave you home, honey, if that's all you have to offer.

PLAYBOY: Do you have more male than female friends?

FAIRCHILD: I tend to find men easier to talk to. More men will talk to *me*, let's put it that way. It's great to walk into a room after I've played all these terrible ladies and watch every woman reach over and grab her husband. Everyone always assumes that I'm after her man. Consequently, I have more men friends. Eventually, they give up hitting on you and just decide to be friends, most of them.

PLAYBOY: What do you do with your spare time when you're not turning some guy into poi?

FAIRCHILD: Trying to find some man of my *own* to turn into poi. Can't save it all for the screen, you know. What I really like to do when I have any free time is go to the movies. I like to go to the ballet. And I like horseback riding. And anthropology.

PLAYBOY: Anthropology?

FAIRCHILD: I've always been interested in paleontology and anthropology. When I was about eight, all my little girlfriends in class would be reading *Nancy Drew* and I had my paleontology book stuck under the desk. I took an anthropology course at UCLA last year. My anthropology teacher is going down to Africa this summer and he said I could go if I wanted to. I mean, I wouldn't go as a full-fledged anything. I would go in and see if they could put me to work dusting or something.

PLAYBOY: What's your secret for making it in Hollywood?

FAIRCHILD: I'm stubborn as hell, and I'm going to do it *my* way. I won't have anybody tell me that I have to go to parties in order to make it in this town, that I have to sleep with someone in order to get a part. I mean, how *dare* anyone tell me that success won't be mine if I'm true to myself?

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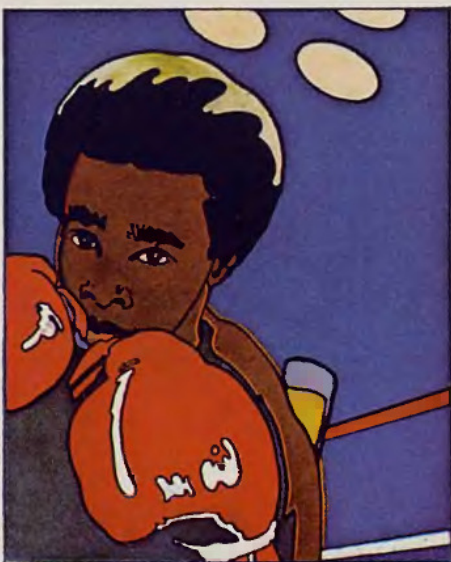
Stephen King has gone to the dogs, or rather, the dog. *Cujo* (Viking) is a 200-pound Saint Bernard who, after being bitten by a rabid bat, develops a taste for people and Pintos. For more than 130 pages, this slobbering beast holds a woman and her son hostage in the family car. Most of the tension is visual: King has been watching a lot of movies, and this book reads like a montage of coming-attraction clips to *Jaws*, *Alligator*, *Grizzly*, etc. A man fights off the dog, makes it into his house to safety, shuts the screen door behind him. Two seconds later, 200 pounds of appetite comes smashing through the door like "Here's Johnny!" in *The Shining*. The woman in the car thinks the dog has gone off, but "a moment later, Cujo's foam-covered, twisted face popped up outside her window, only inches away, like a horror-movie monster that has decided to give the audience the ultimate thrill by coming right out of the screen." Praise God and pass the popcorn. There's a hint of the supernatural to *Cujo*, but for the most part, King has tried to create horror from the everyday things of life: breakfast cereal, adultery and faulty carburetors. He has talent, and he refuses to repeat himself. The reason: Twenty million readers can't be wrong. This will satisfy King fans, and that's enough.

By now, old folkies, beatniks and hippies surely make you groan, even if you're one of them. Bear that in mind as we boldly recommend David King Dunaway's biography of Pete Seeger, *How Can I Keep from Singing* (McGraw-Hill). Seeger's life of commitment, his high expectations for America and his devotion to its music sit rather well beside the talk of American Renewal now so fashionable in Washington. With forebears who came over on the Mayflower and later showed up as abolitionists, Seeger serves as an appropriate patriotic model even by D.A.R. standards. Starting with a strong appreciation for American folk music learned from his music-professor father and from family friend Alan Lomax, Seeger later harnessed folk music to the ideals of the labor movement and, yes, sometimes tangentially, to the Communist Party. After a short college career at Harvard, he dropped out, with the intent of becoming a journalist. He made headlines, you'll recall—before the House Un-American Activities Committee, in a Contempt of Congress citation and for his presence in almost every major social movement of his lifetime, except for feminism. Throughout his life, Seeger maintained a stoicism, a clip-tongued



Cujo: not man's best friend.

New Stephen King; a sticky-sweet bio of Sugar Ray; and S. J. Perelman's last laugh.



Sugar: a saccharine aftertaste.

puritanism that excluded whiskey, cigarettes and loose sex, and prompted fellow folkie Lee Hays to comment, "I wish I could give [Pete] the gift of goofing off." We're glad he left the goofing off to the rest of us; he's done very nicely for his part.

George MacDonald Fraser, author of the famous "Flashman" series, has finally made it to the 20th Century, however reluctantly. Flash gave us the great hits

of the 1800s, from *The Charge of the Light Brigade* to *Custer's Last Stand*. The new book is somewhat less dramatic, but that seems the fault of the century, not the author. The hero of *Mr. American* (Simon & Schuster) is a reformed gunslinger who once rode with Butch Cassidy and the Hole in the Wall Gang but who, having struck it rich in Tonopah, moves to England. What follows is a quiet commentary on the Empire circa 1910. Mark Franklin samples life in the West End, plays bridge with the king, hires a butler, takes a wife, attends teas. He also runs into the 90-year-old General Flashman, has a shoot-out with Kid Curry in the front hall of his country estate, inadvertently contributes funds to the Irish revolution, watches England prepare for World War One and outwits a detective from Scotland Yard. The fictional retelling of the past has won kudos for the likes of E. L. Doctorow and Nicholas Meyer. Fraser has been doing it longer and better than both. Give yourself a treat.

Sugar Ray Leonard may be a boxer who is too good to be true. *A Fistful of Sugar* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan), by Alan Goldstein, certainly reads that way. It is a 267-page valentine to the boyish, charming fighter who may be, by the end of his career, the best of the century. In the meantime, we would like to know something of his life. Goldstein dredges up names, dates, places and moronic, clichéd descriptive glue. Some serious questions are glossed over. For example, why did Sugar Ray father a son out of wedlock when his family, and family life in general, is so important to him? Because he had other things on his mind? We are supposed to believe so. And when Juanita (now Mrs. Leonard) applied for welfare payments for Ray, Jr., the county routinely sued the father for paternity. That was right after Leonard's Olympic win in Montreal. It became a big scandal. Goldstein quotes Ray's mother: "Juanita hadn't said anything to us before. . . . But is it a disgrace for an 18-year-old girl to need assistance in raising a child?" Well, no. Just irresponsible. And so is this glass-jawed book.

S. J. Perelman fans, lighten up. His posthumous collection, appropriately titled *The Last Laugh* (Simon & Schuster), has arrived. In it, find 17 heretofore uncollected pieces (our favorite titles: *Me-thinks the Lady Doth Propel Too Much* and *To Yearn Is Subhuman*, to *Fore-stall Divine*) and a portion of his autobiography about dealings with Dorothy Parker and the Marx Brothers, among others. Perelman freaks will cherish this.

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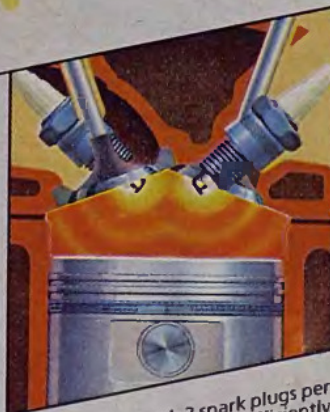
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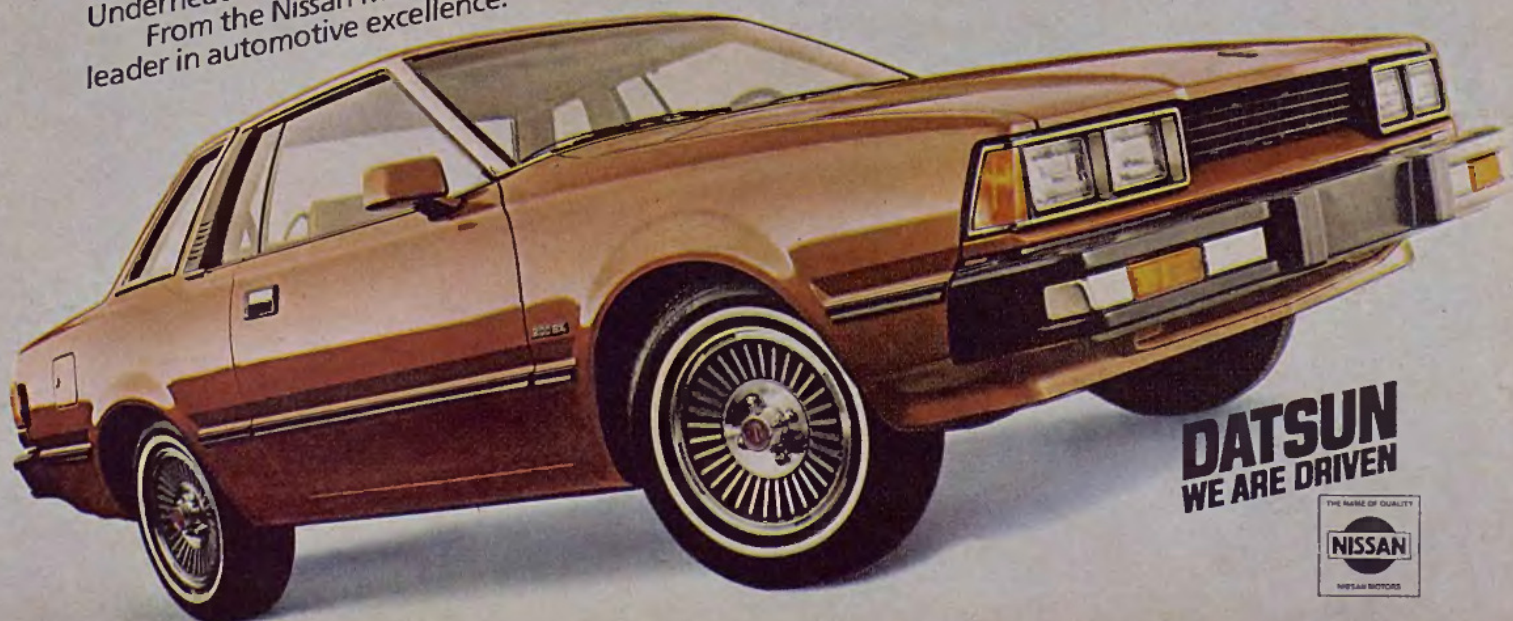
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It is almost impossible not to identify with someone or something in *The Four Seasons* (Universal) if you have ever joined a group of fun seekers on holiday and found that several of your best friends turn out to be pains in the ass. Watching the three New York couples who spend *Four Seasons* getting to know one another's weaknesses all too well becomes funny, touching and hurtfully true for any number of reasons—because the actors are fine, the characters they play are convincingly human and the movie's instincts are warm and forthright from beginning to end. So chalk up the credit as well as the blame—we'll get to that—to TV's ever-popular Alan Alda, who wrote the screenplay, stars in it and simultaneously makes his brisk debut as a feature-film director. Alda handles his fellow actors with keen sensitivity and is repaid in kind by Carol Burnett, who plays his mettlesome wife right on key; by Rita Moreno and Jack Weston, as a loud couple; plus Len Cariou as a swinger whose old friends can't quite forgive him when he drops his stolid, loyal first wife (Sandy Dennis) for a sleek younger model (Bess Armstrong). Even at their worst, these are likable people, whether they're bickering, impulsively swimming in the nude or just feeling the first hard chill of middle age.

There's some bad news in Alda's stagy and occasionally self-conscious effort to keep the movie symmetrical. I have a hunch he was simply wearing too many hats, which is one way to lose your head. I wish he hadn't tried to keep it all so tidy, each seasonal episode ending with a bit of watery womb symbolism. I wish he had written a more attractive character for *himself* to play—as an over-analytical boor and moralizer, he gets all the worst of it. The schematic structure of *Four Seasons* kept reminding me, too, that Alda starred in the movie version of *Same Time, Next Year* and seems beholden to those Broadway roots. Yet despite a slurp of sentimentality here and there, the odds lean toward having a darn good time. **YYY**

The *macho* men on opposite sides of the law in *Death Hunt* (Fox) are Charles Bronson and Lee Marvin. Set in the early Thirties and based on a true story—re-creating the most grueling man hunt in the history of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, or so they say—the movie becomes a crook's tour of some awesome arctic wastelands. Marvin plays the red-eyed Mountie with an unquenchable thirst for whiskey, Bronson the loner unjustly accused of murder. After a slow start, including an almost totally irrelevant close encounter between Mar-



In *Season*: Alda, Weston, Burnett.

Alda scores with *Seasons*; the Mounties chase Bronson; Cimino's still not *Heavenly*.



Bronson on the *Hunt*.



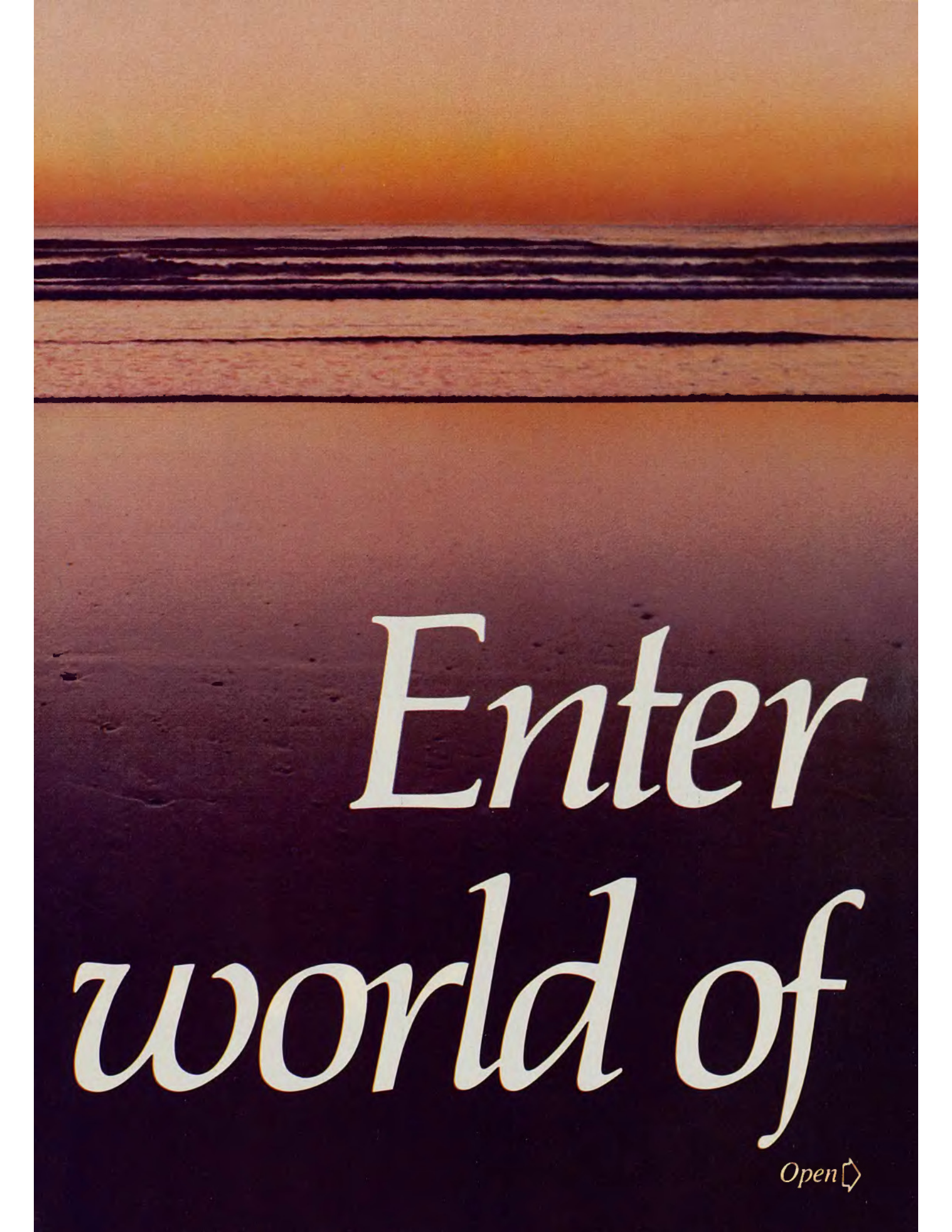
Huppert, Kristofferson left at *Gate*.

vin and Angie Dickinson (marvelous as usual, for Angie watchers, though mi-

lady's more Beverly Hills than Canadian Rockies), director Peter Hunt gets *Death Hunt* on the right track. Andrew Stevens, Carl Weathers and Ed Lauter are in the motley crew led by Marvin, while Bronson does his now-classic strong, silent number. Of course, he and Marvin learn deep respect for each other out there in the frozen Yukon, and that's all I ought to tell about a good, standard adventure yarn wisely drawing its main strength from two of contemporary cinema's great stone faces. **YY½**

When it was yanked from release last November, following a disastrous New York premiere, *Heaven's Gate* (UA) had already been damned as pretentious, incoherent and overlong—an endurance test for audiences, a monumental and costly ego trip for director Michael Cimino. The reworked version unveiled this spring is pretentious, more coherent, still long at two and a half hours and an endurance test, etc. etc. The film works wonderfully as calendar art; it's gorgeous to a fault, so beautiful to behold that they'd be more on target to call it cinematographer Vilmos Zsigmond's *Heaven's Gate*. Pretty pictures appear to paralyze Cimino, who dramatizes his story as a series of studied, self-indulgent, almost operatic set pieces—the Harvard graduation ball; the roller-skating number (*Heaven's Gate* is the name of the rink); the courtship duets; the climactic battle, when immigrant Wyoming homesteaders at last take arms against the ruthless cattle association's hired killers in a historic contretemps that came to be known as the Johnson County Wars. Anyone curious to see a classic Western on the subject is referred to George Stevens' *Shane*, which covered similar ground brilliantly in just under two hours back in 1953. Here, the protagonists are Kris Kristofferson and Christopher Walken, playing the marshal *vs.* the hit man, with France's Isabelle Huppert miscast as the whorehouse madam they both love—a girl with the curiously un-French name of Ella Watson who keeps taking her clothes off. While their romantic triangle moved me to a shrug at most, the actors cannot be blamed. They are not people but props in the glorious landscape filled with deafening sound and fury by Cimino, Hollywood's somewhat tarnished golden boy who won an Oscar for *The Deer Hunter*. Seems like 100 years ago. **YY**

Topical as the bad news from *Heaven's Gate* or any such overblown box-office disaster, *Blake Edwards' S.O.B.* (Paramount/Lorimar) stands for Standard Operational Bullshit, though sons of bitches abound in this sleek and



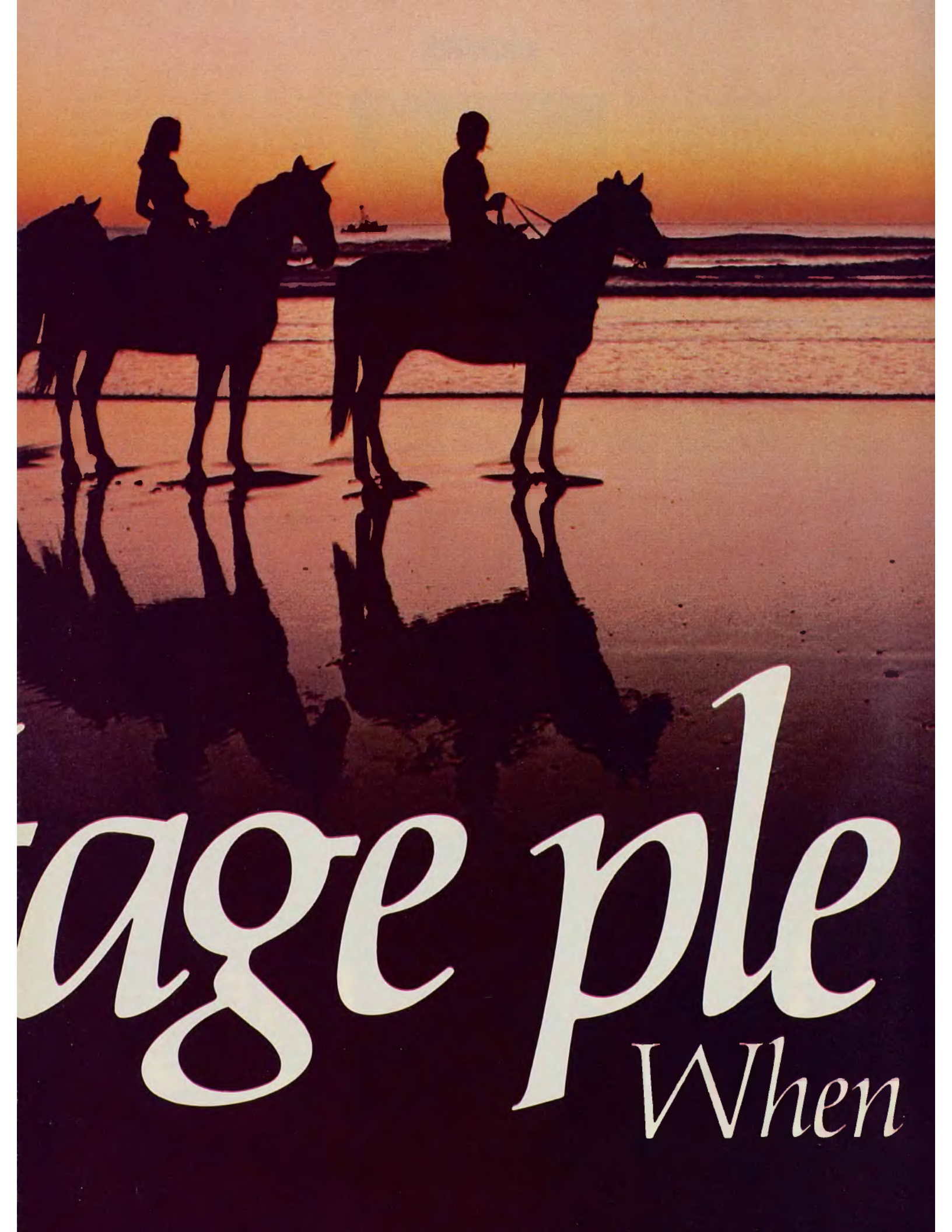
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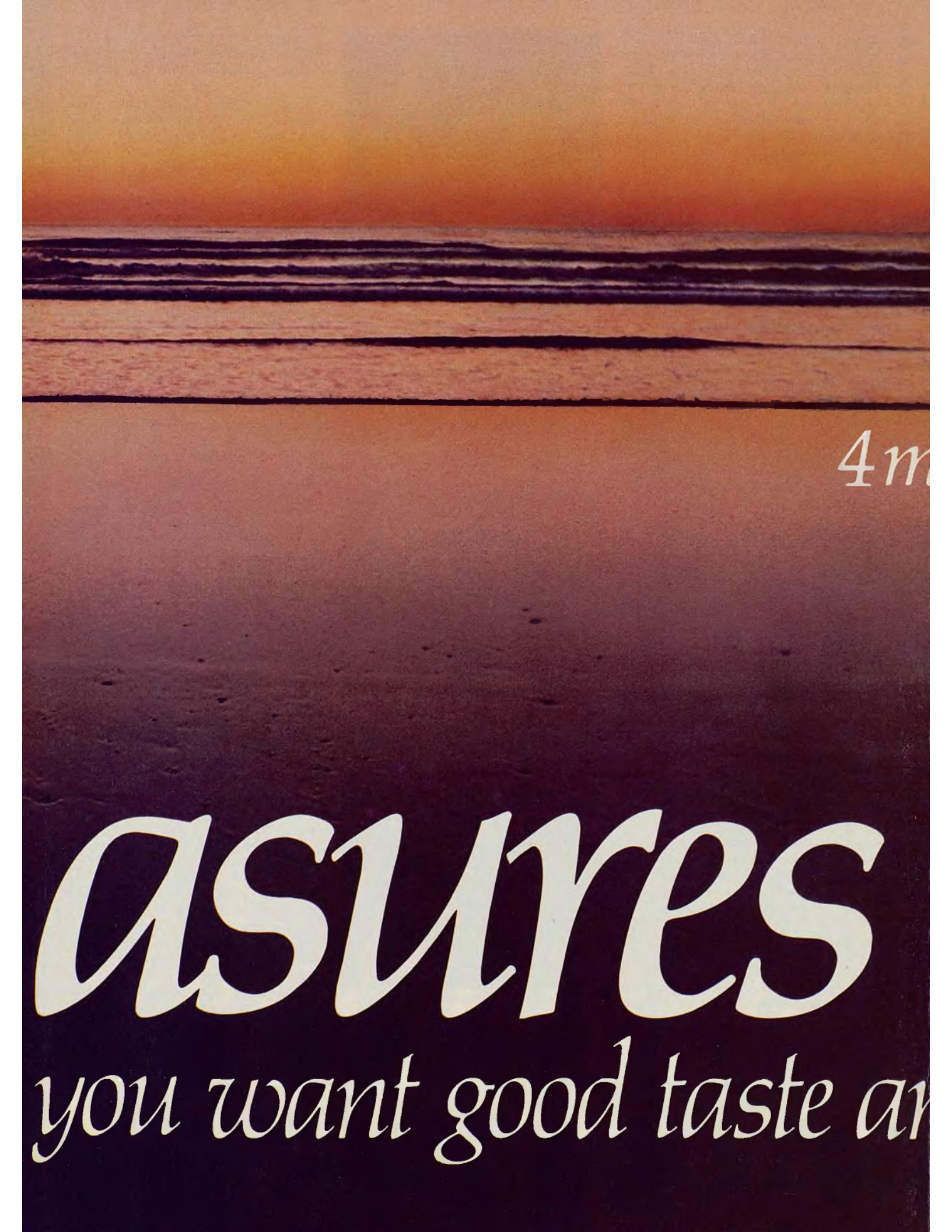
A silhouette of a person riding a horse on a beach at sunset. The person and horse are on the right side of the frame, facing left. The ocean waves are visible in the background, and the sky is a gradient of orange and red. The wet sand reflects the scene.

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A photograph of a sunset over a beach. The sky is a gradient of orange and red, transitioning into a dark purple and blue over the ocean. The waves are breaking on the shore, creating white foam. The foreground is a dark, sandy beach.

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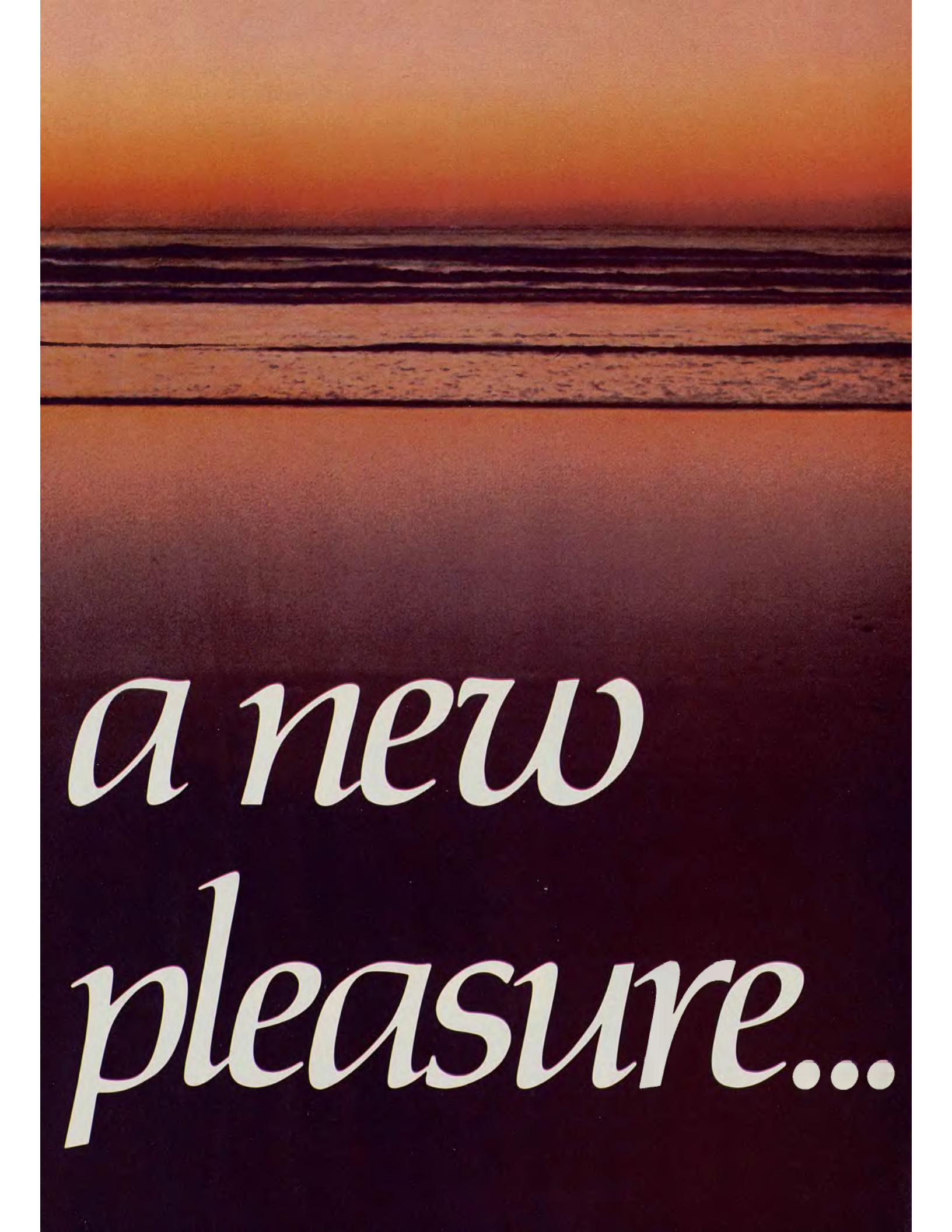
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surprising black comedy about the efforts to save a megamillion-dollar Hollywood fiasco. Writer-producer-director Blake Edwards, scoring an easy 9.8 on a scale of 10 by my estimate, has clearly distilled a couple of decades of firsthand observation into the wittiest and bitchiest showbiz satire since *All About Eve*. A lot of people may detest him for it, because Edwards has fired a broadside likely to shatter glass houses all over Bel Air and Malibu. *S.O.B.* is a kind of slapstick *Shampoo*—hard as nails but hilarious, and abristle with spiky truth.

In an all-star company of first-rate performers having a field day—no doubt sending up a rogues' gallery of celebrated producers, agents and ass kissers everyone loves to hate—there's not space enough to give everyone due credit. Robert Vaughn as a studio chief who's into high heels and lacy lingerie, Robert Preston damn near stealing the show as a campy, quackish Dr. Feelgood who never wears a shirt under his suede jacket and scarf, Loretta Swit as a vicious gossip columnist who may remind insiders of Joyce or Rona, Shelley Winters as a portly superagent whose name is not Sue—they are all done to a turn. Pure malice. Fairness demands appreciative nods to William Holden, Robert Webber, Craig Stevens, Larry Hagman and Marisa Berenson as various other movieland monsters.

Top bill, of course, is Julie Andrews (a.k.a. Mrs. Blake Edwards), who finally sheds her tapioca-bland image redolent of *Mary Poppins* and *Sesame Street*. Julie plays a superstar—perennial sunshine girl named Sally Miles, her charisma fading with an ill-fated flop called *Night Wind*, directed by her husband ("NEW YORK CRITICS BREAK WIND," proclaims a page-one *Variety* headline). Sally has to be drugged before she can bring herself to appear topless in a drastic \$40,000,000 revision destined to unveil "America's G-rated sweetheart in an X-rated nude scene." Says she, peering quizzically into her décolletage, "I'm gonna show my boobies—are they worth showing?" *They are*, and she does, and Julie's dynamite—loose as a goose and delightful, spoofing prudes, nudes, herself and all of us in a manner most likely to inflame the Moral Majority. As Sally's husband, the suicidal film maker, driven mad by imminent failure, Richard Mulligan (of TV's *Soap*) is fabulous, a symphony of tics. If his wild and zany performance does not net him an Oscar nomination, there is no justice.

S.O.B. takes some dark and hazardous turns later on. There's a gruesome death, a funeral and a body-snatching sequence reminiscent of the hoary Hollywood legend about John Barrymore, whose cronies allegedly stole his corpse from the mortuary for a drunken wake. There are fart jokes, piss-in-your-pants jokes, jokes about a forlorn stray dog



The King eulogized.

Elvis, Ranger recycle legends; Caine's able, but we'll take *S.O.B.*



Klinton Spilsbury as the Lone Ranger.



Hand's Caine in the clutch.

marooned in a town where man's best friend is a tough agent. There's also Larry Storch, hilarious as a swami whose eulogy consists of quoting grosses and commending to posterity the late, great creator of *Hell-bent for Texas* and *Invasion of the Pickle People*. Ultimately, the occasional excesses of *S.O.B.* seem much less important than its bull's-eye gags about tits and ass and taste and

integrity. So far, as the silly season approaches, here's my nomination for the number-one comedy of the year. YYY

Even a slightly sophisticated seven-year-old is apt to find *The Legend of the Lone Ranger* (Universal/AFD) rather bland. I caught it at a sneak preview, where a hoot of approval went up when fans first saw the Lone Ranger (Klinton Spilsbury) and Tonto (Michael Horse) ride like the wind to do some courageous deed or other, their profiles against the horizon, a philharmonic posse flinging itself into the giddyap-giddyap rhythms of Rossini's *William Tell* overture. That brings back the good old days of boyhood and Saturday serials. Although no fewer than five writers claim some credit, the rest of the film is pretty dumb, with only wide-screen and hazy, heavily filtered color—the nostalgia effect—to set this *Legend* apart from the kind of routine little Western Hollywood used to grind out every week. They did it better way back then. Horse is a handsome Tonto and Spilsbury looks like a male model about to snap his seat, or his crotch, into focus to show off some snug designer jeans. What remains of his performance is just passable, though juiced up by the voice of actor James Keach, who rerecorded all of Spilsbury's dialog on the sound track. A plot to kidnap President Ulysses S. Grant (Jason Robards) from a train keeps plenty of time for idle speculation as to why the masked stranger would need a vocal stunt man. Y

The docudramatized *This Is Elvis* (WB) succeeds amazingly well at combining re-created moments from the late rock-'n'-roll star's life with actual film footage, underscored with more than three dozen of Presley's musical hits on the sound track. While Elvis is portrayed, at various stages, by three different actors and an offstage voice, the impersonators are merely cinematic punctuation marks, obscured by reality when the man himself shows us how he became a legend. His films, his female companions, his gold and platinum discs, his bloated waistline and his bouts with drugs were all part of it. Though clearly a labor of love written, produced and directed by Malcolm Leo and Andrew Solt (with Elvis' own Colonel Tom Parker as technical advisor), *Elvis* is inoffensive without being unbalanced or inane. As a more or less authorized biography, it may add up to an elementary lesson in Elvis worship, yet this stirring psychodrama delivers a eulogy rightly embellished with rhythm-and-blues. Y½

Although semiprofessionals from the chop-and-slash school of cinema seem to be hogging the profits in horror films, *The Hand* (Orion/WB) is an eerie shocker

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GOLDEN

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with some heavyweight talent to guide it. For his directorial debut, writer-director Oliver Stone (who won an Oscar for the screenplay of *Midnight Express*) has Michael Caine playing a famous cartoonist with marital problems and other hang-ups, all of them heightened when his hand is severed in a freak accident. The hand can't even be found, as a matter of fact, but keeps creeping up at awkward moments in unexpected places to carry out Caine's dark subconscious desires. Maybe. For an actor of Caine's stature, *The Hand* has to be either a slumming expedition or a fast-buck assignment. Anyway, he and Stone earn their money without insulting your intelligence, which makes cheap thrills a bargain. **YY½**

Terrorized teenagers, all the rage since Jamie Lee Curtis went baby-sitting in *Halloween*, begin some counterattacks with *Happy Birthday to Me* (Columbia). Her TV fans may be surprised to see Melissa Sue Anderson (of *Little House on the Prairie*) deeply involved in such mayhem at a fashionable prep school, where the top ten students start disappearing one by one. Mindful of the poor girl's brain damage, her co-star, Glenn Ford—obviously bored stiff—makes a few house calls as a shrink on the hit list of guests destined to die when a teen maniac starts cutting up. Trust me; you don't want to know what twists of plot lie behind all this. **Y**

Connoisseurs of trash will find nuggets amid the campy low-jinks of *Polyester* (New Line), which is seldom funnier than its title, though the comedy's best gag may be the boy-meets-gay casting of Tab Hunter opposite drag superstar Divine. Divine plays Francine Fishpaw, the suburban wife of a creep who shows X-rated movies at his drive-in theater, with Tab as a dreamboat named Todd (*his* theater shows only boring but prestigious foreign art films). True love it's not, for *Polyester* has other concerns, plus several subplots stemming from Francine's divorce, her alcoholism, her nervous breakdown, her wayward son the drug addict and her nympho daughter. The real show-stopper, though, is a gimmick called Odorama, a dubious fringe benefit for mainstream moviegoers, each of whom receives a card with ten sealed-in odors to be released by scratching a numbered circle whenever a cue pops up on the screen. "The whole world stinks, Francine, so get used to it," growls her gross hubby. Introduced in the prolog by a bogus mad scientist, *Polyester's* sampler of smells brings up whiffs of everything from a rose and a fart to pizza, pine freshener and sweaty sneakers. Writer-producer-director John Waters, perpetrator of *Pink Flamingos*, *Female Trouble* and other deliberately offensive



Hunter feeling Divine in *Polyester*.

junk movies, is a slapdash *cinéaste* with a cult of admirers who don't care whether he makes things right as long as he makes things weird. This outrageous synthetic satire ought to be weird enough for the worst of them. **YY**

If nothing else, *Take This Job and Shove It* (Avco Embassy) brings back Robert Hays and shows us that his success as the lovelorn numskull hero of last year's *Airplane!* was not a fluke. Hays scores again as a kind of efficiency expert who is assigned to goose production in a Du-buque brewery but rediscovers his high school sweetheart (Barbara Hershey), renews acquaintance with some enduring beer buddies and finds the old home town working changes on *him*. Well, they had to link the screenplay one way or another to the 1977 hit song recorded by Johnny Paycheck, and a blue-collar comedy about labor relations in Iowa must have seemed like a good idea at the time. Eddie Albert, Art Carney, Penelope Milford and Martin Mull keep Hays company, yet he looks well able, with practice, to fly solo into a loftier tradition of romantic comedy—up there with aces like Jack Lemmon and Cary Grant. **YY**

Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin co-star in writer-director Michel Deville's *Voyage en Douce* (New Yorker), playing a couple of harried young wives who talk about men, women, life and lesbianism on a trip through the south of France. Nothing happens. It's all *very* French. Also fairly trivial, though both actresses are easy to take, especially in a charming picture-taking sequence—Dominique clicking the shutter, restless Geraldine impulsively going *toute nue*. The rest of *Voyage* seems to be an overlong time exposure, not bad but blurry. **YY**

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Atlantic City Upward mobility on the Boardwalk, upgraded because Louis Malle's warm human comedy seems even warmer the second time around. **YYY½**

Blake Edwards' S.O.B. (Reviewed this month) Julie Andrews un-Poppined in Tinseltown. **YYYY**

Caveman Well, Ringo and his Barbara will rise above it. **Y**

City of Women Fellini and the inimitable Mastroianni do a big number about sexism. **YYY**

Death Hunt (Reviewed this month) Marvin meets Bronson in an epic arctic chase. **YY½**

Excalibur A big hit, though John Boorman's Round Table drama looks pretty square. **YY**

The Four Seasons (Reviewed this month) Alan Alda's ordinary people are fun folk. **AAA**

The Hand (Reviewed this month) Able Caine in shocker. **YY½**

Happy Birthday to Me (Reviewed this month) Horrors. **Y**

Heaven's Gate (Reviewed this month) Slammed shut. **YY**

I Sent a Letter to My Love Simone Signoret is superb as a sisterly pen pal. **AAA**

Knightriders When knighthood and Yamahas were in flower. **YY½**

La Cage aux Folles II Return of the boys in the bandbox. **YY½**

The Legend of the Lone Ranger (Reviewed this month) Heigh-ho humdrum. **Y**

The Line This is the Army, as seen from a stockade filled with Vietnam dropouts. **YY½**

Napoleon Abel Gance's French silent classic of 1927. **AAAA**

Nighthawks Great escapism, with Sylvester Stallone *vs.* ace terrorist Rutger Hauer. **AAA**

Oblomov From Russia with love—an instant classic. **AAA½**

Polyester (Reviewed this month) High-camp trash with Odorama, so hold your nose. **YY**

Superman II What he did for love. Up, up and away. **YY½**

Take This Job and Shove It (Reviewed this month) Safe landing for Robert Hays. **YY**

Thief A high-tech drama about grand larceny, co-starring James Caan and Chicago. **AAA**

This Is Elvis (Reviewed this month) Semper pelvis. **YY½**

Voyage en Douce (Reviewed this month) Two talky *femmes* on a show-and-tell tour of southern France. **AA**

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

YYY Good show **Y** Forget it

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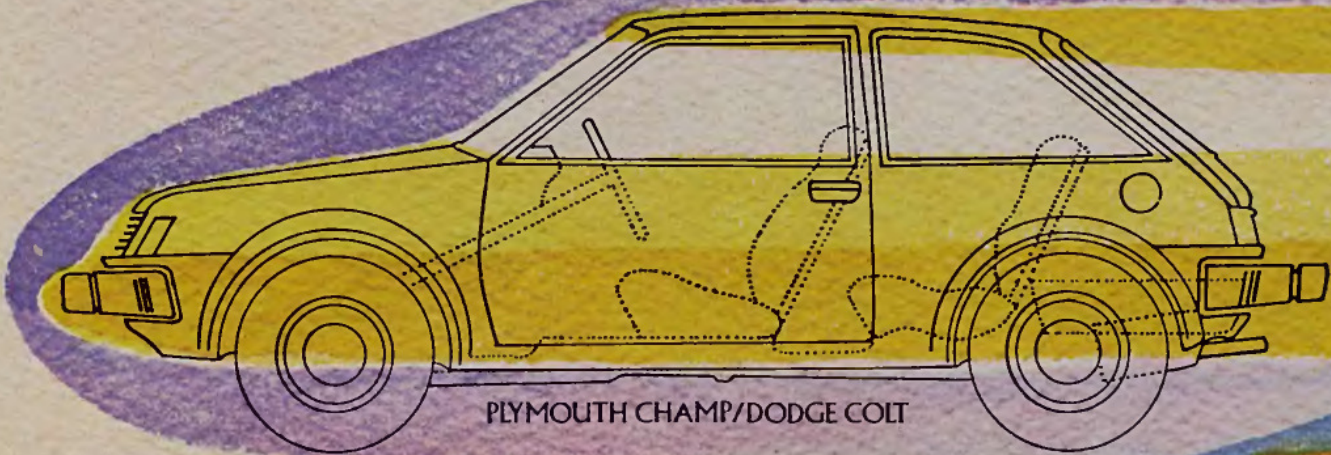
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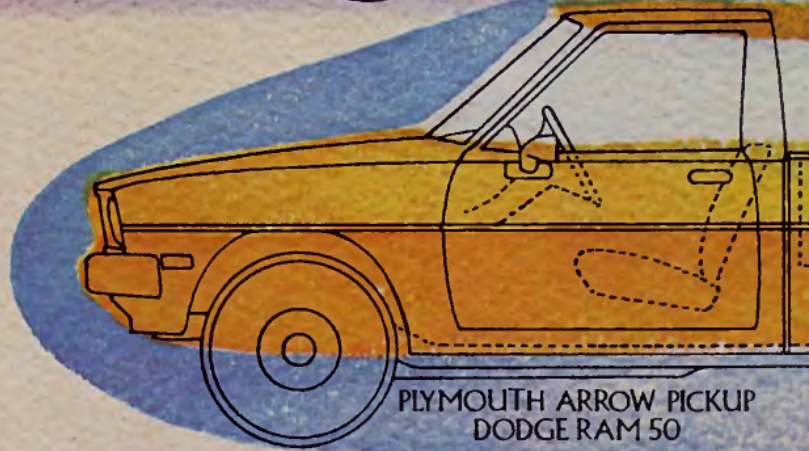
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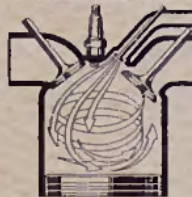
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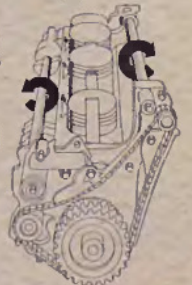
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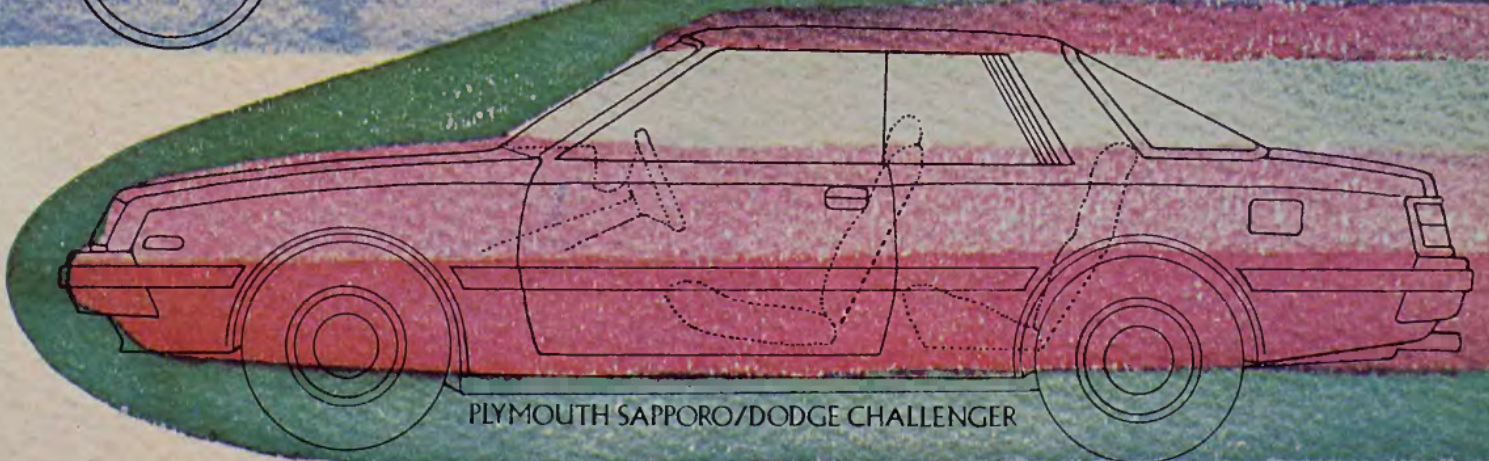
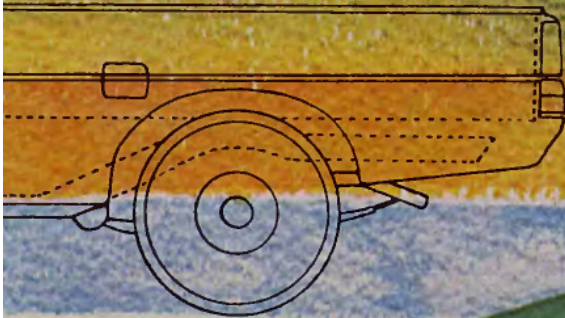


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SHOW US YOUR UNDERALLS: Prince is a 21-year-old who performs onstage in his underpants and sometimes sings about having sex with his sister. On his third LP, *Dirty Mind*, a funky R&B-and-punk mix, he croons about oral sex (giving and getting), sleeping *à trois* with his girlfriend and *her* boyfriend and other assorted sexual high-jinks. The rock critics love his silky falsetto (or is it his silky undies?), ranking Prince at the top of several 1980 reviewer polls. But will success spoil Prince's charms? We doubt it. In fact, he proposed to us a sort of national come-as-you-are party—at two P.M., everyone would have sex. "Traffic would stop and no matter where you were, you'd do it," he smiled. Welcome to the Eighties.

BONDS TREASURY: As usual, we found an expert of uncompromising taste and keen ability to review Gary U. S. Bonds's new album, *Dedication* (EMI-America). In fact, we found Miami Steve Van Zandt's review wrapped around a cassette tape of the album in the morning mail. You recall Van Zandt, rock-'n'-roll gadfly and member of Bruce Springsteen's E-Street Band? And, oh, yeah, coproducer of *Dedication*. Listen, if you want the facts straight, you've got to go to the source, right? We thought we'd share Miami's note with you:



"Me and Bruce coproduced the first four songs and I did the rest myself. Bruce wrote *This Little Girl*, *Your Love* and *Dedication*. I wrote *Daddy's Come Home* and Gary and his band wrote *Way Back When* and *Just Like a Child*. The other four songs you should recognize (being older than I'll ever be), with the possible exception of *Jole' Blon*, which Bruce found on a Roy Acuff album and for which everybody seems to take writing credit. The E-Street Band members are mixed with Gary's band throughout the album. We took about four weeks and used about every engineer at The Power Station in New York. And, oh, yeah, that's Bruce singing with Gary on *Jole' Blon*, and Ben E. King and Chuck Jackson singing with Gary on *Your Love* (Maynard G. Miami on bongos). What else can I tell you? I love the record and I'm personally wonderful throughout. Seriously, though, it was a privilege to work with Gary, to give back a little of what he's given us." Or, as one person in the band said, "When you work with an artist like Gary, you don't make a record, you make history." Well, there you have it. The naked truth. Thanks for the review; we concur. The check's in the mail. We'd just like to add that the famed razor edge of Gary's voice is still there, and the chemistry between the E-Street Band and Bonds's band is guaranteed gold.

RAH-RAH REPTILES: The *Lounge Lizards* emerged almost accidentally from the flourishing Manhattan club scene in late 1979, but within months it was clear that the band's ultimate popularity and influence would be based on a lot more than just its *film noir* look (baggy suits, skinny iridescent ties). Critics immediately dubbed the Lizards' purely instrumental concoctions "punk jazz": an often ironic, sometimes scary blend of archetypal mainstream jazz riffs and ensemble playing with structured outbursts of electronic dissonance, a little like *Young Man with a Horn* Goes to the *Forbidden Planet*. Front man John Lurie and his alto sax quickly became symbolically hot on the N.Y.C. music-and-art circuit, even gaining a national profile last year when he and his brother Evan, the L.L.'s keyboardist, supplied the sound track and appeared with Debbie Harry on Gloria Vanderbilt/Murjani jeans TV ads.

Unlike so many bands working the current "retro" trends in pop music (rock-a-billy and *ska* immediately come to mind), mining the past without adding much from the present, the *Lounge Lizards* deliberately juxtapose musical styles and eras in bizarre new ways. For its debut album, *The Lounge Lizards* (Editions EG), the band turned to famed

jazz producer Teo Macero (Miles Davis, Charles Mingus) for studio direction, and the result is a moody, very live-sounding depiction of this reptilian quintet's remarkable sound. Lurie's bittersweet alto tone and compositions, especially *Do the Wrong Thing* and *You Haunt Me*, conjure a brooding picture of, say, Richard Widmark in a cheap hotel room, neon lights flashing on his face, while guitarist Arto Lindsay's slashing, atonal chords constantly place the whole scenario on a lonely street somewhere in orbit around Uranus. The rhythm section (Tony Fier on drums and Steve Piccolo on bass) comes through with highly original ideas on reworkings of such "bent" jazz standards as Thelonious Monk's *Epistrophy* and the supremely atmospheric *Harlem Nocturne*.

In a recent conversation, Lurie cheerfully admitted that he has "a whole range of influences, from Eric Dolphy and Johnny Hodges to Henry Mancini. We originally got together to play a spur-of-the-moment engagement at Hurrah's in Manhattan, and I already had a lot of music written that was basically sound-track material for a sleazy jazz film I always wanted to make. Our sound evolved from there, with the



eclectic idea of juxtaposing styles but still keeping some very strong moods going. I'm studying composition and arrangement more these days with Teo Macero, and I'm sure our approach to 'mood music' will only get stronger and, hopefully, truly gigantic, as time goes on." Play it again, Godzilla.

—CRISPIN CIOE

REVIEWS

Fantasy Records has always been re-issue heaven for jazz fans, and its new Midline Series—at \$5.98 suggested list—should cause much rejoicing among the financially strapped faithful. The 26 albums in the series are drawn from the Fantasy, Prestige and Stax catalogs. For openers, on Prestige, there's *Caribé*, Eric Dolphy's rare session with the Latin Jazz Quintet. This is early Dolphy, before he fully developed his grand baroque style, and his playing is spare, fluid and straightforward—a gem. *The John Coltrane/*



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FAST TRACKS



ONE MORE FOR MY BABY DEPARTMENT: A Danish doctor, Holt Hansen, says that the taste of beer can be enhanced by good music. Hansen notes that if you drink beer to the correct type of music, you will experience a subconscious sensation in your jawbone. And we always thought we were just getting bombed. The doc further says that dark beers go better with high-pitched music, and light beers and spirits (that's the hard stuff) taste better with low-pitched tunes. But one thing we know for sure is that *nothing* tastes good with Donny and Marie. . . .

RANDOM RUMORS: Leo Sayer is thinking of divorcing his wife and marrying her again—this time on TV. He wants to retie the knot on the NBC show *Wedding Day*. Sayer calls the show "genius" and says, "America is the only country I know which lives up to its expectations." Just remember, you heard it here first. . . . John Lydon, former Sex Pistol and current leader of Public Image Limited, has signed Ginger Baker to replace his former drummer, and a new album is expected soon. . . . Stranglers lead singer and guitarist Hugh Cornwell caused quite a stir in a New Haven hotel recently—but not for wrecking his room. Cornwell gave an after-concert interview to a woman who said she was a reporter from a local college paper. After she left, Cornwell undressed and started to go to bed when he discovered that the alleged reporter had made off with his wallet. He bolted for the lobby—stark-naked—and cornered the culprit. That's life in the fast lane. . . . We hear that singer Randy Parton, Dolly's brother, is out on the road, trying to promote his own stuff while judging Dolly look-alike contests. Is this fair to a new kid?

NEWSBREAKS: *We Knew It Would Just Be a Matter of Time Department: It's Rock 'n' Roll*, a multimedia rock-trivia TV game show covering the 25-year history of rock, is scheduled to air this fall with comic Richard Belzer as host. It will feature teams of rock stars and rock fans in competition for big-money prizes. . . . Andy Gibb made his theatrical debut in the L.A. production of *The Pirates of Penzance*. . . . Willie Nelson has taped an *Evening with Willie Nelson* for TV's *Austin City Limits*. The 90-minute show airs this month. . . . Here's the we-could-cry

press release of the month: "Barry Manilow Number One Male Vocalist in England, Topping Bowie, Lennon, Wonder, Springsteen and Presley." This from a country that brought us Shakespeare and Peter Townshend? . . . Linda Ronstadt will record an album of songs associated with famous blues/jazz singers such as Billie Holiday, Sarah Vaughan and Ella Fitzgerald this summer backed by veteran jazz musicians. After she completes it, Ronstadt will make her next Peter Asher-produced record. Both will be out late summer or early fall. . . . Have you been dancing the summer away to *Urban Chipmunk*? Don't laugh. The record-buying public sent *Chipmunk Punk* way beyond a gold record to platinum. Rock 'n' roll will never die, right? . . . Roy Orbison is going to tour the country starting this month and through the fall. . . . Monroe Manor is open in Nashville. Owned and operated by James and the legendary Bill Monroe, the steakhouse/lounge will eventually contain a museum honoring Bill. Until then, patrons have their choice of weekday bluegrass and weekend country—and a good piece of beef, of course. . . . With friends like this: Pink Floyd has been singled out for praise by a Communist Youth League publication that called the group's album *The Wall* an attempt to break down the separation between "the Western elite and the popular masses." And we thought you could dance to it. . . . British publication *Melody Maker* says a new and early Beatles recording has surfaced in London. The lost album was made in 1961 at the Cavern Club with Pete Best, not Ringo, on drums. Will it ever make the stores? Only if copyright problems on the nonoriginal songs are resolved.

—BARBARA NELLIS

Ray Draper Quintet is an engagingly eccentric match-up: Draper, on tuba, sounds like an amiable moose; and Coltrane plays brilliantly in his pre-*Giant Steps* manner. On *The Ballad Album*, another great tenor player, Dexter Gordon, works his lyrical magic on both pop and jazz standards with consummate mastery and grace. *Evidence*, by Steve Lacy with Don Cherry, takes the harmonic and rhythmic innovations of Thelonious Monk into Ornette Coleman territory. Long out of print, it's a modern-jazz classic and a must for any serious fan. For those who prefer to do their listening with their feet, we recommend the Stax selections, especially Booker T. and the MG's *Greatest Hits* and volumes one and two of *15 Original Big Hits*, with cuts by Rufus and Carla Thomas, Booker T., Johnnie Taylor, The Staples and others. Inflation may be going up, but you can still afford to get down.

The standout Midline rock LP from the Fantasy catalog is Creedence Clearwater Revival's *The Concert*. Recorded in 1970 but never released, it's the best Creedence album ever: tight, stinging, hard-rocking music and—above all—John Fogerty's awesome vocals. Fantasy has also re-released Fogerty's legendary post-Creedence LP, *The Blue Ridge Rangers*, on which he overdubbed all the instruments and sang all the vocals. Heard today, Fogerty's prescient mixture of country, Gospel, rock-a-billy and R&B sounds even more compelling and contemporary than it did back in 1973.

The Philadelphia Orchestra's special tonal beauty is unmatched. However, capturing the "Philly sound" on records has been a problem, and few recent albums come close to what one hears in the concert hall. Now two Angel releases bring forth all of the splendor of the Philadelphians. You'll experience the string richness, the radiance, suppleness and magnificent blending of choirs that have made the orchestra famous in *Also Sprach Zarathustra* (containing the 2001 theme), led by Eugene Ormandy, and in an album of Spanish evocations by Ravel, Falla and Chabrier, under the baton of Ormandy's young successor, Riccardo Muti. Both albums are musically stunning and overwhelming in sonic realism, perhaps due to Angel's new recording studio and to digital recording technology. It promises a new era of Philly greatness on disc.

The zany antics of Dizzy Gillespie and Thelonious Monk notwithstanding, bebop is a very strict musical style, with lots of chord changes and an ascetic approach to sound, and it's doubtful that Monk—who allegedly coined the term bebop—would recognize any of his own art in the streamlined soul grooves laid down by the L.A. Boppers on *Bop Time!*

(Mercury). But if the Boppers don't touch the inner seriousness of bebop, their dazzling horn passages and thumping rhythms definitely convey its outer brashness. Also making its presence felt, especially on the ballads, is the insouciance of doo-wop, an etymological and musical cousin of bebop. Those who remember the real stuff, however, will have to be satisfied with a neatly turned but all-too-short medley of Lambert, Hendricks and Ross tunes.

Every once in a while, after various excursions elsewhere, the Grateful Dead venture back home—musically, we



mean—to bring us a little old-fashioned cheer. Such is *Reckoning* (Arista), a nicely recorded double live set that finds them without electricity, wandering back through mostly early material, close to the folkie and bluegrass fields they went tripping through before they became the Dead. As usual, it's a little ragged around the edges; harmonies sometimes splinter and break, but it's a happy event, nonetheless. This is an album to start your day with, and there's hardly higher praise.

Billy Joe Shaver, who wrote Waylon Jennings' entire *Honky Tonk Heroes* album a few years ago, is a redneck visionary whose songs seem not so much written as ripped full-finished from heart, spleen and liver. Now his *I'm Just an Old Chunk of Coal . . . but I'm Gonna Be a Diamond Someday* (Columbia) showcases a singing style that raggedly unites the rage of a Jennings and a Jerry Lee Lewis with the sentimentality of a, well, Tex Ritter. Stand back, women. This is a diamond in the rough.

A veritable feast for guitar aficionados, *Friday Night in San Francisco* (Columbia) serves up the fret-board furies of John McLaughlin, Al Di Meola and Paco de Lucia, the most renowned young flamenco guitarist in Spain, in an all-acoustic trio setting that's, well, breath-taking. Di Meola's fluid mechanics approach to melody meshes perfectly

with De Lucia's passionately daring attack and McLaughlin's expansive pyrotechnics.

Dennis Brown is already a pop-reggae star in Europe. His first major Stateside release, *Foul Play* (A&M), recorded in Jamaica, reveals a soaring voice and some thoroughly funkified reggae tracks. Of course, *Ja* praise, ganja daze and a far-off Rasta gaze are apparent, but Brown's sweet tenor consistently speaks a universal, sun-drenched language that transcends mere parochial customs.

Smart, tart, ultramodern pop tunes have been the New Zealand quintet Split Enz's forte, as evidenced by a hit single, *I Got You*, earlier this year. *Waiaata* (A&M)—which is Maori for "joy"—adds some new and interesting Third World rhythmic touches to the format, resulting in a slightly quirky, electronic-bush sound. Imagine the Beatles re-forming somewhere in the wilderness 100 miles from Auckland. *Très intéressant* pop-rock, this.

SHORT CUTS

Perlman, Harrell, Ashkenazy / Tchaikovsky: Piano Trio (Angel): Although Itzhak Perlman, Lynn Harrell and Vladimir Ashkenazy are each stars in their own right, the complete interpretive unity required by chamber music is wonderfully apparent here. This is classical music's answer to rock's "power trio."

One-Night Stand: A Keyboard Event (Columbia): When keyboard wizards like Eubie Blake, Herbie Hancock, Ramsey Lewis and Roland Hanna get it on, live, you can definitely feel the earth move.

Sylvia / Drifter (RCA): The trail-dust "concept" gets a little thick here, but this first album showcases an impressive voice that could keep Crystal Gayle honest.

Ed Bruce / One to One (MCA): The fellow who co-wrote *Mamas, Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to Be Cowboys* sings with studdish virtuosity.

Jean-Pierre Rampal / Tartini Flute Concertos (CBS): He doesn't play, he sings on the flute.

The Heath Brothers / Expressions of Life (Columbia): Ounce for ounce the most potent family in jazz today, the brothers here cover every base from mainstream, straight-ahead blowing to laid-back dance grooves.

Greg Kihn Band / Rockinroll (Beserkley): Who says bar bands can't be intelligent? Rockin' originals, along with a solid re-tread of Tommy Roe's (*Sweet Little Sheila*).

Michael Bloomfield / Living in the Fast Lane (Waterhouse): This last album, recorded before his death earlier this year, gives ample testimony to Bloomfield's complete and unique command of blues and rock guitar styles.

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★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

DOL GOSSIP: Michael Caine, Christopher Reeve and Dyan Cannon will star in *Deathtrap*, the film adaptation of Ira Levin's long-running Broadway thriller. Sidney Lumet directs. . . . George C. Scott has optioned film rights to Ladislav Fajngold's *The Last*



Reeve



Scott

Days of Patton and plans to star in and produce the movie as a sequel to 1970's Oscar-winning *Patton*. The book covers the last nine months of George S. Patton's life, a period in which the four-star general was beset with bitterness. . . . John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd will team up to play paranoid next-door neighbors in Zanuck-Brown's film of Thomas Berger's novel *Neighbors*. John (Rocky) Avildsen will direct from a script by Larry Gelbart. The film adaptation will be, in the words of the producers, "more than just a comedy." . . . James Caan and Al Pacino are being tagged to star in United Artists' film of Vincent Patrick's *The Pope of Greenwich Village*. . . . Armand Assante will play Mike Hammer in *I, the Jury*, based on Mickey Spillane's first novel.

HAIR TODAY. . . . "I'd just bought a ten-gallon hat," says Albert Finney. "If I'd known they were going to do this, I could have bought an eight-gallon one!" To prepare him for the role of Daddy Warbucks in Ray Stark's production of *Annie*, Finney's hairdressers had to shave every hair from his pate. The look is not entirely new to the young British actor—in *Luther*, he wore a tonsure (a ring of hair surrounding a bald dome). The multimillion-dollar musical began



Burnett



Finney

shooting in New York in late April under the capable direction of John Huston. ("John has the depth, insight and panache," says producer Stark, "to make *Annie* a musical classic.") Huston

has had a lot of professional help, for the cast includes Carol Burnett as Miss Hannigan, Tim Curry as Rooster, Bernadette Peters as Lily, Ann Reinking as Grace Farrell, Geoffrey Holder as Punjab and Aileen Quinn as Annie. As for Finney, baldness, it seems, does have its silver lining—recalling his clerical look in *Luther*, he says, "At least I got a lot of respect in restaurants."

MUSICAL MADNESS: Song-and-dance films flourished during the Depression, when Americans sorely needed an escape from the blues. Perhaps the same craving is being perceived today, for at least half the major studios are busily cranking out big-budget musical fantasies. Columbia has the aforementioned *Annie* and Paramount is helping bank-roll Francis Coppola's \$23,000,000 Vegas fan-



Peters

Martin

tasy *One from the Heart*. But the most unusual of all is MGM's *Pennies from Heaven*, starring Steve Martin and Bernadette Peters. Contrary to some of the publicity, *Pennies* is not a comedy, nor is it a remake of Bing Crosby's 1936 film of the same name—it's based on playwright Dennis Potter's award-winning BBC miniseries, also titled *Pennies from Heaven*. Martin plays a hapless sheet-music salesman, a horny dreamer who longs for life to be like the songs he peddles. Peters plays a schoolteacher who succumbs to Martin's sexual overtures, gets pregnant by him and ends up selling her favors on the streets of Depression-torn Chicago. Unlike the clean, upbeat plots of the Thirties, this one is both somewhat depressing and fairly sexy (one of Martin's pet fantasies, for example, is that his wife puts lipstick on her nipples). The musical numbers provide a dreamlike contrast to the harsh reality of the characters' lives. Or, as writer Potter puts it, "I'd always loved the zest of the big old musicals, but I didn't see why, at the same time, the story shouldn't be real, so that the characters have real problems, real anguish." As for the songs themselves, they are all original recordings of such oldies as *Let's Put Out the Lights* (Rudy Vallee)

and *I Want to Be Bad* (Helen Kane), lip-synced by the actors, though Martin and Peters do all their own dance numbers—many of which are re-creations of Hollywood's most famous choreographic spectacles. Needless to say, *Pennies* will go down as one of MGM's most bizarre films.

CASTING CALL: Bob Rafelson, who directed Jessica Lange and Jack Nicholson in *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, says Jessica was so good in it "she'll be able to name any part she wants in the next five to ten years." What role would Jessica pick? "More than anything in the world," she says, "I want to play Frances Farmer. A few years ago, I read her autobiography, *Will There Really Be a Morning?*, and I was taken by the story of this woman, who in 1939 was a top box-office star in Hollywood and two years later was institutionalized."

FINE LINES: Screenwriter Andrew Bergman, whose credits include *Blazing Saddles* and *The In-Laws*, has a pet comedic device—he likes to take certain individuals, place them in an alien environment and watch them survive. Which is the premise of his latest comedy, *So Fine*, starring Ryan O'Neal, Jack Warden, Richard ("Jaws") Kiel and Italian actress Mariangela Melato. O'Neal plays an English professor who is forced to take over his father's ailing fashion business when



O'Neal



Melato

Pop (Warden) gets in over his head with the Mob. Seems old Mr. Fine has borrowed a large sum of money from a gangster (Kiel) and his winter line is a bust—he needs a smart cookie to bail him out. Enter Ryan, who's got the brains but doesn't know the first thing about the garment industry. To make matters worse, Kiel's wife (Melato) manages to fall head over heels in love with the young prof. The flick, which premieres in October, is highlighted by two debuts—it's Melato's first starring role in an American film (she has previously appeared in three Lena Wertmuller pictures) and Bergman's first attempt at directing.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am a relatively well-adjusted professional, three years out of an unsatisfactory marriage. For two years after my marital split, I floundered in the singles' world, primarily trying to recapture my self-respect. A little over a year ago, I met the most delightful woman, a librarian, but the antithesis of the TV stereotype. It did not take long for me to become comfortable in a monogamous relationship to which we both have adhered for nearly a year. Our first few sexual adventures were mind-blasting, and although the high passion has somewhat subsided, we are both delighted in gratifying the other in every way. But here is the problem: When I arouse her to a fever pitch, she digs her nails into my back (regardless of the position) and draws blood. It is not much pain to bear compared with the ecstasy of knowing she is out of control; and during the winter I never worry about anyone commenting on my wounds. However, in the summer, at poolside or lake shore, the remarks are frequent. My mate claims she does not remember slashing me to shreds but promises to try not to gouge me the next time. I have told her that I would gladly keep the scratches and also keep the passion, but she thinks it is improper to hurt the one she loves, and the poolside remarks have embarrassed her. Any suggestions?—W. P., Penn Yan, New York.

Sounds like great advertising to us. It appears that your partner's scratching is an involuntary response to extreme arousal. Since that is probably an unconscious reflex, we can only suggest that she keep her nails trimmed as much as possible or wear boxing gloves during the summer.

Please help me save face with my tennis partner. After playing in Denver last year and losing, I complained that the balls seemed to be a lot livelier. I suspect it was because of the high altitude. My friend seems to think I simply played slower, from lack of oxygen for the same reason. It won't change my score, but just how right was I?—R. P., Los Angeles, California.

The fact is that both of you may be right. Atmospheric conditions affect both humans and tennis balls. Manufacturers make special high-altitude balls with reduced internal pressure to slow them down, or even change the composition of the rubber itself. The temperature, too, can play a part in ball response, which is why, at pro tournaments, ball cans are kept in coolers at court-side to maintain their temperature at 70 degrees



Fahrenheit, the optimum storage temperature. As for the human element, it's always a good idea to give yourself a few days to adjust to the altitude before any serious play and, even then, take it slow.

According to David Reuben, M.D., author of *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex but Were Afraid to Ask*, a man can discern his lover's real orgasms, from those she may fake, by her nipples. He claims the female's nipples will always become erect immediately following orgasm. Is that true? Are there other telltale signs that separate the natural from the theatrical?—G. L., Macon, Georgia.

Dr. Reuben's statement may be true in some cases, but it is not accurate for every female. In some women, nipples become erect at the time of sexual arousal, regardless of whether or not orgasm is reached. There are no perfectly fool-proof telltale signs that reveal the authenticity (or lack thereof) of orgasm. If you really know your partner and have open and honest communication, there should be no reason for faking and no room for doubt.

I recently purchased an expensive stereo system that consists of a preamp, amp, tuner, cassette deck, turntable and remote control. For some reason, the preamp's TAPE-OUT bypasses the preamp controls (e.g., bass, treble, mono, filters), thus preventing me from recording with the sound quality I desire. Is there any way to correct this without degrading the quality?—T. P., San Diego, California.

It is normal for the preamp's TAPE-OUT connections to bypass all the tone controls and filters in the preamp. The reason for that is to record as flat a signal as possible. The tone control and filtering, if needed, always can be introduced when playing back the tape. If you want to deliberately introduce these controls into the tape being recorded, connect the preamp's OUTPUT to the tape deck's TAPE-IN. The sound quality should not be reduced because of this hookup, but note that you will be able to influence the recorded sound readily by using all the controls.

After reading your request for comments on the style of fellatio, I finally gathered enough courage to write (not that I think you will publish it). I agree with what you said about attitudes, since this plays as much of an important role as do true emotion and the openness of the couple involved. When you combine those qualities with a truly polished technique, you can't fail. It is very important to become fully aware of your partner's body. Know what he likes, where he likes it to be touched, kissed, caressed, squeezed, licked and bitten. This is achieved by spending as much time as possible in bed together, just feeling each other in a lazy sort of way. After you feel confident that you know some of the things he likes, do them. I enjoy kissing the inside of his thighs first and moving upward to the groin. He likes me to trace a line with my tongue from his groin, under his balls to his back. When I tease the anal opening with my tongue, going in and out, then quickly move away, it drives him crazy. His deep inhibition and the tightening of his abdominal muscles make me know he really is enjoying it, so I enjoy it and want to continue. I enjoy running my tongue from the base of the penis to the tip on all sides, then teasing the head by making circular motions around the glans with my tongue tip. Then, when he least expects it, I dive down the full length of the shaft and suck like crazy, moving my head around and up and down, so that he gets two or three movements at once. By then, I am so overflowing with my own juices I find that I like pulling his leg closest to me right up between my thighs and slowly hunching. He gets the message and moves his leg slowly back and forth while he reaches down and flicks my nipple and squeezes my breast. If I am between his legs, facing him, I can suck and massage his penis with my tongue in a way that,

should I choose to, I can make him have an orgasm whether he's ready or not. (It's really hard to explain it; you just have to be there.) Then I swallow all his juices and reach for a drink while he recovers.

Another thing we have discovered is that if he enters me almost immediately afterward, which he often does because I am squirming so violently by then, he can have a second orgasm in a very short time, with no recovery period needed. I think it is partly because he recognizes my needs and wants to satisfy me, and partly because I keep my vaginal muscles in such good shape that I can create such a suction that I can drain him dry. He says I'm like a 14-year-old virgin, even though I am 30 and have a child. What I am really trying to say is that, in my opinion, successful fellatio or cunnilingus, for that matter, takes some homework. Thanks for the opportunity to write, and we love your magazine.—Miss N. M., Milledgeville, Georgia.

Ahem. Thanks. We needed that.

What can you tell me about the rubber suits and the special-material jogging suits that are claimed to be effective in weight control? Do they really work?—J. R., Berkeley, California.

According to Thomas D. Fahey, director of the De Anza Exercise Physiology Laboratory, such suits are a waste of time. "There are three components of your body composition that can account for changes in body weight: (1) body fat, (2) muscle mass and (3) body fluids. Rubber suits cause you to increase your sweat rate. You will lose weight, but it's water weight. Your body closely regulates its fluid balance. As soon as you drink some water, the weight will go right back on. Work on your fat, not on your fluid balance. Altering your body fluids trying to lose weight is foolish and potentially dangerous. Dehydration may lead to heat stroke or heat exhaustion. You may also develop an electrolyte imbalance that could affect your heart's ability to beat, or bring about severe muscle cramps." Enough said.

I have been reading lately that some men are sexually excited to a great degree by seeing their wives have intercourse with other men. I myself have had this fantasy for some years: seeing my wife being fondled and fucked by another man. It excites me greatly and I haven't the slightest feeling of jealousy. I have told my wife about this and she has not been disturbed or upset in any way. In fact, she has told me of her own occasional fantasy of being gang-raped. Also, I do not have any desire to have intercourse with some other woman. I have these few questions: (1) Is such a fantasy psychologically abnormal?

(2) What are the psychological dynamics underlying such a fantasy? (3) Are such fantasies rare or relatively common? I will be very appreciative of any information that you may be able to provide.—T. C., Lake Charles, Louisiana.

The fact is that your fantasies are normal and, for that matter, healthy. Many women, for instance, are aroused by fantasies of sexual assault. However, fantasies are highly personal and are not evidence of a desire to have their content acted out in real life. The best interpretation we've heard for both fantasies involves sexual worth or desirability. When you fantasize that your wife is with another man, it confirms your own opinion of her—that she is desirable. A woman who finds herself the subject of a crowd is probably experiencing the same thing—a sense of vast appeal. Pop goes the psychology. We think the fact that you and your wife have shared your personal fantasies with each other speaks well for the strength of your relationship.

I wouldn't say I have a problem, but there is something I wonder about. My boyfriend has a very strong liking for my panty hose and panties. He wears them once in a while when we have sex. This doesn't bother me at all; in fact, I enjoy it. He says, "You look so sexy in them and I like the feel of them myself." Could you tell me why he likes them so much and if he does really have a problem?—Miss C. J., Detroit, Michigan.

This is a fairly common sexual turn-on. One psychologist suggests that it may be a "symbolic attempt to get into your pants," to experience what it's like to be inside out there. In short, it's just another form of penetration. If Joe Namath can get away with it on TV, why not your friend?

On a trip to Toronto, I noticed that in Canada, the airport-security signs warn travelers that photographic film may be damaged by the X-ray devices used to screen carry-on luggage. I've never seen a similar warning in U.S. airports. Does that mean I don't have to worry, or is it a case of the Government bureaucracy in inaction?—F. C., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

We suspect the latter. A group of concerned photographers has formed a Committee for New U.S. Airport Signs. They feel that there is clear evidence that airport X rays can cause film degradation. One study concluded, "If you carry 100 rolls of film, your chances are that 17 will be fogged at least enough to lower their quality below professional standards. It may not happen at all, or your film could get zapped the first time through." A spokesman for Kodak, however, said the effect is cumulative. A photographer who carried a roll through

five X-ray checks (at U.S. levels) would notice a loss of quality. We don't feel you should wait for the Government to move. You can carry your film in lead pouches designed for the purpose, or you can leave film in regular baggage on domestic flights, which is not subjected to X-ray search. On international flights, your baggage is X-rayed, and if the security agent can't see what's inside your lead pouch, he'll turn up the X-ray dose until he can—and the result is fried film. If you carry film through security, ask for a visual inspection. PLAYBOY photographers ship unexposed film in regular luggage but always hand-carry exposed film. Of course, if you had some of the images on your film that we have on our film, you'd be careful, too.

Once a month, my girlfriend finds lovemaking intolerable. She has cramps during her period that are so painful, she is often paralyzed. She doesn't like to be touched, saying that her breasts also feel sore. Is this normal? Is there anything I can do to help?—M. C., Madison, Wisconsin.

A recent article in Medical Self-Care suggests the following: "Try to discuss how a lover feels about making love premenstrually or during her period. Some women prefer not to—pain or edema can interfere with the undivided attention lovemaking deserves. On the other hand, some women say lovemaking right before the start of menstruation, or during it, helps alleviate cramps. During orgasm, the uterus contracts and the cervix opens. This helps speed menstrual flow and reduces the duration of cramps in some women. Men should bear in mind, however, that this is a minority experience among women." For years, doctors have dismissed menstrual pain as psychosomatic, telling patients to take a few aspirins, etc. Unfortunately, aspirin doesn't work. However, in the past year, research teams have discovered a physical cause. A Cornell University Medical College team found that certain non-steroidal anti-inflammatory drugs used to treat arthritis give good to complete relief of menstrual pain in 80 percent of the cases. The drugs cited were Motrin (generic name ibuprofen), Anaprox, Ponstel and Indocin. Have your partner check with her doctor for more information.

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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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

CONSENTING CAPITALISTS

When reading both PLAYBOY and these letters to the editor, I find an amazing double standard. How is it that one can claim freedom for oneself in the bedroom and, at the same time, deny freedom for others in the market place? One would expect PLAYBOY and its readers to be the champions of both the ethics and the economics of *laissez faire*, not defenders of one and antagonists of the other.

In any case, the all-important ethical question remains: Are capitalist acts between consenting adults permissible or not? And if not, why not?

Bart Kosko

Los Angeles, California

Nobody's been arguing against capitalism in these pages, but we'll give you credit for a clever line.

HUMAN RIGHTS

How refreshing it is these days to have our politicians squabbling over economic reforms instead of lecturing us with high-minded moralizing on "human rights," especially in regard to foreign countries. Let the Pope preach about such things so he'll get his mind off sex for a while, and let our leaders get to work on practical matters. This country failed badly enough in its misguided efforts to be the "policeman of the world"; it then proceeded to become ludicrous as the "conscience of the world," with Carter nagging at the Russians and fussing at some of our own political and economic allies for their moral deficiencies. All around the world, tyrants great and small, friendly and otherwise, must have looked at one another and stopped their own feuding long enough to ask, "Is that guy nuts?" Everyone but Carter could pretty vividly recall how carefully American cops and Federal agents and CIA spies respected human rights in the years before Carter donned his preacher's robe and the country came apart at the seams.

Civil rights and civil liberties are specific and enforceable legal concepts; and even then, such laws are not the basis for pragmatic foreign policy. "Human rights" is nothing more than rhetorical bullshit. If Reagan screws up, it won't be because of human righteousness but because he rightly thinks God's on the side of the big battalions but wrongly thinks God wants to kick Communist ass.

(Name withheld by request)
Fairfax, Virginia

666

After reading all the letters in recent issues commenting on President Reagan's new regime in Washington, it occurred to me that Ronald Wilson Reagan has six letters in each name and there's a Biblical reference to the number 666 referring to the Antichrist. I personally don't think the President is the Antichrist, and so far he seems to be doing a pretty good job, but I thought this discovery might get some of your readers going.

L. Nebistinsky

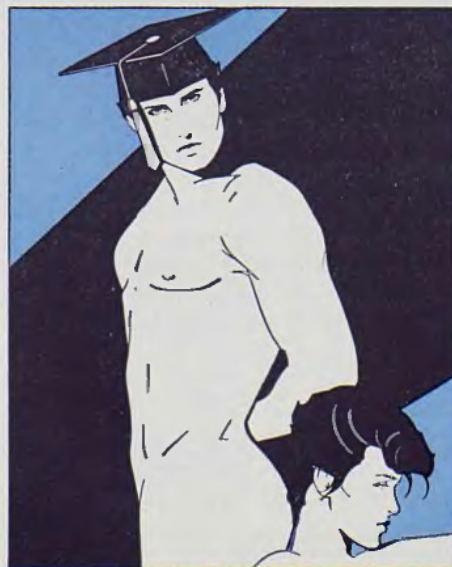
Pottsville, Pennsylvania

No doubt. Let's see what the new moral right makes of this.

*"Are capitalist acts
between consenting adults
permissible or not?"*

MAKING THE GRADE

Allow me to share the findings of Anthony Pietropinto and Jacqueline Simenauer in their book, *Beyond the Male Myth*, which reports some rather intriguing correlations between education and the male orgasm. "Those who delayed until the woman had orgasm," they say, "were found most often in the high-achievement groups: income of \$25,000 or more, postgraduate education and professional occupational status." There's more. "The percentage of those who did *not* delay was twice as



great for those without high school degrees as for those at the postgraduate level."

This starts to hint at the true value of a college education.

If the average bachelor's degree costs roughly \$30,000 and our educated lover is good for an extra three minutes, well, that degree becomes worth about \$10,000 a sexual minute.

Although this is important information, such research is regrettably incomplete. For instance, the authors don't bother to show us how four years at a state college compares with four years at a private institution. Furthermore, they don't mention which majors are able to delay the longest. So how can today's college students rationally choose an academic plan without all of the facts? If it was scientifically proved that a philosophy major was good for two minutes more than a zoology major, undergrads just might rethink their educational goals.

There are other blatant deficiencies in the report. The authors didn't research the delaying abilities of different schools. If a young man wants to know which school he should choose, he needs to know whether or not the Big Ten really can give him an extra three minutes over the Pac Ten. And what about the Ivy League?

To fill the voids in this research and settle this issue once and for all, I would like to suggest that all major universities recruit "delay teams." Those teams could shoot (or not shoot) for conference honors, regional titles and a national championship. Imagine the crowds and the excitement on New Year's Day, when the top two teams in the nation are competing in the Delay Bowl in Climax, Michigan.

Howard Bragman
Chicago, Illinois

TAKEN TO TASK

PLAYBOY's periodic attempts to differentiate between pornography and erotica don't wash. Procter & Gamble and World Airways established legal precedents when those corporations, which represent the establishment, fired employees for moonlighting as nude models.

Also, PLAYBOY's friend Art Buchwald should be well aware that oil-producing Islamic countries have had no difficulty in defining pornography, and that the opinions of men with even more power

than PLAYBOY are the law of the world.

If PLAYBOY really believes in the First Amendment, I dare it to publish opponents not as brilliant as Hugh Hefner, who is a public-relations genius.

Incidentally, I admire both Tom Snyder and Phyllis Schlafly, who are brilliant, if sometimes overbearing. Those positive and negative qualities are the price of leadership. Besides, controversy is what makes America so great and exciting.

Charles Tompkins
Belmont, Massachusetts

We'll try to be equally concise and confusing. The moonlighting cases you cite involved contract law, not obscenity law. If you admire Islamic definitions of pornography, what would you consider an intelligent article on the subject? Your flattery of Hef as a public-relations genius and of PLAYBOY as a world power is, of course, only partly justified. Only your First Amendment accusation hurts; we've published opponents ranging from the late George Lincoln Rockwell to Anita Bryant and regularly publish our critics (see our February interview with Tom Snyder). We presented a Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Award to one of our feminist opponents, and Phyllis Schlafly, incidentally, refused our offer of a "Playboy Interview."

FEAR OF FLYING

In your May *Forum Newsfront*, you quote an article in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* concerning the risks to women with silicone breast implants. The article suggests that decompression at 30,000 feet could cause the implants to triple in size.

That is incorrect. Even such drastic changes in pressure should have almost no effect on silicone implants and the statement in the *Journal* was based on an uninformed premise.

Please reassure your readers that silicone breast implants are essentially unaffected by any change in altitude or pressure. I would not wish to see the already troubled airline industry crippled by having the hundreds of thousands of women who have had such operations develop an unnecessary "fear of flying."

Garry S. Brody, M.D.
Downey, California

"PARAMOUR LAW"

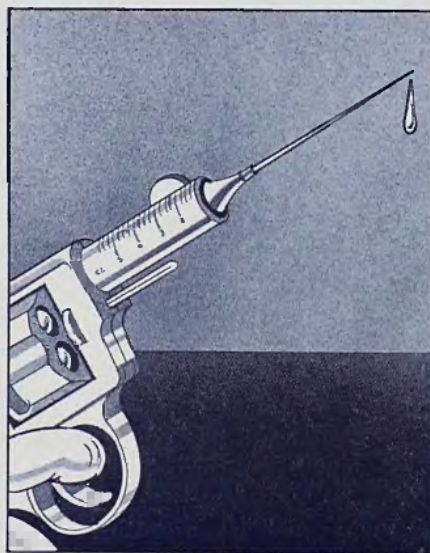
The press and the public have long been fascinated by Texas' so-called paramour law, which supposedly permits a cuckolded husband to kill his wife's lover if he catches them in the act. This, of course, is a myth, like so many other things about Texas. There is no such statute on the books. As a practical matter, however, it does exist in the minds of jurors, as evidenced by a recent case here in Houston. A Harris County grand jury

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

CRIME AND HEROIN

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Heroin addiction and crime may be even more closely linked than previously believed. According to a Federally financed study by researchers at Temple University in Philadelphia and the University of Maryland School of Medicine, 237 addicts were responsible for committing more than 500,000 crimes during an 11-year period. The subjects' addiction was not continuous, the study found, and their crime rate was 84 percent lower when they were not dependent on the drug. The addicts were a random sample of those arrested by Baltimore police from 1952 to 1971, and the survey found that, contrary to previous supposition, some 40 percent had carried weapons while committing crimes.*



In Chicago, a Sun-Times newspaper survey of Cook County law-enforcement officials reports estimates that 80 percent of "serious" crime in Cook County is drug-related.

WAR ON DRUGS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Bills have been introduced in both houses of Congress that would permit the use of U. S. military forces to help combat drug smuggling. The proposed legislation would override an 1876 posse comitatus law that prohibits the military from carrying out domestic law-enforcement activities. The intent of the original law was to prevent the establishment of a Federal military police force operating inside the U. S.*

CRIME OF PASSION

MARIETTA, GEORGIA—*A county superior-court jury has acquitted a local resident of murdering an 18-year-old youth with whom his daughter was evidently having oral intercourse in a car parked near their house. The father testified that he found the victim with his pants unzipped and his penis exposed and "just went berserk." The prosecutor said the man had a 12-gauge shotgun and took "a cold-blooded, calculated shot into the part of the boy which [he] saw and thought was the source of the problem." The trial lasted two days and a jury of nine men and three women deliberated three hours before returning a verdict of not guilty.*

DOUBLE WHAMMY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The U. S. Supreme Court has unanimously ruled that individuals convicted of conspiracies to import and distribute marijuana can be sentenced to separate, consecutive prison terms for the importation and distribution offenses without violating the constitutional prohibition against double jeopardy. Concurring in the decision, three Justices raised objections to what they considered the decision's sweeping language.*

NEW DIMENSIONS

INDIANAPOLIS—*The Indiana Court of Appeals has ruled that a doctor committed a breach of contract when he gave large-size breast implants to a patient who had requested a size medium, but that the patient failed to prove damages or that the implants made her breasts disproportional to the size of her body. On the legal point of how large is large, the court determined it to be 300 cubic centimeters by volume and 11 by 12 centimeters by area.*

THE GAY CABALLEROS

CARSON CITY—*Nevada Governor Bob List acknowledged that he didn't much like the idea of the National Gay Rodeo's being held in Reno but added that his lieutenant governor, Myron E. Leavitt, was out of line in calling the homosexuals queers and saying they should "go somewhere like California." State officials have opposed renting the state fairgrounds to the Comstock Gay Rodeo Association on the ground that a gay rodeo is "bad PR for the city and the state."*

LEGAL LOOPHOLE

SANTA FE—New Mexico Governor Bruce King has closed a loophole in the state's indecent-dancing law that prohibited women from exposing their "breasts"—plural. A county district at-



torney inspired an amendment by complaining that dancers had been complying with the letter of the law but not its spirit by revealing only one breast at a time. The revised statute extends the definition of indecency to include the word breast—singular.

MEDICINAL MARIJUANA

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON—In only the second decision of its kind, a Spokane superior court has ruled that a 31-year-old multiple-sclerosis patient could not be convicted of the crime of cultivating marijuana because he did so out of medical necessity. The defendant was arrested in 1977 for growing his own pot, but a state appeals court voided the conviction on the ground that medical necessity was a valid defense that had not been raised at the jury trial and that the lower court should retry the case. During the second trial, testimony of experts established that marijuana was medically beneficial to M.S. victims and that promises of the Federal Government to make marijuana available for such purposes have never been fulfilled. In 1976, Washington, D.C., schoolteacher Robert Randall successfully argued he needed marijuana to postpone blindness from glaucoma. Randall became the first U.S. citizen legally authorized to obtain and use pot, and is now the president of the Alliance for Cannabis Therapeutics (ACT), which supported the M.S. case in Spokane. Randall calls the continuing Federal resistance

to the medical use of marijuana an "irrational, discredited policy which the state legislatures have repudiated and the courts will not uphold." Since 1978, 26 states have authorized the medical use of marijuana, but Federal red tape has generally prevented doctors from obtaining the drug.

Meanwhile, a 34-year-old physician in North Carolina was found guilty of illegally growing marijuana, even though state law permits its use in treatment of cancer patients. Dr. Gordon Piland of Manteo testified that he had such a patient in serious need of the drug and did not go through legal channels because of the bureaucratic obstacles. He was convicted on the charge of cultivation, and for each of 110 pot plants was sentenced to one hour in jail, one hour of public service and a ten-dollar fine.

SEE NO EVIL

SAN FRANCISCO—The estimated value of Mendocino County's illegal marijuana harvest in 1980 has been excluded from the annual crop report. County agriculture commissioner Ted Eriksen upset various officials and agencies by including the pot crop in his 1979 report and placing its value at \$90,000,000, second only to lumber. He defended his action at the time by saying that a crop is a crop, legal or not, when it profoundly affects the local economy. This year, he was ordered by his superiors to stay off the grass and report only the county's lawful agricultural products.

WEDDING SHOWER

TOWN CREEK, ALABAMA—A 62-year-old doctor's wedding plans were temporarily interrupted when his former wife tarred and feathered his bride to be. The sheriff reported that the bridegroom's ex-spouse of 30 years and her sister held the woman at gunpoint, cut off her waist-length hair, applied tar and feathers to the upper half of her body and drove her to a local dump, where they shoved her out of the car. The attackers were charged with first-degree burglary, second-degree kidnapping and third-degree assault. The arrested ex later told reporters that she merely had done "justice to the bride." The sheriff said that the incident was "something out of the horse-and-buggy days." The doctor commented, "Today was a bad day," and put off the wedding from a Tuesday to a Thursday.

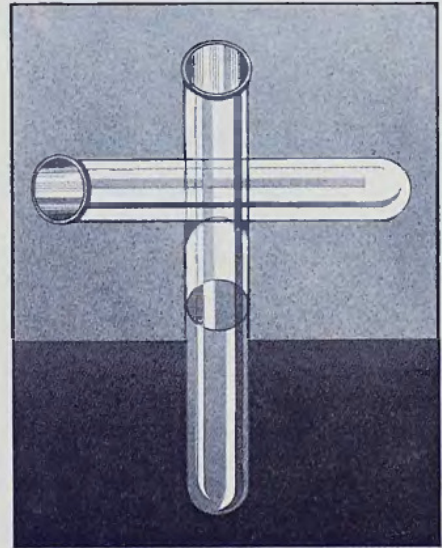
MATTER OF DEFINITION

NEW YORK CITY—A woman cannot compel her boyfriend to pay for her abortion, a Manhattan Family Court

judge has ruled. In rejecting the woman's lawsuit, the judge held that while state law may entitle a mother to recover from an illegitimate child's father the expenses related to the pregnancy, the parties did not qualify as either mother or father, because no child had been born.

RIGHT TO LIFE

VATICAN CITY—Pope John Paul II is now taking issue with medical technology that permits doctors to determine if a fetus still in the womb is malformed, unhealthy or otherwise defective. A nine-page Vatican document criticizes amniocentesis, ultrasound scanning and chromosome analysis as scientific developments that can diagnose Mongolism, hydrocephalia and hemophilia early enough that a pregnant woman might choose to undergo abortion. The document put it this



way: "The impossibility at present of providing a remedy for [birth defects] by medical means has led some to propose and even to practice the suppression of the fetus. This conduct springs from an attitude of pseudo humanism that compromises the ethical order of objective values and must be rejected by upright consciences."

CHEAP THRILLS

ZEPHYRHILLS, FLORIDA—A 79-year-old amateur radio operator was found unconscious in his workshop under circumstances that a puzzled sheriff's department could only ascribe to accidental electrical shock. Deputies called to the scene reported that the victim had an "unusual device" attached to his penis and connected to his transmitter by way of a voltage-controlling rheostat.

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refused to indict a husband who shot and killed a man he caught making love to his wife one day when he came home early from work to watch a Houston Astros play-off game. The defense attorney's argument should not be taken too literally: He claimed that the wife couldn't testify against her husband and the only other witness was dead, so his client was innocent as a matter of law. Certainly, there would have been more than enough circumstantial evidence to indict and very likely to convict. So I believe we can say that the "paramour law" does still protect cuckolded husbands in Texas, at least if they're Astro fans during baseball season.

Steve Lukingbeal
Attorney at Law
Houston, Texas

OBJECTION NOTED

Although *Forum Newsfront* is usually unbiased and entertaining journalism, your item titled "Minimizing Sin" in the May issue is rather shoddy. The first sentence states: "A two-year survey of abortion patients at three clinics revealed that 66 percent were Catholic women . . . who had elected to abort their pregnancies rather than 'sin repeatedly by using birth control.'"

Here, you give the percentage of abortion patients at three clinics who are Catholic, but nowhere in the article do you actually quantify the number of Catholic women who used that flimsy line of reasoning. Instead, this sentence has the audacity to suggest that abortion-seeking Catholic women in general believe that abortion is less of a sin than birth control. This insinuation is both unsubstantiated and probably untrue. Furthermore, the fact that two thirds of the women seeking abortions at three clinics are Catholic does not necessarily reflect the attitude of Catholic women toward birth control. It is much more likely that the clinics are in areas with a large Catholic population. Thus, the article omits important substantiating evidence while including insignificant, slanted information.

William A. Heisel, Jr.
Ann Arbor, Michigan

You should have gone on to read the second sentence, which states that the study involved 1162 abortion patients, 66 percent of whom (our pocket calculator tells us) would be 767. The Catholic population of the area, according to the survey, is 35 percent. We do agree on one point: The reasoning is flimsy.

VICIOUS CIRCLE

I am writing in response to the woman from Nebraska who challenged PLAYBOY's defense of publicly funded abortions (*The Playboy Forum*, March).

I have had the experience of working in the gynecology ward of a hospital



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located in a lower-income, Spanish-speaking area of Southern California. This may be hard to believe, but many a woman who passes through there literally doesn't know her uterus from her elbow and couldn't tell you where a baby comes from if her life depended on it, and it frequently does.

Certainly, birth-control information is available, but it doesn't do much for women who can barely read or write their own language, much less English. Many have never conferred with a doctor about birth control, and many live

with Catholic parents who would literally rather drop dead than discuss sex or contraception. The subject is taboo.

Promiscuity is not the problem here; ignorance is.

(Name withheld by request)
Goleta, California

FETAL FOLLY

I believe that I have found a compromise solution to the unending controversy between the right-to-life advocates and the pro-choice, individual-rights advocates.

forum follies

BORN-AGAIN SEX

By ROBERT PRICE



Some of those same folks who have always tried so hard to take the fun out of sex and reduce it to biological procreation are beginning to have second thoughts, to wonder if they've been missing out on something. Or so it seems, if the new flood of born-again sex manuals is any indication. Unless you frequent fundamentalist bookstores, you may not have caught sight of titles such as *Sex for Christians*, by Lewis Smedes, and *Intended for Pleasure*, by Ed and Gaye Wheat. Tim LaHaye (of the Moral Majority) has written classics on everything from Noah's ark to the impending end of the world, from fundamentalist psychology to the dangers of secular humanism. Now he's added to his achievements a sex manual titled *The Act of Marriage*. Charlie (not Charles, please note) Shedd follows a series of edifying works such as *The Exciting Church Where People Really Pray* with his new *Celebration in the Bedroom*. Huh?

Have the born-again Christians changed their tune? Or only some of the lyrics? In these puzzling books, we find many of the familiar marks of evangelical excess. The traditional Bible citations and evangelical appeals scarcely conceal the sanctified superrace mentality typical of Jerry Falwell and his brethren, who are smart enough to understand popular propaganda. We are told, for instance, that nobody does it better than evangelicals. Yes, according to LaHaye, Christians are considerably more satisfied with their love life than non-Christians. And did you know that the Bible prophetically recommended foreplay long before Masters and Johnson ever heard of it? Hallelujah! All in all, Shedd tells us, "Christians should be society's most

liberated people, the super celebrators of sex."

Actually, they don't seem all that liberated, and they're pretty selective in what they celebrate. All of the books frown on, even forbid outright, masturbation. Any that mention pornography rule it out, period. Surprisingly, oral sex is considered OK; so is contraception. Believe it or not, Smedes and Shedd are willing to tolerate mild forms of transvestism and even sadomasochism! Shedd gets carried away with himself and will allow his readers to indulge in anal sex, vibrators and (read this in a whisper) "dirty language."

However, none of the saintly sexologists will put up with premarital anything, except for Smedes, and he still draws the line at intercourse. He concedes only that there are degrees of romantic love short of marriage that can be expressed through what he calls "responsible petting." Building character through torture seems to be the principle here.

Still, it's beginning to look like even the born-again Christians implicitly regard Biblical taboos as a cramp to their style. It used to be that fundamentalists were so down on sex that they wouldn't do anything Scripture didn't command them to do. But dig the change: Whatever the Good Book doesn't explicitly forbid is implicitly permissible, so go to it! Using your own good moral judgment, of course, and screeching to a halt at the first "Thou shalt not."

For all their inconsistencies, the born-again sex manuals do signal at least some kind of sexual loosening up among fundamentalists, who are leaping like lawyers through loopholes in God's moral laws. Can somebody say amen?

The solution is simply to form a registry of all right-to-lifers. When a woman became pregnant and chose an abortion, she would have chosen for her, by lottery, a set of adoptive parents from the right-to-life registrants.

That set of parents would then adopt the child upon its birth, regardless of race, religion or physical condition. In addition, they would be responsible for all pre- and postnatal care for the pregnant woman. Of course, they would also incur all costs for maternity clothing, time lost from work and any inconvenience caused by the unwanted pregnancy. The adoptive parents would love, clothe, educate and totally care for the child until the age of 18 as though it were their natural child.

The right-to-life advocates shouldn't mind the mandatory aspect of this solution, since they are trying to make child-birth mandatory.

Statistics prove conclusively that unwanted children tend to have and to cause many more social problems the rest of their lives. Such children also are beaten, abused and neglected more often. In addition, they frequently end up the recipients of various Federal, state and local government-welfare subsidies.

While the right-to-lifers rant about murder and genocide, I have yet to hear one state that he or she would be willing to raise an unwanted child to prevent its becoming a misfit or a public charge.

If a woman is not allowed the freedom to determine whether or not to have a child—the freedom of control over her physical being—then women have no rights whatsoever. And it won't be long before men are in the same position.

A child means not just nine months of gestation but 18 years of responsibility for another's life. Abortion is not birth control. But until all boys and girls understand before puberty how and why *not* to have a child, unwanted pregnancies will occur.

Penelope S. Rice

Columbia, Maryland

We agree with your position, but it reminds us that the abortion issue constantly bogs down in semantics and propaganda, missing the real point of disagreement between equally righteous foes and defenders of either "human rights" or "baby murder." That point seems to be: Is the purpose of human sex pleasure or procreation? Does terminating a pregnancy violate some natural or supernatural law, or does it only reaffirm the (either natural or supernatural) differences between mankind and animals? Thoughtful, good-willed, intelligent people can forcefully argue from either premise; but they should search their minds as honestly as possible to determine just why they take the position they do and recognize their own



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time. He left a legacy of manhood and friendship. And a spirit that returns whenever people lift a glass together and drink to the moment.

"Two Fingers is all it takes."



premise for what it is—either theological or secular. The position PLAYBOY takes on the issue of abortion is a very simple one: Do not make it a crime. That's the same position we take on some other complicated social and moral issues, and we don't think it's unreasonable or particularly radical.

USING THE STATE

The Catholic Church has taken its hard-line position for ages: Abortion is a sin. Now, encouraged by the vituperation from the fundamentalist right that lends energy to the cause, the Church has turned up the volume. Celibate bishops glibly recite the law to Catholic women. Those same women, every reputable study tells us, disregard the order, in overwhelming percentages. If the Church cannot inspire its loyalists through faith, that faith may be in need of revision. But since revisionism seems to be as sinful as abortion, change is unlikely. What the Church is attempting to do today is to ask the state to legislate its own concept of morality, to cover for its failure to motivate. If that is not an issue of church and state, what is?

(Name withheld by request)
Butte, Montana

RIGHT TO CHOOSE

Our latest survey of New York State residents indicates that older people may not be nearly as Victorian on the subject of abortion as many have believed. We asked the acid-test question on abortion choice: "A woman should have the right to decide when and whether or not she wants children, even if that means having an abortion—agree or disagree?" Of those questioned, 63 percent agreed with the statement, 34 percent disagreed and, of course, there was the anchorite three percent who thought about it a long time and said they didn't know. When the study divided this response into age groups, the stereotype of the older anti-abortion stance was disproved. The 50-to-60-year age group and the over-60 group both registered 66 percent agreement with the pro-choice position, putting them at the high end of the 63 percent majority average for all groups. Perhaps that should not come as such a surprise if we remember that these age groups lived through the period of American history when abortions were both illegal and medically dangerous.

The study was conducted by Penn and Schoen Associates for P.P.N.Y.C. this past February and 804 interviews were conducted among equal numbers of men and women respondents selected at random from all areas of the state.

Charles Valenza
Planned Parenthood of
New York City
New York, New York

OL' SMOKEY

In the April 1980 issue, *The Playboy Forum* published a report on Earl Henry "Smokey" Burris, Arizona's oldest and most irascible pothead, who was sentenced to the state pen at the age of 66 for adamantly insisting on growing his own killer weed and vociferously telling the flustered and frustrated authorities to shove their laws where the sun don't shine. Since then, an article in *The Arizona Republic* reported that Smokey's health has been failing and that he's been released on a medical furlough to a halfway house, probably to be paroled to his home in Oatman for what time he has left in this world.

The article also indicates that I have been quite wrong in my belief that the



American prison system is a failure, for Smokey has demonstrated that rehabilitation through confinement works wonders. Burris went to the slammer hooked on marijuana and, for many months, succeeded in staying stoned on contraband Cannabis—spending \$7000 at \$10 a joint while in the joint—he claims with pride. But that can be seen as merely the cost of withdrawal, for upon his release Smokey has advised the press that he no longer is smoking pot. No, indeed. He announced that in prison he discovered cocaine to be a far superior euphoric and has kicked the pot habit for good. Strictly coke from now on, says Smokey.

That's real progress. I guess if Smokey decides to kick cocaine, he can request more prison time and graduate to heroin, the next likely step in the prison rehabilitation process.

Lake Headley
Phoenix, Arizona

Burris sent us the above photo shortly after reaching the halfway house in Phoenix. His accompanying note did not, in fact, display a deep sense of repentance or demonstrate much of what penologists would call rehabilitation.

MORAL MONSTROSITY

The Indiana Moral Majority is lobbying against the state's child-protection laws so more corporal punishment can be used in accordance with Biblical principles of using the rod on spoiled kids. Our infamous local newspaper columnist Mike Royko did quite a number on this subject and one of his readers responded with the following explanation of the M.M.'s cleverness that I think deserves repeating: "By doing away with child-abuse laws and, at the same time, declaring all abortions illegal, they can remain pure in the eyes of God while unwanted children are simply beaten to death."

Don Adams
Chicago, Illinois

BACK TO THE CLOSET

On the issue of prayers in public schools and public piety in general, the TV evangelists should turn to the Bible:

"And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and at the corners of the streets, that they may be seen by men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward.

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy room, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father, who is in secret; and thy Father, who seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."

Jesus said that in *Matthew* 6:5 and 6:6. And I agree.

Clifton W. Seago
Bieber, California

BACK TO BASICS

While some have nothing better to do than concern themselves with the escalating military crisis in El Salvador, rising inflation and unemployment, spiraling interest and mortgage rates and Russian invasions, it's reassuring to know that some people like myself and a precious few others contemplate those issues that truly do stand to make a difference in the eternal scheme of things. (*Whew!*)

An example of such an issue is this: Whatever shall become of the "cunt hair" with the advent of the metric system?

Mike Mercado
Sunrise, Florida

For readers not familiar with this lamentably common engineering vulgarity, we'll explain that it's a very small unit of measurement, as in "just a cunt hair oversize." We can only submit this problem to our readership and cringingly await suggestions.

"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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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GEORGE GILDER

a candid conversation with the intellectual guru of the reagan regime about his provocative ideas on taxes, capitalism and women in the home

In early March of this year, the Associated Press ran a photo that was widely picked up by the afternoon dailies. It showed an exuberant Ronald Reagan (this was before the attempt on his life) visiting the hospital bed of the ailing Senator Robert Dole and presenting him, as a get-well gift, a recently published book: George Gilder's "Wealth and Poverty."

When the President of the United States makes a public presentation of a book on economics to the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, the act is more than passingly significant. Many people have since scurried to bookstores to discover that "Wealth and Poverty" is a thoughtful philosophical justification of much of the Reagan economic program. Beyond that, more eloquently than any Administration speeches, "Wealth and Poverty" presents a positive case for capitalism. Under Gilder's analysis, benighted self-interest is transformed into altruism; and dismal visions of scarcity give way to a celebration of a bounteous future harvest of the fruits of human creativity.

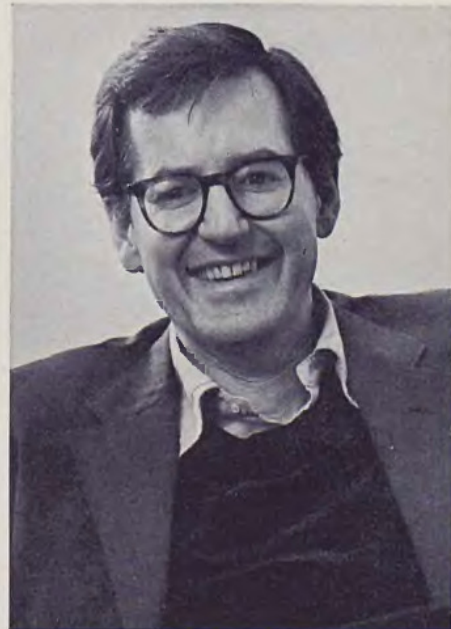
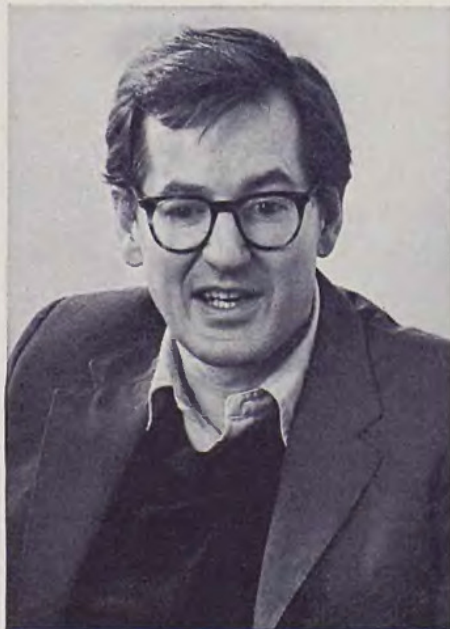
Gilder's basic contention is that excessively steep income-tax rates and

overly generous welfare benefits destroy wealth and perpetuate poverty. Wealth is gobbled up as the rich spend ever more time and money contriving tax shelters, and poverty is made a permanent condition in the ghetto by a welfare scheme that destroys poor families by giving them more money than they could make in the job market. Those two conclusions, which Gilder elaborates based on extensive research, have been very well received in high places in Washington. In fact, in Republican circles, and increasingly among Democrats, Gilder is regarded as a sort of Karl Marx of capitalism. Fittingly, "Wealth and Poverty" has been called "a capitalist manifesto." As we go to press, more than 125,000 hardbound copies of the book have been sold—an impressive figure for any work of nonfiction and almost unheard of for an economic text. David Stockman, Reagan's Budget Director, purchased 30 copies and sent them to various Administration aides with the remark that the book "is the best thing written on economic growth in about 15 years." Barron's called it "the seminal economic work of the decade" and The Wall Street Journal de-

clared it "the key to a better world in the Eighties and Nineties." The left, needless to say, has not been so charitable. Michael Kinsley of the New Republic regards Gilder as a "crackpot," whose works are the "loopy" product of a "fevered brain."

Gilder's legacy as a writer in the world of arts and letters is deep and impressive. Two of his great-grandfathers—Richard Watson Gilder and Louis Comfort Tiffany—are well-known historical figures: the one remembered as a poet, humorist and one of the greatest magazine editors of the 19th Century; and the other renowned as the creator of the lush decorative glassware that has come to symbolize the richness of the art nouveau era.

Gilder's father roomed with David Rockefeller as a member of the Harvard College class of 1936. The two became close friends and when the elder Gilder went off to war, Rockefeller promised to look after his infant son if the father were killed—which, in fact, he was, in 1943, while leading an ill-starred bomber squadron across the Atlantic. Gilder, who was born in late 1939, has only the faintest memory of his father—"a



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD KLEIN

"I am very bullish, very optimistic about the future of the U.S. economy. I see huge new finds of natural gas, dramatic advances in productivity and the astonishing triumph of capitalism."

"Economic growth is the result of human creativity—and creativity always comes as a surprise to us. To the extent that you plan for progress or growth, you will tend to exclude creative surprises."

"The feminist movement was never real. It was all based on fantasy. Women will never pursue careers with the same determination and drive as men. They always have more options than men do."

figure in a doorway"—which may have some bearing on one of the dominant themes of his works: the critical importance of male-headed families in the achievement of economic progress.

Rockefeller came through with the promised support. "He didn't lavishly provide for me," Gilder recalls. "He thought I should work and understand the value of money." He did, however, provide Gilder with one of the best educations available in the United States during the Eisenhower era: Phillips Exeter Academy, from which Gilder graduated in 1957, and Harvard, from which (after a six-month stint in the Marine Corps) he graduated in 1962.

In 1960, Gilder joined forces with Harvard classmate Bruce Chapman to launch a quarterly magazine, *Advance*, subtitled "A Journal of Liberal Republican Thought." The cover of the first issue, which appeared in the spring of 1961, bannered the works of two little-known conservative political theorists: George Gilder and Henry Kissinger.

When *Advance* folded, Gilder embarked on what was to be an extensive and varied speech-writing career. He worked for Nelson Rockefeller in the ill-fated 1964 campaign and served a year as a junior fellow on the Council on Foreign Relations.

In 1967, another Presidential campaign was in the offing, and Gilder's continuing infatuation with the will-o'-the-wisp of liberal Republicanism led him to Lansing, Michigan, for a speech-writing assignment in George Romney's Presidential campaign. When Romney announced that he had been "brain-washed" in Vietnam and subsequently withdrew from the race, Gilder found employment as a speechwriter for former New York Senator Jacob Javits, who was then perhaps the only authentic liberal Republican in high office.

From Javits' office, Gilder returned to the Rockefeller camp. He turned out almost a speech a day right up through the convention; whereupon, as part of a larger conciliation, he was dispatched to the staff of the successful Republican nominee, Richard Nixon. There, because of what he claims was inept management of the Nixon speech-writing staff, his output plummeted. He wrote only four speeches during the remainder of the campaign and wasn't surprised, after Nixon's election, not to be offered a White House job.

From the Nixon campaign, after a stopover as a legislative assistant on the staff of Maryland Republican Senator Charles McCurdy Mathias, Gilder returned to Cambridge—this time as a member of the Harvard faculty, as a fellow of the recently founded Kennedy Institute of Politics. At the expiration of that fellowship, he walked up Elliott Street to the job of editor of *The Ripon Forum*, the Ripon Society newsletter,

which by the early Seventies had become a provocative source of new ideas for a Republican Party that desperately needed them. Shortly after Gilder's appointment, the Forum published a soaring editorial, glowingly approving—from a philosophical rather than a fiscal perspective—Nixon's veto of a piece of legislation that would have devoted billions of dollars to a nationwide chain of Federally supervised day-care centers, then something of a cause célèbre among the burgeoning feminist movement in Cambridge.

The resultant outcry from the Ripon females was sufficient to cost Gilder his editorship and to launch him on a new career, as the leading philosophical opponent of women's liberation. The title of his 1973 book, "Sexual Suicide," succinctly describes his vision of the fate of societies that permit the blurring of sex roles. A subsequent book, "Naked Nomads," developed that theme by depicting the plight of unmarried males who, Gilder contends, are far and away the least stable and most violent of any large group in American society. The

"I believe in a free capitalist system in a larger cosmic order, founded on absolute truth. I believe there are such things as absolute truths."

book was intended to be something of a popularization of the scholarly and often difficult "Sexual Suicide," but it sold much less well.

In 1975, Gilder took time off from social philosophy to write a report on youth unemployment for a think tank called the Vocational Foundation. That required interviews with hundreds of black teenagers and became the basis of his nonfiction novel, "Visible Man," published in 1978, which traces the impact of the welfare culture on males in the black ghetto. "I learned much from these researches about the devastating impact of the programs of liberalism on the poor," Gilder wrote subsequently. "But perhaps the most important lesson I learned was the inadequacy of any theory of poverty that did not embody a theory of wealth."

Thus the genesis of "Wealth and Poverty," which began with the title "The Pursuit of Poverty" and ended as an exploration of how wealth is created. To prepare for that work, Gilder (who has little academic background in economics) read more than 200 economic

texts—including John Maynard Keynes's extremely demanding "General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money" and scores of works in other areas. One reviewer of "Wealth and Poverty" noted breathlessly that "Gilder seems to have read everything."

When PLAYBOY decided to question Gilder, we asked Michael Laurence to conduct the interview. He had known and worked with Gilder on *Advance* at Harvard and is now Business Manager for Playboy Enterprises' magazine division. Over the years, he has conducted "Playboy Interviews" with economists John Kenneth Galbraith and Milton Friedman and has written numerous financial articles for these pages, one of which was awarded the prestigious G.M. Loeb Award. Laurence reports:

"George Gilder is the only person I know who has an original world view. I've known him for more than a quarter century and continue to be surprised by his wit, his brilliance, his generosity—as well as the outrageousness of some of his opinions. He is also a genuinely kind man who often thinks better of his peers than they deserve.

"Prior to conducting this interview, I hadn't seen George for several years, during which time he had married and fathered two daughters. It was immediately apparent that fatherhood for Gilder has had all the salubrious effects that he himself would have predicted. Once past the picket fence of his ramshackle 200-year-old farmhouse in the Tyringham Valley in the Berkshires, I was immediately set upon by a friendly but overeager retriever named Laffer. Wearing a Navy-surplus shirt, shabby corduroys and his ever-present track shoes, Gilder escorted me through his back yard, past diapers drying crisply on the clothesline. The house within was plain, straightforward and obviously lived in. It has been inhabited by Gilders for several generations, and their collected works, in well-worn bindings, dominate the bookshelves. There was coffee on the stove, cookies in the oven and a fire laid in the hearth. George's charming wife, Nini, a Vassar graduate and, like Gilder, a native of the Berkshires, served coffee and introduced their children. The scene was the very model of domestic tranquillity. Then Gilder kindled the fire—forgetting momentarily to open the damper—leaned back on a Victorian couch and we began the interview."

PLAYBOY: In the recent past, your ideas and writings have enraged feminists and political liberals. Today, those ideas seem to be among the guiding principles of a changed political climate in Washington. We're going to ask you to summarize the major themes of your books; but for starters, just what is it that you believe in?

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Geoffrey Holder



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GILDER: I believe in a free capitalist system in a larger cosmic order, founded on absolute truth. I believe there are such things as absolute truths and that society will necessarily reflect those truths over time in its organization and behavior.

PLAYBOY: Tell us an absolute truth.

GILDER: An absolute truth that I propound in *Wealth and Poverty* is "Give and you will be given unto." To the extent that people are willing to give of themselves, to devote themselves to pursuits beyond their own immediate calculations of self-interest, they tend to be more successful, to contribute more to society and to receive more benefits themselves.

PLAYBOY: Then you don't see self-interest as the basis of economic progress?

GILDER: No. I don't think rational self-interest is the foundation of capitalism or of economic growth under any circumstances. I think that economic growth is the result of human creativity—and creativity always comes as a surprise to us. To the extent that you plan for progress or growth, you will tend to exclude the creative surprises on which growth and achievement depend. Surprises mainly derive from the willingness of people to devote themselves to causes beyond themselves—to give of their work and wealth to create businesses or art, to project their energies beyond their own personal needs and perceptions. This is a generous impulse. It leads to ever-widening circles of human sympathy. A new project—any new economic activity—will succeed only to the extent that it responds to the needs of others. The effort to fulfill the needs of others is essential to important achievement.

PLAYBOY: Your altruistic notion of capitalism certainly doesn't conform to the conventional leftist view of the capitalist as a predatory, moneygrubbing, self-interested individual.

GILDER: That is a caricature of capitalism. Of course, in any society, there are going to be self-interested, predatory, rapacious people, and such people have a lot of room to display their wares in a free society. But this doesn't mean that the essence of capitalism—that part of it that accounts for its unique success in creating wealth—is rapacious, predatory or self-interested. One of the themes of my book—I'm talking about *Wealth and Poverty*—is that this image doesn't work very well. When the leftist says that capitalists are a bunch of creeps and predators, and the defender of capitalism says, "Yes, but look what marvelous effects their freedom produces," the leftist wins the argument. The average person just won't believe that by giving maximum freedom to a bunch of creeps and predators you are going to produce a steadily improving human condition.

And as a result, the argument for morality in human affairs has increasingly shifted to the left. You find the Pope assuming as a matter of course that socialism is a more generous and compassionate way of organizing human affairs.

PLAYBOY: And you?

GILDER: I think that individuals who pursue only their narrow self-interest are led, as by an invisible hand, toward an ever greater welfare state. The truth is that people pursuing rational self-interest demand comfort and security. They don't take the risks that result in growth and achievement. And without the risk-derived surprises of human creativity, I think the human race is doomed. You need a willingness to give of your time and wealth and effort without a predetermined reward. You *hope* for a reward in the future, but in capitalism, that reward is not specified beforehand. You make your investment without any assurance that you will be commensurately repaid, let alone heavily rewarded. This willingness to take risks is crucial to master the unpredictable and unknown future.

"Sex roles are the foundation of civilized society and any society that attempts to repress them will at the same time subvert civilization."

PLAYBOY: And you believe that relates to how men perform in society, don't you?

GILDER: Yes, because in a free society, *men* will be inclined to take such risks. This is what men do when they're allowed to. It's part of the masculine character. Boys grow up and they want to *perform*. Their performances are appraised by others. They fight to perform well. And I think that this desire to perform, which has to some extent a sexual foundation, leads to the creative activities so dramatically shown in capitalist societies.

PLAYBOY: What is that sexual foundation?

GILDER: Men have to perform in order to please women in a way that women don't have to perform in order to please men. When you ask the average man why he works, he'll pull out his wallet and show you a picture of his wife and kids.

PLAYBOY: But don't men also work to impress other men, their peers?

GILDER: Sure, but that makes my point as well. Young men have to undergo all kinds of initiation rites among their

peers, in the outside world, in order to qualify for manhood. Young girls don't have those rites. The changes in their bodies qualify them for the crucial role of motherhood and the survival of the tribe. There is a consistent difference between this male need for external performance to qualify for manhood and the degree to which biological changes qualify women for their roles.

PLAYBOY: That was the controversial theme of one of your earlier books, wasn't it?

GILDER: Partly. The main thesis of *Sexual Suicide* is that sex roles are the foundation of civilized society and that any society that attempts to repress them will at the same time subvert civilization. I maintain that sex roles are founded on evolutionary experience, on the millions of years that humans spent in hunter-gatherer societies; that they are further reaffirmed by the biological differences between the sexes, which it takes a Ph.D. in physiology to ignore and which are evident to all of us when we examine them. Further, I believe those differences are affirmed by the dramatically differing sexual experiences in men and women.

PLAYBOY: Namely?

GILDER: Male experience revolves around copulation as the one purely sexual activity. Women experience copulation as only one of a long series of sexual experiences running from pregnancy to childbirth to breast-feeding and nurturing small children. Because women have this extended pattern of sexual experiences that affirm them as women, they have great difficulty comprehending the much more compulsive, aggressive and anxious male attitude toward the sex act itself and toward sexual identity. Men have to *earn* their sexual identity, while for women, it's part of their very being. As Margaret Mead wrote, "Motherhood is a biological fact, while fatherhood is a social invention." The father doesn't even have to be around when the baby is born. He will be around, and be acknowledged as the father, only to the extent that the woman is willing to affirm his paternity—to the extent, in fact, that the woman is willing to forgo other sexual liaisons. This may be less true today than it was in the past, but certainly through the entire evolutionary experience of the race, fatherhood could be maintained as a real institution only to the extent that the woman was prevented from sleeping around.

PLAYBOY: Sometimes called the double standard?

GILDER: Right. I don't particularly want to defend the double standard as a far-reaching moral principle, but it certainly does derive from the very differing consequences of promiscuity for men

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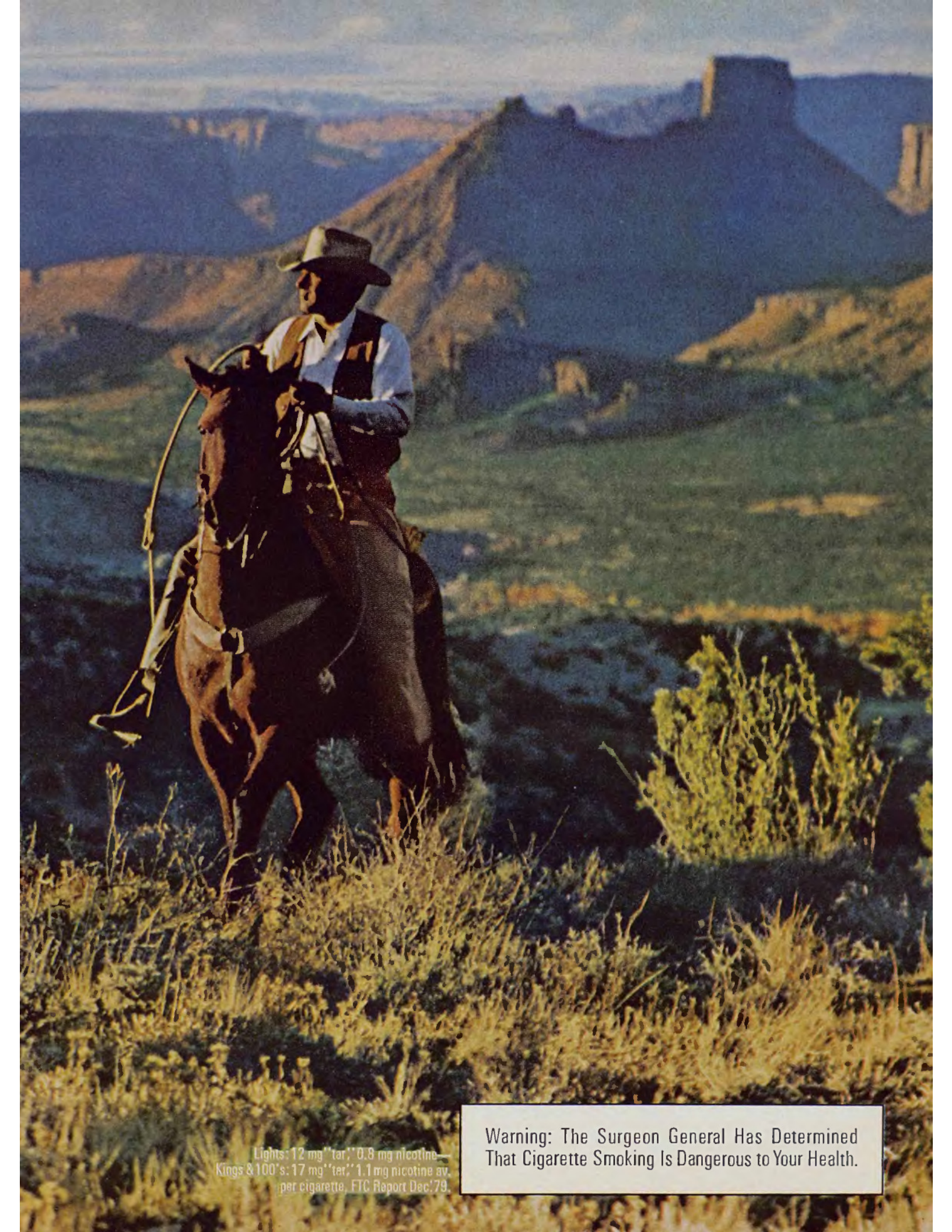
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and for women.

PLAYBOY: We'll get down to cases on *that* topic, but for now, what was your purpose in writing *Sexual Suicide*?

GILDER: I wrote that book because I saw that until you understood the difference between the sexes, you couldn't understand the effects of Government welfare policy on the poor. It was obvious to me that to the extent that welfare programs usurped the male role of provider, it would be impossible to maintain intact families. And as long as intact families were not maintained, it would be impossible for the wide range of welfare recipients ever to escape from the welfare society.

PLAYBOY: What was the theme of your subsequent book?

GILDER: The concept for my subsequent book, *Naked Nomads*, came to me during a debate, when my opponent was talking about how women earn less money, how they have all these signs of oppression and victimization—whereupon it occurred to me that single men could be presented in exactly the same terms. Single men earn about the same amount of money as single women of the same age and qualifications. They are enormously more prone to every sort of disease and affliction than any other large group in the society. And they commit something like 90 percent of all the violent crimes. It seemed to me that the statistics about single men had real significance for an appraisal of the different roles of the sexes.

PLAYBOY: Single women didn't manifest those tendencies?

GILDER: That's right. Single women are virtually as healthy and as well paid as married women, by most indices, while married men earn almost twice as much money as single men of the same age and qualifications. The obvious question that arose about this data was whether it was merely that single men were losers and therefore couldn't get married or whether failure to get married led to a pattern of behavior that fostered disease and criminality. I pored through lots of evidence on this point and discovered that widowed men and divorced men showed a pattern of problems almost identical to those displayed by single men of the same age and qualifications. Widowed men didn't choose to be widowed, and divorced men may or may not have chosen to be divorced, but my thesis was that single men are less civilized, if you will, they have more short-term perspectives, because they lack the links to women and children that lend them a sense of the future—a kind of physical embodiment of the future in their lives. Single men, lacking these long-term dimensions, are left in the very short-term compulsive circuits of

male sexuality. They follow the same patterns of tension and release that are characteristic of the male sexual experience. Man's link to the future passes through the woman's womb. Men become more stable and less compulsive to the extent that they have links to children that carry them into the future. I thought that the statistics about single men—whether bachelors, widowers or divorced—confirmed that proposition.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be saying that the success of the human race depends on men's becoming what used to be called—mostly in bars and locker rooms—"pussy-whipped."

GILDER: This is one of the great ironies of male chauvinism. Men always use such terms to the extent that they are excluded from the long-term patterns of family life that women tend to foster. Men asserting male superiority feel compelled to put down women. The sort of male-chauvinist idiom that you find at bars or in all-male groups, particularly in the military, really reflects an inner sense of the profound dependency of men on women for the most impor-

*"The welfare culture
destroys men and drives
them into increasingly
futile virility rites—fight-
ing and crime and drugs."*

tant of human experiences: procreation and nurture.

PLAYBOY: What was your book *Visible Man* about?

GILDER: *Visible Man* began with the title *Sam Beau*. It was based on two years of interviews with ghetto blacks. My thesis was that the old Sambo image—the Stepin Fetchit character that was the previous destructive cliché about black life—had been supplanted on the streets by a new "Sam Beau" image, of the swashbuckling street stud, who didn't work and who spent all his time pursuing a succession of welfare mothers and engaging in criminal activity. The pimp image was strikingly manifest in ghetto culture, and my observation was that this image is just as destructive to people who succumb to it as was the previous, self-indulgent Sambo image. This conduct also resembled the male behavior in various societies that I had studied in anthropology, in which the constructive male role of provider is not pursued for one reason or another. In the ghetto, the chief reason the male-provider role is unavailable is that it's performed so much better by the Gov-

ernment through the welfare state. Those were the ideas that underlay the narrative of *Visible Man*, which is, in fact, a nonfiction novel, examining the welfare culture and what it does to men: how it destroys men and drives them into increasingly futile virility rites—fighting and crime and drugs.

PLAYBOY: You're not suggesting that this is exclusively a black problem, are you?

GILDER: Not at all. It's not a special black problem. It's only a black problem because the welfare culture has been propagated most successfully in the inner cities, through the War on Poverty, which focused on blacks in the ghetto. The same sort of patterns can also be found in hippie culture, where you have the violent flower-child phenomenon in a social order that was just as corrupting as the street culture of blacks in the ghetto itself. Middle-class black society is very much like middle-class white society. Black families are no more prone to breakdown than are white families. And white families break down just as much when subjected to this kind of welfare state as black families do. It just happens that through the Outreach programs of the War on Poverty, a much higher proportion of the black poor was induced to accept the welfare culture.

PLAYBOY: Do you find no redeeming features in the War on Poverty? You seem to indict the program totally.

GILDER: Pretty much. It just didn't do any good. The various well-intentioned programs might have done some good, if they hadn't been accompanied by a vast increase in welfare benefits that just ravaged the families of the supposed beneficiaries. The crucial thing that happened during that period, that overwhelmed every positive initiative of the War on Poverty, was the doubling of the number of female-headed families among blacks. And that meant almost a complete breakdown of the black family in the ghetto itself, to the extent that 95 percent of black welfare families lack fathers.

PLAYBOY: What is the theme of your latest book, *Wealth and Poverty*?

GILDER: *Wealth and Poverty* brings all these social themes together with an economic vision. Present in *Wealth and Poverty* is the idea that the competitive activity of men, attempting to support their families, is a crucial impulse of economic growth. I also stress the critical importance of freedom as a practical necessity for economic progress in an uncertain and unpredictable world. The creative breakthroughs that I talked about earlier—the surprises that throughout human history have been most important in creating wealth and solving the problems of scarcity—have

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never been predicted. They tend to emerge in defiance of the assumptions of the experts. Creativity is always unexpected. After all, if you could predict it, you could prescribe it. If it were predictable, you wouldn't need it. And because existing knowledge and existing resources are always inadequate to an extended future, human success is necessarily dependent on novelty, on surprise, on creativity. You have to have a huge outpouring of human creativity in order to launch the few unpredictable inventions that can transform all human life. Consider the vast number of small businesses that are conceived against the relatively tiny number that are actually launched. When you realize that two thirds of these will fail within five years, you understand that the process is not a matter of very profound rational planning.

PLAYBOY: What specific message in *Wealth*

and *Poverty* do you think the Reagan Administration finds so compelling?

GILDER: Well, one of them is that the fundamental problem of American society today is that more than half the people in the country now face marginal tax rates above 50 percent on an additional dollar of earnings.

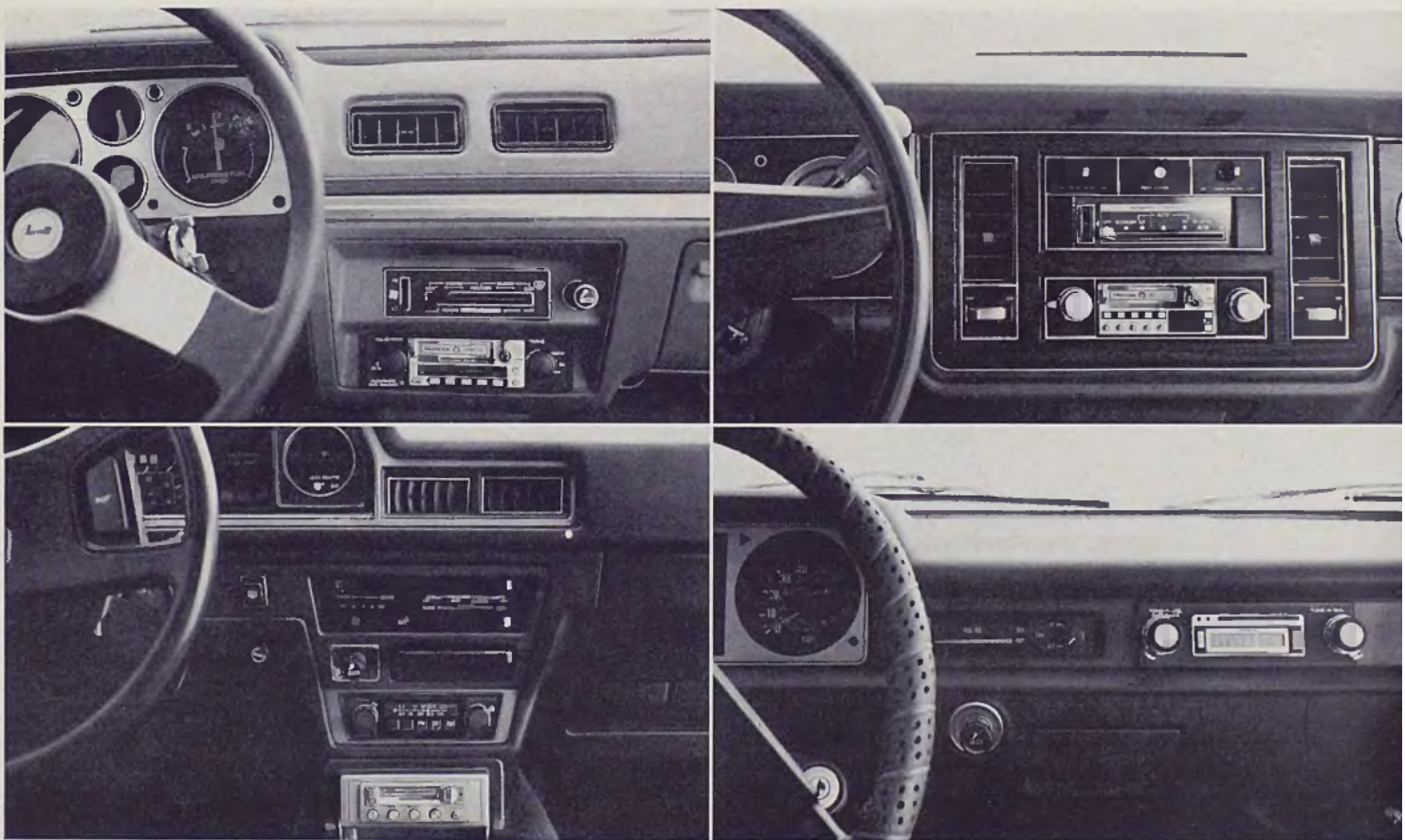
PLAYBOY: Explain what you mean by the marginal tax rate.

GILDER: The marginal tax rate is the tax that you pay on the next dollar you earn, beyond your current earnings. It's what you don't take home from your next dollar of income. That's the marginal tax rate, and, as I say, it has now reached a level over 50 percent for most Americans, which includes *all* the most productive Americans, who really determine the directions of our economic activity. It also includes welfare recipients. They have very high marginal tax rates. If a welfare mother goes out and earns an additional dollar, she'll have to forgo a

dollar of her current income—plus some leisure time. In effect, she faces a marginal tax rate of more than 100 percent. The same is true for people who are much better off, who face preposterous rates on interest earned from savings—which the Government quaintly calls unearned income. The tax rates on such income are ostensibly 70 percent, but they end up, after adjusting for inflation, attaining real levels much over 100 percent—often 200 percent or even 300 percent.

PLAYBOY: Would you elaborate on that?

GILDER: If you put \$100 into a savings account, you'll be lucky to get ten percent interest over a year's time. But during that year, your principal has been reduced by ten percent inflation; so at the end of the year, you break even. The Government doesn't see it that way. It says you've made ten dollars just by leaving your money in the bank—and it wants seven of them. So you started with \$100 and wind up, in effect, with \$93.



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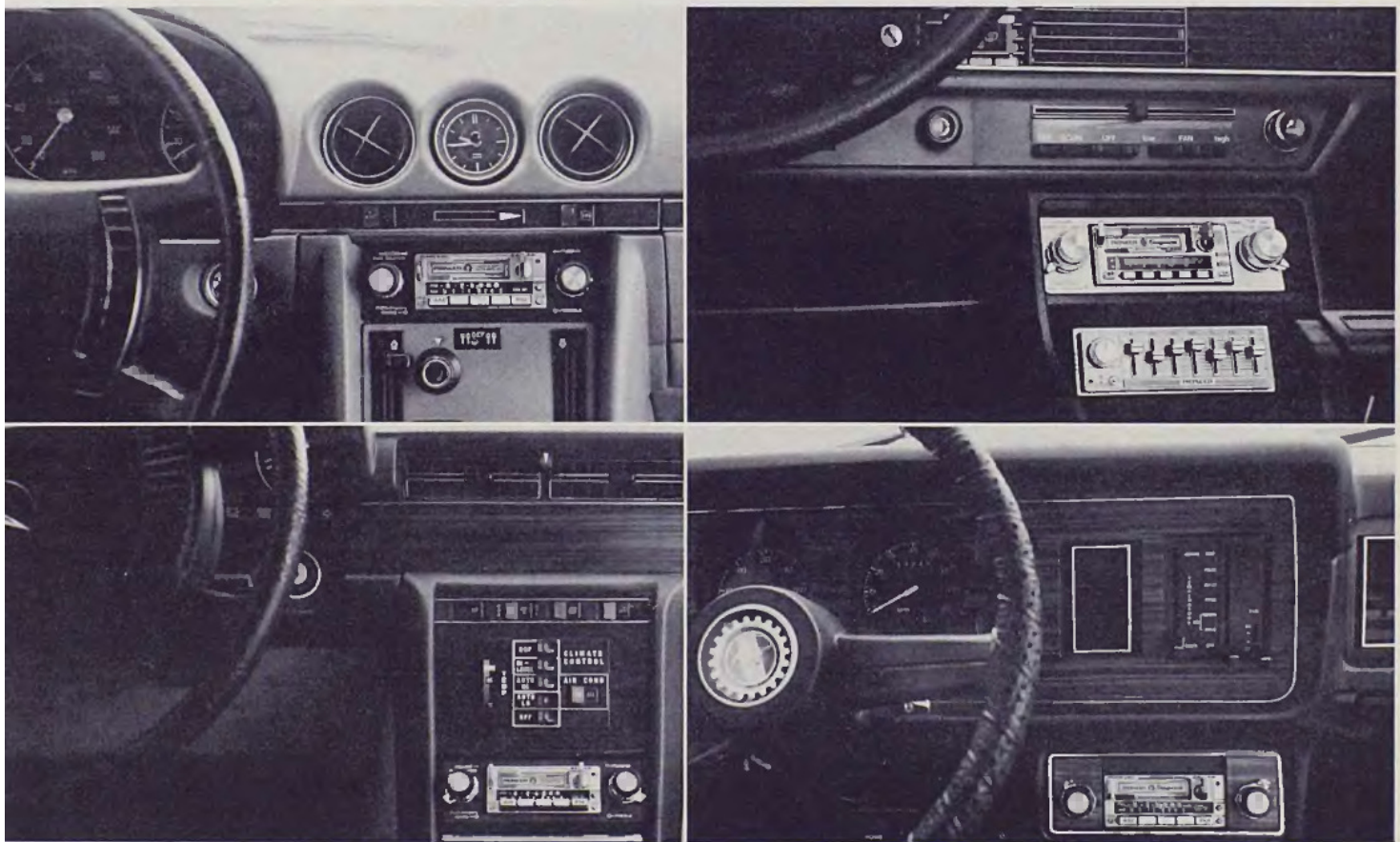
PLAYBOY: But tax cuts at the margin will primarily benefit the rich. That used to be called the "trickle-down" school of economics: Give money to the rich and some of it will eventually trickle down to the poor. Is that what supply-side economics is all about?

GILDER: No; supply-side economics is the opposite of the trickle-down theory. We believe that wealth is created by production—at any level. That's why you don't find supply-side theorists advocating tax cuts chiefly for business. We focus on personal-income-tax cuts, because we believe that wealth begins with individuals, not with institutions. Wealth is the product of individual creativity.

PLAYBOY: There are certainly other visions of how economies are structured.

GILDER: To be sure. An alternate approach to taxation, which has dominated in the United States in recent years and which still dominates in Sweden and England, is the idea that you can have flourishing

capitalism by subsidizing big corporations while bitterly punishing anybody who tries to make money outside the existing corporate structure. You subsidize institutional savings that are channeled back into major corporations or into Government bonds, but you strongly prevent anyone from accumulating savings of his own that he can dispose of as he wishes. The problem with this approach is that, overwhelmingly, it is disposable personal savings that make the economy go, by financing the proliferation of small businesses, which are the source of ferment and growth. Supply-siders focus on *personal* activity as the source of wealth. As an example, we believe that immigrants are one of the most important forces in economic growth. They come to the country with no wealth, they generate wealth and stimulate the lower middle class to greater efforts. This causes wealth not to trickle down but really to surge up through the whole system. It starts as



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PLAYBOY: You talk about stimulating small businesses, but isn't most of the wealth in this country in—and therefore aren't most jobs dependent on—large corporations?

GILDER: Since the mid-Fifties, the number of small-business starts has risen from 93,000 to nearly 500,000. There are a total of 15,000,000 small businesses in this country that create about 80 percent of new jobs. In fact, during the Seventies, companies with fewer than 250 employees created more than 90 percent of new jobs, while corporations in the *Fortune* top 1000 created no new net employment at all. There's no evidence that innovations come from big bureaucracies. Perhaps the most important innovation of our time, the micro-processor, the computer on a chip, was developed by a firm with 12 employees.

PLAYBOY: No innovations from bureaucracies? NASA, so we hear repeatedly, gave us Teflon. Bell Labs gave us the transistor.

GILDER: Sure, but when you talk about Bell Labs, you find they're not prepared to exploit the developments—William Shockley left Bell Labs after inventing the transistor to start his own firm, when it became clear that Ma Bell didn't know how to use it. Similarly, Shockley didn't see how the transistor could be transformed into a microprocessor, so some of his employees split off from *him* to form yet another small business. As to NASA, that was primarily a case of mobilizing existing technology, and the payoff was hardly worth the huge expense. Statistics show that the yield of innovations from small businesses is about 20 times greater than that from large corporations or subsidized research and development.

PLAYBOY: Is the Kemp-Roth tax bill—which would reduce rates 30 percent over three years—a direct attempt to resolve the problem of excessive taxes at the margin?

GILDER: Yes. The Kemp-Roth bill was the original supply-side proposal.

PLAYBOY: The objection one hears most frequently is that the Kemp-Roth tax cuts are certain to be inflationary, because they would create a situation in which too much money is chasing too few goods.

GILDER: But we don't focus on money. We focus on the creation of goods. And we think that the problem of too much money is best addressed by enhancing incentive to create more goods. Therefore, the way to respond to inflation is not to diminish the amount of money people have but, rather, to enhance the number of goods and services they produce. The best way to enhance their incentives to create more goods and services is to reduce the tax rates on

additional income. This is an excellent reason for supporting the Kemp-Roth concept.

PLAYBOY: Would Kemp-Roth also stimulate savings?

GILDER: It would greatly stimulate savings, because a high marginal tax rate deters savings twice. It first deters you from earning those additional dollars that you're most likely to save, and it then deters you from saving them by taxing the interest return from savings at the highest possible rates. So when you cut marginal tax rates, you impart a double stimulus to savings but only a single stimulus to consumption. Increased savings don't enhance aggregate demand, even in the Keynesian scheme. So to the degree that a cut in marginal tax rates stimulates savings, it has an anti-inflationary effect. If we expand savings by a greater amount than we increase the Federal deficit, we will actually reduce inflationary pressures.

PLAYBOY: Has that been proved?

GILDER: Absolutely. This is why the Japanese and Germans and Swiss have been able to run deficits two or three times as large as ours—as a proportion of gross national product—without having inflationary results nearly as serious.

PLAYBOY: How did the ideas of supply-side economics develop?

GILDER: The essential ideas of supply-side economics arose in response to the tri-

umph of Keynesian economics, which is essentially based on the proposition that purchasing power drives the economy. In the Keynesian view, it's dollars in people's pockets—aggregate demand—that make the economy go. It doesn't really matter very much how the dollars get into people's pockets. As a matter of fact, over the years, the Keynesian theory has reached the conclusion that the best way to put dollars into people's pockets is through Government spending. As individuals in the economy, we're pretty good aggregate demanders, but sometimes we like to *save* money rather than spend it. In Keynesian terms, savings is a "leakage" from the flow of aggregate demand that makes the economy run.

PLAYBOY: That's the demand side of the equation.

GILDER: Yes. The demand-siders are really interested in monetary aggregates: that's their central concern. Aggregate demand consists of money in consumers' pockets, money available for investment in the pockets of businessmen and money in the Government's pocket.

PLAYBOY: Are there other areas in which you think our national priorities are wrong?

GILDER: Yes. We do not adequately reward human creativity and initiative, which is really the most valuable force in the economy. The Democrats increasing-ly, by focusing on investment tax credits

and benefits for buildings and machines, have ignored the most valuable capital in the system—human capital. And even when they acknowledge the value of human capital, they see it as manufactured in schools, rather than as a product of individual incentives, creativity and effort.

PLAYBOY: At what tax rate do you think diminishing returns set in?

GILDER: I believe that any tax rate over 35 percent costs more than it's worth. In other words, it damages total economic activity by a greater extent than it increases Government revenues.

PLAYBOY: Can that be proved, or is it just your feeling?

GILDER: It's a feeling, but it's an observation that I think most people will affirm. I think your own observations will confirm that when the Government has taken more than 35 percent of additional revenues, your activity changes. To an increasing degree, people begin to consider ways of avoiding taxation, and they place less stress on earning more money. I would be willing to defend that proposition. Asian countries that have lower marginal rates of taxation have been growing much more rapidly than any other countries in the world. Japan, in particular, has rates of marginal taxation less than half as high as ours, on comparable incomes.

PLAYBOY: But aren't Japan's tax rates

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supposed to be just as high and just as steep as ours?

GILDER: They are, but the top rate, which is about 70 percent, like ours, applies only to incomes over \$396,000 in Japan. The top German rate of 56 percent applies only to incomes over \$120,000. In the United States, any "unearned income" earned by those whose salary is over \$50,000 is taxed at the 70 percent rate. We have vastly more punishing marginal rates of taxation than any of the Asian countries that have been growing faster than any other countries in the world since the Second World War.

PLAYBOY: Some observers attribute those rates of growth to cultural or societal differences.

GILDER: That's ridiculous. The Chinese in Hong Kong and Singapore and Taiwan have very low rates of taxation. The highest rate in Hong Kong is 15 percent. People there work terribly hard and terribly productively. As I say, they have the fastest growing economies in the world. Put those same Chinese in a Communist system and you have an extraordinarily stagnant and ineffective economic arrangement, even though the people probably work just as hard in mainland China—maybe harder.

PLAYBOY: What about the analyses—done at Harvard and MIT among other places—that show that people won't work hard enough to produce the increased revenues that supply-siders predict?

GILDER: They miss the point entirely. The fact is, supply-siders don't predict that people will work 30 percent harder as a result of a 30 percent reduction in tax rates. They merely predict that people will work 30 percent more *efficiently*. They'll tend to focus their efforts more on taxable activity and less on untaxed activity. These changes are not directly measurable at all by the kinds of analysis that all those learned economists have been sponsoring.

PLAYBOY: Do most other Western nations have payroll withholding taxes as we do?

GILDER: Yes. Most nations deduct social-security taxes at the pay-check level. We have a greater stress on income taxation. A higher proportion of our revenue comes from income taxation than in other countries, except England, Sweden and Denmark. The other countries largely focus on value-added taxes, which are a kind of national sales taxes. They're collected on the value added at each stage of manufacturing and marketing.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the VAT widely alleged to be a very regressive tax, meaning that it falls more heavily on the poor than on the rich?

GILDER: It's alleged to be a regressive tax, but it can be adjusted, as it is in most countries, so that it's greater on luxury goods than it is on necessities. Most real necessities, such as food, are excluded from value-added taxation.

PLAYBOY: Would you support it as an

alternative to an income tax?

GILDER: I think it's preferable to an income tax, but I wouldn't support it unless it were accompanied by a much more drastic reduction in the income tax. In other words, I don't support it as a supplement to existing forms of taxation, and so far this is the only way it has been advocated. Recall that the income tax was initially enacted as a temporary expedient because it was such an efficient and affirmative way to raise funds. Somebody suggested a ten percent ceiling on the income tax, and the argument was made that if you impose a ten percent ceiling, the tax would tend to rise all the way up to ten percent. So it was decided not to have such a high ceiling, lest we achieve this confiscatory rate of taxation. I would want to be sure that the value-added tax weren't just piled on top of all the other kinds of taxation in the United States.

PLAYBOY: Is there any condition under which people will willingly pay taxes?

GILDER: Sure. People are willing to pay taxes when they get something in return. You'll pay taxes to support the police,

"We have vastly more punishing marginal rates of taxation than any of the Asian countries that have been growing faster than any other countries in the world."

roads, libraries, hospitals—all legitimate services that governments offer in various constituencies. It's only when people begin believing that the Government is taking more than it provides that tax revolts occur. Jude Wanniski, one of the founders of the new school of supply-side economics—as opposed to the classical school, which was started by Jean Baptiste Say and Adam Smith—points out that in Stalingrad during World War Two, people were happily taxed at more than 100 percent in order to hold off the enemy. They allowed themselves nearly to starve, in order to provide food to continue the defense effort. If people really believe that Government services are worth what they cost, they'll forgo income to support them. But under current circumstances, most people think the Government charges more than it delivers, so they reasonably reduce their activity and try to avoid taxation.

PLAYBOY: If you were President and you had an amenable Congress, what sort of tax program would you put through?

GILDER: I'd like income taxation at a

flat rate of 20 percent or so, depending on the revenue needs.

PLAYBOY: No progressive rates?

GILDER: Not for me. I don't think progressivity does any good. It hurts the poor.

PLAYBOY: Please explain.

GILDER: Progressive tax rates don't redistribute income; they redistribute taxpayers. They move wealthy people out of the productive economy into offshore tax havens and unproductive tax shelters. Progressive tax rates have had that effect most dramatically where they are steepest, in Sweden and England, where anybody who makes any money immediately leaves. Bjorn Borg lives in Monte Carlo. The Beatles spread to the four corners of the earth. All sorts of wealthy British have emigrated to the U.S. to avoid the preposterous British tax rates. For many years, they had a 98 percent rate on unearned income. The cream of the British economy was redistributed by ill-conceived taxes to Beverly Hills and Bermuda and Malta and Spain—anywhere but in productive work to contribute to the wealth and welfare of the poorer British citizen who stayed home.

PLAYBOY: So you advocate an across-the-board flat tax rate on incomes.

GILDER: That is the ideal system. To get there, my general focus is on cutting personal-income-tax rates, abolishing the distinction between earned and unearned income and then cutting the remaining tax rates regularly.

PLAYBOY: That is more or less what Ronald Reagan has advocated. Do you see Reagan as an effective President?

GILDER: Yes. He's just been quite remarkable. Take, for example, his approach to the Office of Management and Budget. The usual idea is to appoint a banker friend or somebody who has a lot of experience in accounting. It's always been regarded as a neutral office, to which are appointed people who are adept at managing numbers—as if Government really consists of the mobilization of competing armies of statistics. And Reagan didn't. In designating David Stockman, he appointed not only a brilliant policy analyst but one who had supported John Connally during the campaign, who was regarded as altogether too bumptious and aggressive by many of his Congressional associates and who was opposed by many other people on Reagan's staff at the time. Also, Stockman was a leader in a very controversial movement in economics, and Reagan gave him the central role in his Administration. That's a bold act by a President.

PLAYBOY: What is your vision of the future of our economy?

GILDER: I am very bullish, very optimistic about the future of the American economy. I think that the gloom that has beset us in recent years originates from



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three chief assumptions: that we are running out of energy, that we have some basic productivity problems that can't be resolved and that capitalism was somehow maladjusted to the modern age, so that the various totalitarian systems would necessarily prevail.

PLAYBOY: Do you dissent from those assumptions?

GILDER: Yes. In all three cases, I see major new developments of the highest promise. I see huge new finds of natural gas, which, even though they haven't all been proved to date, nonetheless, collectively suggest that today we have a wider variety of energy sources available or in view than ever before in human history. I see that the productivity problem is rapidly being resolved by the application of new technology in the service industries. All these word processors, computer terminals and telecommunications devices are being installed and adopted by ever more offices, but they have yet to be mastered and fully integrated into efficient systems. But this is rapidly occurring as we move into the Eighties. I think the result will be major and dramatic advances in productivity. The third point is the astonishing triumph of capitalism in the past decade. When I went to Harvard, and later worked on the Council on Foreign Relations, the general consensus was that the Maoist experiment in China was exerting this potent magnetism on the overseas Chinese on the edge of the mainland. Taiwan, Singapore, Hong Kong and even Japan would slowly be induced to adopt Communist approaches and techniques. Well, today, all the magnetism has flowed in the other direction. Who would believe that little outposts like Hong Kong and Singapore and Taiwan would be shaping the future of mainland China? That the leaders on the mainland are consulting the overseas Chinese on how to adopt capitalist techniques and regenerate the economy? This is an incredible change, a development that has the greatest portent for the future.

PLAYBOY: Given the supply-siders' concern for individual freedom, do they take issue with Government regulation?

GILDER: Most supply-siders emerged from a system in which Government had a huge role already. Contemporary supply-side economics is a post-welfare-state phenomenon. We accept the existence of Government and the need for regulation in many areas. We don't oppose regulation except where costs are much greater than benefits. I like the example of rules for a basketball game. You need a certain number of rules in order to have a basketball game at all. Without rules about dribbling and shooting, without boundaries, you wouldn't have a basketball game that was fun to play or entertaining to watch. However, if you begin to prescribe rules about

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the exact inflection at which players are allowed to release their shots, or how high they can jump from different locations on the floor, or just how fast they can run under prescribed circumstances, at a certain point the rules tend to become counterproductive. I think our current problem is that we've gone beyond the point where rules promote order and productivity to a point where they are a new form of disorder. We earlier discovered that soap was a form of pollution; now we're finding that rules are a new form of unruliness.

PLAYBOY: You're not talking about a return to the 19th Century, then?

GILDER: Not at all. We believe that deregulation is eminently desirable, not because we oppose a clean environment or a safe workplace or support the desirability of poisoning people with untested new pharmaceuticals but because we believe the current laws are far more complex than understood, and that the bureaucracies they've spawned are too large and too poorly organized to achieve any beneficial effect.

PLAYBOY: Would you give us an example?

GILDER: An obvious example is the enormous effort to eliminate auto pollutants, requiring catalytic converters and other expensive devices. No one has yet shown a relationship between auto pollutants and any disease. It has yet to be demonstrated that the catalytic converters eliminate pollutants any more damaging than the ones they emit. [EPA disputes this, claiming that a relationship between certain types of respiratory and cardiovascular diseases and auto pollutants has, in fact, been demonstrated. Similarly, the EPA claims that emittants from catalytic converters are not harmful.] Enormous new expense was imposed on our auto industry without any evidence of beneficial results. One of the obvious effects was the willingness of people to buy vans and pickups and retain old automobiles much longer than they did in the past. People are using more inefficient, more pollutant vehicles to an increasing degree.

PLAYBOY: So you would not restrict technological progress at the expense of environmental concerns?

GILDER: That's rarely the choice. Technological progress throughout history has entailed the replacement of heavy and potentially damaging machinery with more efficient and less environmentally destructive means of production. The obvious development is from the steam engine to the silicon chip. Current microprocessors the size of a fly have more computing power than the early computers that would fill up a gymnasium with tubes and wires. In general, economic progress has tended to result in smaller, lighter, more efficient, less pollutant equipment. To hold back

economic progress in the name of reducing environmental damage is entirely counterproductive. This does not mean that intelligent regulation should not be promulgated in order to transmit to businesses knowledge that's not transmitted by the market place.

PLAYBOY: For example, the market place wouldn't resolve the problem of American industrial pollution that descends on Canada as acid rain, would it?

GILDER: No. The market place doesn't ordinarily place a value on air, or on water, or on land beyond its borders. In cases such as acid rain, there may be times when simple Government regulations are preferable to some purer form of market action.

PLAYBOY: Why do so many well-intentioned Government programs wind up achieving precisely the opposite of their planned results?

GILDER: This is the phenomenon that I call moral hazards of liberalism. Moral hazards is an insurance term. It refers to the potentially negative results of an insurance policy. The moral hazard of fire insurance is arson. When the insurance on a building exceeds its value, spontaneous combustion often results. There's nothing the insurance company can do about it except to reduce the payoff.

PLAYBOY: How does that relate to public policy?

GILDER: The moral hazard of unemployment insurance is unemployment. When Government-paid unemployment benefits—plus leisure time—become greater than the benefits of work, unemployment increases. The moral hazard of welfare tends to be broken families and increased poverty, because when welfare benefits become greater than the benefits of maintaining an intact family with an employed breadwinner, then more and more families will tend to break up and the breadwinner will go to the streets—into crime and the underground economy. And when the man is gone, the chances of that family's escaping poverty plummet. Even though its income increases, the only way to escape poverty ultimately is to work. If the Government provides the income and the father leaves the family, the family is still impoverished, even if its income exceeds the official Government poverty level. With no real hope for the future, with great difficulty disciplining its children, particularly its boys, the family will live a slovenly and disorganized existence that will shock any social worker who examines it. Nevertheless, the welfare benefits this family receives, combined with the food stamps, the housing subsidies and all the other programs that have been enacted for the poor, are far greater than the total incomes of middle-class people 20 years ago.

PLAYBOY: You're saying that the real income of welfare families today is higher than the middle-class wage was in 1960. Is that accounting for inflation?

GILDER: That includes inflation. Welfare benefits today are worth on the average between \$15,000 and \$20,000 a year. That would be equivalent to an income of about \$7,000 a year in 1960, which was the median income then. We mustn't forget that welfare is, in a sense, an insurance scheme. It's insurance for people who, presumably, through no fault of their own or through some concatenation of events, fail to earn enough money to support themselves. The concept is of insurance. But when the benefits rise beyond the insurance level, they foster the very disasters that are being insured against. In other words, they create incentives for unemployment and family breakdown. And that's why the Reagan concept of welfare reform, at least as it applied in California, is misconceived.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GILDER: In California, they seem to think you can raise the benefits to any level. Reagan raised them by 43 percent for the alleged "truly needy," while, at the same time, he increased the welfare police to investigate fraud and abuse. Once again, this is a case of ignoring the supply-side rule, which is that people change their behavior to respond to incentives. You can't increase welfare benefits 43 percent without radically changing the pattern of incentives confronting poor people. You can kick a lot of people off the rolls for a few years, as Reagan did in California, but soon enough they readjust their lives to do what the Government prescribes. If Government projects a concept of true neediness, the poor will quickly convert themselves to the "truly needy." You want disability? All right, I'll give you disability. You want a mother with three kids who doesn't know who the father is? Fine, I forget Daddy's name. Right now it just totally escaped my mind. I don't know *who* the hell he is.

The point is, welfare applicants don't even have to adjust their lives, they just have to adjust their behavior in the welfare office. My book *Visible Man* documents that proposition fully. I went to the welfare office many times with various of the characters in the book. They would all ask the clerks, "How do you *want* these forms filled out?" The forms are something totally alien to them. They can't find any correspondence between their lives and those forms, so they simply find out what they're supposed to say. "What do you want me to say? What am I supposed to say?" And then they say it.

PLAYBOY: It seems reasonably certain that Reagan as President has no intention



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of increasing welfare benefits nationally. Do you think it's a reasonable prospect to consider reducing them?

GILDER: Not really. The Reagan program is not significantly reducing welfare benefits. There are some changes in eligibility, but in essence they are leaving these programs intact. I think the Reagan Administration will be resistant to further expansion in these programs, while at the same time heavily devoted to expanding opportunities in the real economy. The result will be that as time passes, the attractions of work in the productive economy will rise, while the attractions of the welfare culture will decline. Welfare benefits will diminish, not in absolute terms or in real purchasing power but in relation to the steadily increasing wages in a growing economy.

PLAYBOY: On what basis do you make that projection?

GILDER: In California, after Proposition 13, which essentially reduced marginal taxation at the state level, everybody predicted unemployment and stagnation. Of all the leading economists, only Arthur Laffer accurately predicted the outcome. He predicted that the California economy would greatly expand and that people would voluntarily leave government service to take advantage of improving opportunities in the private sector. And that's just what happened. There was no great need to fire government workers, because they left voluntarily. Just about every prediction made by aggregate analysis on the basis of the California tax cut was wrong. Invariably, the supply-side analysis was vindicated. On balance, the impact on the incentives of individuals easily overrode the impact on the aggregate movements of funds.

PLAYBOY: But California is a special case.

GILDER: Yes. It's a special case. It's just one example. Another example is Puerto Rico, where Governor Carlos Romero Barceló finally decided to dismantle an egregiously ineffective tax system that a deputation of eminent economists from Yale had recommended as the only way to increase its equality of income distribution. As a result, Puerto Rico had preposterously high income-tax rates, about 20 percent higher than our rates in the United States. Barceló, after consulting with Laffer and Wanniski, started cutting these taxes and removing the surcharges. Every year, after each tax cut, income expanded across the whole island by a far greater margin than the tax cut, and revenues to the government increased. It's the same story: Increase individual incentive and you promote economic growth.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about economic incentives for young people. Would you advocate loosening minimum-wage restrictions to promote teenage employment?

GILDER: The minimum-wage law is one of thousands of laws that don't do any good. But it's so frequently ignored that it's not as significant as many people imagine. The problem in the ghetto is not the minimum wage. The problem is welfare benefits that are collectively worth more than twice the minimum wage.

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, conventional conservative wisdom holds that teenage unemployment is largely caused by minimum-wage barriers.

GILDER: Well, I don't believe that. I think that teenage unemployment is exacerbated by the minimum wage—and I don't support the minimum wage—but I do not accept the idea that our current problems of teenage unemployment in the inner cities are caused by the minimum-wage requirements. They're caused by the breakdown of the black family and the demoralization of teenage boys who have never seen what it means to work to earn a living.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying the minimum wage is ineffective?

GILDER: In the ghetto, it certainly is. Nobody goes into ghetto communities to enforce the minimum wage. Nobody pays taxes in those areas. Half the retail transactions in ghetto establishments are off the books. I dissent from the whole idea that we have a rigorously enforced small-business economy in the ghetto in which rules like the minimum wage have any substantial effect. Don't misunderstand me. It's a negative factor: one more obstacle to youth employment.

PLAYBOY: You seem to speak with some authority.

GILDER: Well, I spent two years researching *Visible Man*, which concerns young people in the ghetto.

PLAYBOY: Did you live in the ghetto?

GILDER: On the edge of it, in Albany. Also, I did hundreds of interviews with black teenagers in New York City through my association on the board of the Vocational Foundation.

PLAYBOY: And on the basis of all that, do you feel that you're better able to make observations about how a ghetto economy works?

GILDER: Well, honestly, more than the vast majority of sociological experts on black poverty, I really did spend three years examining very little else. I interviewed literally hundreds of people at great length in all sorts of contexts in Albany. Then I spent some weeks in Greenville, South Carolina, interviewing the same people and their families down there. And I also did a lot in New York City. So I really did have a good perspective on the whole problem.

PLAYBOY: What did you learn?

GILDER: I confirmed all my preconceptions. I had read all the previous anthropological literature on the subject, so that my prejudices weren't entirely groundless. And on the basis of this

previous literature, I developed the themes of *Sexual Suicide*, which really originated with my ghetto analysis.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about the work for which the National Organization for Women awarded you its Pig of the Year award. How did it begin?

GILDER: Before I answer, I have to tell you that I succeeded Norman Mailer in receiving that award, and since it hasn't been awarded since, I think I've retired the trophy.

PLAYBOY: We're impressed.

GILDER: It began with my support of President Nixon's veto of the Javits-Mondale child-development bill, which would have created a vast system of Federal day-care centers all across the country. I was editor of *The Ripon Forum*, the magazine of the Ripon Society, a liberal Republican group. I wrote an editorial opposing these day-care centers, and a bunch of leading Ripon ladies went on the *Today* show to protest my vicious polemics and to try to get me fired. Then I went on the TV program *The Advocates*. This particular program was a debate on day care, and I was brought in to speak for the opposition. The other people on the show were all Congressmen and professors and experts on the subject. After I was through, a mass of women in the audience rushed forward to attack me. Since for decades I'd been seeking a way to arouse the passionate interests of women, I realized that I'd found my technique, and it worked for years afterward. And it was then, as I stood there reveling in my good fortune, that I conceived the idea of writing *Sexual Suicide*.

PLAYBOY: We were wondering when you'd explain how you came to write about both money and sex.

GILDER: When I was single, I was preoccupied with sex. Now that I'm an elder statesman, I've moved on to a more dignified concern: preoccupation with money.

PLAYBOY: Staying with the former preoccupation, wasn't it your statement that you didn't believe in equal pay for equal work that first truly enraged feminists?

GILDER: That's not what I said. I *do* believe in equal pay for equal work. But I *don't* believe any Government program is more likely to encourage this than the workings of the market place. I've seen no evidence that quotas or Government programs have fostered it in the slightest degree. The usual victims of quotas or affirmative-action programs are men with few credentials, little education and large families to support. Upper-class feminists all believe that any man who makes it just by working harder than a college-educated feminist must be an evil oppressor.

PLAYBOY: Hold it. In the first place, you're generalizing about feminists by depicting them as upper-class elitists—



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GILDER: Most feminists are upper-class women. They may call themselves middle class, but, in fact, a great many of them are in the top ten percent of earners, or they're graduate students or other exalted figures in our system. And a woman who is a Radcliffe graduate, a relative dilettante in the work force, often resents the fact that lower-class men can earn more money than she does by working hard—often at two jobs—by putting in overtime and organizing their lives well.

When you look at the evidence that's available on earnings of the two sexes, you find that the only group that earns far more than its education and credentials would justify is married men with large families and a high school education or less. My point is that if you know any of these men, you know that they earn every dollar. They *deserve* more money for the work they do. At least they deserve it more than some graduate student who wants a "fulfilling" job in a foundation-sponsored cultural-uplift program. To the extent that the Government enacts equal pay for equal work, it will mean more stress on such factors as race and sex, and even more on credentials and qualifications, while relying less on work effort and ingenuity and drive and ambition—those very factors that every close analysis shows are most important in increasing economic

productivity. What many feminists think will be a fairer system will actually be most unfair: It will favor the upper classes, who can buy credentials, over the lower classes, who must compete by working harder and more aggressively.

PLAYBOY: You're certainly overlooking the Norma Raes of this country, the millions of working-class women who would agree with some of the aims of the feminist movement.

GILDER: Well, the leaders are all upper-class, and I think many of their arguments apply only to that class—in other words, that women should be freer to enter the work force to broaden their horizons and do something more "fulfilling." For those women who have to work out of economic necessity, the opportunities are there.

PLAYBOY: So, to you, the political aims of the women's movement are merely an expression of upper-class lobbying.

GILDER: That's the real clash—between lower-class, hard-working men without a lot of elegant refinements and upper-class women who want their credentials instantly converted into high salaries. And when I talk about high salaries, I mean the upper ten percent. Remember that in this country, anyone who earns more than \$35,000 is in the top ten percent, and when you inquire of these oppressed feminists, you often find they are earning salaries at that

level—or believe they should be—when, in fact, such salaries are the object of the most intense competition. Very few men, only the most aggressive, exceptional and lucky men, can achieve that kind of income.

I just think the whole women's movement is economically illiterate. It wants to increase Government power in a most arbitrary, destructive way, in the most sensitive area of the nation's economy—personnel policy. That's the area where the most subjective and human of factors are involved, hundreds of them, and they cannot possibly be reduced to the sorts of statistical findings a Federal judge or a panel of equal-rights advocates would deem relevant. To have these decisions made by judges and panelists is ridiculous.

PLAYBOY: Still, wouldn't you acknowledge the fact that many of the inequities the feminist movement battled against were real?

GILDER: Actually, it was the feminist movement that was never real. It was all based on fantasy. Women will *never* pursue careers with the same determination and drive that men do. Some will, and those some will rise to very high levels, as, indeed, they do now. But as to the notion that the women's movement has liberated women from their "traditional" roles, there's just no evidence

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that women are working any harder. Women are 11 times as likely to leave the work force as men are. [According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, by 1980, women were only five times as likely to leave the work force.] A couple of years ago, there was great outrage that female doctors were earning less than male doctors—until it was determined that female doctors saw 40 percent fewer patients than male doctors.

Wherever you look, if you examine the facts, you discover that women do not engage themselves in the work force with the same ambition and drive that men exhibit. Until they do, they won't earn equal money. And they *never* will, because they have more options than men—namely, they can withdraw from the work force when they wish to, in order to raise children, a fully respectable role.

The idea that large numbers of women are going to make earning money their top priority misunderstands the difference between the sexes. Men *have* to earn money to be sexual beings—providers, husbands, fathers. Women have a full range of choices. You can say that, actually, the woman is superior because her sexuality ranges through pregnancy, the nurture of children and all sorts of events of vast importance to society. Men have to do only one thing.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't the whole idea behind

women's liberation a freeing of both sexes—for women to be able to compete equally in the market place and for men to share in the nurturing of children?

GILDER: Obviously, the man can't share fully in the nurturing process, and if you go back to Margaret Mead's quote about motherhood's being a biological fact and fatherhood a cultural invention, comparing the two is crazy. It's just plain quixotic to have a society depend on the cultural invention of a father's "sharing" in the same way it depends on the biological fact of bearing a child in one's body and nurturing it at one's breast.

Regardless of how desirable it may be for men to participate deeply in the experience of child raising, these are not characteristic male roles. Masculinity is not defined through relations with children; by bottle-feeding a baby, you don't affirm your sense of yourself as a man. That's why it's the men who are already secure in their masculinity who are best able to adapt to the feminist program. Men who aren't fulfilling themselves as providers have to find their masculinity in some other way. Among the most conspicuous ways, in these years of liberation, are violence and drinking and other vicarious *macho* experiences. In other words, what the feminists attack as male callousness is a product of masculine insecurity rather

than confidence. Feminists increase this insecurity, and thus increase the propensity of men to assert their masculinity in violent and destructive ways—and to disparage women as well. I mean, if you're confident of your own masculinity, you can acknowledge that women in many ways are superior to men and are indispensable to male happiness and fulfillment.

PLAYBOY: But if what you say is true, aren't you having it both ways? You say that men who aren't successful at being men are the ones who resist the women's movement, who disparage women, and that men who are successful at being good providers, at being men, are the ones who can best adapt to it. If the aims of the women's movement were based on "fantasy," why would the most successful men support it?

GILDER: Not all do. But those who do are doing so out of chivalry. It's fascinating to me that so many men who come from traditional backgrounds, who went to all-male prep schools, through an all-male military, who probably never worked for a woman or gave much thought to female liberation, suddenly find themselves mouthing feminist clichés—mainly because their wives and daughters were captivated by an essay by Gloria Steinem. It's just chivalry; they don't take it seriously. Ronald Reagan opposes the E.R.A., but he felt

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he should give equal time to his daughter Maureen on the issue. So she uses radio time that he, Ronald Reagan, earned to attack his position. He wouldn't have done this on any other issue. It shows he isn't serious about it. It's typical male-chauvinist behavior: Indulge the little lady and allow her to be a feminist.

PLAYBOY: That's interesting. You've effectively called your friend Ronald Reagan a male chauvinist.

GILDER: Well . . . yes. These are the real male chauvinists. The man who is a successful lawyer, or the president of a corporation, or the President of the United States is secure in his manhood, so he allows the little woman her frivolous ideologies. He may even say he's a feminist himself, because he doesn't take these concerns very seriously. This shows disdain for women, not respect. Male indulgence of feminism is the new male chauvinism. It says, "I can't be worried by anything these women do; let them do it. I can't be threatened." Well, a man who's serious understands he *can* be threatened by women. That, in fact, he is more dependent on women than women are on him. And that a movement like the women's movement can threaten him—and society. Because what does feminism liberate? It chiefly liberates men. It liberates men from the responsibilities of monogamous marriage, which is the foundation of civilized life.

PLAYBOY: How do you square monogamy with your earlier explanation of the double standard of sexuality?

GILDER: I said that male sexuality is compulsive and short-lived, in contrast to the women's sexuality, but I feel it *needs* to be domesticated, in a sense, by women. Otherwise, as statistics show, it impels a very difficult life for the single male. Marriage leads to the subordination of compulsive—and promiscuous—male sexual experience to the long-term maternal horizons of female sexuality. It links men to the future through children. So when the feminists insist that female sexuality is the same as that of men, it's just erroneous, as any man could testify, and fundamentally hostile to women.

The idea that women have the same kind of compulsive, single-minded sexual potential that men have simply isn't borne out by any of the evidence. They're *superior* sexually, because they have more options and a broader range of sexuality, but it's not the same. They *can* have as much copulatory sexual experience as men, but they can also forgo it more easily.

PLAYBOY: So you wouldn't admit that the pill and other contraception have had any effect in changing women's sexual behavior? There are plenty of studies that indicate they have.

GILDER: Oh, sure, the pill has had an effect, but the argument that forgoing

motherhood in favor of a promiscuous sex life has enriched women is a very dubious proposition. In any case, the pill would have increased only the very narrow activity of copulation, and the notion that all of sex can be defined as copulation is a male-chauvinist idea. To the extent that women accommodate themselves to that idea, they deny themselves a far greater sexual potential. You find a lot of women who have accepted this now expressing their unhappiness, which the feminists then take as further proof of their oppression. Female sexuality is much more extensive and fulfilling than the male version, because it's linked to other things that are more important—continuity and nurturing.

PLAYBOY: Much of your argument is based on women's childbearing role. But what about women who, A, choose not to have children or, B, who want to enter the work force before or after raising children?

GILDER: The vast majority of women still do bear children. Of the women who enter the work force, some will succeed extraordinarily. But, in general, women won't enter the work force in the same spirit as men. Motherhood is still the central role for women in all societies, and it certainly is central to those young, dynamic years when families are formed and careers are launched. Women have a more important role altogether in the human race, but there is one area where men will *tend* to excel—and that's in the workplace. Men will tend to compete harder at earning money, because that's what determines their relationship to family and their access to children. Because they always have other options, women won't work as hard as men—they generally don't take outdoor work, for example, where the money can be better. And far from accepting the fact that there's been this vast change, I think that women don't work as hard today as they did in the past. I grew up in a farming community, and when America was dominated by farming, women bore children and worked longer hours at their chores and in the fields—contributing greatly to the economy—than many do today at careers.

The reason that women don't generally win the "rat race" is that they have more enriching experiences to choose from centered on the family. Men have to perform outside the family to receive the benefits from it—even to perform sexually. The sex act itself depends on male confidence, and that's why all societies ascribe special importance to male achievements, even if, objectively, they're not as important as women's achievements.

PLAYBOY: But you still haven't addressed our question. If the pill has liberated women from the automatic fear of pregnancy, and if women want to compete in the work force outside of that rela-

tively short childbearing period, why shouldn't the opportunities and potential be the same as for men?

GILDER: Well, first, I think the pill mainly liberated men, allowing them to find more opportunities for their short-term, compulsive sexuality. I don't see that it enriched women's lives. But as to the work opportunities, they're there—for men and women alike. Women aren't held back. My argument is that to the extent we encourage, by legislation or otherwise, forced equality in the workplace, we undermine the strength of society. Incidentally, on the question of postponing motherhood, I've been involved with some groups of older Americans, and overwhelmingly, the response of those who waited until their 30s to have kids was that they missed having grandchildren. Those who had children earlier said that one of the single most enriching experiences of their lives was the enjoyment of their grandchildren.

PLAYBOY: You surely have more complicated thoughts about contraception. Where do you stand on abortion?

GILDER: It's a bad form of birth control. When it's made freely available, it tends to become the dominant form of birth control, as it has in many East European countries and in Sweden. Half of all Swedish pregnancies end in abortion, and one third of all births are illegitimate. [According to UN statistics, fewer than one quarter of Swedish pregnancies end in abortion.] Abortion also can increase problems of sterility. But I know there are all sorts of tragic problems associated with the issue, and I frankly have no easy solution or response. I certainly don't oppose other forms of birth control.

PLAYBOY: Do you find many intelligent women agreeing with your views?

GILDER: Antifeminist women tend to be more intelligent and interesting than feminist women, because they aren't conformists. Feminists in general succumb to the fashion that prevails among the American intelligentsia, while it takes real intellectual courage and conviction to resist this juggernaut, which most of the media have fueled and supported. Women like Phyllis Schlafly and her supporters understand the crucial role of women in society and the importance of maintaining sex roles in order to have a happy and stable society. They know that it's the *differences* between the sexes that lead to love and fulfillment and that attempts to overcome those differences lead to impotence, sterility and a tedious kind of sensuality.

PLAYBOY: Let's pursue this topic of sexual differences a bit more. You've repeatedly singled out aggressiveness in males as one of the factors that make them better competitors in the work force. And in *Sexual Suicide*, you wrote, "Boys are more aggressive because of how they are born, not how they are

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raised." Where's your proof of that?

GILDER: Biology isn't the only factor, but it's certainly true that men are more aggressive in every society known to anthropology. As a matter of fact, two leading feminist scholars, Carol Jacklin and Eleanor Maccoby of Stanford, wrote a voluminous study called *Psychology of Sex Differences*. In it, they concluded that the greater aggressiveness of men is biologically determined—in all societies and in animal studies. The studies were made in infancy, before socialization could be a factor.

I also maintained in *Sexual Suicide* that beyond being a biological fact, it was also a psychological reality, because the sex act itself requires greater aggressiveness by the man. Finally, it's an evolutionary experience, because if most of our history has been in hunting societies, males have depended for their very survival on aggressive kinds of hunting activities, while women have always been responsible for nurturing small children, which is a less aggressive responsibility.

PLAYBOY: Haven't there been societies in which the women have done not only the raising of children but most of the hunting and food gathering as well?

GILDER: Sure, there have been societies where men strutted around and pretended that killing a giraffe every six months was the key to the survival of the tribe, while the women did all the work. But those were irrational societies that didn't do very well. You can channel natural male aggressiveness into roles that are unproductive for the community, and even exalt those roles, but ordinarily the community won't survive.

PLAYBOY: What about the evidence of matriarchal societies?

GILDER: There is no such evidence. Steven Goldberg wrote a book, *The Inevitability of Patriarchy*, which Margaret Mead described as "flawless in its presentation of the data" and which refuted every claim ever made that there had been a matriarchic society. [Margaret Mead actually wrote, "The reporting of his sources cannot be faulted. . . . It is when he puts his pieces together . . . to form his 'theory,' that he ceases to be persuasive."] In each case that a feminist had described a matriarchy, Goldberg would go back to the original studies cited by the feminist and show that authority in that particular society was, in fact, vested with the men.

PLAYBOY: You're saying that there has never been a successful society in which equality of the sexes has been achieved. What about Israel and China?

GILDER: Good examples. A lot has been written about both countries and most of the evidence bears out my position. In Israel, there was a real attempt at reversing the sexual roles within the kibbutzim, and it was found that the women themselves took the lead in refusing the powers ascribed to them un-

der that system. Over time, they refused to go out into the fields and cultivate if it meant having to pack their kids off to the day-care center. Interestingly, never in the history of the kibbutz experiments did men actually take on child-rearing roles, nor did women ever take positions of authority, as the political ideology had prescribed. As a result, today the kibbutz has the most strongly differentiated sex roles in all of Israeli society. [Other studies on the Israeli kibbutz dispute the fact that no women took positions of authority.]

China was devoted to some kind of anthill egalitarianism, but when a study was made of 12,000 people listed by the Communist Party as leaders, only two—Mrs. Mao and Mrs. Chou—were women. And both of those, of course, made it as a result of being married to their husbands. There just isn't any evidence that the Chinese overcame sexual-role differences except insofar as they abolished individuality altogether.

PLAYBOY: You don't think very much of the women's movement, do you?

GILDER: Well, I don't think it's done us any good, but I wouldn't exaggerate the impact of it. In general, I am not a sexual liberationist. As I've said, I think marriage and family are the foundations of civilized life, and anything that tends to be hostile to the formation of families—or receptive to their breakup—tends to increase social problems and decrease productivity.

For instance, I think the feminist movement probably hurts young boys. In the cases I've cited in which the man leaves home, families headed by females tend to make it more difficult for boys to grow up into responsible and loving adults. That leads to increasing distress among women about the quality and attitudes of men they know—and the circle closes in on itself. Yet the response of some of these women is to advocate yet more women's liberation, when this process is the cause of the problem rather than the solution to it.

PLAYBOY: You'd better explain what you mean when you say that the feminist movement harms young boys.

GILDER: It goes back to what I said first got me involved in my critique of feminism—my studies of welfare programs that had the effect of usurping the father's provider role in the ghetto. The response of feminism to this misconceived Government policy was to propose that welfare mothers be provided with work and that their children be provided with a massive system of day-care centers. It struck me that having deprived black families of fathers, the feminists were proceeding to take away the mothers as well. Sometimes I would get the impression, after reading about the proposed solutions, that to a feminist, the only truly liberated individual would be an orphan at a Government-

funded day-care center. It just seemed crazy to me.

The real problem, obviously, was to get the fathers back into their homes as providers. The women just couldn't cope alone with their sons. The boys were out on the street, finding their masculinity in gangs and various *macho* displays, while the mothers were struggling to maintain some kind of order in the home. Then the feminists came along with their grand solution: Take the kids away and stash them in day-care centers and dispatch the mothers to jobs of various kinds, such as sweeping offices or scrubbing toilets or whatever kinds of work are available to welfare mothers in America's big cities. And this was liberation! The feminists could write wonderful poetry about the stimulating environments ingenious civil servants could create for the children, but the reality of most day-care programs is a lot less attractive, especially when the child goes home to a parent exhausted after a nine-hour job. There has been a lot written by feminists about how good a job can be for both child and mother, how she goes home invigorated and can be a better parent to the child. This shows a complete incomprehension of how tiring and difficult most jobs are.

PLAYBOY: What about the case of women who, very simply, *want* to work?


GILDER: Of course, there are many women in the market place doing terribly valuable work who are making major contributions to society. That's one of the options those women have. But many women are working chiefly because they have to, because the economy isn't offering sufficient opportunities for their husbands, and they're certainly not experiencing any kind of liberation.

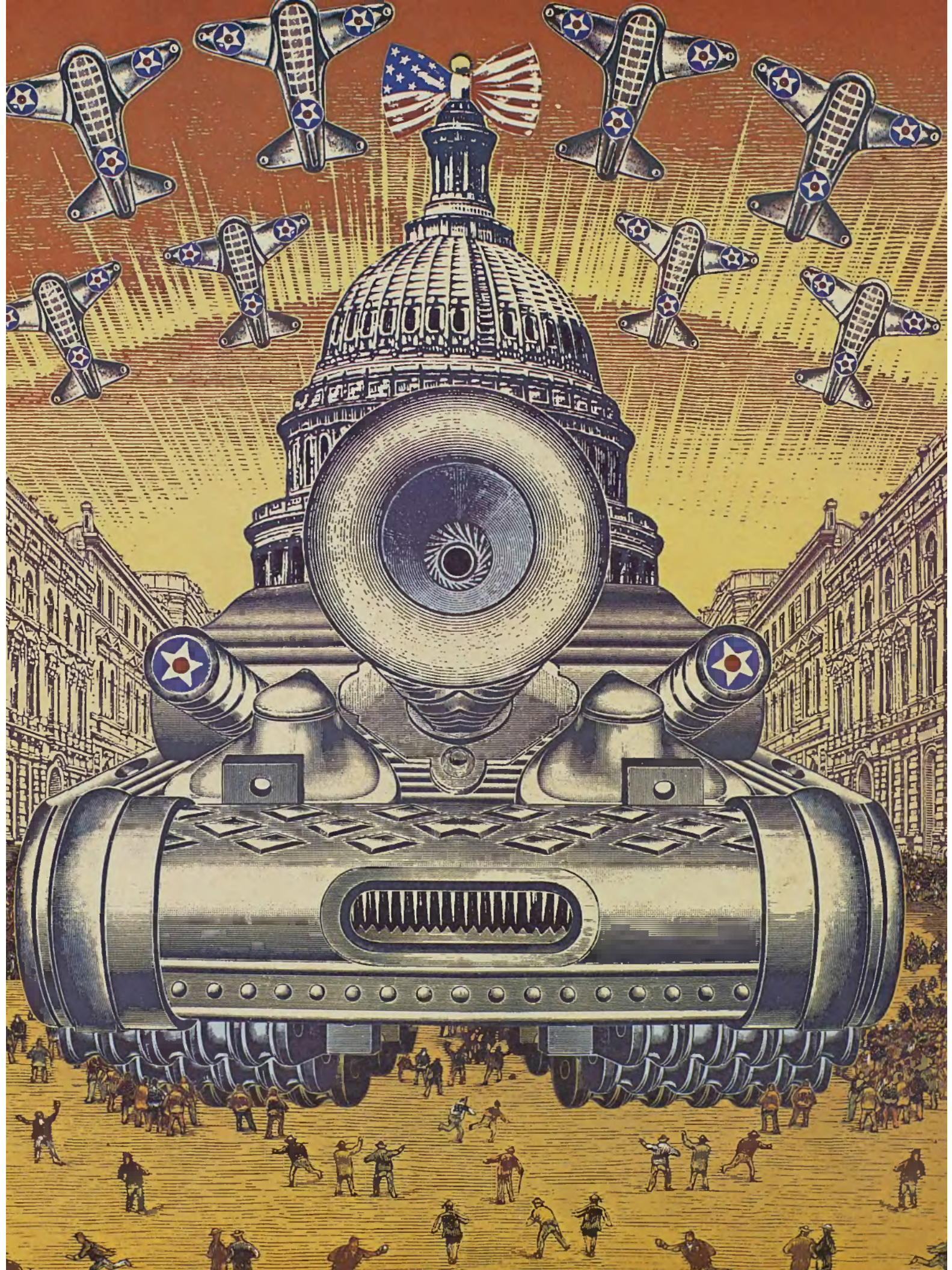
PLAYBOY: We think we sense a closing of your particular circle here, from women's liberation to men's predicament to your prescription for economic solutions.

GILDER: Right. Liberation for many women would be the right to return to the home and devote themselves fully to domestic life. If things go as I hope, I foresee a booming economy, and one that will be very favorable for the American family. In the end, you can't separate economics from sex or faith or love or any of the other wellsprings of human behavior. The mathematical models of conventional economic theory—like the unisex models of feminism—leave out everything that makes life interesting and makes the economy go. Again, you have to get back to what's in people's heads—and that's things like love and ambition, desire and faith, sex and money—not aggregate demand or undifferentiated "human beings." I never met a human being. The people I know are men and women, and that's the way I like it.



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

The sort who reveres the liberating quality of summer. He doesn't need much to feel free: a moped in motion, a basket of bread, cheese and fine wine, an animated woman and a pastoral destination. He counts on PLAYBOY to guide him, not only to the grandest of pleasures but to the modest ones as well. For him, objectives can be elaborate or they can be pure and simple. His magazine points the way and he is very happy to take its lead. 



INSIDE THE NEW RIGHT WAR MACHINE

fueled by the successes of the past election, this government-driven monster is now roaring flat-out on a moral search-and-destroy mission

article **By PETER ROSS RANGE**

THERE'S A WAR going on and the bad guys are winning. To them, it is a holy war—a latter-day jihad in the heart of the modern democracy. It represents the final metamorphosis of the conservative movement in America into a religio-political attack on personal freedom. Don't worry about George Orwell's *1984*; the state as dictator of personal morality is almost here in 1981.

If Senator Jesse Helms and his supporting network of legislators and political hit men outside Congress get their way, you'll soon see Americans once again visiting back-alley butchers or foreign countries for abortions, smuggling Henry Miller's books in from Paris, pushing gays back into the closet (or into the jails), holding women in second-class jobs or in the kitchen, forcing kids to get their sex education off the bathroom walls, returning control of voting rights for blacks to the notoriously capricious local registrars in the South and removing all Federal relief for victims of child abuse and wife beating. The decriminalization of marijuana stands not a whit of a chance under the self-styled new-right thought police.

If you don't believe we're at war, listen to Paul Weyrich. As founder and director of the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress, he is at the very heart of a propaganda-and-politi-

cal-training network that helped elect a number of the archconservatives who form a near-controlling force in the U. S. Senate today. He is also perhaps the most sanctimonious of the new self-appointed arbiters of American morality.

"It may not be with bullets and it may not be with rockets and missiles," says Weyrich, "but it is a war nonetheless. It is a war of ideology, it's a war of ideas, it's a war about our way of life. And it has to be fought with the same intensity and dedication as you would fight a shooting war."

A war about our—your, my—way of life. Not content simply to live by the tenets of his German/Wisconsin ancestors and the Eastern Rite Catholicism he practices today in Washington, Weyrich wants us all to conform to his standards. An example of what he has in mind is the Family Protection Act, a piece of legislation that would "take us back to the Puritan days," as one defeated Democratic Senator says.

The bill, first introduced by Senator Paul Laxalt but largely written in one of Weyrich's two town-house offices on Capitol Hill, attacks gay rights, undermines the equal rights of women and gives special protection to the "Christian academies" throughout the South—private schools set up to maintain an essentially segregated educational sys-

tem. Weyrich calls the bill "the most significant battle of the age-old conflict between good and evil, between the forces of God and forces against God." If you favor women in the board room and equal rights for gays, you are a force against God. The holy war is here.

The most alarming thing is how quickly the forces of this right guard have gained ground. Only a year ago, they were a handful of inside agitators throwing bombs from their bunkers on Capitol Hill. Their political minions were waging bloody, guerrilla-style campaigns in selected states. But in November, they won big. Now they're inside the ramparts, running executive departments and chairing Senatorial committees. They are turning the U. S. Government into a veritable war machine.

"We are radicals," insists Weyrich, "who want to change the existing power structure." The strategy is the gradual corralling of seats in Congress, along with continued control of the Republican Party nominating conventions, leading to take-over of the White House—something they thought they had in Ronald Reagan, who has thus far given them only half a loaf.

"We don't have control of the White House yet," says Howard Phillips, national director of the Conservative

FREEDOM FIGHTERS

it's get-tough time and we're taking names—so meet the elected repressors who vote down your individual rights

By EDWARD ROEDER

INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM has come a long way toward Thomas Jefferson's idea "that all Men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." But the tories are coming. As the accompanying article shows, they are mounting an assault upon our liberties and attempting to force their notions of morality and propriety on us. They're not coming by land or by sea but by the airwaves and the Congress.

To measure this repressive, anti-freedom sentiment in Congress, PLAYBOY commissioned me to develop a personal-freedom index, to rate members' voting on issues relating to individual liberty. After consultation with PLAYBOY's editors—plus more than 100 interviews with Congressional lobbyists, members and staffers—I selected the issues, with help from my full-time research associate, Diane Wachs.

Personal-freedom issues are those in which the Federal Government's action or inaction will tend to enhance or reduce equal opportunities to enjoy "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness." By this rationale, Federal intervention on behalf of individuals, consonant with protecting their constitutional rights, is generally held to be profreedom. Actions that would curtail the freedom of individuals are held to be antifreedom.

For each measure, we have counted a key vote, a showdown that indicated the members' support or opposition for the proposed change in law. Key votes don't always come on final passage of a bill and, in fact, often occur on amendments or procedural motions that can have the effect of killing a bill or moving it forward.

Draft registration: On June 12, 1980, the Senate passed by a 58-34 vote a bill to transfer \$13,300,000 to the Selective Service Administration in order to register 19- and 20-year-old males for a possible military draft. A vote for the bill was antifreedom, because if the country wants a better Army, it should pay to hire and keep better recruits, rather than enslave 19- and 20-year-olds to work at coolie

wages so the rest of us can enjoy our tax exemptions. The House vote was on the same issue, on April 22, 1980.

Domestic violence: Each year, 3,500,000 wives and 250,000 husbands are battered by their spouses seriously enough to seek medical attention or police help. The Domestic Violence and Services Act—aiding local centers where battered spouses can seek temporary shelter—passed the Senate on September 4, 1980, by a vote of 46-41. Conservative Christian groups considered the bill "Federal intrusion into sensitive family disputes [that would] facilitate, rather than hinder, the breakup of families." A vote for the bill is counted as profreedom, because it would give battered spouses an alternative to submitting to brutality. On October first, the House adopted the conference report by a vote of 276-117.

Forced pregnancy: Every year, pro-choice and anti-abortion members of Congress battle over how many zygotes will fit on a pinhead. Abortion foes try to limit Federal funding, to save every unborn "life" they can. Pro-choicers try to get exceptions to the bans. This particular vote was on a motion by Jesse Helms, to table (kill) an amendment by Connecticut Republican Lowell Weicker allowing use of Medicaid funds for abortions in cases of rape or incest promptly reported to authorities. It failed in the Senate, 35-45, on September 29, 1980. The motion was antifreedom, because it would force a "truly needy" rape victim to bear the child of her attacker. The rights of the victimized woman are more important than the "rights" of the fetus or the rapist. The comparable vote in the House came on December 6, 1979.

Abortion rights (GIs and college students): Since pro-lifers can't stop people who can afford abortions from having them, they try to find a Federal angle to prevent abortion from being available along with other medical services. This Helms amendment to prohibit the use of Defense Department monies for abortions by GIs and their dependents was rejected in the Senate, 38-47, on November 6, 1979. The closest thing to a comparable House vote was on an amendment by *(continued on page 219)*

Caucus, meeting ground of the religious right with the political right.

The take-over is coming in stages, starting with last year's Republican victories in the Senate. "It is well advertised that the G.O.P. now controls the Senate," explains Wesley McCune, director of Group Research, Inc., which monitors right-wing activities from an office on Capitol Hill. "But it is still not realized that the right wing controls the G.O.P."

The right's immediate goal is to increase its strength in the Congress, where it has already targeted another 20 liberal and moderate Democratic and Republican Senators (Ted Kennedy is at the top of the list) for political extinction in the 1982 elections. Right-wing ideologues are also expected to gain seats in the House of Representatives.

The ultimate purpose of this grand political plan is, of course, to restructure society to suit the dreams of those God-fearing Babbitts. Theirs is a world in which most people of power are white, male and Christian; other people are proles in lesser roles. Phillips has advocated a "return to Biblical law." Civil liberties as we know them today would exist on the sufferance of such men as Jerry Falwell, field chaplain to the right and high prince of religious television, who has denounced all those who served in office over the past 20 years as "godless, spineless leaders who have brought our nation . . . to the brink of death."

Tactically, the warriors of the new right have adopted the most effective methods of international terrorism: wrapping a series of dubious social issues in a brilliant propaganda campaign, they have created a climate of fear—and then used that fear as the weapon to get whatever they want. "The Moral Majority is, in fact, a minority," said *Washington Post* political columnist Haynes Johnson after traveling all over the country during the 1980 campaigns. "But they have great organization, commitment, desire, hunger and the absolutely unshakable faith that they are correct. And they want to impose it on the majority."

The most obvious example is abortion: although every poll shows that most Americans (from 58 to 83 percent, depending on how the questions are asked), including Catholics, favor the availability of abortion under all or certain circumstances, the conservatives have successfully seized on it as the most attention-getting platform in politics today (even the right knows that sex is still the best drawing card). Since the 1973 Supreme Court decision legalizing the procedure under medically safe conditions, there has been no abortion issue—until the new right invented one. That minority of the populace that opposed abortion was free to have all the



"Then, when my name is a household word, I'll retire from films, get into politics and—who knows?—maybe run for governor of California."

babies it wanted. We didn't know we had a moral identity crisis until they said we did. Yet the majority that wanted freedom to choose its own lifestyle has now been corralled and politically bullied by the sloganeering zealots.

A good part of the far right's success lies in its remarkable skill with words: "Pro-family" and "pro-life" are an image-maker's dream. Not only do they raise the Jesse Helmses and the Phyllis Schlaflys to a kind of sainthood but they make the rest of us seem to be *anti-family* and, believe it or not, *anti-life*. "The right-wingers have pre-empted 'family,'" Wesley McCune told the annual convention of the National Abortion Rights Action League early this year. "They stole it and it's theirs and I don't know how you'll ever get it back."

This pervasive threat of moral kneecapping has allowed a handful of Senators, Congressmen, foundation heads and extraparliamentary political activists—all led by Helms, maybe the most powerful politician in America outside the White House—to wield a policy-making power far beyond their numbers.

Consider the Senate Steering Committee, an unofficial political arm of the far right within the U. S. Senate. It was clandestinely organized in 1974 as a conservative antidote to an old-line liberal Republican luncheon group called the Wednesday Club. But it soon went much further than a once-a-week political bull session over food provided by the Senate dining room; it set up a research-and-strategy staff paid for out of the various members' tax-dollar salary allotments. Its offices—tucked away in a shabby Senate annex with no name on the door or the building directory—have since become an efficient clearinghouse that notifies the Senatorial guardians of American virtue when and how they can thwart progressive legislation, use parliamentary procedure for surprise tactics on the Senate floor and take political initiatives that put the moderate center under pressure to accept conservative positions.

After its existence became known, then-Majority Leader Robert C. Byrd attacked the Senate Steering Committee on the floor of the Senate. Because its membership list is still secret, he denounced it as "mysterious" and "shadowy." He objected to its usurpation of the word Senate, though it has no official standing in that body. Despite those barbs, the Steering Committee thrives with Helms as its chairman. It even has division of labor.

"Each guy is supposed to be smart on a certain issue," says the former top aide to one of the most conservative Senators on the committee. And, for the most part, it is so. Helms, the team captain, plays the most positions. As chairman

of the Senate Agriculture Committee, he spends his influence alternately tearing down the food-stamp and school-lunch programs while protecting the North Carolina tobacco industry. Of course, his real interests are in the "moral" issues: abortion, sex education, prayer in the schools, busing, pornography, permissiveness in general. Since 1978, he has also been increasingly involved and even meddling in foreign affairs, especially where military dictatorships or white minority regimes are under attack from black or brown people.

James McClure of Idaho is the group's energy watchdog—pro-nuclear power, opposed to such "extremist" restrictions as the Clean Air Act. Like most of the new rightists, he has cosponsored a constitutional amendment to ban abortions. McClure is also the far right's ambassador to the middle: He was successfully pushed by Steering Committee stalwarts into the number-three leadership position of the Republican majority of the Senate, becoming chairman of the Senate Republican Conference. That puts him right behind Majority Leader Howard Baker and Republican Whip Ted Stevens in determining the strategy of the majority party of the U. S. Senate. McClure is the right wing's nice guy; he doesn't act funny or say extreme things, but his politics are hardly any different from Helms's. He played a key role in the vicious Idaho election campaign last year against liberal Frank Church; the man McClure helped elect, former Congressman Steve Symms, has already been dubbed by columnist Jack Anderson as front runner for the title of "worst Senator."

Senator Jake Garn of Utah is officially the banking, housing and urban-affairs man and has ascended with the new Republican majority into the chairmanship of the committee of the same name. He has always fought such Proxmirean measures as the Truth in Lending Act, which forced lending and credit-card companies to tell you how they *really* had been charging 18 percent interest all along.

But Garn's real specialty, the thing that "makes the eyes in that hawklike face light up," says an arms-control specialist from the Carter Administration, is defense—as in war and missiles. Garn is so violently opposed to *détente* with the Soviets that he couldn't sleep at night while he was busy holding up ratification of SALT II in 1979; he told *The New York Times* his wife said he talked about the treaty in his sleep.

Now that the MX missile is getting new life from the Reagan Administration, however, Garn and other hardliners from the mountain states are suddenly screaming bloody murder be-

cause those beastly weapons would be planted in *their back yards*, those wonderful wide-open spaces they love to talk about when attacking the satanic forces of the godless East.

Then there is Orrin Hatch, almost a force unto himself. Like Garn, Hatch is a practicing Mormon from Utah, but he wears it on his sleeve. "We believe the Constitution is divinely inspired and that God created this country," he says without a trace of mirth. Hatch is the stiff-necked fellow who almost single-handedly defeated the Labor Law Reform Act and the Fair Housing Reform Bill in the last Congress. He is now chairman of the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee, promoting a subminimum wage for teenagers (read: Get the young blacks off the street). He is the Steering Committee's right-to-work hero, anathema to labor.

While Helms has always been the inner group's point man in the anti-abortion cause, it is Laxalt of Nevada who carries the banner on the other social or "pro-family" issues. Laxalt introduced the Draconian Family Protection Act last year, and it never reached the floor of the Senate. Now that he, as Reagan's best friend on Capitol Hill, is a kind of special White House liaison in Congress, Senator Roger Jepsen of Iowa, a creature of the new right's vicious political action arm in 1978, has taken charge of the bill. A new version was to be introduced by summer.

Senator Malcolm Wallop of Wyoming is a polo-playing rancher who fights the battles of the developers who would just as soon pave over the Colorado River and turn a redwood forest into condos. He vigorously championed anti-environmentalist James Watt for Secretary of the Interior. He attacks ecologists by arguing that Federal water-protection standards often "fail to take into consideration . . . whether God originally made the stream fishable or swimmable."

Newcomers to the Steering Committee this year are Senators John East of North Carolina and retired Admiral Jeremiah Denton, Jr., a former Vietnam POW from Alabama. Denton is the man who organized the Coalition for Decency in his state and ran on an anti-adultery platform, once invoking the practice of some primitive societies of administering capital punishment for fornication as an example of how the sinews of society must be protected.

Denton is a creature of both Helms and Weyrich, and has come under the wing of Strom Thurmond, new chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee. Thurmond set Denton up as head of something called the Subcommittee on Terrorism and Security, a reincarnation

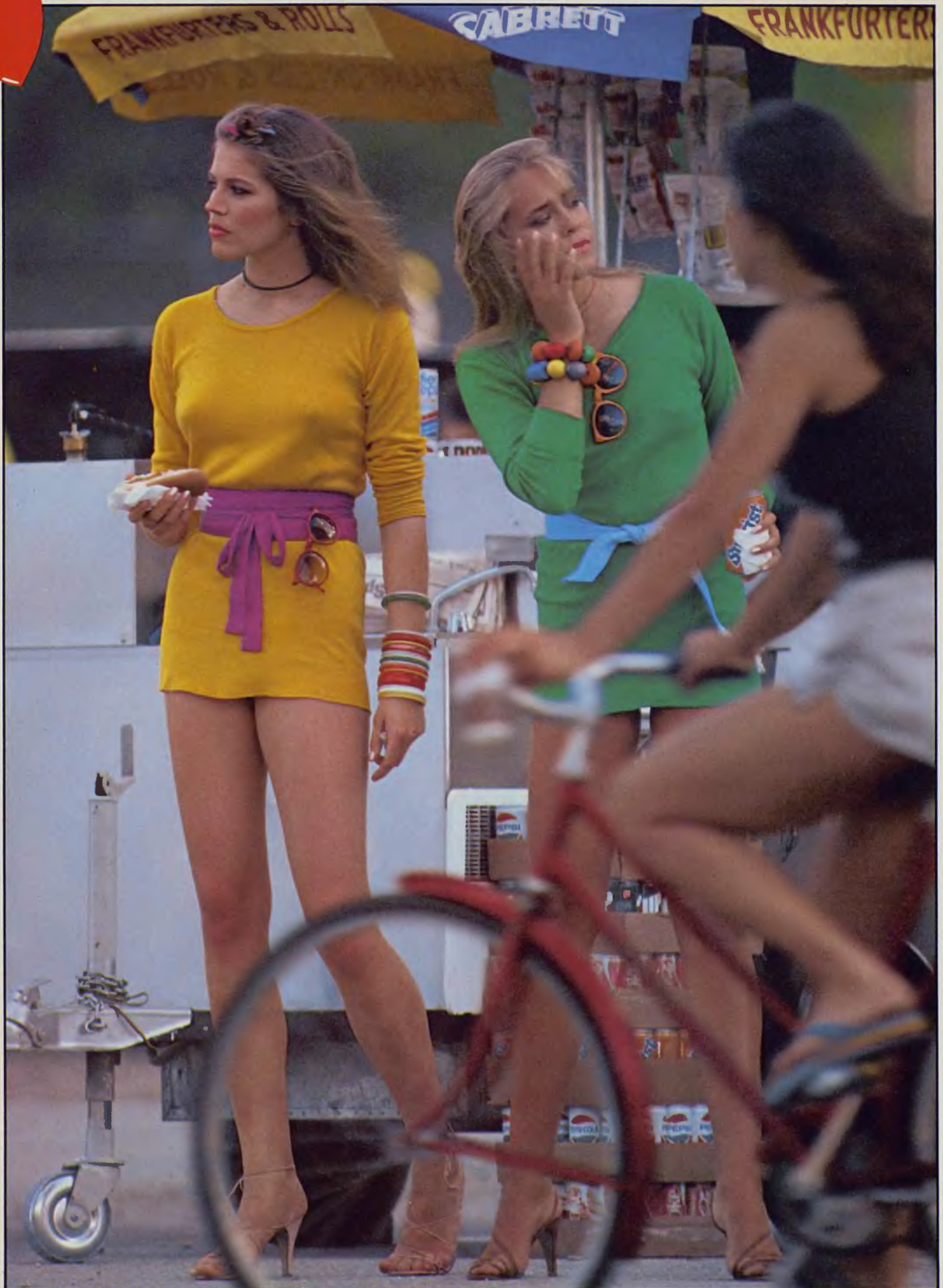
(continued on page 116)



*after reading this,
all you'll need is a tan*

SUMMER: A CELEBRATION

SUMMER is the season that always seems to slip away from us. On Memorial Day, it takes over like a warm blur, then it all too abruptly ends with Labor Day. But it doesn't have to be that way. In the next 12 pages, we will reacquaint you with some of the seasonal pleasures that make summer special. After all, it is literally the time when nature wants you to smell the roses. It is the time when your bare feet re-establish their relationship with the good earth. It is also the time when goofing off takes on a philosophical insistence. There's a great big world out there to get hot and sweaty about. Turn the page and you'll see what we mean.



THE GIRLS OF SUMMER

THE LADIES. Let us lift our eyeglasses in tribute. They are *heavy*. They ravish us with their beauty and we do not know that we have been had until it's all over. When the sun shines and the sky is blue and they are out wearing what was once considered underwear, no one is going to talk you out of looking. As a solo act, it is an unfettered vice. It can even be excused as simply watching where you're going.

And yet women still have a lot of trouble with this natural response. Especially the ones you're with. There's nothing they can do about it when they aren't around to see it. But that's not the way it works: You are walking with her, your head sharply pivots, and you suddenly realize she is no longer holding your hand. You've just re-enacted an unconscious, obsessive ritual—in the middle of a sentence, your sexual radar focuses on the target, appreciating from north to south—and your main squeeze has just frosted over into the no zone.

Women can never understand how wonderfully meaningless girl watching is. It's a good thing they can't read our minds and realize exactly how limited we are. The usual thoughts that accompany girl watching are so unbelievably coarse and dumb that no one would dare expose them willingly: Heartbreaking face. Awesome breasts. An ass that redefines "curve." A walk that is both viscous and crisp. Wonder what she'd look like naked, bent over at the end of a diving board. . . .

This all takes place so fast that there is no room for really *feeling* any of it. It probably represents some kind of genetic instant replay of instinctive tapes. It is the very meaninglessness of it that makes it so enjoyable. It's the junk food of sexuality.

There's going to be a lot more to look at this summer. Dresses are getting shorter (left); even shorts are getting shorter (above right).



At the beach (left) and in their cars (above), girls naturally try to keep cool. The best way to beat the heat is to wear less, and have what you wear cover less. This also helps keep America great.

Women, however, are addicted to whole-grain sex. They want to feel at all times a certain intimacy with a man that is akin to original sin. You're Adam, she's Eve and you star in your own little creation story. This feeling sometimes makes men somewhat uncomfortable, but it is usually extremely enjoyable. It is not a necessary condition of survival



for men in the way it is for women.

Looking at another woman is perceived as an interruption of concentration. She hasn't lost you; but she's lost—however temporarily—that *feeling* she keeps of you together. That feeling is more precious to her than anything you can give her. It's where everything begins; and the only way to deal with that is to accept it. You can't defend your right to look at other women. All you can do is be discreet and get away with as much as possible with the least amount of trouble. Girl watching is important. Never cheapen it by using it as a means of asserting your independence



Summer is a state of mind. A little part of our collective spirit goes on permanent vacation. We indulge in the accompanying vices, which include staring out the window, not holding up our end of the conversation and falling in love every 15 minutes. On these pages, there are good reasons why this happens. Whether a girl gets caught in a summer thundershower (top left) or catches a breeze in the park (top) or cools her heels in a fountain (above) or readjusts her costume (left), she is likely to become an event you may remember for the rest of your life. The same is true for an act as complex as sun-bathing (right) or as simple as taking a long drink of water (above, right and far right).

or making her feel jealous in order to keep her in line. Watch girls for the pure, sensuous pleasure of it. If you think you can pull it off, explain that to her.

This, of course, will not make her like it any better, but it may make her like *you* a little better—and that's what counts. You have to learn to give psychic head. Stimulate her with well-chosen thoughts. The best place to choose them is from *her* head rather than from yours.

After the Nuremberg trials of the feminist era, all anyone wants is peace. The quarrels of those dark and





lonely years are finally dissipating. Our bruised sexualities are healing. Some reverence is back in order.

Women, after all, are still the untamed things in our lives. The point is, we savor their company in whatever measure it comes our way—however microscopic the encounter may be. That's what girl watching is really about.



The girls of summer are like a shot in the arm—sometimes they are so beautiful they hurt, but they are also good for us. They can, for example, make us perfectly content to wait our turn at the drinking fountain (left). They can make us want to know our way around town, to help read a road map (top). Or wish we had a motorcycle (above). They can also make us bite our lip hard (right).



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STAN MALINOWSKI

Hey, big
boy, wanna
play?

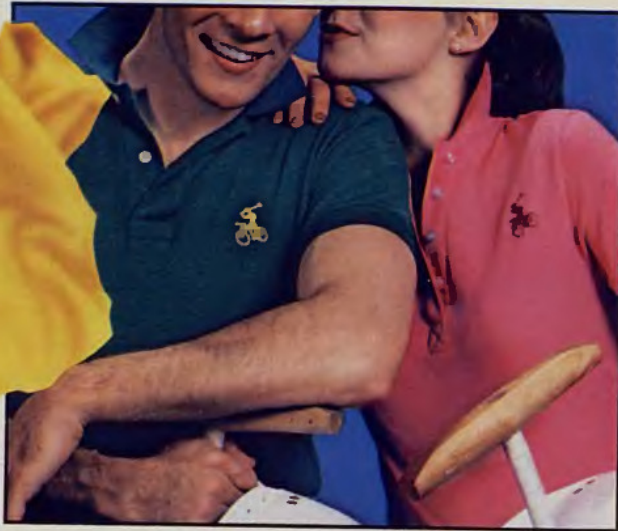


Many animals use mud to keep cool. Many human animals (like the ones below) use mud to get down and dirty. Any excuse will do, but body-contact sports such as touch football are best. Just soak down a large field until it's slick and gooey. Invite your friends, wear clothes that don't need dry-cleaning and go for it.



Some sports have to wait for technology to catch up with inspiration. Blo-Bowl (below) is played like soccer, but team members use a Super Nerf Ball propelled by Echo power blowers—eight-pound units that are normally used to clean patios and driveways. There are Blo-Bowl tournaments now in 20 cities to raise funds for Easter Seals, and it is one of the truly goofiest sports we've watched.





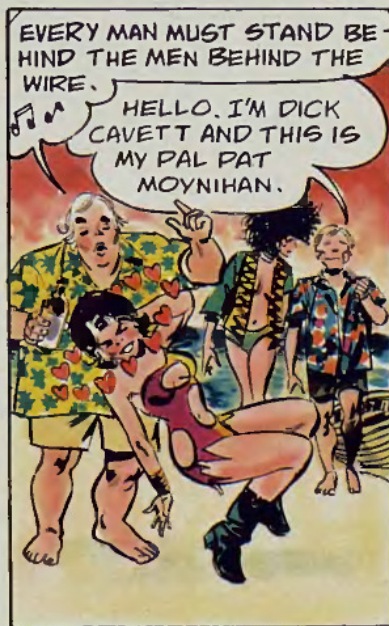
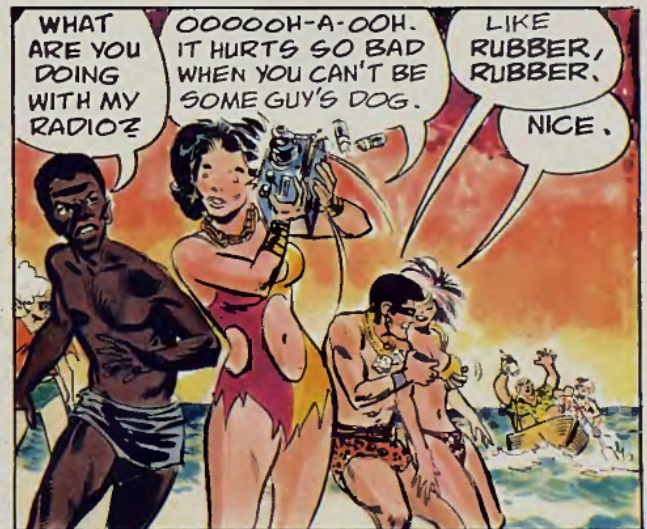
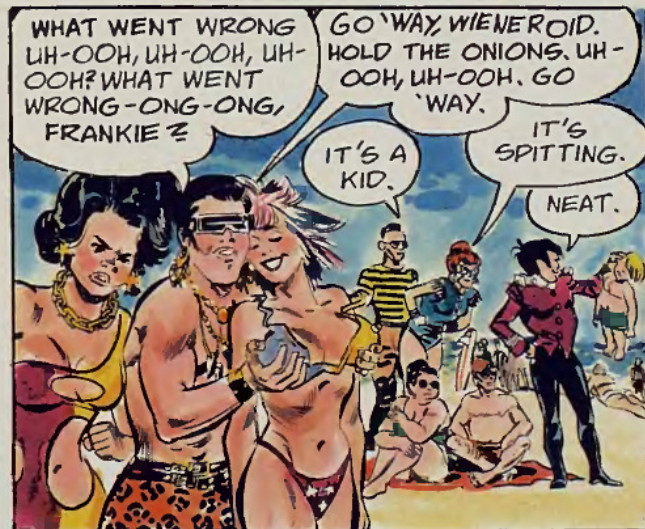
Polo has always been a rich man's sport. However, with bicycle polo (above), all you need is an empty parking lot, a bicycle, a cut-down polo mallet and a lot of agility. Maneuverability counts, rather than speed. Another sport that has gained an enormous following is flying-disc golf (at left). One of the 200 courses may be near you. Enjoy a faursame.

Inner-tube volleyball (below) doesn't necessarily require that participants know how to swim. It can be played in a pool or in water shallow enough for a net. There's always a lot of bottoming up.



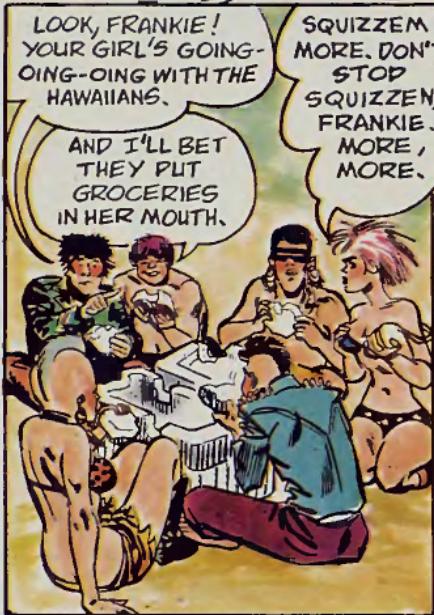
It wouldn't really be summer if we didn't check in on Frankie, Annette and the gang down at the eternal California beach party. A lot has happened in the 15 years since

NEW WAVE BEACH PARTY



OOGIE OOGIE WEEKEND

their last movie. Today, kids are, um, different. They ride a New Wave. And as writers Croig Schwab and Timothy Beaugereau see it, those people with the purple hair have taken over just about everything.



LOOK, FRANKIE! YOUR GIRL'S GOING-OING-OING WITH THE HAWAIIANS.

AND I'LL BET THEY PUT GROCERIES IN HER MOUTH.

SQUIZZEM MORE. DON'T STOD SQUIZZEN, FRANKIE. MORE, MORE.



I'D LIKE A LARGE, NUMBER-ONE BAG FILLED WITH WHISKEY.

DO YOU HAVE ANY BOOKS ABOUT AFRICAN BONE CHINA BY A FRENCHMAN?

CAN I HAVE IT, 'CAUSE I LOVE-A LOVE-A LOVE YA?



THESE ARE QUITE INTERESTING PEOPLE.

RIGHT, DICK.



LOOKIT YOUR GIRL, FRANKIE.

I THOUGHT THOSE WIENERS WERE HAWAIIANS, BUT THEY'RE JUST BUMS.



SHE'S MINE, MINE, MINE.

GET OUT OF THE WAY, YOU COLOR-HAIRED WOOSIE.

HIT HIM, PAT. HIT HIM AGAIN. HIT HIM IN THE COLORED HAIR. HIT HIM IN THE EYE. HIT HIM!



I LOVE YOU GOOD NOW, 'CAUSE YOU'RE IN THE SAND.

BAD LUCK TO THE ROBBER, BE HE DRUNK OR SOBER, WHO MURDERED NELL FLATTERH'S BEAUTIFUL DRAKE.



AND I LOVE YOU BETTER THAN THOSE OTHER TITS, TOO. OH, WON'T YOU PLEA-A-EE-A-EE-A PLEASE HAVE THIS STUFF SO YOU'LL KNOW IT?

GINCHY!

OOGIE.

NEAT.

THROW IT AND EAT IT.

EAT IT.

IT'S NOT A WIENER.

SUMMER PLEASURES



HOWARD HESSEMAN

On Staying Indoors

As often as not, I'm comatose. So it's hard to get to the beach when it's all I can do to crawl from the bedroom to the kitchen. In Los Angeles, one has to *drive* to the beach. That's not a pleasant experience; and the beach is an experience not unlike the drive. You find yourself in a prone position, baking underneath a blanket of pollution that is as bad as the one you drove through to get there. Anyway, I find it easy to have a lot of fun hanging out at home—given the willing companionship of a wanton goddess. I'm not one to avoid time on the horizontal worktable.

FRANKLYN AJAYE

On the "Black Tan"

I'm from Los Angeles. I went to a predominantly black high school, mainly because I was predominantly black. Still am. And that's why, for most of my life, I never went to the beach. When my friends would ask me to accompany them to the beach, my answer was always, "No, thank you, I can't swim and I don't tan!" Well, finally, one of my friends invited me to his beach party, securing my presence by letting me know that a girl I liked was going to be there. I dressed in some gym trunks and a tank top. At home that evening, as I was getting ready to take a shower, I noticed that the skin tone from my thighs to my waist was *lighter* than the rest of my body. I was stunned, but the evidence was conclusive. From that day on, when somebody asked me to accompany him to the beach, my only answer was, "No, thanks, I can't swim."

ERICA JONG

Reading in the Hot Tub

My husband [Jonathan Fast] and I read in the hot tub and the sau-

na. The pages turn yellow and drops of sweat fall on them, but other than that, it's charming. Not many writers are doing good erotic fiction these days, though—the kind that challenges your ideas of what sexy should be. *Fanny Hill* is the best example, because it's so cheerful. John Donne is sexy, too, and so is Shakespeare.

FRED WILLARD

Pulling Your Summer Wardrobe Together

Why not wear your street shoes and socks with your bathing suit? You'll be the first one dressed and back on the bus when it's time to leave. But please: no garters. A T-shirt with a funny motto, such as I'M WITH STUPID, is great unless you're usually alone. In that case, you might want to wear a funny hat adorned with miniature beer cans. That lets the girls know that "All stops are out" and "You'll soon be in tandem."

RICHARD (The Dieter's Guide to Weight Loss During Sex) SMITH

The Perfect Summer Woman

The rapture of seeing braless women jogging can inspire me to run another five miles or so, easily. The jogging bra is the worst invention since nuclear weapons. I really hope someone discovers that the potassium content in them is too high.

I like women who eat hearty foods in the summer. Give me a woman who'll eat Spanish rice, beans and sausage on a hot August day and we're talking about somebody I'd buy a Mercedes for. Give me a woman who reeks with garlic in the summer. Also, have you noticed that women who drink beer are sexier than women who don't? If a woman drinks beer in the summer and also jogs without a bra, now we're talking about a Mercedes plus a week in Montreal—all expenses paid by me.

JAN & DEAN

Music to Take to the Beach

Theme from *Jaws*, *Smiley Smile* by the Beach Boys, *Octopus's Garden* by the Beatles, *Rock Lobster* by the B-52s and *Love Letters in the Sand* by Pat Boone.



THE BEST BEACHES TO MEET GIRLS

WEST

Newport Beach, California: In the bay, "bay bombing" takes place nearly every weekend. You start at one end of the bay in your motorboat and proceed to stop at every bar along the shore, in search of the perfect gin and tonic and the perfect companion.

Manhattan Beach, California: Long toasted (or derided) as having more stewardesses per cubic foot than any other city in America, Manhattan Beach is for serious beachgoers, those for whom careers, relationships and drugs are secondary pursuits.

Muir Beach, California: If you've heard the Marin legends or have even a nodding acquaintance with *Serial*, you know what Marin County women are like.

Seaside, Oregon: Considered the Fort Lauderdale of the Northwest; fun is the main—if not only—attraction. In fact, in the Sixties, when riots usually had political motives, the kids of Seaside tore the town apart simply for the fun of it. Those days are gone, but the beach remains the focus of the social whirl.



WHY DON'T WE DO IT IN THE ROAD?

Many people have gone down in history as outdoor thrill seekers. Rita and John Jenrette, for example, made a few Capitol steps very famous. And all those folks who went to Woodstock have a lot more to be thankful for than just some good music. In case you have never done it *en plein air*, you really do owe it to yourself to give it a try. Our suggestions for good places include: in a rowboat in New York's Central Park (safe from muggers); anywhere off California's Route 1 between Big Sur and Monterey; on the island Playa del Amor off Cabo San Lucas, Mexico.



CAUTIONARY THOUGHTS ON MAKING IT IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS

In some quarters, doing it outdoors is the most sincere form of ardor. We don't want to argue with that. In fact, we concede that some of our favorite almost-out-of-body experiences have occurred without a roof overhead. However, it is not for everyone. Face it; you're *vulnerable* out there. And so some coldhearted premeditation can't hurt. Beaches, we're sorry to say, are not such a hot idea. A few grains of misplaced sand do not make for a pleasant sound track to your lovemaking. A beach towel can help. Be prepared: Carry insect repellent. Then, if the urge moves you, it won't be necessary to explain your bizarre swatting motions. And stay out of barley fields; the little corns stay in your clothes forever. To be absolutely safe, flash slides of Yosemite on the wall of your bedroom. Of course, part of the fun of outdoor sex is its danger and unpredictability. Just try not to frighten the animals.

EAST

Ocean Beach, Fire Island, New York: Of all the beautiful beaches strung out along this barrier island, Ocean Beach is the one most packed with young, hot singles of both sexes.

Rehoboth Beach, Delaware: Where Washington goes in the summer. It's the place for bureaucrats to meet, eat shrimp and meet other bureaucrats of the opposite sex. Very casual. One Washingtonian says, "It's the kind of place where you toss a football around

on the beach. It's like being in college." Lotsa pretty ladies.

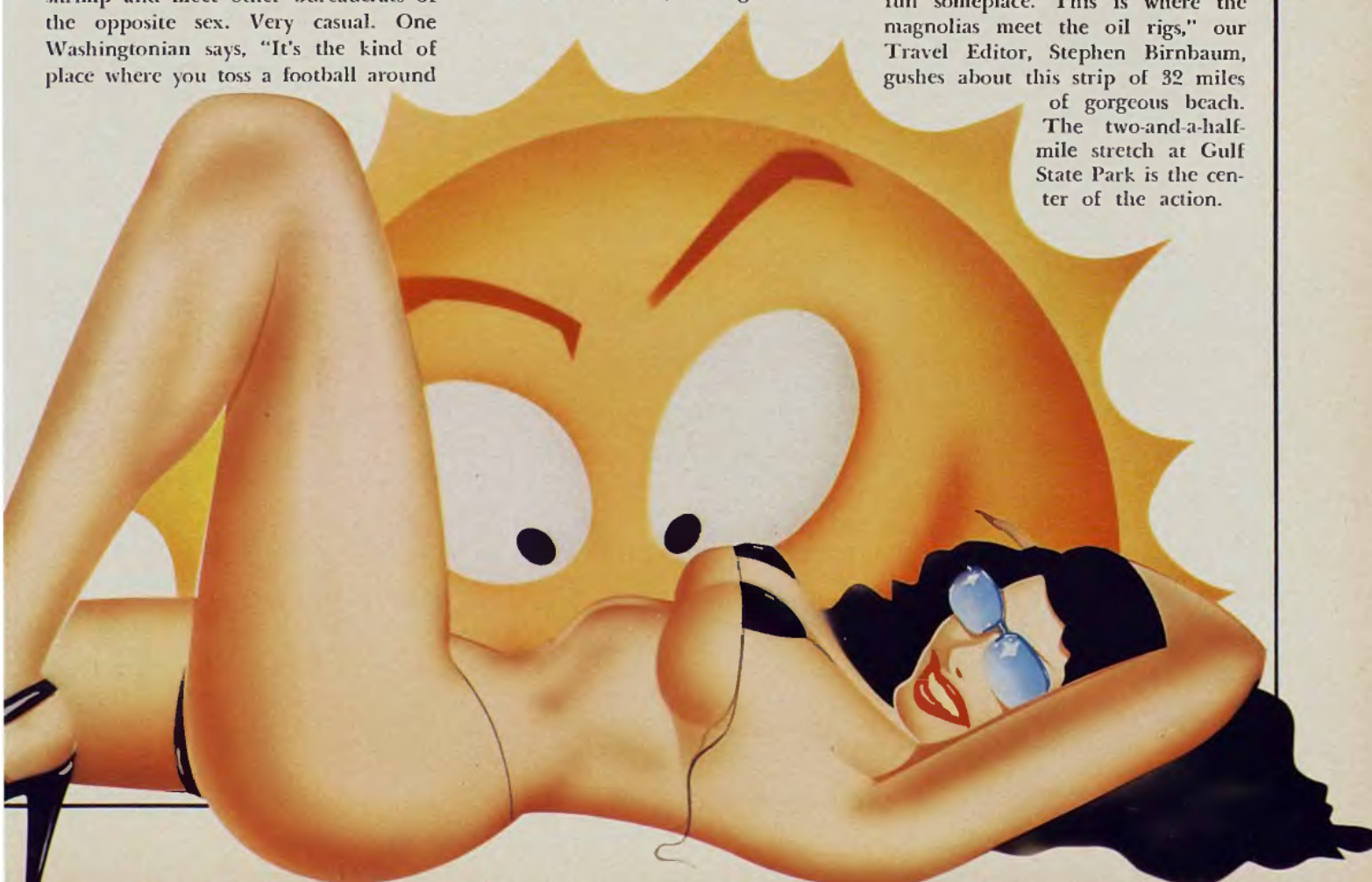
Surfside Beach, Nantucket Island, Massachusetts: More lively for young people than its island cousin Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket is overrun with college students in the summer and Surfside is the most popular gathering place.

CENTRAL

Oak Street Beach, Chicago, Illinois:

This is where the Windy City's young professionals and stylish hustlers hang out. It's a block away from Playboy's international headquarters and when our Photo Department needs a quick model, it takes only a few minutes at Oak Street to find someone.

Gulf Shores, Alabama: "The most beautiful girls in the world are from Alabama, and they all have to have fun someplace. This is where the magnolias meet the oil rigs," our Travel Editor, Stephen Birnbaum, gushes about this strip of 32 miles of gorgeous beach. The two-and-a-half-mile stretch at Gulf State Park is the center of the action.



NEW RIGHT WAR MACHINE

(continued from page 102)

"Helms once made a promise 'never to leave the floor of the Senate unattended by one of us. . . .'"

of Joseph McCarthy's notorious Permanent Investigations Subcommittee. East is the wheelchair-bound small-college professor from North Carolina who was hand-picked by Helms's formidable political machine, the Congressional Club, to defeat Democratic incumbent Robert Morgan. He appears to be Helms's ideological clone and has told more than one questioner he would "have to check with Senator Helms on that"; such sycophancy has prompted Capitol Hill wags to refer to East as "Helms on wheels."

Because of his freshman status and apparently very limited charisma (his election campaign was conducted by Helms's own operatives almost exclusively on television), East hasn't yet assumed full portfolio on the Steering Committee. But he has become Helms's alter ego on the abortion issue, taking charge of S.158, the statutory end run around the Constitution that Helms has mounted. It would ban abortion by law rather than amendment, thwarting the very spirit of the Supreme Court's 1973 ruling. East assumed that jurisdiction through his chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee's Separation of Powers Subcommittee—especially created for him by Strom Thurmond.

Thurmond himself is a kind of reborn old rightist. Unlike Barry Goldwater, who has shown some hostility to the Young Turks of the new right, Thurmond has allied himself with them and plays a role in their strategy. As chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, he has made it his goal to try to bring back the Federal death penalty—a punishment traditionally meted out more often to blacks than to whites. Thurmond proudly cites his record as a South Carolina circuit-court judge in the Forties, when he sent four men to the electric chair—three of them blacks tried by all-white juries in counties with large black populations that were then excluded from jury service, a practice long ago struck down by the Supreme Court. He also wants to undermine the political potency of blacks in the South by repealing the Voting Rights Act of 1965, the most significant piece of civil rights legislation since the Emancipation Proclamation.

While Goldwater has fallen into the isolated role of elder statesman, Thurmond, though 78 and a bit slow of mind, is gladly used by the new right. Part of its strategy is to keep someone on the Senate floor—at all times to attach

irrelevant or outrageous amendments to bills it doesn't like, forcing a floor fight and long delays on issues that finally push Democrats and progressives into damaging compromises. Its master parliamentarian is Helms, who spends more time on the Senate floor than anyone. He is so skilled that in the early days of the 97th Congress, he managed to maneuver liberals, including Senator Kennedy, into voting for a severely reduced foreign-aid bill with the threat that he would otherwise delete \$300,000,000 from nutritional programs for school children.

Helms once made a promise to his hundreds of thousands of pen pals at the other end of the computerized, direct-mail fund-raising apparatus "never to leave the floor of the Senate unattended by one of us." The other "one of us" is often Thurmond. Twice when I was in Helms's office for interviews, he was called away by Thurmond. Two other times, Helms took calls from his friend "Jerry"—Falwell, that is.

This kind of coordination is almost unprecedented in Senate history. There have been brilliant team efforts around specific issues at critical moments—as when Hubert Humphrey managed the floor fights for civil rights legislation in the Sixties. But when their job was done, the progressives, liberals and other Democrats tended to go their own way.

"The right is more highly organized than ever before in its history," says McCune. "It doesn't sit around arguing with itself like the liberals and Democrats do."

What makes the inner coordination of the right-wing Senators go is that it reaches well beyond the front men themselves. The Senators' top aides, often as zealous as the men they serve, constitute a second but key supporting network. And they are given extraordinary freedom of initiative by their bosses. "Among conservatives, the top people are treated practically as deputy Senators," says one deputy Senator.

Until the new Administration took power—when many of those "deputy Senators" were given high posts at the White House, the State Department and the Pentagon—the top aides of a dozen of the conservatives met fortnightly for an all-day Saturday seminar-and-strategy session in a suite at Washington's posh Madison Hotel. Organized by the chief gunslinger of Helms's staff, John Car-

baugh, this junior version of the Senate Steering Committee became known as the Madison Group. It was organized for the election year 1980, so its role was the ultimate melding of political strategy—both in the Senate and on the hustings.

The success of this marriage was apparent in the election results: four liberal Democrats and one liberal Republican (Jacob Javits of New York) defeated in the Senate; 16 new Republicans elected, including five hard-core new rightists; and Reagan in the White House.

Carbaugh is the prototypical new-right guerrilla warrior. One fellow Madison Grouper described him as "an outside man, ferreting around and launching conspiracies." Carbaugh is a good old boy from South Carolina who joined Thurmond's faltering team in 1972, just in time to help turn around the venerable segregationist's image and political fortunes by telling him to hire two blacks and go for the youth vote (it worked). Carbaugh describes himself as "a fat frog with glasses," a classic of self-deprecating Southern humor. He looks more like an unmade bed—a kind of right-wing Hamilton Jordan—with a beeper on his belt.

Beeeeep!

"Damn! That's Helms," Carbaugh says, rising from his bacon and eggs in the elegant dining room of the storied Hay-Adams Hotel just across Lafayette Park from the White House. This is mock irritation, for Carbaugh is a kind of bandit for Helms, the sort of guy who can throw bombs all over Washington while giving his boss the comfortable shield of deniability.

It was Carbaugh (not Helms) who in 1979 leaked the story of the "Soviet brigade" in Cuba, triggering a phony crisis but generally making the Carter Administration look ridiculous and out of control. It was Carbaugh and his immediate boss, James Lucier, Helms's top legislative aide, who flew to Africa, then London, in an attempt to jockey the Rhodesia/Zimbabwe peace talks in favor of the white-minority regime of Ian Smith (the United States had nothing to do with the talks; they were sponsored by the British government). It was Carbaugh who was accused of leaking the cabled report of Senator Charles Percy's talks with Leonid Brezhnev last year about a separate Palestinian state, thus severely undermining Percy's authority as chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Carbaugh has convinced some that he did not leak the cable, but many believe he may have at least arranged for someone else to do it.

Whichever is true, the effect is the same. Without so much as opening his mouth, Helms has gained ground on the

(continued on page 216)





FIRST LOOK

at a new novel

REINHART'S WOMEN

"you're the kind of man who can charm the pants off housewives," said Winona. Reinhart blushed. The image was indecent—and exciting! It was years since he had had so much attention from women

fiction

By Thomas Berger

REINHART WAS preparing brunch for his daughter and his new girlfriend. He and Winona had lived together since his divorce from her mother, ten years before. The friendship with Grace Greenwood was a recent development.

Grace was not due for another quarter hour, and Reinhart was preparing to blanch the bacon, which Winona had brought home, for it was she who supported them while he served as housekeeper. At that moment, the girl appeared in the doorway.

"Is this OK, do you think, Daddy?" She turned sveltely in her figured dress of turquoise, green and blue. With amber eyes and chestnut hair, and a person that was not less than exquisite in any particular, Winona was as lovely a creature as Reinhart had ever seen.

"Of course, Winona." But, in truth, the two of them saw eye to eye on almost everything, with the notable exception of food.

Winona had been a glutton until the last year or so of her teens, stuffing her then stout person daily with sufficient carbohydrates to sate the sumo wrestler she was on her way to resembling. But when she reformed, her efforts were not niggardly. In fact, what she had done was simply to reverse the coin and eat hardly enough to sustain life. Winona's dwindle in girth was accompanied by her gain in height, and by the time she had finished her 18th year, she stood 5'8" and she weighed 120, and in no time at all she had become a fashion model and supported her father in a style he had never known.

Their apartment, for example, was in a high-rise overlooking the river, five rooms furnished with expensive blond wood and chromium and glass, and Reinhart had a kitchen full of appliances.

It was at this time that Reinhart had really begun to take serious interest in food, after having gorged on it mindlessly for half a century. But despite his efforts to prepare such delicious meals that small portions exquisitely flavored would fill the role earlier performed by mountainous servings of sweet and salty blandness, he could claim no great success with Winona. Nowadays, she simply ate almost nothing at all but wheat germ and yogurt. He supposed that it was in his interest *not* to feed Winona much. Yet cooking was the only thing in life he had ever done well.

The water was boiling and Reinhart plunged the little strips of bacon into it. When the boil returned from its brief setback, he reduced it to a simmer. Winona started away from the kitchen, and then she turned and stepped back. "Dad, I must say, you have not said much about Grace. What's she like? How does she strike you, really?"

Reinhart cocked an eye at his simmering strips of bacon. He turned to Winona. "To begin with, she, while not being quite as young as you, is even further from being as old as I. That is, she is not old enough to be your biological mother, whereas I *could*, technically speaking, have been her father, if just barely: She is forty." He frowned in thought. "She's a nice-looking woman, but what really matters is she's smart. I don't mean to

imply that women aren't usually, but Grace has made a success in a man's world."

He raised his eyebrows. "Grace is all wool, no nonsense. Fact is, it was she who first asked me out. And why not? There we were, in front of the Mexican packaged foods—that's where we met, in the supermarket. 'Say,' she said, 'do you really buy any of this stuff?' She asked it so aggressively that I thought she might be hostile to it herself. 'Not much,' says I.

"'I am really interested only in the Pancho Villa line,' she said, and she pointed at the cans bearing that label, which carry a picture of a Mexican bandit, or general, Villa himself, I suppose. 'I'm one of the guys who distribute that,' she said, 'and what I'm listening for is public reaction. The opinion testers are more scientific, but I like to get the street reaction on my own. Now, you look like a normal member of the public. Do you think this picture of a bloodthirsty-looking greaser would encourage you to buy, uh?—she chose a can at random and read the label—'uh, refried beans?'

"That's Grace's style, I'm afraid," said Reinhart. "She'll never get the mealy-mouthed award." He laughed heartily, though, in truth, he found that quality the least of Grace's attractions. "It turned out that she was an executive with this food-distributing firm, a vice-president, no less. When she found out I did the cooking at my house, she wouldn't let me go until I had given her a complete rundown on my choices of brands, the types of food I buy, the type of meal my family prefers and the rest of it." Reinhart gestured with his wooden spoon. "And that would have been that, I'm sure, had I not mentioned that I had a daughter who happened to be the foremost model in town."

Winona blushed. "Oh, Dad, come on."

Reinhart chuckled happily. "No, I'm afraid I was just a statistic until then. But I didn't mind, dear. I like nothing better than bragging about you. That was just two days back. We found ourselves having lunch in that restaurant in the shopping center that used to be Gino's." Reinhart winced at a series of unpleasant memories under the old management. "It's a better place now."

At that point, the doorbell sounded. Reinhart opened the door. This was but the third time he had seen Grace, and the first occasion on which he might have called her almost pretty. Something had been done to her hair, and her eyes had been skillfully made up. Although she was wearing a suit, as she had on their second meeting, a dinner date, it now seemed more subtly feminine, somehow: lace blouse underneath, a bit of jewelry, and so on.

"Welcome to the humble abode, Grace," said her host, with an expansive left wrist.

Grace controlled the shake, irrespective of the remarkable difference in fist sizes, and, peering around, she penetrated the living room. "It's hardly humble, Carl," she said in her brisk voice. "But then, why should it be?" She suddenly looked vulnerable, an unprecedented and, Reinhart would have said, a most unlikely phase for Grace Greenwood. She continued to walk about in a military stride.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked. "May I give you a drink?"

She produced an abrupt, barking laugh. "Anything that's wet!"

She strode to the windows and laughed again. "There's the river, huh?" But the view was not sufficiently riveting to remain there for a third second, and she turned and marched to the middle of the room.

Winona slunk almost silently into the room, but if Grace had seen her, it was through the back of her own head, for she, Grace, was still facing Reinhart.

"Aha!" he cried, perhaps too stridently, but he wanted to get beyond this purposelessly awkward moment. "Grace Greenwood, this is my daughter, Winona."

But Grace remained facing him. Was she deaf? Or had she actually suffered an attack of paralysis?

Meanwhile, Winona continued her sneaky approach, which seemed literally on tiptoe. She, as it were, rounded Grace's corner, for Grace had still not moved, and in a special low voice, one Reinhart had never suspected she could produce, she uttered only one word, "Hello," but put a good deal of force into that word and, having said it, she stepped back one pace, and put her hands on her sleek hips, and stared severely at the other woman.

"Winona," said Reinhart, "this is my new friend, Grace Greenwood."

Grace now emerged from her absolute fixity, but only as far as slow motion would take her. It seemed as though she might actually curtsy, but if so, she changed her mind. Instead, she glared at Reinhart.

This was the most remarkable display of something or other that he had ever witnessed. He found Winona's performance to be lacking in graciousness: This was not like her at all.

Alas, it was obvious that she and Grace made a poor mix. He would, of course, stop seeing Grace, but meanwhile, she was his guest and he would feed her.

"Winona," he said with a certain asperity, "I have to go now and work on the meal. Please be hospitable."

His daughter said obediently, sweetly, returning to the old Winona, "Oh, I

sure will, Dad. Grace, won't you sit down, please?"

"Where?" asked Grace. She seemed bewildered.

Whatever the state of the world outside, everything made sense when Reinhart was with his pots and pans. He heated butter and oil in a skillet and quickly sautéed mushrooms. When that was done, it was time to poach the eggs in a perfumed bath of wine and stock and bacon and onions and garlic.

He buttered the bowl of a kitchen ladle and broke the first egg into it, held it over the bubbling broth and suddenly slipped it below the surface of the liquid. When the beginnings of the cloudy coagulation had formed, he withdrew the ladle, leaving the egg behind. It trailed some filaments. He gathered them in with a wooden spoon. One by one, he slipped in five more eggs, shaping each against itself.

He had opened a fresh bottle of the same wine that had been used for the poaching, and he had made a simple salad of washed and dried water cress without dressing. To follow was only a sorbet of fresh pears, made of the puréed poached fruit and egg whites. Some light sugar wafers. And no more to the brunch but Mocha Java with heavy cream. Too early in the day for the inky-black infusion of "expresso."

This meal represented Reinhart's ideal of great flavor and no bulk. He was pleased with himself as he carried the *plat de résistance* into the dining ell off the living room. He went around the corner to fetch Winona and Grace.

The door to the hall was open and the living room was empty.

Before he reached the doorway, Winona came through it from the corridor, scowling inscrutably. When she saw her father, she lowered her head for an instant, then raised it and said wretchedly, "I guess you're ready to shoot me."

Reinhart did nothing for a moment, and then, sighing, he embraced his daughter.

"Daddy—"

"I realize that you felt Grace would alienate my affections toward you," Reinhart said. "Don't think I'm criticizing you, dear." He laughed for effect, but the irony was real enough. "How could I, when you pay the rent?"

Winona made an unhappy expression: She hated him to mention that. She disliked his making reference to anything that could be interpreted as being personally negative. In that attitude, she was unique in all the family.

"Daddy," Winona began once more, "you don't—"

"No," said Reinhart, "of course I'm not angry. But I'm afraid that I feel

(continued on page 224)

THE SPARKY LYLE... AND OTHER GREAT RELIEF PITCHERS

when the visiting teams start getting hot, cool them off with an assortment of errorless no-fuss pitcher drinks that are sure to make a hit

drink

By EMANUEL GREENBERG

YOU DON'T have to be an ardent student of the game to know about relief pitchers. They're the gun fighters of baseball, the doughty chaps such as Sparky Lyle, with Freon in their veins, summoned from the bull pen to cool off hot bats when the opposition becomes rambunctious.

PLAYBOY's relief pitchers are also coolers—of a somewhat different breed. They're beverages; captivating concoctions with a wine or spirit base, infused with sprightly mixers and hints of elusive flavorings—affording delicious relief on the sultriest of dog days. The fact that they also tease the palate with a parade of beguiling taste sensations only makes that chilling experience more delightful.

In addition to their sensuous appeal, pitchers have a practical side, especially for long-playing summer frolics at the marina, beach, country club or summer house. They can be made up in advance, in copious quantities, so the host isn't mired in bartending duties while the pack is in full cry. (This beats the hell out of continually mixing individual

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT



drinks—and eyeballing the crowd to see who needs a refill.)

Here's the pitch: Simply prepare as many drinks in advance as you think you'll need. (Figure on four to six portions per celebrant over a three-hour stretch, and about one an hour after that.) Transfer to a large container, but do not add ice to the mixture. Cover and chill in the refrigerator or on a bed of cracked ice in a large tub. For a sizable bash, you'll want several one-and-one-half-to-two-quart pitchers, ice buckets, plenty of hard-frozen ice cubes and other party staples. You'll also need a supply of eight-to-ten-ounce highball or large old fashioned glasses. Plastic barware will suffice for informal get-togethers.

When the action commences, fill pitchers with the chilled mixture and place at strategic locations—along with a loaded ice bucket and sufficient glassware. Hospitality dictates that you hand guests their first drink, an icebreaker. After that, they're on their own. Your only concern then, besides having fun, is to see that pitchers are replenished as necessary. Fruit garnishes provide a colorful note, but don't add the aggressively flavored or fragile items until serving time.

You can win the game with one blockbuster pitcher recipe, but it's thoughtful to offer a variety. Three types will suffice; more would be overkill. Try the Sparky Lyle or any of the other winning relief pitchers presented below. You're bound to score!

THE SPARKY LYLE
RELIEF PITCHER
(About 12 servings)

1 navel orange
2 limes
2 lemons
½ cup superfine sugar, or to taste
2 bottles dry red wine
3 ozs. vodka
1 apple
12-oz. can 7Up, chilled

Halve orange and slice. Cut limes and lemons in thin slices. Cover fruit and refrigerate. Pour sugar into large container. Add part of wine; stir to dissolve. Add remaining wine and vodka; stir and chill. Pour chilled mixture over ice in two pitchers. Cut unpeeled apple into chunks and add some to each pitcher along with sliced citrus fruit. Divide 7Up between pitchers; stir once.

Note: Sparky, of course, never imbibes alcoholic beverages during the season. When preparing this pitcher for himself, he substitutes 1 quart apple juice, 1 quart cranberry-juice cocktail and 2 ozs. Rose's Lime Juice for wine and vodka.

FIELDER'S CHOICE
(18 to 20 servings)

1 bottle (750 ml.) tequila
2 quarts grapefruit juice

½ teaspoon salt
2 ozs. Falernum syrup
Fresh mint sprigs

In large bowl or container, combine all ingredients except mint. Stir well and refrigerate. When ready to serve, stir and pour over ice in pitchers. Decorate each pitcher with lush, full sprigs of mint.

WILD PITCH
(16 to 20 servings)

1 bottle (750 ml.) dark rum
3 12-oz. cans guava nectar
1 cup fresh lime juice—4 to 6 limes (reserve shells)
¼ cup orgeat syrup
¼ cup sugar or sugar syrup, or to taste
Nutmeg in shaker

In large bowl or container, combine all ingredients except nutmeg and lime shells. Stir well and refrigerate. At serving time, add a few lime shells to each pitcher for the scent and color. Place shaker with ground nutmeg alongside your pitcher and people can sprinkle a little on each helping, if they wish.

Note: For sugar syrup, combine 2 parts sugar and 1 part water in saucepan. Bring to boil; simmer 5 minutes. When cool, transfer to jar, cover and refrigerate. Keeps indefinitely.

CHANGE UP
(12 to 14 servings)

12 ozs. crème de cassis
8 ozs. each: pineapple juice, orange juice, apricot nectar
2 lemons, thinly sliced
Mixed melon balls, fresh or frozen
2 half-bottles sparkling wine, chilled

In large bowl or container, combine liqueur and fruit juices. Stir and chill. At serving time, stir again and divide contents between two prechilled pitchers. Ice is optional. Add half the lemon slices and melon balls to each pitcher, then pour one of the half-bottles of sparkling wine into each. Stir quickly and serve.

FAST BALL
(15 to 18 servings)

1 bottle (750 ml.) blended American whiskey
12 ozs. lemon juice
½ cup superfine sugar or sugar syrup, or to taste
8-oz. jar maraschino cherries
2 navel oranges, halved and sliced
2 12-oz. cans ginger ale, chilled

In large bowl or container, combine whiskey, lemon juice and sugar or sugar syrup. Stir well to dissolve sugar. Add maraschino cherries with juice and orange slices. Stir and refrigerate. At serving time, divide contents between two pitchers; add can of ginger ale to each.

SLIDER
(25 servings)

1 liter California brandy
46-oz. can tropical-fruit punch
46-oz. can pineapple juice
4 ozs. lemon juice
16-oz. can fruit cocktail, drained
Combine all ingredients in large bowl or container. Stir well and refrigerate. When ready to serve, pour over ice in pitchers. Alternatively, serve one pitcherful at a time, refilling as required.

PINCH HIT
(16 to 20 servings)

1 bottle (500 ml.) Irish whiskey
1 bottle (200 ml.) anisette
2 quarts strong coffee
8 tablespoons sugar, or to taste
1 pint strong coffee, for ice cubes
Lemon-peel strips
Cream, in pitcher
Sugar, in bowl

In large bowl or container, combine whiskey, anisette, 2 quarts coffee and sugar. Stir well and refrigerate. Pour additional pint of coffee into ice-cube tray and freeze. At serving time, divide coffee ice cubes between two prechilled pitchers, then divide contents of bowl between pitchers. Serve lemon-peel strips, cream and sugar alongside pitchers.

DESIGNATED HITTER
(35 to 40 servings)

2 bottles (750 ml. each) bourbon
1 gallon apple juice or apple cider
2 15-oz. jars spiced apple slices
2 lemons, thinly sliced
Sugar, to taste
Combine bourbon and apple juice. Add apple slices and their syrup to mixture. Add lemon slices. Stir and taste for sweetness. Chill mixture. When ready to serve, pour over ice in pitchers.

DOUBLE PLAY
(20 to 25 servings)

1 bottle (750 ml.) vodka
1 quart orange juice
1 quart grapefruit juice
4 ozs. lemon juice
8 ozs. orange liqueur
20-oz. can unsweetened pineapple chunks, including juice

Combine all ingredients in large bowl or container. Stir well and refrigerate. To serve, pour over ice in pitchers, dividing pineapple chunks between pitchers.

Baseball's relief pitchers are rated primarily on their saves—the number of threats they successfully quell during a season. PLAYBOY's relief pitchers will definitely save a day or night summer outing, too. And they're also great indoors, in case there's a rain-out.



LEROY NEIMAN

• SKETCHBOOK •



I FIRST MET Roman Polanski 17 years ago in London, when I attended a private viewing of some of his early films made in Poland. They were dynamite. Dynamite and sensitive. Like so many talented people, Polanski drew well, always leaning toward humor and the bizarre. After we become friends, he and I sometimes sketched together. Recently, at the carnival in Rio, I encountered him in exile. I was delighted to find him unchanged, full of energy and enjoying life, and that's the way I sketched him. His productivity is further proof that the true artist carries on undaunted, regardless of circumstances. Hurry back, Roman.



BEAUTY AND THE BEACH

*any part of the u.s.a. is
just fine with debbie boostrom,
as long as it's by the ocean.
yesterday, florida;
today, california*



"I don't enjoy going to bars—I'd rather be outside. I was a cheerleader all through school, except one year when I wore a back brace—I was thrown from a horse. Anyway, I'm a day person. I've got all my energy in the morning."

DEBBIE BOOSTROM likes the simple pleasures in life. She grew up in Largo, Florida, and rarely ventured far from the beach. "If I wasn't in school," she says now, "I was at the ocean. There were a bunch of us who were always together; they called us the rat-pack. We'd spend all day swimming and fishing—I caught a shark once that almost pulled me off the boat—and water-skiing. I'll give you an idea of how much time we spent doing that: Everybody in the group could ski barefoot."

Once she got out of school, Debbie decided to see America before she settled down, and she didn't mind living the vagabond life to do it. She and her boyfriend bought a van, fixed it up like home and took off. "I think we missed a few states, but not many. It was great fun, camping out in the mountains and the deserts. Every day, we'd drive and see the sights until we felt like stopping, and then we'd stop. No rules, no regulations, just a lot of fun and freedom. I'll always be glad I did that while I was young. It took a long time, traveling and bouncing around from one place to another, to satisfy my wanderlust."

But now Debbie's ready to stay put. Recently, she moved from Miami, where we first found her—on the beach, naturally—to California. "My friends out here all thought I should live in L.A., because that's where the best modeling opportunities are. But the pace in L.A. is too fast for me. I want a more easygoing, home-oriented life." So Debbie spent a few more weeks living in her van while she explored the beach areas south of Los Angeles. (text continued on page 128)





"I'm a real homebody. I do macramé and needlepoint. There's so much satisfaction in designing something yourself. The outfit I made for Hef's Halloween party won the 'sexiest costume' prize. And I love to cook. I'm Swedish and German, but my specialty is lasagna. I invited Robert Goulet to dinner and that's what I served."







When she reached La Jolla, a beautiful community just north of San Diego, she stopped looking. "I fell in love with it right away. It's just what I want. Fresh air, nice people, great weather and the ocean. And a very laid-back pace."

Modeling opportunities, however, still bring Debbie to Los Angeles frequently. "I feel like a regular commuter," she says. "I've been here four times in the past three weeks."



"One cup of coffee a day—that's my limit. Believe it or not, I drink water. I hardly ever eat junk food, but I can't resist dessert. And I don't smoke. There's a time in every kid's life when the pressure is on to light up. I never did—grass or cigarettes—and I'm glad."



"I like a man who wants to get to know you before trying to take you to bed. When you trust each other totally, then it's magic. Getting to know somebody sexually before you get to know him personally doesn't make any sense to me. I'm basically an old-fashioned romantic."



"My family thinks my being a Playmate is wonderful. Even my grandmother thought it was great. My friends thought I might let it go to my head, but when we got together recently, they said, 'She's the same old Boostrom.' They're right—I've even got my same old van." Just before she took off on her cross-country trek to California, Debbie indulged in a day's fishing trip (below) with July 1974 Playmate Carol Vitale (left) and neighbor Sandra Linder.



but it's perfect that way. I can visit my friends, do my work and hurry back home."

At home, Debbie lives with her new love, a young artist who shares her passion for the simple life. "Just say that my love life is content. Very content. He's a great guy and we get along beautifully. He's got a big heart and a good sense of humor, and that's what I look for most in a man. I guess I'm just old-fashioned, but I don't want a big career and lots of love affairs. My ambition is for a happy marriage and a big family. That's what I've always wanted. I don't know why. I just do. My idea of a big time is staying home with my boyfriend and watching old movies on TV. I just love the romance in them. Any Shirley Temple movie is a must. Clark Gable is a must. My favorite movie is *Gone with the Wind*. That Scarlett really blew it. She was the dumb one. Really dumb." Not so our Debbie. She knows what she wants, and we suspect she'll get it.



MISS AUGUST
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Dalili Buntuan

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Debbie Bonstedt

BUST: 37 1/2 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 107 SIGN: Cancer

BIRTH DATE: 6/23/55 BIRTHPLACE: Peoria, Illinois

TURN-ONS: The beach, nice clothes, nice people, Porsche's, wine, steak & lobster, Jacuzzi's, pinball

TURN-OFFS: Loud people, cigarettes, liars, jealous people, bad breath, heavy drinkers

FAVORITE MOVIES: Superman, Gone with the Wind, Star Wars

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: Show Lucy, Bugs Bunny, The Bob Newhart Show, The Muppet Show

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: Clark Gable, Barbra Streisand, Sean Connery, Bob Hope, John Wayne

FAVORITE SPORTS: Swimming, roller skating, water-skiing

FAVORITE BOOKS: Wyandott, by Mel Tormé, 79 Park Avenue, by Harold Robbins

SECRET DREAM: To be happily married & live in a nice home

IDEAL EVENING: Lovely dinner with candlelight, a good bottle of wine & music by Vivaldi



My friend & I Age 1



What a Nifty hair style Age 7



My first modeling job Age 17

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

This attractive man I met last night insists he just wants to be my friend," one girl told another. "Now, I'd know what to do with a would-be lover, but what the hell do I do with a friend?"

"The same as with that other guy," replied the second girl, "but not quite so often."

It's rumored that a well-known New England newspaper may sponsor a topless female softball team—to be called the Boston Globes.



Now, dear," soothed the husband whose recent marriage was proving to be somewhat of a disappointment, "you remember the therapist suggested that our sex life might be improved by more spontaneity."

"Yes," muttered his wife, who was naked and blushing with embarrassment, "but I'm not quite sure what to do."

"To begin with," groaned the man, "you might try uncrossing your legs!"

*A dynamic young cocksman named Flood,
Who was thinking of standing at stud,
Had his instrument nipped
By some dentures that slipped—
His career had been nipped in the pud!*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *financial straits* as heterosexual bankers.

I don't give a good goddamn what it was the guy wanted you to do!" the madam raged at one of her girls. "Don't ever, ever tell a customer to go fuck himself! That kind of talk is bad for business!"

How about that shapely new female pro?" leered a regular of the golf club.

"It's a waste of time," advised a fellow member.

"How do you know?"

"I've already gotten out of bounds with her and learned she's an unpliant lay."

I've been getting off with an aerospace expediter," confided the girl.

"Is that better," inquired her confidante, "than a plain old vibrator?"

The tavern braggart was once again relating his sexual exploits. "You know," he said, "I once banged the cutest little Oriental stewardess right there in the plane during an overnight flight. Hey, I really put on a sustained performance that time! I was so damn good they oughta maybe make a movie about it. Let's see . . . what'd be a good title?"

"How about," yawned the bored bartender, "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *nymphomaniac* as a compulsive gambler.

*Said a verbal young man from New York
To his girl while inserting his dork:*

"I prefer you askew

As we chat while we screw,

So I'd welcome some feminine torque."

Do you have a weapon on you?" asked the rookie female cop as she searched her first male suspect.

"No," he answered, "but keep on frisking me and I will."



John Niman

It's nothing unusual," announced the porno-productions script editor, "just another boy-eats-girl story."

The psychologist said my husband's complex of sexual inadequacy because of his short stature might very well be alleviated," the woman told an office colleague in confidence, "if he took to wearing those special shoes with the built-up heels."

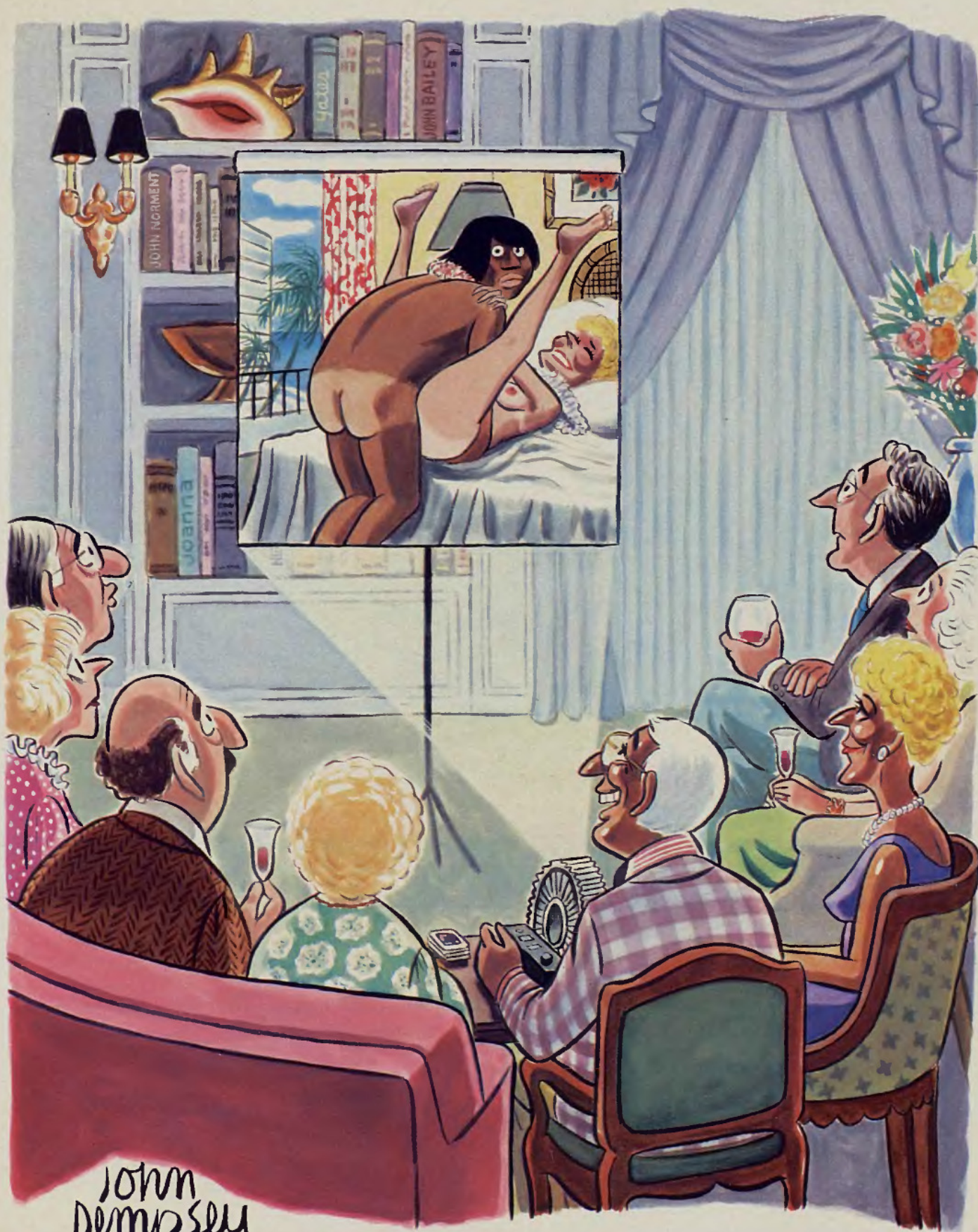
"And have things improved in the bedroom department?" inquired her friend.

"Yes, definitely . . . but still . . ."

"But still what?"


"They make the sheets so dirty."

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.



John
Dempsy

"And here's the afternoon I surprised Helen and her beach boy."

A detailed illustration of a man in sportswear. He is wearing a dark, quilted jacket with a white stripe on the sleeve, a grey V-neck sweater with a small logo, white shorts with red and blue stripes at the hem, white socks with dark stripes at the top, and white sneakers with yellow accents. He is holding a tennis racket and has a confident, smiling expression. The background is a soft, painterly wash of light colors.

*from warm-up suits to tennis
togs, jock-inspired styles
are still this summer's
winningest look in casualwear*

SPORTIN' LIFE

active

By DAVID PLATT

EVEN IF your physical activities are limited to double martinis on the terrace, you must admit that all those physical-fitness freaks running, jumping and jogging by look rather spiffy in their workout togs. Active sportswear has become a major influence on spectator gear; everyone from a cerebral chess player to a grandstand quarterback is into it. The styles are incredibly comfortable, the look is great—and if someone challenges you to the best of three sets, just tell him you left your racket in your other pants' locker.

Whether your game is tennis or tiddlywinks, you won't be partnerless long in this nylon warm-up jacket, \$165, worn with polyester tennis shorts, \$48, cotton/acrylic V-neck, \$70, and a cotton short-sleeved shirt, \$52, all by HCC America; plus cotton tennis socks, from Stetson by Camp Hosiery, about \$3; and leather sneakers, by Superga Sport, \$52.



There's more to this yellow chintz outfit than you'd expect; the sleeves and collar are removable and the jacket, \$90, and slacks, \$55, feature elbow and knee patches and elasticized trim, both by Chiori. The cotton long-sleeved sweat shirt with it is by Yves Saint Laurent, \$33.



When it comes to comfort, nothing beats this acrylic/polyester terry velour worm-up outfit that includes a zip-front jacket, \$45, and pants with on-seam pockets and a combination elastic and drawstring waist, \$38.50, both by Jimmy Connors for Robert Bruce.



The rugged look—a hooded cotton sweat shirt, \$75 (with matching pants not shown), worn with cotton/polyester shorts, \$24, both by State O'Maine for Ran Chereskin; plus cotton hiking socks, from Stetson by Camp Hosiery, \$5; and suede hikers' boots, by American Footwear, about \$85.



ROLL OVER, BEETHOVEN!

*and tell tchaikovsky the news
that just about
everybody from classical-music buff
to punk rocker is
getting plugged into portable
cassette players*

article By NORMAN EISENBERG

IF YOU'RE IN A SITUATION in which you're deprived of your regular hi-fi system, you still can enjoy an aural fix, thanks to a new kind of stereo rig that obligingly goes wherever you go. The means for enjoying really good stereo—from a minisystem that weighs not much more than your wallet—are here.

You can get the general idea from many of the model names: Sony's Walkman, Infinity's Intimate Stereo, the Hip Pocket Stereo by Technidyne, Sanyo's Sportster, the Stereo-to-Go from Panasonic, the Caprice Walk-A-Rounds, Toshiba's Playtime, the KLH Solo, G.E.'s Stereo Escape, the Audiopac from Aspen Recreational Products and Liberty's Liberator.

About two years ago, Sony's *(continued on page 214)*

From left to right: The KLH Solo plays regular cassettes or picks up FM sounds via a special snap-in FM module; other features include automatic cut-over from stereo to mono in order to pick up weak FM signals and a talk-through switch with built-in condenser mike when you want to hear what's happening on the street, \$229. Next is Aiwa's Model TP-S30, a clever unit that records as well as plays back—and it even has an automatic-control circuit that modulates recording input levels, \$220. At center, you see Technidyne's Hip Pocket HPS150, a portable sound system that includes a demo tape, batteries and a carrying case, \$149.95. Next to it is the KT-S2, a Toshiba product that comes with an FM cassette and has normal-, chrome- and metal-tape capabilities, \$200. Last is The Walkman (there'll soon be a smaller, son-of-Walkman available), which offers remarkable sound through a pair of featherlight earphones, by Sony, \$199.95.

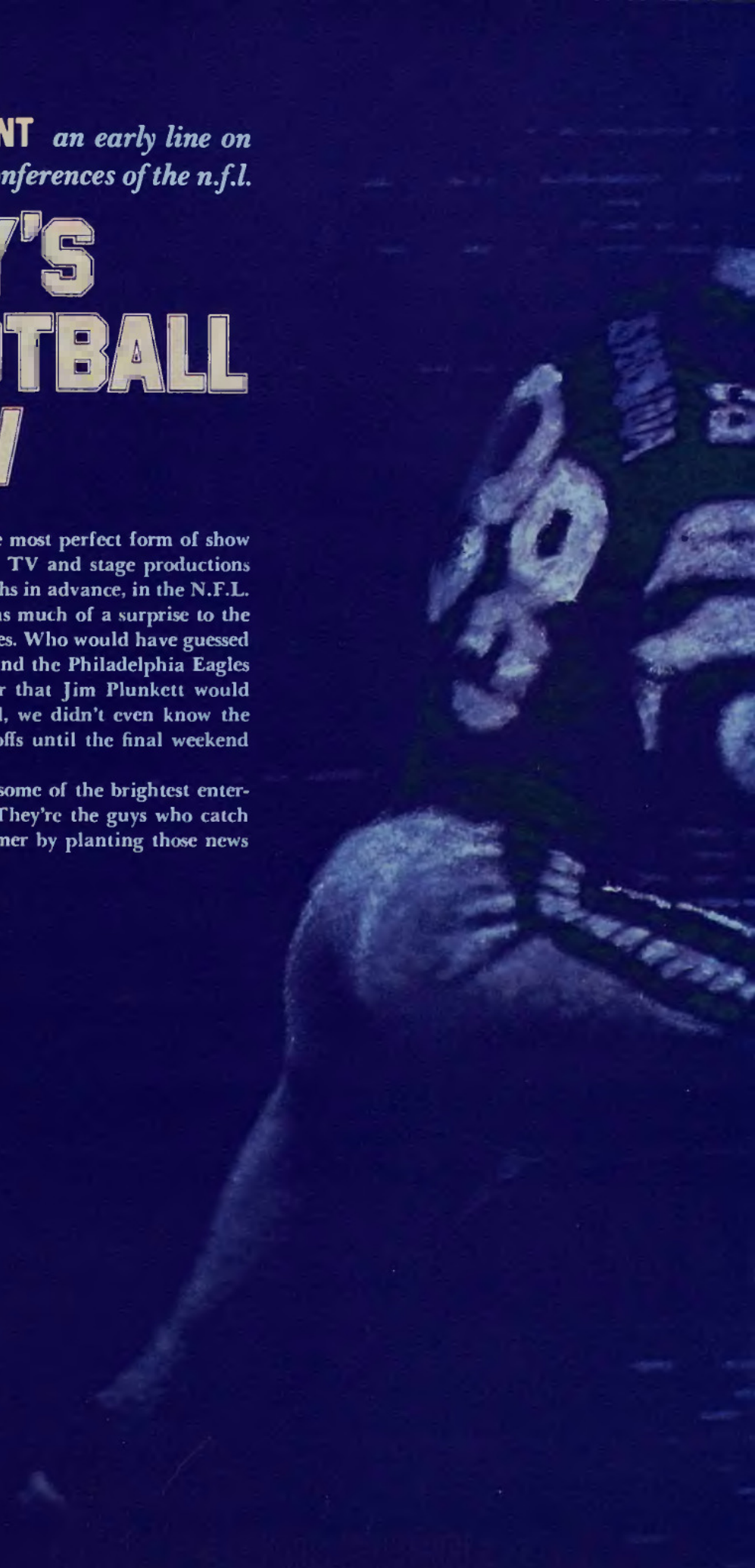
sports **BY ANSON MOUNT** *an early line on teams and players in both conferences of the n.f.l.*

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL may be the most perfect form of show business ever invented. While movies, TV and stage productions are plotted and scripted weeks or months in advance, in the N.F.L. the outcomes of races and games are as much of a surprise to the participants as they are to the audiences. Who would have guessed a year ago that the Oakland Raiders and the Philadelphia Eagles would wind up in the Super Bowl, or that Jim Plunkett would be everyone's player of the year? Hell, we didn't even know the casts of characters in last year's play-offs until the final weekend of the regular season.

Such dramatics are orchestrated by some of the brightest entertainment professionals in the world. They're the guys who catch you off guard in the dog days of summer by planting those news

With the season's two Cinderella teams meeting head on, Super Bowl XV promised to be an exciting shaft-out. But on the third play of the game, a pass intended for Philadelphia tight end Jahn Spagnola was intercepted by Oakland linebacker Rod Martin. Shortly thereafter, Raider quarterback Jim Plunkett passed to Cliff Branch for a touchdown, and the game was downhill the rest of the way as Oakland won, 27-10.





PLAYBOY'S 1981 PRE-SEASON ALL-PRO TEAM

OFFENSE

James Lofton, Green Bay	Wide Receiver
John Jefferson, San Diego	Wide Receiver
Kellen Winslow, San Diego	Tight End
Leon Gray, Houston	Tackle
Mike Kenn, Atlanta	Tackle
John Hannah, New England	Guard
Herbert Scott, Dallas	Guard
Mike Webster, Pittsburgh	Center
Dan Fouts, San Diego	Quarterback
Earl Campbell, Houston	Running Back
Tony Dorsett, Dallas	Running Back
Ed Murray, Detroit	Place Kicker

DEFENSE

Lee Roy Selmon, Tampa Bay	End
Art Still, Kansas City	End
Louie Kelcher, San Diego	Tackle
Randy White, Dallas	Tackle
Jack Lambert, Pittsburgh	Middle Linebacker
Ted Hendricks, Oakland	Outside Linebacker
Robert Brazile, Houston	Outside Linebacker
Lemar Parrish, Washington	Cornerback
Lester Hayes, Oakland	Cornerback
Nolan Cromwell, Los Angeles	Free Safety
Gary Fencik, Chicago	Strong Safety
Dave Jennings, New York Giants	Punter
J. T. Smith, Kansas City	Kick Returner

THIS SEASON'S WINNERS

N.F.C. Eastern Division	Dallas Cowboys
N.F.C. Central Division	Minnesota Vikings
N.F.C. Western Division	Atlanta Falcons

N.F.C. Play-offs . . . Dallas Cowboys

A.F.C. Eastern Division	New York Jets
A.F.C. Central Division	Pittsburgh Steelers
A.F.C. Western Division	San Diego Chargers

A.F.C. Play-offs . . . San Diego Chargers

SUPER BOWL . . . DALLAS COWBOYS

stories from training camp. They get you in the mood by extending the foreplay—in the form of ever-earlier pre-season games. And when they've got you hooked, they don't let go—they give you football and more football. Sunday, Monday and sometimes Thursday, week after week, until you look up and you're already into a new year.

But even those guys couldn't spin such dramatics out of thin air. Their secret is simply a great balancing act—a balance of power among the N.F.L. teams that's unmatched in any other form of competitive sport. Such equality is *engineered* via a number of rules and operating procedures that would be impossible in a less tightly organized league.

The most obvious of those equalizing factors is the annual draft of college talent, in which the previous year's worst teams get first choice of the new talent. But that advantage has real meaning only in the initial rounds. After that, cagey scouting and sheer luck are the main factors. The waiver system—whereby players cut by talent-laden teams can be picked up by thinner squads—also helps the evening-out process.

A less obvious (to fans) but often more effective balancing mechanism is something called position scheduling, an idea dreamed up a few years ago by New York Jets president Jim Kensil, then an N.F.L. official. It programs the various teams' nondivision schedules so that the winningest teams from the previous season are matched against one another this year, and ditto for the weaker squads. As expected, the losers love the idea; many of the stronger franchises dislike it intensely.

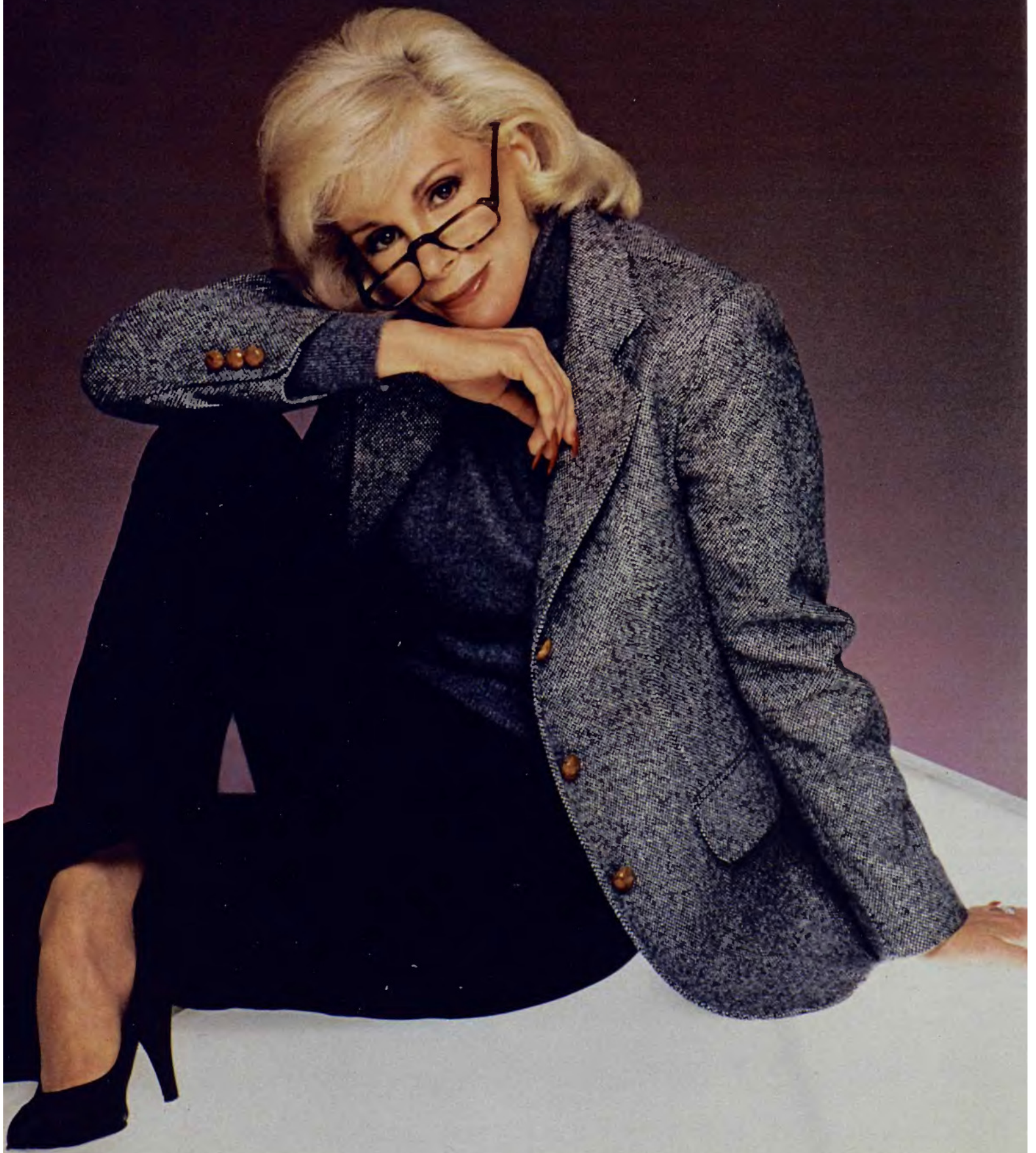
"There isn't that much difference between the weak and strong teams that you need to handicap the schedules," says Jim Finks, general manager of the Chicago Bears. "And, in fact, the system is often counterproductive. A basically strong team can have a really bad year because of luck or injuries; then next year, when they're back to normal, they find themselves playing a much weaker schedule. Also, it's often unfair to the public. It's been ten years now, for example, since Bears fans have had a chance to see the Pittsburgh Steelers play here in Chicago.

"Position scheduling is just another attempt to placate the television moguls, who, after all, want to make their programming schedules as exciting as possible. And television money is our lifeblood. None of the N.F.L. teams could operate on anywhere near our present level without it. But we have to make certain that we don't lose control of professional football to the network programmers. Television executives aren't telling us

(continued on page 188)



"Yes, I screamed for help. Would you like to come in and help him?"



20 QUESTIONS: JOAN RIVERS

the bashful comedienne defends her role as sex symbol and social commentator and explains why she isn't Liz Taylor's best friend

Joan Rivers enjoys one of the most active schedules in show business. In addition to seemingly nonstop appearances in Las Vegas, Lake Tahoe and Atlantic City, she is preparing two film projects. Robert Crane caught up with her at her palatial Los Angeles estate. He tells us: "Television doesn't show how really lovely she is. She's even funnier in person. And don't believe her when she says she has Jewish thighs."

1.

PLAYBOY: You're the sexiest comedienne working today. Despite the fact that you're married, do you get hit on a lot?

RIVERS: Yes, I do. A lot more than my husband realizes. I was asked to pose nude, but then I really took a look at my Jewish thighs. No, I do get hit on and it's funny, because the ones who hit on me are very interesting. It's always out-of-town businessmen or real Hollywood dumb machos. The kind who haven't read a book since *Dick and Jane* and are really impressed when I tell them how it ended.

2.

PLAYBOY: Who turns you on?

RIVERS: My husband. My manager. Cary Grant, a little younger, though. Roy Scheider, Kris Kristofferson. I have a great fantasy life. I can look at an old Laurence Olivier movie and just have the best time for the next week and a half. Who else turns me on? Dark-haired Italian men that I could tame. Oh, and, well, situations—if I were stuck for days after an earthquake with a really handsome Italian guy and we both were just there together with champagne and a fire going. What could I do? I thought the world was over.

3.

PLAYBOY: Why is it still difficult for audiences to accept funny women?

RIVERS: I don't like funny women. I come out of that generation where the woman should be beautiful and sexy and a wonderful flower attached to a man, even though my whole life has been the antithesis of this. To this day, you don't expect a woman to be funny. That's why someone like Dolly Parton is so wonderful, because she's pretty and yet out of her mouth comes funny. That's like an extra bonus. Or a Loni Anderson. Or Lily Tomlin, who is really

very pretty. Nobody likes funny women. We're a threat. I don't like funny women. I don't think I'm funny. I think I'm witty. Also, who I am onstage is not who I am in private life. Tremendous difference. Onstage, I complain for every woman in America. In private life, I'm just a shallow, calculating bitch looking for a rich Arab to take me away. I could clean him up. We could be very happy.

4.

PLAYBOY: Being funny is still considered a male thing, especially telling dirty jokes.

RIVERS: I don't like to see a woman telling dirty jokes. People say I'm dirty and I always stare at them. My areas are just very "women's" kind of areas. I have a routine now, which my husband hates, that for Christmas he gave me a box of Rely tampons. That's not dirty. I think that's very funny. It's such a woman's joke and it shows what your husband thinks of you. To me, a dirty joke is two nuns and a rabbi were screwing four Chinamen—

5.

PLAYBOY: Who makes you laugh?

RIVERS: Lenny Bruce, still. I'll still listen to his records. My daughter. Albert Brooks. Jackie Gayle, who is brilliant in a club. Shecky Greene. Johnny Carson. David Brenner makes me laugh. And Rodney Dangerfield, even though a lot of us are very angry at Rodney because he runs around screaming at everybody, "You stole my material." It's a joke now among comedians—"Rodney says I stole this one from him." We laugh because he's so paranoid. But, anyhow, I think Rodney's very funny.

As for women, Lucille Ball is the best of the comedy line. Bea Arthur as Maude, if you're going into character comedy. Carol Burnett is the best sketch performer—ever. Lily Tomlin: You just want to put your arms around her and laugh and protect her at the same time. However, there are a lot of ladies doing comedy these days who should *not* be doing comedy. I love to see a serious actress who tries to get funny, or a serious actor. You want to go, "Oh, God, go back to drama. It's easier."

6.

PLAYBOY: How do you handle hecklers?

RIVERS: Badly. I cry. Or I shoot them.

Usually, I can handle them. Cher once did something that I'll love her for the rest of my life. She had an Arab who walked onstage *during* her act to get to his seat. Total arrogance. He walked past Cher, who was singing, and sat in front with his girlfriend with no regrets, no excuse-mes. She stopped the show and had him tossed out. I loved her for that. They threw him out and the girlfriend and the camel.

7.

PLAYBOY: What were your first sexual experiences like?

RIVERS: Positive. My first encounter, as they say, was with a man I had been in love with since I was a child. So it was a very meaningful, if short, moment. I went out and bought a special dress for the occasion. It took longer to pick the dress than the whole sexual act. I guess our theme song was [sung to *I Feel Pretty*] "I feel nothing." But we were very much in love and that was very important. I waited through college. I'm glad I started that way. I've had very few sons of bitches. I've been very lucky. I was careful who I fell in love with. I came from a generation where you knew nothing; you learned by doing. My old joke was: "I thought you took turns moving." Whoever had the good position moved. You had to learn. Where nowadays they know everything.

8.

PLAYBOY: Is your husband romantic?

RIVERS: No, I wish he were. He is very unromantic and it is upsetting. It's horrendous sometimes, because you just would love someone to say, "Don't you look fabulous" or that roses would come to the house. When we first got married, when we would have fights—I love gardenias—dozens of gardenias would come and I'd go crazy for that. Or I'm always looking to open a rose and find a diamond ring in it. Well, after you've pulled apart 2000 roses, you just go out and buy your own ring. The nicest thing my husband can say to me is, "You don't look bad." It's very English. When you float down the stairs, you want something. The thing that I don't like is when my friends' husbands lean over and tell me how great I look. I hate when a friend's husband puts the hit on you. (continued on page 198)





ILLUSTRATION BY GOROON KIBBEE

A FISTFUL OF FIG NEWTONS

the gut-wrenching tale of how an insignificant wimp managed to transform a football hero into a man on the run

humor **By JEAN SHEPHERD**

THE SQUAT, chunky glass nestled chill and reassuring in my hand. It was one of my treasured set of matched old fashioned glasses celebrating the long-past Bicentennial of our blessed land. Each tumbler bore in magnificent cut-glass bas-relief a portrait of a founding father. Thomas Jefferson, his face stern and yet patriotically inspiring, sweated slightly on the side of my icy glass. Under his portrait, etched with authority, was a quote from The Great Democrat himself: I BELIEVE IN THE PEOPLE.

I stood at the window of my 14th-story apartment and stared listlessly out into the gathering gloom. Far below me were hordes of wandering picketers, their signs waving in the dusk, distance muting their hoarse obscenities. Occasionally, a siren wailed, accompanied by the distant wink of red flashers. The apartment lights dimmed momentarily but struggled bravely back on, narrowly averting the third blackout of the week. The Jack Daniel's glowed deep in my interior. Going about its therapeutic work, it warmed me. I glanced *(continued on page 202)*





VIVA VALERIE!

an intimate visit with
miss perrine,
one of hollywood's
freest spirits

How many 37-24-36 ex-Vegas showgirls have copped the prestigious Cannes Film Festival best-actress award? Valerie Perrine did it, winning in 1975 for her portrayal of comedian Lenny Bruce's wife in "Lenny" (with Dustin Hoffman). But that's not all Valerie has done. Her glittery film credits include Hollywood blockbusters—like both "Supermans" and "The Electric Horseman"—and a lavish failure, "Can't Stop the Music." But she's also traveled the intellectual circuit in Bruce Jay Friedman's "Steambath" (a PBS play); her film debut was in the movie version of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s "Slaughterhouse-Five." Those successes, Valerie



We at PLAYBOY feel proprietary about Valerie Perrine. We published her first pictorial in May 1972, heralding her movie debut in *Slaughterhouse-Five*. Here are two scenes from her latest, *Superman II*; that's Christopher Reeve at near right, Gene Hackman with Valerie at far right.





At left, the fine Miss Perrine with Jack Nicholson, her co-star in Universal's forthcoming *The Border*, filmed primarily near El Paso. Nicholson plays a Border Patrol agent on the lookout for illegal aliens; Valerie is his wife. The picture is scheduled for release in late September.

insists, stem from much more than just her pretty face and (usually naked) body. Like what? "My mind," she says. And she adds: "I say what I think and I don't think before I say it." Confused? Don't be. Valerie Perrine is an outspoken woman, one who hates women's liberation and who loves sex (and loves talking about it, too).

Says interviewer Robert McGarvey of their meeting, "She's cute. She must be. Because she bans smoking in her house and I still stayed several hours." If a chain-smoking writer can bear abstaining from cigarettes, plus the 700 pounds of dogs that freely rumble through her house, you can bet what Valerie Perrine has to say is hot.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you sleep with four dogs and that you've had your brass bed specially reinforced because of it?



Recalling her days in Vegas, Valerie told PLAYBOY: "Showgirls walk differently. It ruins my tennis game. I've been told I play as if I had a book on my head; well, that comes from carrying 30 pounds of stuff like bananas, birds and Empire wigs on my head for ten years. I fell a lot."



PERRINE: It's an antique, king-sized brass bed and the mattress is on a wooden box that sits on the floor. There's absolutely no pressure on the bed itself. . . . Three of my dogs sleep on the bed. The mastiff [a 250-pounder] doesn't. It's a very high Victorian bed and he can't get up there without my helping him and I don't do that very often. Because he's—it's *too* much! There's no room for me when the four dogs are on the bed. But we seem to have it all figured out. There's always a dog next to the pillow, one on the side and one at my (text continued on page 164)



"I'll never be afraid to be poor. I was on food stumps and there's a certain sense of freedom about not having a lot of money. I could take my dogs and live in a thatched hut."





Edwin

The Female Cabin Boy

There was a pretty female, as you should understand,
Who wanted to go roving into some foreign land.
Disguised in sailor's clothing she boldly did appear,
Engaging with the captain to serve him for one year.

Engaging with the captain his cabin boy to be.
When the wind began to favor, they quickly put to sea.
The captain had his wife aboard; 't was she who would enjoy
To have this willing servant, the pretty cabin boy.

Oh, nimble was this pretty girl; she did her duties well—
The first mate's wish, the bosun's charge—whatever her befell.
But as for the captain, in time, to his annoy,
Began to swell the waist of Nell, the female cabin boy.

One night, the crew of sailors was wakened by a shout.
They bundled from their hammocks and wildly stared about.
"Oh, doctor, oh, doctor," the cabin boy did cry,
"I think I'll birth a baby, or else I'll surely die."

The doctor ran with all his might, asmiling at this fun,
To think a sailor lad could have a daughter or a son.
And when the sailors gathered round, they shook their heads
and stared;
The child belonged to none of them, they solemnly declared.

Said the lady to the captain, said she, "I wish you joy,
'T was either you or I, then, seduced the cabin boy."

Sailor Cut Down in His Prime

His kindly old father, his gentle old mother
Had warned him oftentimes of the dangers of life:
Flashy girls there are who'll squander your money,
Beware of those girls as the throat shuns the knife.

But now he is dead and he's laid in his coffin.
Six jolly sailor boys walk by his side.
Each of them carries a bunch of white roses;
They carry the roses his smell for to hide.

And down on the corner there stand two girls talking,
And one to the other will whisper meantime,
"Here comes the young sailor whose money we'd squander,
Here comes the young sailor cut down in his prime."

On top of my tombstone, please have the words written,
"All you young sailors, take warning by me,
And never go courting the girls of the city;
The girls of the city are cruel as the sea."

Beat the drum over him, play the pipes lowly,
Play the dead march as the bells start to chime.
Take him to the churchyard and fire three volleys,
For here's a young sailor cut down in his prime.

Note: This song will be known to readers in its later, American version, *The Streets of Laredo*. The secret is that the sailor died of a venereal disease—thus the roses to mask the smell.



The Sea Captain and His Lady

An old ship's captain, marrying late
To a pretty woman of rich estate,
And, coming home from the church that day,
Was handed orders that called him away.

A bold young squire who lived nearby,
Hearing these tidings, resolved to try
To make a cuckoo by design
Whilst the stalwart captain was sailing the brine.

So early next morning, the squire arose
And dressed himself in his very best clothes.
Taking coachman and footman and butler in train,
He goes to the lady and woos her amain.

So upstairs the lady and squire did go,
While Cook and the coachman did tumble below,
And the footman was making the parlormaid moan,
And the butler was up in the garret with Joan.

When six months were over and seven was come,
The slender young lady grew thick in the tum.
When nine months were passing, it happened one day
The captain made port and arrived at the quay.

Took his wife in his arms, gave her lips a warm baste,
Saying, "My dearest jewel, you're thick in the waist."
"Oh, I've grown a bit plumper, I fully agree,
But I won't be astarving whilst you are at sea."

When supper was ended, they sat in the hall
And the captain's young lady, she gave a great squall.
"The colic, the colic, the colic," she cried.
"I'm so bad in the colic, I fear I shall die!"

The doctor was called for and when he came there,
He ordered the cook a drink to prepare.
But Cook, she replied she'd not stir from her bed.
"I'm so took by the colic, I'd rather be dead."

The midwife was sent for and when she came there,
She delivered the wife of a fine, bonny heir.
She delivered the cook, going on with the same
To the housemaid and Joan—the end of the game.

"Oho!" cried the captain. "A trick, I declare!
But, for the joke's sake, I forgive you, my dear.
Yet, still there's one thing you must tell if you can—
Are all these four babies the work of one man?"



Subject:
Design, Improvement,
and Production of the Porsche 924/924 Turbo.
Model Years 1977 through 1981.

At Porsche, we take pride in the past. But we look to the future for new technologies and new improvements. Because excellence is expected, we constantly re-examine, redesign, and improve our engineering concepts. Since its introduction four years ago, the 924—like all Porsches—has been continuously improved at Weissach, in high-stress field tests, and on the track.

In 1979, we introduced a turbocharged 924. Many of its improvements for 1981 are detailed below. Perhaps as a result of our continuing development, the 924 has been chosen the "Best Sports Car of the World" in the up to 2-litre class by the readers of *Auto, Motor und Sport*—four times in the last four years.

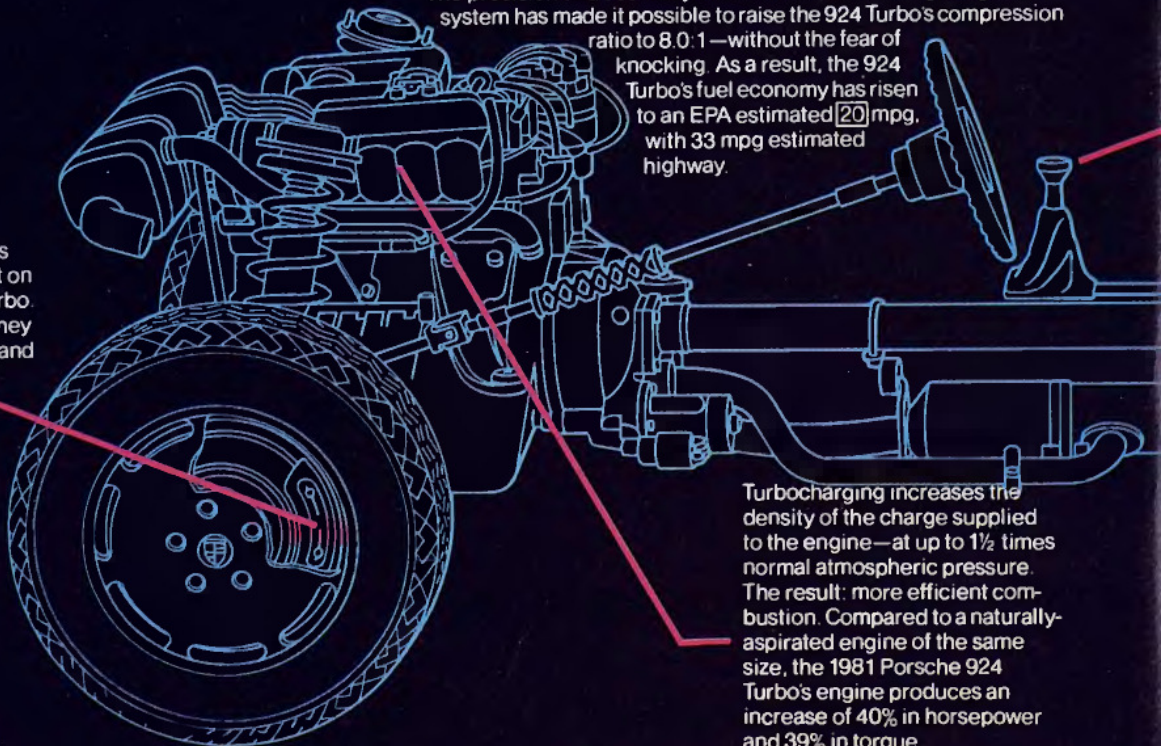


New halogen headlamps provide wider and brighter light—an increase of approximately 30% over last year. In addition, the diffusion pattern of each lens provides greater visibility, extending the driver's field of vision.

The 1981 Porsche 924 Turbo introduces a new electronic digital ignition system with automatic idle stabilization. Now, regardless of engine load, engine rpm is maintained (± 50 rpm). In addition, engine output has been increased from 143 to 154 hp because of greater ignition accuracy (every 1 8° of crank rotation is controlled) and more efficient combustion chamber design. The new electronic ignition is set permanently. No maintenance is required because there is no mechanical wear and tear.

The precision and accuracy of the new electronic digital ignition system has made it possible to raise the 924 Turbo's compression ratio to 8.0:1—without the fear of knocking. As a result, the 924 Turbo's fuel economy has risen to an EPA estimated 20 mpg, with 33 mpg estimated highway.

Internally-vented disc brakes are now standard equipment on all four wheels of the 924 Turbo. Compared to drum brakes, they dissipate heat more rapidly, and thus reduce fading.



To help keep the driver and his passenger comfortable, air conditioning is now standard equipment in the 924 Turbo. Power windows are also standard.

Turbocharging increases the density of the charge supplied to the engine—at up to 1½ times normal atmospheric pressure. The result: more efficient combustion. Compared to a naturally-aspirated engine of the same size, the 1981 Porsche 924 Turbo's engine produces an increase of 40% in horsepower and 39% in torque.

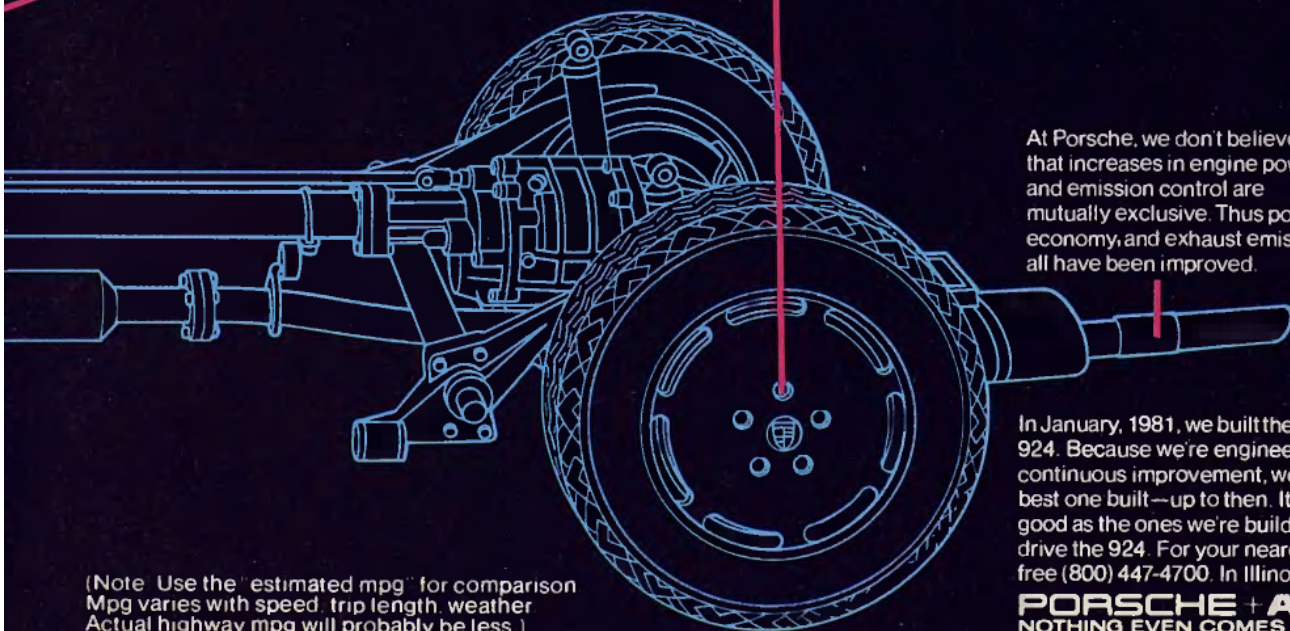
Porsche 924/924 Turbo



For more convenience in stop-and-go city driving, first gear—which is seldom used on the track—has been moved into the H-pattern:



New five-bolt 6JX15 light alloy wheels maintain strength yet reduce unsprung weight. Fitted with high-speed 185/70VR15 radial ply tires, they improve both ride and tire traction.



At Porsche, we don't believe that increases in engine power and emission control are mutually exclusive. Thus power, economy, and exhaust emissions all have been improved.

In January, 1981, we built the 100,000th Porsche 924. Because we're engineers, interested in continuous improvement, we know it was the best one built—up to then. It was almost as good as the ones we're building today. Test drive the 924. For your nearest dealer, call toll-free (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

PORSCHE + AUDI
NOTHING EVEN COMES CLOSE

(Note: Use the "estimated mpg" for comparison. Mpg varies with speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway mpg will probably be less.)

VIVA VALERIE!

(continued from page 158)

"I don't understand when people say Valerie Perrine is sexy. I don't even understand what they mean."

feet. They like sleeping on the pillows the best—they actually put their heads on the pillow, just like people. Thurber [the mastiff] sleeps at the foot of the bed. God forbid somebody should come into my room in the dead of night!

PLAYBOY: No kidding? How big are the others?

PERRINE: One of the great Danes weighs 150 pounds; the other, 130. The cross-breed is a little lighter.

PLAYBOY: They get along, we assume.

PERRINE: No! They fight. I've a hole in my arm to prove it. But only two of them fight at the same time. They don't get in huge pack fights—unless they get out of the house, God forbid!

PLAYBOY: They never stray off your grounds?

PERRINE: No, no! When they're all four in a pack, they can be *dangerous*. I can't handle all four of them. They go after other dogs, kids. . . .

PLAYBOY: They're, er, well behaved now.

PERRINE: [Menacing laugh] They sure are, aren't they? Do you know, the people next door are redoing their house and some jerk—one of the guys who're putting in a fence there—put his hands through the fence. Well . . . they bit him. They were gr-r-ing [Perrine makes vicious, teeth-gnashing growls] and he went to *pet* them! I couldn't believe it!

PLAYBOY: Tell us, how did the daughter of a career military officer ever happen to become a Las Vegas showgirl?

PERRINE: I have *no* idea. Just boom, like that. I didn't know a soul—just checked into a motel and started knocking on doors. . . . I worked at the Desert Inn until they decided to make the girls wear see-through costumes. I said I'd quit unless they made me the star of the show, which they did, and I liked that. Then I got this big thing in my bonnet about going further than just Vegas. Not necessarily in show business; just with myself as a human being. I'd *done* it in Vegas, so I left and went to live in Europe, traveling around. Then I came back to Los Angeles and three months later, I was doing *Slaughterhouse-Five*.

PLAYBOY: You had no prior acting experience. How did you get the female lead in *Slaughterhouse-Five*?

PERRINE: Totally out of nowhere. I was having dinner at a girlfriend's house. An agent was there, too. He saw me giggling and carrying on and asked if I could act. I thought, Why not? So I said yeah. He took snapshots of me out to the studio [Universal], they arranged a

screen test and I got the job. I'd never been on a movie lot before in my life.

PLAYBOY: In past interviews, you've been quoted as saying, "I can't act." Can you?

PERRINE: I said I couldn't act? I'm not so sure I said that. I might have said I *don't* act—you know, I'm not conscious of acting. I might be reacting. To say I can't act sounds as if I think I don't have any talent. I've *never* thought that.

PLAYBOY: For good reasons. Director Bob Fosse—*Lenny*, *Cabaret*, *All That Jazz*—said of your work in *Lenny*: "Quite simply, she is the best actress I've ever directed." Didn't you return the compliment when Fosse suffered a heart attack a few years back?

PERRINE: This is true. I did send him a life-size pinup of me in nothing but a G string. It was put up in his hospital room.

PLAYBOY: To cheer him up?

PERRINE: [Laughs] Like he said, it cheered up the staff.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about nudity in posters, in magazines?

PERRINE: Obviously, I don't think anything's wrong with it—or I wouldn't have done it. I would still do it. I don't think there's *anything* wrong with nude pictures—as long as you don't show your [coy voice] private area. This I will never do.

PLAYBOY: Because privates are privates?

PERRINE: Uh-huh. [Laughs] But tits and ass! My God, it's nothing. The whole world sees tits and ass. *National Geographic*—tits and ass!

PLAYBOY: One former pinup star, who seemingly just found religion, has complained that she "hated" how men looked at pictures of her—

PERRINE: You said somebody who "just found religion." I don't think I ever *lost* it. And I have never thought people would think lascivious thoughts when they looked at something like that. What makes her think they're thinking bad thoughts? Maybe they're thinking good, like, Hmmm. Look at that one! What's wrong with that? It's a perfectly natural, lovely reaction. Or, Isn't she beautiful! Doesn't she have a nice body! Even if it's, I would love to make love to her—that's a *lovely* thought.

PLAYBOY: How do you respond to people's looking at a picture of you and then wanting to make love to you?

PERRINE: *Not* as an insult. I take it as a compliment. God forbid somebody'd think, Make love with her? *Uuuggghhh!* That's when you're in trouble: *Uuuggg-*

hhh! It's disgusting!

PLAYBOY: A theme that runs through your press coverage is, Valerie Perrine: The Sex Symbol. How does that grab you?

PERRINE: You have to have some sort of image. What's wrong with sex symbol? Nothing! I think it's nice—if that's what they want to think. I don't consider myself a sexy person . . . I don't know what it is to be sexy. I've never met—I've never looked at a girl and thought she was sexy. Even when I see a man who's sexy—which doesn't happen very often—there's not *one* thing I can define as sexy. I may look at one guy and think he's sexy because he's funny; another because he has blue eyes and blond hair; and another one because he has \$10,000,000. [Laughs] I don't understand the whole thing. I don't know what it is that makes people sexy. For me, it's always changing; it's different with everybody. That's why I don't understand when people say Valerie Perrine is sexy. I don't even understand what they mean.

PLAYBOY: So you're not gratified when people say you're sexy?

PERRINE: Being sexy is a superficial, shallow attribute. It's temporary. It's not something you've done. It's just something people think you are.

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, many people *do* think you're sexy. You created a sensation, for example, when you came onscreen with bare boobs in Bruce Jay Friedman's *Steambath*. That was a TV first—were you conscious of that?

PERRINE: I'm usually never conscious. [Laughs] That's a very rare state of mind for me. Conscious of what?

PLAYBOY: Breaking a TV taboo.

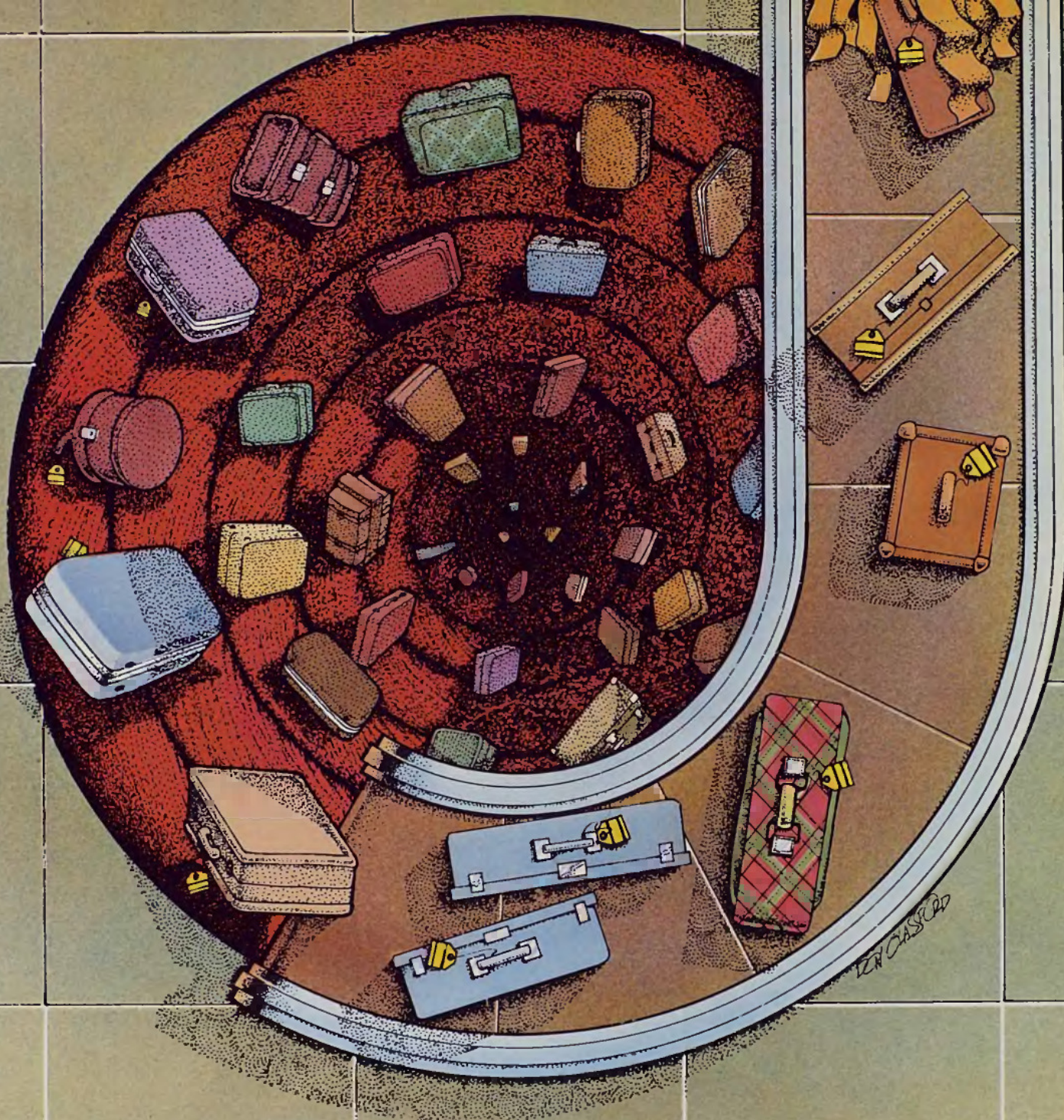
PERRINE: No. It was just acting. Don't forget—I worked topless in Vegas. It's no big thing. God, they really make such a big thing out of mammary glands! It's the way I look at it. And I'm probably one of the *most* prudish girls when you get down to it. I'm very, very difficult to even get to kiss on the 20th date. [Laughs] But as far as walking around showing your mammary glands, to me, it's silly to make a big thing out of it.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps it depends upon the size of the mammary glands in question. Still, that's a novel distinction: being prudish yet willing to be naked in public.

PERRINE: I'm *not* willing to be naked. I'll *never* show my private parts. I always have on a G string. For me, G string is *dressed*. I could probably be a nudist if I were into running around with other naked people. I *don't* like the feeling of clothes. I don't think it's that important to be dressed.

PLAYBOY: High collars, not bare chests, usually go with prudishness.

(continued on page 184)



THE VANISHING-SUITCASE CAPER

every day at airports all over the world, canny thieves pocket lots of cash by routing your valuable luggage their way

WHATEVER EDDIE WANTS, Eddie gets. He's a baggage handler for a major airline in Miami. He's very good at his regular job, sorting and loading incoming and outgoing passenger luggage. But he's *excellent* at his other job: For the past seven years, as the other handlers tell it, Eddie has assumed the unchallenged position as the best thief on the line.

The 27-year-old Eddie has what it takes to substantially supplement his income. He has that special feel, that right touch, that uncanny way of finessing the best

out of a suitcase in less than 30 seconds. Very little gets by him. He knows when to look, what to look for and where to look for it. When it comes to spotting the good prospects, he isn't impressed by Gucci leather nor deceived by Woolworth vinyl.

Eddie doesn't steal bags, just their contents. For him, it's what's inside that counts: jewelry, expensive radios and tape decks, furs, negotiable securities, packets of cash stuffed inside dirty socks. He stays away from the obvious temptation of the normal assortment of "oversize"

article **By PETER S. GREENBERG**

items: golf clubs, in-the-box television sets, skis.

Baggage has been one of the airlines' major headaches since the beginning of commercial flying. In the current era of deregulation, fewer and more crowded flights, soaring costs, sophisticated thieves and a growing number of crooked passengers, the baggage mess has mushroomed into a yearly loss of more than \$110,000,000. As a result, more and more passengers have involuntarily become firm believers in the philosophy that there are really only two kinds of airline baggage: carry-on and lost.

Airlines claim they're trying to make things better. The major carriers all have installed some form of automated baggage systems. Eastern has an expensive laser-scanner sorting system in Miami; United has a computer voice-activated routing system in Chicago; American has a fancy push-button operation at LaGuardia.

When the systems work, they can move and sort upwards of 4000 bags an hour. When they *don't*—which is often—memories are rekindled of the madness once displayed by the computers at the mammoth Dallas/Fort Worth Regional Airport a few years back, when passengers and their baggage were regularly stranded for hours and baggage that wasn't chewed to bits got lost in a mountain of 2000 cases.

So sophisticated passengers often insist on keeping all their baggage, arguing that what the airlines don't lose they damage. In 1979 alone, TWA spent more than \$2,200,000 just to fix bags it had ripped, slashed, stained, eaten or otherwise mangled.

Recently, Swissair—an airline with one of the best baggage reputations in the business—wanted to promote its diligence in reuniting the occasional lost bag with its owner. Ads in major newspapers and magazines claimed that Swissair had found an unidentified bag at the Zurich airport last September. The ad copy described the bag, then praised the airline for being efficient, thorough and caring. Less than a month later, the carrier ran a second, deadpan ad, announcing that 37 "owners" of the bag had responded before the actual owner was located.

According to the Civil Aeronautics Board, baggage complaints are second only to schedule problems in passenger gripes to the agency (according to the CAB's *Consumer Complaint Report*, on the domestic side, Delta, Southwest, Ozark and United have the fewest complaints; Pan American, TWA and Braniff the most). The CAB is currently considering raising U. S. airline liability for mishandling passenger bags from \$750 to \$1000 per passenger.

At Pan Am, they still talk about the Mazatlán disaster of 1973, when dozens of vacationers' bags that should have been tagged MZT were labeled MAZATLAN/SIN (Mazatlán is in the Mexican state of Sinaloa). Not one bag made it off the plane in Mexico. The next day, Pan Am's offices received an urgent wire from the Paya Lebar International Airport in Singapore: "WE SEEM TO BE HOLDING AN AWFUL LOT OF BAGS HERE FOR A MR. MAZATLAN. . . ." The luggage was ultimately returned to its irate owners.

It's been suggested that, if America really wants to dispose of nuclear waste, we should pack it in Louis Vuitton bags and check it in on a Braniff flight to Lima. Braniff won't comment publicly, but some of its employees in South America claim that the baggage-theft rate from Braniff's DC-8s and 747s serving the Continent is alarming. "It is not unusual on some of our flights," shrugs a Braniff station agent, "to lose 20 or 30 bags. These are not Braniff employees stealing them," he adds, "but ground people."

Braniff, which has been having substantial problems aside from baggage losses (namely, a monumental \$131,000,000 loss in 1980 that cost its long-standing chairman, Harding Lawrence, his job), has now privately appealed to Peruvian authorities to monitor closely the loading and unloading operations in Lima.

A growing number of passengers seem to have decided that if the airlines can lose real bags, they can also permanently misplace nonexistent ones. Using a variety of schemes, passengers have managed to file phony claims and collect up to the \$750 the CAB currently recognizes as the limit on liability.

"I've never seen a claim yet that didn't include at least one diamond watch or a Nikon camera," complains Joseph Daley, vice-president of public relations at Pan Am. "Some of these things get pretty ridiculous."

One scam simply involves palming an additional baggage stub from a willing skycap. Another is to buy the cheapest bag possible, fill it with newspapers and check it for a flight. Upon arrival at the destination, the passenger waits for the bag at the carousel. When it appears, he grabs it long enough to remove the luggage tag from the bag and then replaces it on the carousel. Then comes the irate claim at the baggage desk. In a matter of weeks, the passenger, having supplied the airline with a full description of the phantom bag and its expensive contents—often including receipts—will probably receive a check for \$750. "It's a great way to pay for your vacation," says a 29-year-old housewife from Madison, Wisconsin. "Last year, we pulled it on Mexicana when we took our

Club Med vacation. It worked like a charm."

Despite a bag-tracing and matching computer system run by Eastern in Miami (and used by more than two dozen airlines), the bogus claims continue to be honored. "Here's where the public really gets screwed," says one baggage official at American. "If you're flying first class and you're a repeat traveler and file a phony claim, the airline will usually pay right away. But it's the first-time flier who paid cash for his coach ticket and *really* loses his bags—that's the claim that gets denied."

Says Dick Fiorenzo, a veteran agent who moved from National to Pan Am when Pan Am took over his old airline: "The way I figure it, about 25 percent of the phony claims are going to slip through. They'll beat you. My last year at National, we had \$2,000,000 in claims."

But not without a fight. "We've got good intuition down here," he says. "And we can often smell a bad claim."

The best-known bad claim was made in December 1978. National employees call it their Cinderella story. A particularly well-endowed woman flew from New York to Palm Beach, Florida, and National lost her bag. She filed a claim: mink coat, expensive jewels and other clothing—totaling a few thousand dollars.

Three weeks later, an employee in the airline's tracing center went through all the unclaimed bags and called Fiorenzo. "We've got that woman's bag," he boasted.

"How do you know?" Fiorenzo asked. "Is there a name on it?"

There was a long pause. "Not exactly," came the response. "I mean, there's no mink coat or expensive jewels inside, although the bag seems full."

"Then how do you know it's hers?" Fiorenzo demanded.

Another pause. "Well," laughed the agent, "there's a bra in here size 40-D."

That's all Fiorenzo needed. He hired an investigator, had the woman visited, ostensibly to verify ownership. The real mission: to confirm breast size. When the boobs matched, the woman quickly dropped her claim.

Still, a majority of the claims are very real. And too many passengers get left *not* holding the bag.

Airline statistics argue that legitimately lost bags have a high probability of being returned. It is the baggage *theft* problem that seems to plague airlines most.

Take the case of Marshall Harrison, for example. An elderly gentleman, Harrison had apparently perfected a scam to rip off bags from a host of claim areas at Los Angeles International. His M.O. was to pick out the bags he wanted, then



"Those jungle drums! That monotonous rhythm is driving me mad!"

go up to the security people (who normally ask for a claim stub) and plead forgetfulness. "He'd say things like his wife was waiting in the car, that they had come such a long way," says one security official, "and they'd always let him go through."

Then, in October 1979, Harrison's act was halted by a freak coincidence. A Continental Airlines baggage-service agent, David Scott, was at the Pan Am terminal to pick up two misrouted bags when he noticed Harrison removing those very bags from the building. Scott summoned the Los Angeles police and Harrison was arrested.

On March 30, 1980, Scott (who had appeared as a witness against Harrison) again saw Harrison acting suspiciously on the sidewalk in front of the Continental terminal, about to move in on some bags resting in a skycap's cart. Scott detained Harrison until the police took custody of him and charged him with violation of his rather specific probation condition: He was not supposed to be at LAX without an airplane ticket.

Less than a month later, on April 19, Scott was on an airport service bus on his way to work when he again spotted Harrison removing two bags from the TWA baggage-claim area. Scott ran off the bus and detained Harrison again until an arrest could be made. This time, Scott received a commendation from the airline. Harrison was finally jailed.

"Whether it's internal or external theft," says a Continental spokesman, "we have a strong company policy that favors prosecution."

But most thieves are a little more slippery than Marshall Harrison. Mexicana, an airline with a relatively good reputation for in-flight service, as well as baggage handling, was hit hard recently with some serious thefts, especially in cities such as Guadalajara, where bags were frequently stolen. In 1980, the airline paid out more than 25,000,000 pesos (more than \$1,000,000) in claims for lost or stolen bags, a huge increase over previous years. "It was a growing problem," says one top company official, "and we had trouble controlling it."

The situation has improved for the time being, though, since the Mexican government installed a new director of customs. Mexicana officials don't think that is pure coincidence—many Mexicana flights make intermediate stops en route to their destinations, and most of the thefts occurred at those stops. "We can't prove it," says an official, "but we're convinced that the bags were being ripped off by customs officials at places like Tampico and Monterrey. We were never given receipts for the bags that they pulled off the planes," he says. "More often than not, we never saw those bags again. The biggest problem

was how could we complain to the government about this when it was the government stealing the bags?"

But often, it's the airlines' own employees doing the stealing. Take, for example, a recent Continental Airlines case. For well over a year, an unusual number of baggage claims were being presented by distraught Continental passengers who had boarded flights in Seattle. Soon the airline's security department began studying the claims, trying to determine a pattern. "We knew somebody was into our knickers," says Don Lohmeyer, Continental security chief, "and we were determined to catch him."

First, officials figured out the thieves' method of operation: The loaders placed Western Airlines bag tags on Continental luggage and had them sent as "interline" baggage to the Western bag area. Later they collected the bags themselves at the airport.

A surveillance team was soon positioned and, in November 1979, local police arrested two Continental baggage loaders and charged them with theft in the first degree—a felony in the state of Washington. When authorities went to the apartment of one, Leon Minter, they recovered more than \$10,000 in cameras, tape recorders and jewelry, not to mention a host of empty bags, many of which still had tags on them.

Continental has been lucky. Since the Minter case, it has closely monitored interline baggage; and in 1980, it was able to reduce its claims, as well as the average claim amount, by 30 percent.

The FBI has been hip to the interlining scam for years but didn't become officially involved until 1975, when the thieves got so greedy at Chicago's O'Hare International Airport that the Feds were called in. So much was being stolen (to this day, the total hasn't been tallied) that the FBI dispatched two undercover agents posing as baggage handlers.

Two months later, more than 20 baggage loaders were arrested and charged with theft from interstate shipments. During the last month of their surveillance (October 1975), the agents added up more than \$100,000 in items lifted from passenger bags. "This was quite an operation," says an agent who worked the case. "The ring had been in business, we later found out, since 1971. They had obtained the master keys to all kinds of luggage. If you can believe it, they especially liked to steal false teeth and bridge-work that so many passengers seemed always to pack. They'd sell them for \$100 a set because of the gold and silver they contained." Of those arrested, 13 were later found guilty.

"That's only one case," the G man says. "Interline thefts are happening every day; but unless the crooks get greedy, we never hear about them."

It wasn't long before the FBI heard about bag thefts again—this time at the hands of a rather ecumenical bunch of baggage handlers at Washington's National Airport. A Federal undercover agent posed as a fence willing to buy thousands of dollars' worth of clothing, jewelry, rare coins—even a \$10,000 savings bond. A Federal grand jury indicted five baggage handlers from various airlines and charged them with possession of stolen goods.

"No bag was safe," said Thomas K. Berger, assistant U. S. Attorney handling the case. "It was a very smooth operation . . . accomplished in a highly professional manner."

That was in 1977. A year later, according to *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, Eastern airlines discovered it had paid \$8,300,000 to travelers claiming lost, stolen or pilfered baggage—a whopping increase of 59 percent from the previous year. The airline also fired 73 employees that year for "dishonesty"—misuse of money, tickets, passes and baggage. By 1979, Eastern was offering a "maximum security" award—up to \$5000—to any employee providing information leading to the dismissal or arrest of a co-worker for theft. Then the airline started a theft-awareness program at its Miami base. Eastern president Frank Borman also sent a letter of concern about theft to all Eastern employees.

Workshops and award programs—offered by a number of carriers—are not always successful. According to one TWA station agent, the airline has been hit hard by its own employees but has been reluctant to prosecute those it has caught, apparently fearing adverse publicity. Although TWA officials deny it, the airline was hard-hit for a time by serious pilfering of baggage being boarded for its flight 148, a daily nonstop from Las Vegas to New York's J.F.K. "The reason they were hitting that flight," says one TWA employee familiar with the story, "is that they knew it was loaded with high-rollers on their way back. They figured correctly that a number of bags would be loaded with valuable clothing, jewelry and lots of heavy silver dollars these people were bringing back as souvenirs for their grandkids or whatever."

In 1978, Western Airlines was having similar problems with flights out of Las Vegas. When the losses started mounting that summer, the baggage claims got traced to flights that had originated in Las Vegas. Western went directly to the FBI, and on September seventh, the agency installed special video-tape cameras in the air ducts directly above the Western bag room at McCarran International Airport. "These

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people knew exactly how to rip off bags," says the FBI agent who broke the case. "They were lining up the large metal baggage containers in such a way that anyone coming through the doors into the bag room would see only the backs of the containers. They couldn't see the employees going through the bags. They had lookouts and signals, so they knew when to start and stop."

FBI agents concealed in a nearby room monitored the action, which was recorded on video tape for two weeks. On the morning of September 20th, another FBI agent checked a bag loaded with goodies for a flight he had no intention of making. A few minutes later, the agents arrested three bag loaders, charging each with theft from interstate shipment, a Federal offense.

All three pleaded guilty; all three received suspended sentences. Two received fines of \$300; the third, a whopping \$500. "Baggage theft from passengers is big business," says the agent, "and just about every one of our field offices is now working these cases."

"You bet it's big," says one of those arrested by the FBI in the Western Airlines case. "It was going on before I got there, and it's going on there right now. With me, [stealing bags] was more of a game, and I knew that eventually we would get caught. It became like a high," he says. "It became fun. Everyone knew I was doing it, and everyone I knew was doing it himself. Even the most honest

Mormon boys out there on the ramp would steal five or ten dollars on occasion. The rest of us would steal whatever that was available.

"I was supervisor of baggage on the day shift," he reports. "I worked for Western for nine years, and after all that time, nothing gets by you that you don't want to get by you. In Vegas, people would walk up and check 400 or 500 silver dollars in one bag. Hell, you just pick the bag up and you can tell how much is in there, just by one shake. On some days, we'd just pull in \$100. Other days would be \$1000 days. And," he confesses, "I used to think, God, this is terrible. It would frighten the poor passenger to death if he knew his luggage really had no security."

When he started work for Western, he was making \$3.15 an hour. When he got busted, his salary was between \$20,000 and \$25,000. "But I got caught because my greed wouldn't stop. We hit one doctor and his wife on their way to Hawaii for several thousand dollars in jewelry and even some credit cards. Then there is all the dope we used to steal. There was a baggage guy named Jim who smoked dope, and the skycaps used to tell me he got all his shit from the bags. So one night I started watching him. Sure enough, he'd open up the luggage and you'd be amazed at how many people carried already-rolled-up joints and little Baggies of Colombian. But Jim didn't consider that

stealing. We also had a guy in lost and found who had a collection of 40 expensive cameras—and they didn't consider that stealing, either."

When it came to acts of pure craziness, the baggage loaders protected one another. "We had this one guy," says the former Western supervisor, "who was fired one day because he took a set of golf clubs that was coming in off a flight and broke them. He just took them out of the bag individually and broke all the clubs, one by one, and then put them on the baggage-claim belt and down they went to the public areas where everyone could see them. Well, some of the boys came to me and said we had to get this guy off the hook. He filed a union grievance, of course, so when the arbitration hearing came up in Los Angeles, I went there as the corn-pone, country, short-haired, clean-cut all-American supervisor to say how amazed and astounded I was to hear that this man had broken anything. Why, this man had worked for me for five years. I must have been convincing," he laughs, "because the company rehired him. A year later, he was fired with me after the FBI bust."

Authorities are still laughing about what they call the Jack-in-the-Box Caper. The scam seemed as simple as it was complicated. According to Federal officials who literally stumbled onto the case, the plot was hatched when ramp servicemen in Los Angeles decided to come up with a novel method for ripping off passenger bags and registered mail. Instead of stealing them when the bags were checked in or later, at their destinations, why not steal them at 33,000 feet?

Two TWA servicemen and a friend bought themselves a 5' x 4' x 5' steamer trunk, added an oxygen tank, foam padding, flashlight, food and clothing. They then marked it MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS and waited for the right flight. They decided to hit Eastern Airlines flight 82, departing at 7:50, nonstop for Atlanta, one morning in April 1980.

At the appointed hour, William DeLucia, a 13-year TWA veteran, slid into the trunk. His colleague David McCulley flew ahead on a previous flight to wait at the destination. Lloyd Santana, who was not an airline employee, then checked DeLucia, along with four suitcases—all empty—as baggage on the flight. Santana then boarded the Eastern L-1011 for the four-hour flight to Georgia.

En route, DeLucia got out of the trunk, switched destination tags on the four suitcases from Atlanta to Kansas City, rifled suitcases and took six sacks of registered mail and shoved his selections into his own suitcases. Then he returned to the trunk.

When the plane landed in Atlanta,



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everything went fine until the baggage from the flight was being unloaded. An Eastern baggage handler inadvertently released a lever that opened the end of the trunk, exposing DeLucia's feet. When McCulley and Santana went to claim their "instruments," they were arrested. All three were charged with mail theft—a felony. At the end of their 16-day trial, DeLucia and McCulley were both sentenced to seven-year prison terms. Santana received a six-year sentence. All three have appealed.

Still, as costs for losses soar and the airlines get tougher on security, internal baggage thefts seem to continue unabated. "Sure, they've gotten tougher," says Tim Riley (not his real name), a baggage loader for Eastern Airlines at Miami International. "They started the reward system. Big deal," he laughs. "They even thought they'd boost company morale by making us all stockholders of ten shares each. But many of us feel that they're still not paying us enough," says the nine-year veteran and part owner of his company. "With the number of bags we move here in Miami and the frequency of our operations, we can pretty much take anything we want," he boasts. "You want leather jackets, we know where to get them. If you want a specific size, you may have to wait a day or two. Appliances or stereos are a breeze," he adds, "since so many *latinos* come to Miami just to buy shit to take home with them. Besides," he says, "with more than 60 carriers in and out of here, there's lots of interlining and plenty of opportunity. For a while," he reports, "a lot of the guys carried master keys to the expensive bags. Then the rich folks started checking in cheap shit, so we don't even need keys anymore. So we go by the weight and the feel. After a while, you just know which are the good bags. And," he argues, "we're not just doing it for kicks. Many of us look at what we're doing as our own hedge against inflation."

Folks like Tim seem to be sprinkled throughout Eastern's wide route system. "The airline is having theft problems in San Juan, Miami and at J.F.K.," says a longtime Eastern employee at the airline's St. Louis facility. "At Miami, there were a number of curbside baggage rip-offs involving skycaps employed by Eastern. The airline may not want to talk about it, but it is trying to solve the problem."

Eastern has refused comment. Last year, when *The Atlanta Journal* ran a major story claiming that Eastern's new \$22,000,000 baggage system at Hartsfield Atlanta International Airport wasn't working, the airline angrily removed all advertising from the paper. Still, Eastern didn't deny the facts con-

tained in the story. (At this writing, the system is *still* not operating properly.)

In Denver, a number of airlines are monitoring baggage-loss claims to try to break a theft ring. In Maui, where the attitude of airport officials is so laid back that just about anything can happen—it does happen. At Chicago's O'Hare, at Houston and Detroit, a number of airlines are using "beeper bags," suitcases rigged with radios that begin transmitting as soon as they are opened. But despite such measures, luggage still gets snatched. At many airports, airlines use a chaotic honor system and thieves merely drive up to the terminal, pick out a few bags and drive off. So much for honor.

Then, of course, there's J.F.K. "Security at this terminal is very bad," admits one customer-service agent for TWA. "We keep telling management that when bags pile up here, people can just walk out with anything. It happens a lot. But management won't listen. They feel it's cheaper to pay claims than to hire someone to guard the bags."

But J.F.K. pales in comparison with London's Heathrow Airport. Consider the plight of British Airways passenger Derek Mayhew. In 1977, homeward bound from business in the Arabian gulf, he boarded a British Airways L-1011 jet in Bahrein and discovered—much to his pleasant surprise—that, by a freak reservations foul-up, he would be the only passenger aboard the 250-seat wide-bodied jet.

He was wine and dined all the way back to London. Upon landing at Heathrow, an army of baggage loaders lined up to shepherd his lone suitcase. You guessed it: The bag didn't arrive until three days later.

Mayhew can consider himself one of the lucky ones. At least he got his bag. Heathrow now enjoys the reputation among passengers and airlines as the airport with the worst baggage record in the world. More baggage gets lost, stolen or pilfered at Heathrow than anywhere else.

At first, the British poked fun at the luggage madness. When Concorde service was introduced a few years back, British Airways promoted it heavily with posters throughout England that proclaimed, BREAKFAST IN LONDON, LUNCH IN WASHINGTON. Within a few days, almost every poster carried an additional, graffiti promise: LUGGAGE IN BRISBANE.

Now, according to official court records, what the airlines don't lose out of Heathrow gets stolen directly by baggage handlers. The baggage problem has assumed nightmarish proportions. The British press now matter-of-factly refers to the airport as "Thiefrow," and Scotland Yard has set up a permanent squad

THE BOMBAYMENT METHOD

*as you'll see,
it's smart to check your temper
before you check your bags*

memoir **By REG POTTERTON**

There are only five people in this world who know what happened to that lost airline baggage in the Montreal winter of 1958, and I'm one of them. I have no idea where the four other people are today: out there somewhere, I trust, swarming around in the great plankton; gone to convents or madhouses, who knows? It was a long time ago, and when it was all over, we five went our separate ways, never to meet again. It was as if our only common destiny was to come together in those months for the sole purpose of carrying out the deeds I am about to relate.

We were employed by an airline that was in those days British Overseas Airways Corporation, and we were known as passenger-handling agents. It was our job to check the people when they came to the dismal sheds that then constituted Montreal International Airport, Dorval, Quebec. We tore out their tickets, weighed their bags and gave them their boarding passes. Many of the people we met were very badly designed. We not only had to cope with them, in their surly thousands, but we also, after work, had to face the frightful drive back home across the dread frozen wastes of the suburban tundra.

The winter was a few weeks old when we devised the system of baggage handling that became known as the Bombayment method. The first recorded example occurred on a December night when all five of the original instigators were on duty together. Apart from myself, there was Glitz, a Hungarian who was fluent in no known language, including his own; Clare, a ginger-haired angry lady from Belfast; Siggie, a sagacious Iraqi Jew with expensive fingernails and beady eyes; and Arne, a 45-year-old crippled Belgian. Arne drew attention to himself on his first day at work by strangling a chicken that an old Portuguese immigrant had tried to smuggle in with the rest of his belongings. It was then (and may still be) the practice for immigrants to Canada to arrive with ducks, geese and

even the occasional pig; and Arne, for reasons of his own, volunteered his services as livestock executioner to Canadian customs. It was said that he once shot three ducks in a pillowcase with a .357 Magnum, though our supervisor, Scrowston, a laconic figure who sported a well-tailored uniform and an Enola Gay bombardier's cap, had dismissed that as gossip.

"The guy's OK," Scrowston growled. "He just likes to fool around is all."

Scrowston was fond of standing tall in doorways, surveying the world through narrowed eyes, in the manner of a man about to embark on a dangerous mission. Only those who knew him understood that he was, in fact, a fantastic incompetent whose air of executive command failed to disguise a mind that long ago had locked itself away from the intrusion of reality. We loved Scrowston because he could approach a dithering old dear as she fumbled for ticket and passport, loom over her in his hat and spurious aviator glasses and bark:

"OK, Granny, let's get this show on the road."

To Scrowston, an old lady, passenger or not, was a P.T.P.B., post-tampon pre-burial, and it is a mark of his abiding innocence that he used the term with affection.

On the fateful night of our first Bombayment, there was a full plane, a turboprop Britannia, to check in for a transatlantic flight to Manchester and London. It had been delayed several hours because of ice and hopelessness, and many passengers were cold and tired. Heavy-duty whining was much in evidence.

It often seemed to us that of all "difficult" passengers, the nastiest were my countrymen, the British. Perhaps it was because so few of them flew in the Fifties, and many who did seemed to think it meant they had been divinely touched; others suffered from the delusion that they knew their "rights." Regrettably, they were prepared to behave rather badly to demonstrate that knowledge.

Our first Bombayee was a gentleman who thanked God for England, quite loudly, while dumping his bags on the counter scale. He was returning to Manchester after a business trip. He didn't like Canada, it was too cold, the people were unfriendly, the prices outrageous, the manners disgusting, the cars too big, the houses too hot. There were no pubs, no proper food, the bank had cheated him on his foreign exchange and the French-Canadian taxi driver had refused to speak English to him. How-

ever, he confided, he had managed to pick up some interesting samples of Canadian manufacture—those were in a case marked URGENT—and he was certain the market back home would be most receptive. Other than that, it was his considered opinion that Canada could get stuffed.

Siggie was standing next to me at the counter while the passenger aired his views. Siggie liked Canada, possibly because he felt it was better to be a Jew in Canada than it was to be a Jew in Iraq.

"I'll look after these," Siggie said, removing the Manchester passenger's bags from the scale. There were no conveyor belts at Dorval in 1958. Baggage was usually tagged on the scale, taken into the office and loaded onto carts at the back door. I was a little surprised, therefore, to find Siggie—after the Britannia had finally taken off—sitting in the back office, poring over the *Official Airline Guide International Edition*, with the Manchester passenger's baggage at his feet.

"What are you doing?" I asked, always eager to acquire something from Siggie's vast fund of wisdom.

"That man was an asshole," he explained. "I am sending his bags to Bombay."

"But he's going to Manchester."

"Agreed, he is, but not his bags. Let's see. I can get them on tomorrow's Canadian Pacific flight to Lisbon; from there they go to Naples, Naples, Cairo. Then Istanbul via Tahiti. Karachi, I think, then Naples again. Hold them there for a week, then Bangkok via Tehran. Bangkok, Sydney, Tokyo, then back to London and a short stopover in Manchester—just in case they're homesick—then off to Rio de Janeiro, a quick dash to New Zealand, back to New York through Paraguay, then Reykjavik, Naples again and Seattle. I still have to figure a way to get them to San Juan. If they don't get stolen after three passes through Naples, the Puerto Ricans will get them first time. Puerto Ricans eat suitcases; did you know that? To qualify for a baggage-handling job at San Juan airport, it is necessary to have served at least 15 years in a maximum-security prison. So. If his bags survive Naples and San Juan, they should make it to Bombay in about two years."

And that's how it all began. How easy it was! All one had to do, in that simple age of airline travel before the days of the terrorist jet set and baggage security checks, was to add enough connection tags, correctly filled out with flight numbers and destinations, and off went the con-

signment, out into the great void of the wandering suitcase.

Our job took on a new and greater dimension. One was no longer helpless in the face of snarling travelers. One did one's duty quietly, politely, effortlessly, bending in the path of every ill-mannered blast that came our way from the other side of the counter.

"London, madam?" to a screeching fiend whose rantings would have moved a saint to a state of kill frenzy. "Certainly, madam, of course. We're sorry about the delay; yes, I agree, we're all totally useless. Have a pleasant flight." And into the back office went the offending baggage, with the pregnant sentence, "Bombay, please, and a four-month stopover in Valparaiso."

We refined the method, crudely but effectively. A "Neapolitan random six-pack," for instance, meant the bags were to be shuttled in and out of Naples six times, to and from any ports of inconvenience. A "three-way Communist no-hoper" was a triangular route through airports in the Eastern bloc, all of them being inaccessible or difficult of access from the West. Such a routing could also excite the curiosity of Western security services, especially if bags that were sent to the land of the Red menace passed through a U.S. transit point en route.

I should point out that while we Bombayed only those found to be thoroughly guilty, we did so without the stain of racial or national prejudice. True, we had to restrain Arne, the Belgian, from checking in German passengers—contrary to the rules (which allowed us to Bombay only those individuals who gave us no reasonable alternative), Arne insisted on goading Germans, and we simply couldn't have that.

Our brief was simple: A passenger would arrive, one of about 80, and cause trouble. A little trouble was, of course, part of the job; but when it went too far, Bombayment was the inevitable punishment, not subject to appeal. Siggie was the arbiter.

"To Bombay or not to Bombay, that is the question," he once said in considering a borderline case; and that was the phrase, suitably illuminated, that we pinned to the staff notice board.

Possibly, Scrowston had a vague idea that something was going on during those months, but if he did, he may have thought that whatever it was kept us out of more serious trouble. We no longer monopolized the airport public-address system, for

of investigators at the airport to try to counter the problem.

Authorities report that a large amount of luggage *does* come back from other British Airways cities, but it usually returns with no identification whatsoever. In fact, so many refugee bags pile up at Heathrow that the airline has regularly sent vanloads of the stuff to an auction house in Wimbledon to be sold to the highest bidder.

Neither British Airways nor the British Airports Authority would comment on the situation. "They're afraid of the publicity," says one Scotland Yard detective. "But the crime is rampant and the airport seems to breed it.

"The majority of people who come to

example, announcing the departure of fictitious flights to other planets, or filling the terminal at three A.M. with the recorded sounds of steam locomotives and roaring lions. But we occasionally let the Hungarian, Glitz, have the microphone, and he would babble happily on, to the mystification of all within earshot.

Clare, our angry lady from Belfast, helped bring about our downfall by sending the Vatican delegation's bags to Russia. It was a clumsy attempt and definitely improper within the approved framework of Bombayment procedure. One of the priests accused Clare of shortchanging him on some dollars he converted at the counter. After he left, she fell into a rare fit of frothing hysteria and complicated the matter by paging the priest over the P.A. in the following manner: "Will the papist son of a bitch who called me a cheat and a liar come back to the BOAC desk for a kick in the balls?"

That is not the kind of approach that lends itself to a dispassionate assessment of a candidate for Bombayment, and whatever the merits of the case, Scrowston evidently felt constrained to take a tough stance by calling Clare into his office. "Hey, baby," he said, "you're a little over the falls here. These guys are OK, you know."

But Clare was not to be admonished or appeased, and so it came about that she sent the clerical baggage winging its way to Moscow, via New York, where, according to the legend, it was towed out to sea past the Ambrose Light and blown up by vigilant officers of the U.S. Customs Service.

The advent of silicon chips and the deployment of programmed human beings throughout the airline industry have no doubt made it impossible to develop the state of the Bombayment

work here as baggage loaders," he says, "are honest guys when they start. But they have got caught up in this vast machine. It starts off one day when someone comes up to the new loader and says, 'Thank you very much; there's a drink.' And he opens his hand and, lo and behold, he's got five or ten pounds. It takes a very strong person, when he's not picking up a lot of money anyway, to turn around and say, 'I don't want it,' and turn away."

The loaders at Heathrow like to concentrate on flights coming in from troubled countries. "Those are the flights," says a detective, "that are loaded with people trying to take currency out. And you'd be amazed how many of them

art to its greatest potential. Since those distant days, I myself have been Bombayment a few times—or at least have fallen victim of monstrous inefficiency. I must say, in humility, that I have never given cause for deliberate Bombayment; we pioneers of the method are too wily to push too far.

Knowing where to draw the line when checking in *while in a bad mood* is the key. Remember, there are two kinds of airline passengers—he who is Bombayment by mistake and he who is Bombayment because he deserves it. Whenever I have been a victim, I have merely waited for the situation to change, standing by with a wry inner smile, content to let the process work its weary way.

"You've sent my bags to Hanoi? That's wonderful."

Patience is the secret.

I have learned that Siggie spoke the truth about San Juan airport—well, perhaps he embellished it a little; but personal experiences over the past few years lead me to believe that my old friend was not far off the mark when, during a lecture on further refinements in Bombayment, he spoke to us about the achievements of our contemporaries down there in the carefree Caribbean sun of Puerto Rico.

"The best thing to do with your bags when you check in at San Juan is to go out to the parking lot *before* you check in and set fire to your bags. Those guys are artists, I'm telling you. I take my hat off to them."

What more fitting way to conclude this memorial than with a compliment from the master, and with his warning, too:

"So remember, if you go through San Juan, two things—be nice and travel light."

How true, even today. And not just in San Juan.

will pack it in suitcases. And these loaders will be in a bag within seconds." On outbound flights, planes headed to Geneva are popular targets.

One of the loaders is assigned the role of "money-changer." "His own job," says the detective, "is to take money out of the airport. Recently, we stopped a bag loader in Kensington. He was carrying a duffel bag absolutely full up with every denomination and currency you could possibly imagine. It was in the thousands."

Ironically, the safest bags in and out of Heathrow seem to be the ones headed for (or coming from) Ulster and Tel Aviv. For antiterrorist security reasons, the bags are specially banded with plastic as they pass through an X-ray machine. Once banded, it's impossible to pilfer the bag without breaking the band. "Even at that point," says Lee Silverman, El Al Israel spokesman in London, "we continue to watch the bags at Heathrow. British Airways may have upwards of 3000 cases lying around *their* terminal. You won't see that here."

In 1977, Scotland Yard went to the British Airports Authority and suggested that a similar program of baggage banding be used throughout Heathrow. "They deliberated for almost two years," one agent reports. "Finally, they put in a total of two machines, hardly adequate to handle the situation. And to staff it," he laughs, "they put one bloke on a stool, rather like Perry Como, and he'd help someone only if they asked his help. It was hopeless. The individual airlines wouldn't cooperate with us," he adds, "because they said the machines would cause delays. Soon the two machines fell into disrepair and were vandalized by airport staff."

Scotland Yard's only hope to catch the thieves now is an aggressive undercover program. In 1979, the plain-clothed baggage unit worked 202 separate cases of passenger-bag thefts with property valued at more than £680,000 (about \$1,400,000). By 1980, the squad began to show promising results: At this writing, more than 100 baggage-handling cases, most involving employees of British Airways, are awaiting trial. In fact, the Yard made so many bag-theft arrests at one point last year that the remaining Heathrow baggage loaders staged a short work stoppage. They claimed they were overworked because so many of their colleagues had been either suspended or arrested on theft charges, or both.

In 1976, a Middlesex Crown Court judge, in sentencing an airport loader for stealing, said, "We have to deal at this court with airport loaders, handlers and other people who seem to steal all the time. I sometimes wonder if they do much else. The place has literally become a cesspool."

Four years later, Old Bailey judge

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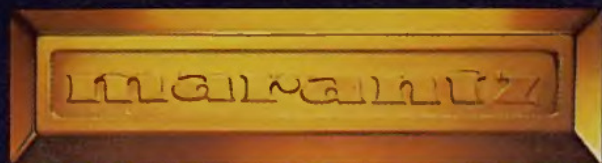
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For over thirty years, Marantz has been recognized worldwide as a leader in quality, advanced stereo sound. So, it's only fitting that we should bring it to its new solid gold plateau.

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THE SOLID GOLD SOUND®

Brian Gibbens was trying a case of 29 British Airways loaders for theft. "It was a strange case," he says. "The defendants all claimed as defense that it was impossible to be honest at Heathrow."

Gibbens admits, "I believe there was a lot in what they had to say."

Where does that leave the passengers? Usually, face to face with something called the Warsaw Convention, an old (1934), outdated international agreement that attempts to limit the liability of the airlines. It is not a Polish joke. In fact, the airlines invoke it hundreds of times each day in baggage-claims cases.

"Passengers clearly need to know their rights," says San Francisco attorney Gerald Sterns, an expert in aviation law. (See Laurence Gonzales' *Airline Safety: A Special Report*, PLAYBOY, June and July, 1980.) "If the airline denies their valid claim, or if what they have lost exceeds the \$750 limit, the passengers should see a lawyer."

But while baggage claims number in the millions, law cases involving lost, damaged or delayed baggage are few. "There are two reasons for this discrepancy," argues Thomas Dickerson, a New York attorney specializing in the brave new world of travel law. "Consumer and attorney ignorance."

"Travelers who file baggage claims," he argued recently in the magazine *Practical Lawyer*, "are ignorant of their rights. They assume that the air carrier will handle their claim in good faith. Usually, however, the carrier will send a sympathetic letter, explaining that it is not liable for all or part of the claim and will offer a sum that is nowhere near the actual loss. Most claimants will believe the statements of the carrier and will settle."

Not always. Recently, the Warsaw Convention was challenged by Henry and Joan Eifert, whose luggage was lost on an Air-India flight to London. The couple filed a claim and Air-India agreed (under the terms of the convention) to pay according to the weight of the missing baggage—a settlement that amounted to only \$200.

When the Eiferts took their case to court, Judge Louis DiTrani, the lowest-ranking judge in Maryland, essentially found the treaty unconstitutional. Although Air-India attorneys argued that the Eiferts had been adequately compensated under the Warsaw terms for international travel and pointed out that the convention is a long-standing agreement signed by more than 100 nations, DiTrani was unmoved.

Air-India, he ruled, should have paid the couple according to the true value of the luggage. Mrs. Eifert expressed in layman's language the message of Di-

Trani's decision. "I dread to think," she told the courtroom, "that an airline has the privilege to just toss out your bag, help themselves to what they want, ship your empty bag . . . and then treat you like a complete nincompoop."

DiTrani's ruling alarmed Federal officials, who are now watching the case closely.

"It's a very interesting case," he says, "and some might interpret it as precedent-setting. What I *didn't* say," he cautions, "was that the Warsaw Convention was unconstitutional. I don't have that authority, although I might point out that the U. S. never participated in the Warsaw Convention. We just accepted it. But what I *did* say was that the plaintiffs had a right to contract. That they had a right to expect that their goods would arrive in a safe and sound condition and that if they didn't, they would be entitled to payment based on value, not weight."

Some would argue (as Air-India did) that a valid contract existed at the time of the sale of the tickets to the Eiferts, and, in fact, the contract was reprinted on their tickets. "Sure," DiTrani concedes, "it was printed on the ticket. But who reads that? I feel that the airline has an obligation to point these things out to passengers."

DiTrani's decision was sustained on appeal. But then Air-India asked for reconsideration in the case. It is now pending in circuit court. And the Eiferts have still not been reimbursed.

In the 1979 case of *Greenberg* (no relation to this writer) *vs. United Airlines*, a Kings County, New York, court also ruled that the small-print ticket notice of an airline's limited liability for baggage loss was not sufficient notice to passengers. "The format [on the ticket]," wrote the judge in the case, "is perfectly calculated to obscure from a domestic traveler's view the presence there of an applicable limit of baggage-loss liability. . . . [The] defendant," he concluded, "has set before the traveler a morsel of nourishment hidden in a banquet of dust."

One sure way to avoid the hassle of litigation is to insure your luggage for "excess valuation" at the time you check in for a flight. No airline advertises this option; some have even tried to deny its existence. But "excess valuation" is available to any passenger wishing to insure his luggage beyond the \$750 domestic-liability limit or the international weight assessments. It's also unbelievably cheap: It costs approximately ten cents per \$100 of valuation. (One note of caution: Some airlines will still want to exclude antiques and jewelry from the valuation. But then again, anyone who would

check baggage containing jewelry or antiques is not terribly bright, anyway.)

In the meantime, attorney Dickerson is eagerly looking forward to January 1, 1983. That's the day the CAB will virtually be deregulated out of business—and, with it, a host of Government tariffs and exclusions the airlines have used for years to deny or reduce baggage claims.

"The airlines like to put the onus of a failure to settle a claim properly on some Governmental authority," says Dickerson. "And the people who have their bags lost or stolen are the ones getting ripped off. In fact," he adds, "most middle-class bag claims are never litigated, because most people cannot afford to go to a lawyer to find out that they do, indeed, have rights. That's where the legal system has failed."

As it stands now, if a domestic passenger checks a bag with mink coats, cameras or other expensive items and the bag is lost or pilfered, the airline's maximum liability under current tariffs is still only \$750 per passenger. "It doesn't matter how valid your case is," says Dickerson, "even if you can prove that an airline employee stole your bags. You'll still get only \$750 as a top-end figure. But by 1983, domestic-air-carrier liability will be based upon common law and not on a tariff system. Passengers will finally be able to recover their losses based on real or depreciated value, not an arbitrary dollar figure."

Already, Dickerson is after the international airlines that continue to compensate baggage losses by an arbitrary weight equation. "The airlines have clearly been bullshitting the public on this one," he claims.

According to Article 22 of the Warsaw Convention, the maximum amounts that air carriers are required to pay for baggage claims is 250 francs per kilogram of checked baggage. "At the time of the signing of the convention," Dickerson reports, "the franc contained 65 and a half milligrams of gold. Until recently, carriers considered the gold content of the franc and the price of gold in converting the liability to dollars."

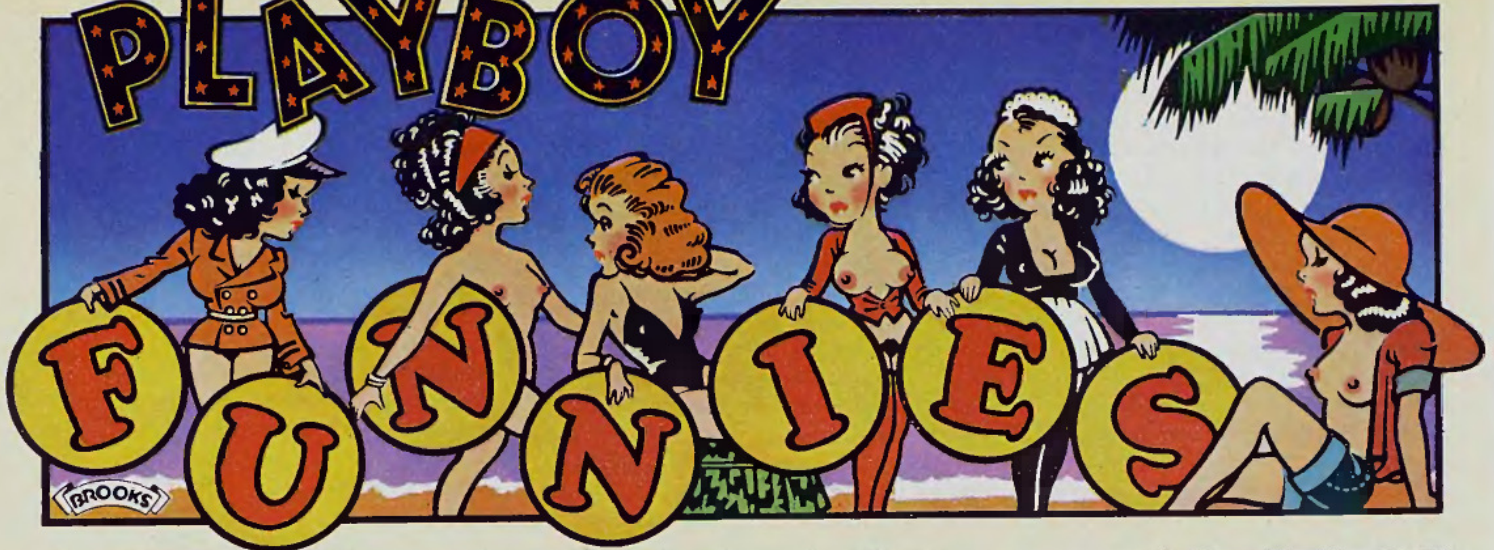
But here's the rub. In 1974, the CAB stated that international carriers must upgrade their dollar limitations to reflect the changing price of gold. Still, despite a huge escalation in the price of gold, the carriers are still sticking to \$20 per kilo (or \$9.07 per pound) as their liability limit.

Dickerson is testing that in a current case, *Ackerman vs. Air France*. "If I win it," he says, "it's going to cost the airlines a lot of money, and something tells me a lot more bags will start arriving intact—and on time."

"Until then," he cautions, "pack light."



PLAYBOY



EDHEAD
EXCUSE ME, MADAM,
MY GLASSES ARE
FOGGED....

MIGHT YOU BE
SO KIND AS TO
SIT ON MY FACE
AND BUFF THEM?

AH, WELL, EVEN
WITH FOGGY SPECS
I CAN TELL YOU
HAVE FINE TASTE
IN PANTIES!

FINE-
TASTIN' PANTIES,
GET IT?!

VERMIN

SIGH...THE LADIES
DON'T SEEM TO
APPRECIATE MY
WRY SENSE OF
HUMOR....

OR MAYBE
THEY JUST
GO FOR
TALLER
FELLOWS.

annie & albert

by J. Michael

HE'S A VERY
INTELLIGENT BIRD -
TALKS TO ME FOR HOURS!

ANNIE,
THAT'S
SILLY

PARROTS CAN'T
CARRY ON AN
INTELLIGENT
CONVERSATION!

THEY JUST
REPEAT
THINGS THAT
PEOPLE SAY

HELL - THAT'S PROBABLY
WHY WE CAN'T CARRY ON
AN INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION!

NU-WAVE ROMANCE WITH
NELL'N' VOID

THIS NEW HIGH-TECH
FASHION IS REALLY
SOMETHING, NELL!

RIGHT, VOID! FRINSTANCE,
THIS AMMUNITION BELT
MAKES AN EX-
CELLENT PLACE TO
STORE THE LATEST
ARRAY OF GARISH
LIPSTICKS.

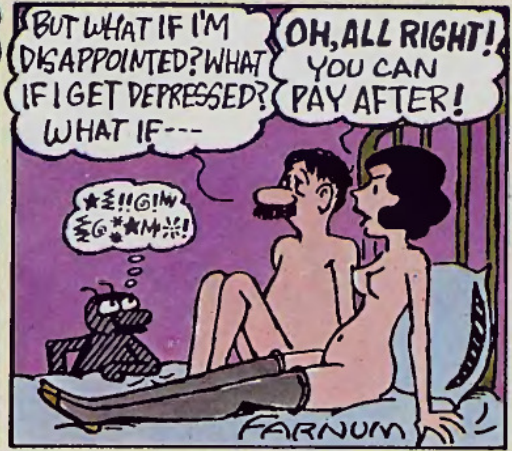
HIGH-TECH ENTERTAINING
IS A CINCH WITH OUR
BICYCLE SEAT BARSTOOLS.

IN THE KITCHEN, ZEBRA PRINT
CANTEENS AND MESS KITS ADD
JUST THE RIGHT ACCENT TO
OUR CHAIN-LINK BREAKFAST SET.

AND, VOID, HOW THOUGHTFUL OF YOU
TO FIND A HIGH-TECH SOLUTION
FOR THE MALE DYSFUNCTION
THAT PLAGUES SO MANY OF
TODAY'S NEW WAVE MEN....

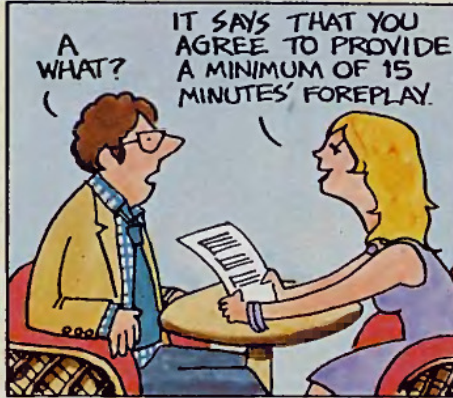
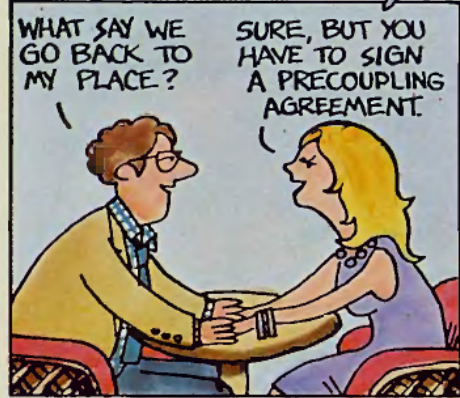
AN ERECTOR SET
BY THE BED!

SUZY Q AND MIDNITE



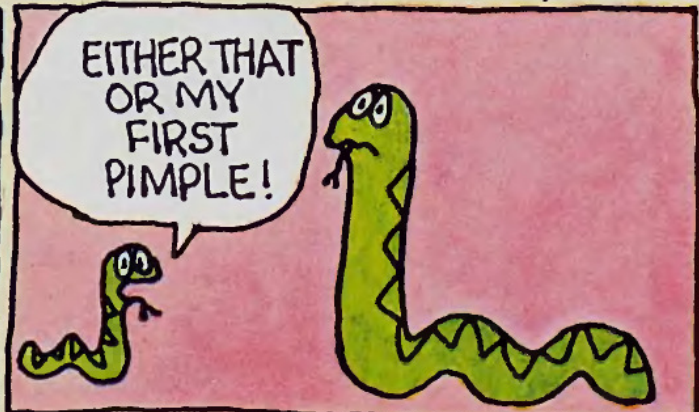
Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON



SLEEZY SERPENT

by Mal



The Tales of Baron Von Furstinbed

Monday



Tuesday



Wednesday



Thursday



Friday

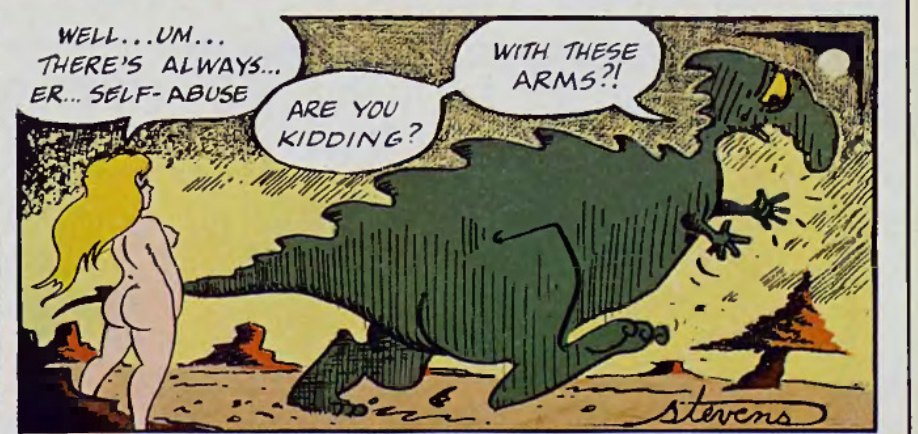
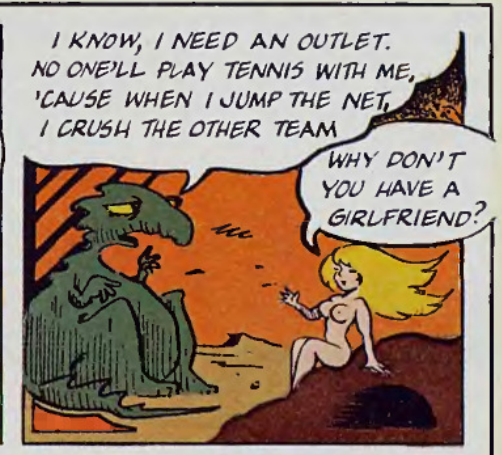
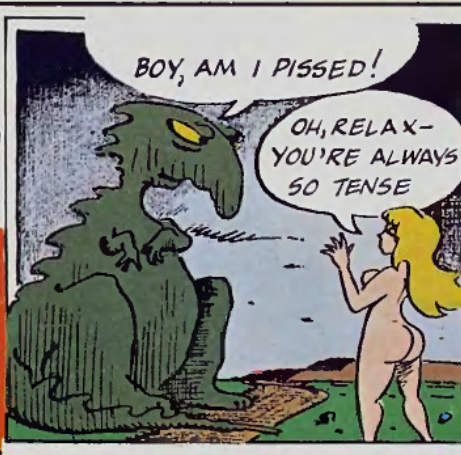
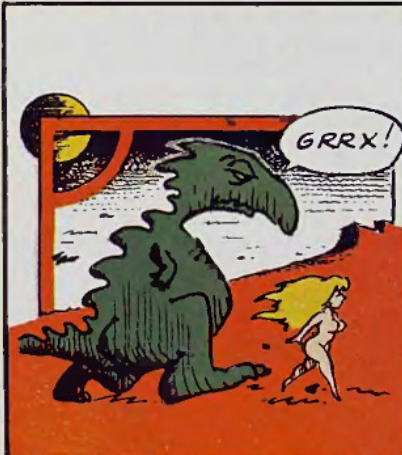


Saturday



TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

by Chris Browne & John Stevens



SKIP WILLIAMSON PRESENTS
**TOMORROW'S VENERY
TODAY**

HELLO, THERE....
JUST PUTTING THE
FINISHING TOUCHES
ON MY LATEST
INVENTION.

THE BRIGHT PROMISE
OF THE FUTURE
LOOMS TUMESCENT IN
THE RESOURCEFUL
INVENTOR'S PATH.

USE T' BE I WOULD BE SATISFIED BY
A FEW CLOSE FRIENDS, AN OUNCE OF
REMARKABLE HERB AND A SUPER-8
PRINT OF 'NAZI RECTAL ROUNDUP'!...
BUT NO
MORE!

THESE ARE MODERN TIMES AND
REQUIRE MODERN SOLUTIONS TO
OUR PRIMAL CONUNDRUM!

F^RINSTANCE... EXECUTIVE SHACKLES:
WHAT COULD BE MORE EMBARRASS-
ING THAN TO GET THAT BOMBASTIC TYPIST IN THE
SACK, CRACK A COUPLE OF APTYL NITRITES INTO
THE OL' OLFACTORY AND THEN BE SEIZED BY
CARDIAC ARREST?!

SO, AS LONG AS YOU'RE TIED UP FOR THE EVENING,
THESE CALFS-LEATHER, NATURAL-GRAIN CLUFFS HAVE A
BUILT-IN LIFE-SUPPORT SYSTEM THAT MONITORS
YOUR PULSE AND CHECKS YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE.

PERSONALITY DILDOS:
SCULPTED IN THE LIKENESSES OF
YOUR FAVORITE MEDIA PRICKS.



THE ATOLLAH KHOMEINI TENG HSHAO-P'ING J. R. EWING

FOR YOU ANAL COMPULSIVES, RECTAL
STIMULATORS IN THE LIKENESSES OF
THE VILLAGE PEOPLE. AVAILABLE IN
A STUDDED-LEATHER BOXED SET.

**COMBINATION ROACH
CLIP AND BIRTH-
CONTROL DEVICE:**



AVAILABLE IN DURABLE
THREE-PLY CONDOM OR
L.U.D. COIL, DEPEN-
DING ON PREFERENCE.

**OBSCENE TELEPHONE-ANSWER-
ING MACHINE:** SUGGEST THAT
COLLECTION AGENCIES EAT YOUR
SHORTS. GRAPHICALLY DESCRIBE
YOUR SEXUAL CHARACTERISTICS
UNTIL THE BEEP.



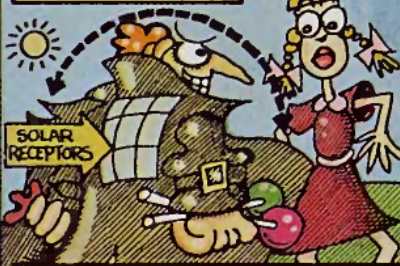
I'M SORRY, I'M OUT OF
THE OFFICE AT THE
MOMENT. HOWEVER,
REST ASSURED THAT IT
WOULD GIVE ME VENT TO
STUFF A RIGID APPEN-
DAGE INTO YOUR
PENNY LOAFERS!

**THE QUAZAR
COCK RING:**



WITH CHOICE OF ENDEAR-
ING READOUT: "WHAT'S
YOUR SIGN?" "I LOVE YOU"
AND "REMEMBER THE PUEBLO."

SOLAR-POWERED OVERCOAT:
FOR YOU ENERGY-CONSCIOUS
OUTDOOR TYPES.



LEAVES HANDS FREE FOR GRASPING
PAPER BAG CONTAINING FAVORITE
BEVERAGE OR LOLLIPOPS FOR
THE YOUNGSTERS.

INDESTRUCTIBLE CROTCHLESS PANTIES:
EMBARRASSED BY DACRON THREADS BETWEEN
YOUR MOLARS WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR
TEETH CLEANED?



THESE SCANTIES WILL HOLD UP TO ALL MANNER
OF LASCIVIOUS EXCESS. LIGHTWEIGHT, DUR-
ABLE FABRIC DESIGNED BY NASA SCIENTISTS.
SAME AS WORN BY OUR MEN IN SPACE.

PORNOGRAPHIC ROLLING PAPERS:



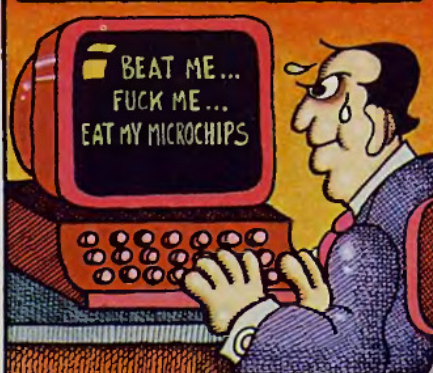
PASS YOUR JOINT WITH PRIDE. REG-
ULAR AND "JOHNNY WAD" DOUBLE-
WIDES.

**COMBINATION
QUAALUDE AND
BIRTH-CONTROL PILL:**



BETTER LOVING
THROUGH CHEMISTRY.
KILL TWO BIRDS
WITH ONE STONE.

**DIRTY-WORD PROCESSOR: TURN
ON THE JUICE AND STEAM UP YOUR
CIRCUITS WHILE EXERCISING
YOUR FIRST AMENDMENT RIGHTS.**



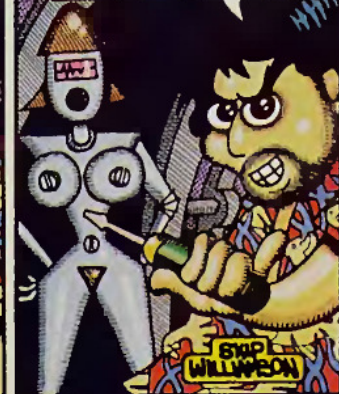
BEAT ME...
FUCK ME...
EAT MY MICROCHIPS

AND YOU CALVINISTS OUT
THERE SHOULD REMEMBER...



YOU DON'T VIOLATE THE
LAWS OF NATURE BY HAV-
ING A SOMNOLENT SHEEP
AND VIDEO-TAPING EQUIP-
MENT IN YOUR MOTEL ROOM.

ONLY A COUPLE OF
CITY ORDINANCES
IN CLEVELAND.



SKIP WILLIAMSON



SONY

POWER

4 OH 20W

PULSE POWER SUPPLY

SPEAKERS

HEADPHONES

FM 103.50

MEMORY

MEMORY SCAN

TUNING LEVEL

RUNTING

MONITOR
TAPE 2 TAPE 1 AIR
TAPE COPY
SUBPHONE MODE
BRUNER

BASS

TONE

TREBLE

LEGATO LINEAR

HOWA COMMON LABORATORY SUBJECT PROVES THE CLEAR SUPERIORITY OF A SONY.

Once again, in the interest of science and for the betterment of mankind, the services of *Mus albus rodendus*, otherwise known as the white mouse, have been called upon. This time to demonstrate the sheer brilliance of the new Sony STR-VX5 receiver.

When the little chap so much as touches the VX5's ultrasensitive "Memory Scan," you'll automatically hear four seconds of up to eight of your favorite AM or FM stations, without having to tune them in separately.

If he chooses our exclusive "Auto Sweep," you'll automatically hear a four-second sample of every available station on the dial. And none of the noise in-

between. Find a station you like and another feather-touch control instantly locks onto that frequency. There's no drift. No fade. A computer insures crisp, clear sound. While Sony's innovative "Direct Comparator" insures that it's against a background of silence.

But that's merely proof that the VX5 possesses the world's most advanced tuning section. Here's proof that it possesses the world's most advanced amplifier section.

Statistically, the VX5 puts out 55 watts per channel with no more than 0.007% total harmonic distortion.* Even your dog can't hear that.

Part of the reason is Sony's unique

"Legato Linear" amplifier. This circuitry prevents "switching distortion" from ever intruding on your music.

Another part is an incredibly advanced, Sony-developed "Pulse Power" supply. Its transformer alone is but 1/50 the size of conventional transformers, or about the size of our little friend, and dramatically reduces audible distortion.

Of course, there are other outstanding features from a subsonic filter to moving-coil-cartridge capability. And it's all at a price that won't require you to get a second mortgage to purchase it.

The Sony VX5. We used a mouse to prove its genius. But all you really need are a good pair of ears.

SONY® We are music.

*FEATURES AND SPECIFICATIONS: 55 watts per channel, continuous power output, both channels driven into 8 Ohms from 20 Hz to 20 kHz, at no more than 0.007% THD/Quartz frequency synthesis/5-way tuning/Direct Comparator/IC logic function controls/BI-FT transistors. ©1981 Sony Corp. of America, 9 W. 57th St., NY, NY 10019. Sony is a registered trademark of the Sony Corp.

VIVA VALERIE!

(continued from page 164)

"Life is much easier when you're not in love, at least for me. I would have made a great nun."

PERRINE: I know. But don't forget, I was raised in a convent. My mother was a very strict Catholic. As far as morals and sexual intercourse and everything, I was raised with very strict rules. But I guess she never bothered to tell me about covering up the breasts. [Laughs] *Just don't do it!* . . . I guess she figured the two went hand in hand.

PLAYBOY: Maybe we can get to the bottom of this. Of your portrayal of Eve in *Superman*, *Variety* said you were "sensuous yet almost innocent"—

PERRINE: That explains my nudity thing. It's sensuous because I don't know about it and it's innocent because that's where my mind is coming from. . . . You know, you see these women doing this [poses "sexily," with her breasts thrust forward]. Trying to stick them out and hold it in and doing all this consciously. I am *not* conscious of what my body is looking like. Therefore, there must be that certain innocence that comes out. Because I'm not thinking sexy.

PLAYBOY: If you're not, that certainly sets you apart from the rest of us. Which makes sense, since you're generally classed among Hollywood's "characters."

Why do you think you are?

PERRINE: Maybe because I say what I think and I don't think before I say it.

PLAYBOY: Isn't another factor that while your image is rooted in sex, you're quite different in private?

PERRINE: Actually, I can be quite funny. I like to be funny. It's fun to be funny. This surprises people, because they think I'm going to be one way and I turn out to be, er, sort of amusing. The closest I've ever come to being myself in a movie is *Can't Stop the Music*, and it's a comedy. Allan Carr, the producer, called me "a natural comedienne." I'm *always* trying to crack jokes or say something cute and adorable or one-up people. They don't expect that from me and when they finally meet me, they think it's more cute and adorable than it really is . . . because they expect me to be, uh, slutty.

PLAYBOY: Another surprising fact about you is that you've never married. Why not?

PERRINE: I don't want to. I've never met anybody I *wanted* to marry.

PLAYBOY: Are you opposed to the institution?

PERRINE: No . . . can't fall in love.



"The tits are real, but the smile is fake."

PLAYBOY: Cannot or will not?

PERRINE: Won't. Don't want to.

PLAYBOY: Is it simpler not to?

PERRINE: 'Course. Absolutely. Life is *much* easier when you're not in love. There're no big traumas going. It's really much easier, at least for me. I would have made a great nun. I think I've missed my calling. . . . I wouldn't have had much trouble.

PLAYBOY: Let's go from religion to politics. Do you support—

PERRINE: Women's lib? *No*.

PLAYBOY: Are women the weaker sex?

PERRINE: Women *are* weaker than men. Women *cannot* do some of the things men can do. Physically. They're not made the same, thank God! [Intensely] We are *not* the same. And since we're the weaker sex [cooly], we've learned to use it by using our brains a little bit more than men. I'm not talking about those women screaming and running around burning their bras and demanding this and that. I do *not* think that's the way a woman should act.

PLAYBOY: But you've been quoted as saying you support equality in the workplace.

PERRINE: That's right. [Sighs] I'm sort of old-fashioned. I do not believe in man and woman as being equal. I don't think they should be. They *aren't*. Women should act in their way and men should act in theirs and the outcome should be, uh, equal but separate. I don't want to get into it. But a woman's place is being feminine and using her feminine ways to get things from a man, not by demanding it in black and white on paper. It's like signing a prenuptial agreement. All that stuff is just *all* wrong. If a woman is feminine and uses her mind and a little bit of flirtation [cooly] and whatever it is that that man needs, she can get more from him by playing him than by forcing him to sign something. If a woman's not being paid the same as a man in an office, I *can't* imagine she can't get around it without having to make a big thing out of it and have it be a legal document. Why not just go to her boss and [flirtatiously] do it another way? I like being a lady. I don't want to see things change. It's making me sick! Look at all the homosexuals! Why do you think that's happened? Because people are so confused as to which is the man and which is the woman in a relationship anymore, they don't know what to do. A woman should be feminine and soft and vulnerable. Maybe a little weaker—whether or not she is! It's a lovely role to play. This is why I've taken to dating Arabs. They *really* make you feel like a woman.

PLAYBOY: You're dating Arabs?

PERRINE: They're friends of mine. I don't—I haven't been dating anybody. But *they* make you feel like a woman. Oh, this is getting—what is happening

The only thing better than Sambuca Romana
is another Sambuca Romana.



Spectacular liqueur—with the taste of wild elderberries. Unforgettable with three roasted coffee beans. Set it aflame for extra excitement. Delicious on the rocks, with soda, in hot espresso or American coffee. For 58 spectacular ways to enjoy Sambuca Romana, each better than the other, write Palmer & Lord, Ltd., Syosset, NY 11791. 84 Pf.

Sambuca Romana. The Sambuca of Rome.



to the American male is sad. *Really sad!* It starts with their listening to their mothers screaming at their fathers and screaming at their sons. I just . . . I don't want to get into this . . . women should be women and men should be men. I've never believed in women's lib. I live alone, make my own money, have a good salary. I have a good life—and I've made my own life. I didn't go around burning bras and marching down the street. I quietly went out and did it. In a very feminine way. By mind-fucking every man I ever wanted to work for! [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: *Mind-fucking?*

PERRINE: Oh, yes. It's lovely fun. It's such a feminine trait. Women are forgetting how to do it.

PLAYBOY: How do you mind-fuck a man?

PERRINE: If I told you, I couldn't do it anymore, could I? It's a form of hustling, which women used to be great at 100 years ago.

PLAYBOY: Is it mental seduction?

PERRINE: Of course! Mind control. Mind control over somebody by using your feminine [*mischievous smile*] whatever. Without using physical—I'm not talking about anything I couldn't tell my mother about.

PLAYBOY: Let's get physical. In 1974, you said this to *The New York Times*: "Personally I like sex, and I don't care what a man thinks of me, as long as I get what I want from him—which is usually sex."

PERRINE: Boy, was I stupid to say that. . . . It's still true. I remember saying it. It was *half* said in jest. But, basically, it's—I sure blew my cover,

didn't I? [Laughs] Obviously one of those wine interviews.

PLAYBOY: Wine or no, it's true?

PERRINE: Yeah, I meant that when I said it. This is not to say I went around with every man I met, that all I wanted was sex. When occasionally I did find somebody I wanted, that's what I wanted—and I got it. I didn't care, you know. I guess you could say [*in a little-girl voice*] liberated, couldn't you? That's the way men are supposed to talk, isn't it? Sounds disgusting coming from a woman. Ooooh. To hear it or see it in print, I don't think it's very nice. To think it—that's all right. [Laughs] Just don't tell people about it.

PLAYBOY: One thing it isn't is innocent.

PERRINE: Awww. Depends on what you mean by innocent. Women today go around having affairs with people, just, boom, like that! Maybe I was talking about somebody I was having an affair with who I thought was wonderful. But maybe that'll be the only affair I'll have for a whole year and one half. I think—I know I don't fool around a lot. Unfortunately. [Laughs] Just can't bring myself to. . . .

PLAYBOY: Can't bring yourself to what?

PERRINE: I don't like that many men.

PLAYBOY: You don't meet that many men whom you find—

PERRINE: Attractive. Exactly. And I can't do it just for sex's sake. If I'm sexy toward somebody, yes. But that's because I so seldom have that feeling toward somebody—I'll go get it.

PLAYBOY: Another *Times* quote—and, incidentally, that is a weird article, since

it's written in the oh, so formal *Times* style: "Miss Perrine says—"

PERRINE: *Fuck you!* [Laughs] Right!

PLAYBOY: Here's what you said: "I've experimented with almost every drug known to man: acid, mescaline, peyote, cocaine and opium." True?

PERRINE: Hmm-hmmm. I said I *had* experimented with them. I *didn't* say I was on them. I'm not. I went through a period when I enjoyed getting really drunk. I loved it. I just don't like it anymore. I don't go out and get *whacked* anymore. I like being me. I enjoy everything around me so much more when I'm . . . me. I can't imagine getting drunk and doing my garden. The things I like to do now don't go with any fake stimulus or mind-altering experience.

PLAYBOY: A few years back, you sought stimulation of a sort by making a practice of dating younger men. Do you still?

PERRINE: No.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

PERRINE: Dunno. Grown up, I guess. *Changing*. Always changing. I like *all* men. I don't care if they're young or old. [*In a Mae West voice*] I don't want to limit my possibilities.

PLAYBOY: When you're looking at a man, what do you notice first?

PERRINE: Personality. Humor. Intelligence. Those three. And then what kind of car he's driving. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: You're more interested in intellectual attractions than in strictly physical ones?

PERRINE: If you run into a physical, you can't help but notice that. If it's a *really* good physical.

PLAYBOY: Whom do you think is sexy?

PERRINE: Uhh . . . I can't think of anybody. . . . I think Johnny Carson is sexy. Hmm. Sort of. He's funny. Cute. Attractive. Amusing. He's interesting. . . . You know why that's hard for me to answer? Because I've not been to the movies in so long and the only thing I watch on television is the news. The only people I've been seeing are the Ayatollah Khomeini and people like that, and I don't find *any* of them sexy. [Laughs] Forget it. . . . Texas ranchers are a sexy group. *Not* politicians. Actors are a sexy group. I don't think car salesmen are a sexy group. Or insurance salesmen.

PLAYBOY: A last question about sex appeal. Is there anything you'd like to tell PLAYBOY's readers about being sexy?

PERRINE: Relax! It's sexier to be relaxed than worried about anything. It's true. A guy's not sexy when he's worried about his hair, his skin, his clothes. He's sexy if he's relaxed and cool—I think I'm dating myself with that word cool—but . . . just relaxed. Frenetic is not sexy.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you frenetic?

PERRINE: *Yes!* I don't think I'm sexy. [Laughs]

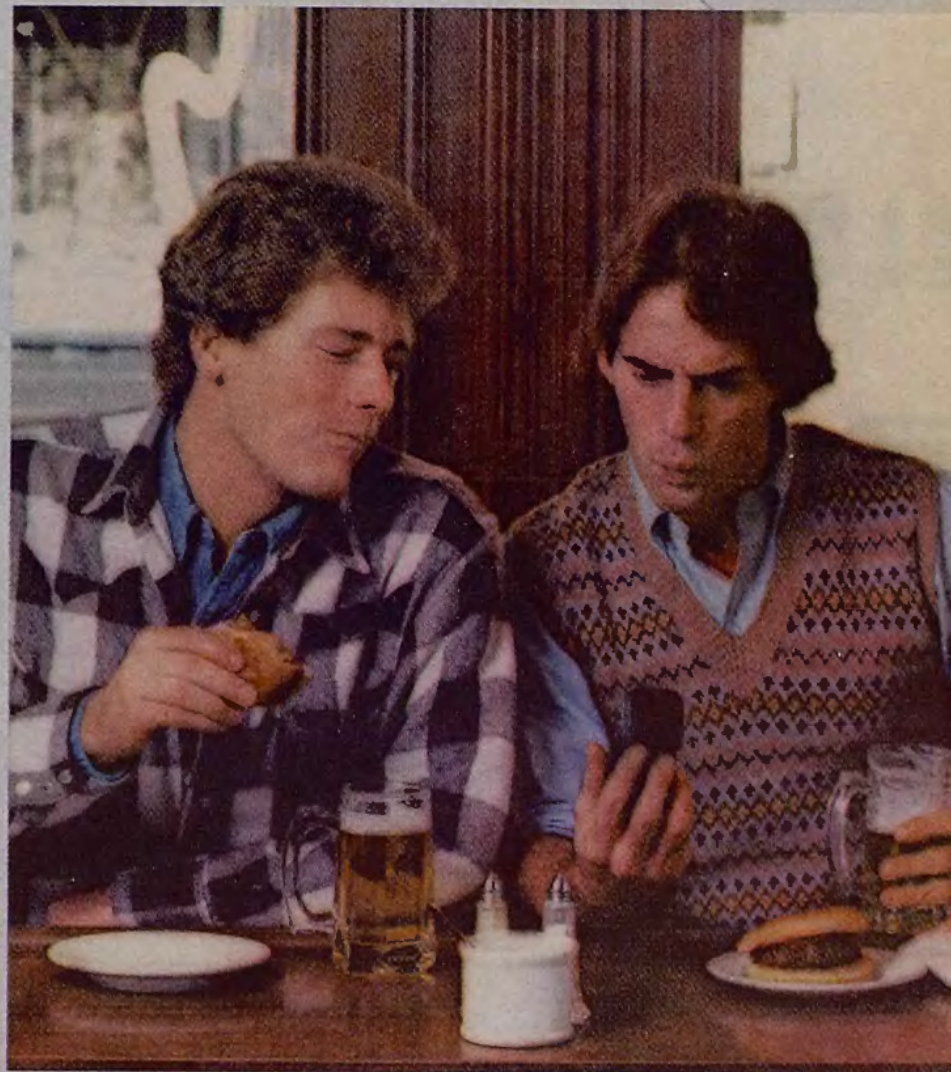


"My God, Gloria, we've had the 'Saber Dance' every night this week. How's about a little Haydn?"





"\$1,200 for an engagement ring? What did you do, knock over a bank?"

Not exactly. See, I didn't think I'd ever be able to give Susie the kind of engagement ring that makes people look twice. In fact, it wasn't until I figured out how much money I went through every month, just on myself, that I got up enough courage to even walk inside a jewelry store.

Since I didn't know the first thing about diamonds, the jeweler showed me a few different ones up close, so I could see for myself why some diamonds are worth so much more than others. And he gave me a great tip on figuring out how much I should spend on the ring. He said



that a diamond engagement ring should be worth at least one to two months' salary.

actual size	1/4 carat	1/3 carat	1/2 carat	3/4 carat
				
	\$600 to \$1,200	\$800 to \$1,700	\$1,500 to \$3,500	\$3,000 to \$6,000

That's when I realized I could afford to give Susie the big, beautiful diamond I liked best. Was it worth it? Well, let's just say, every time she gets a compliment on her ring, I know I'll feel ten feet tall.

Prices shown are based on retail quotations and may vary. Send for the booklet "Everything You'd Love to Know...About Diamonds." Just mail \$1.00 to Diamond Information Center, 3799 Jasper St., Philadelphia, PA 19124.



This message is presented by the Diamond Information Center in cooperation with Jewelers of America, Inc. Look for their logo for more information.



A diamond is forever.

PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

(continued from page 146)

"We think this is the year the Jets will finally make it big. They might even be a Super Bowl contender."

how to run our franchises—yet."

But position scheduling makes for exciting games and exciting games make for good showbiz. I'm betting that the N.F.L. entertainment moguls won't change a thing as long as they've got a hit on their hands.

And speaking of hits, let's give the dial a spin and see what excitement the various franchises have planned for us this year.

EASTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

New York Jets	10-6
New England Patriots	9-7
Buffalo Bills	8-8
Miami Dolphins	8-8
Baltimore Colts	4-12

A year ago, the New York Jets were being touted by Jimmy the Mouth and other visionaries as possible Super Bowl contenders. Instead, they won only four games. The nose dive was largely caused by injuries to receiver Wesley Walker and runner Clark Gaines, whose replacements were inadequate. Youth and inexperience were also liabilities, as was an unimaginative offensive strategy. Fortunately, the franchise is stable. Owner Leon Hess doesn't believe that firing the coaching staff is the answer to all problems. His patience should pay off this season, because the young Jets will benefit vastly from last year's grueling experience and 1980-1981's emasculating injuries are not likely to be repeated. Best of all, last April's draft was a bonanza for the Jets. Superstuds Freeman McNeil and Marion Barber will bring enviable depth to the running corps. Four new defensive players (tackle Ben Rudolph, linebackers Al Washington and John Woodring, and end Tyrone Keys) will make big contributions their first year. Surviving last season's adversity should also give quarterback Richard Todd more mental toughness and confidence under fire.

All in all, we think this is the year the Jets will finally make it big. They might even be a Super Bowl contender.

Boston was frustration city last fall. Summer camp's great expectations faded into a maddening series of narrow misses—games were lost by tipped passes, untimely fumbles and other inexplicable occurrences common to snake-bitten teams. One assistant coach said caustically, "With our luck, we'll finally be in the Super Bowl next year—in Pontiac, Michigan." Also contributing to the Patriots' failure to make the play-offs were

unremarkable punting and an inept pass rush from a defensive line that has grown long in the tooth. The draft brought little hope of solution for either problem.

The Patriots' major strength is the passing game. Summer camp will feature a healthy battle for the quarterback job between Steve Grogan and Matt Cavanaugh. The winner will again benefit from excellent pass protection, and receivers Harold Jackson and Stanley Morgan may be the best pair of targets east of Pittsburgh.

Patriot owner Billy Sullivan and general manager Bucko Kilroy have had the good judgment to maintain a sense of stability in the franchise—Kilroy was with Dallas long enough to learn that lesson. When rumors were circulating near season's end that coach Ron Erhardt would be fired if the Pats didn't make the play-offs, Erhardt's contract was extended before the issue was even settled, owner Sullivan making the announcement at the franchise Christmas party. That's class.

The Buffalo fans can hardly wait for football season to begin. Their enthusiasm has become epidemic because the Bills, a nondescript team the past ten years, suddenly emerged last season, winning 11 games and losing out in the play-offs in the game with San Diego in the final minutes. Head coach Chuck Knox is the principal reason for the Bills' new excellence. He has done a nearly miraculous job of rebuilding the Buffalo team in only three years, primarily with perspicacious draft choices. The squad is still dangerously vulnerable to injuries, however, with dependable players only one deep at almost every position. Most of this year's draft choices were expended on players who can make immediate contributions, fullback Booker Moore being the likeliest prospect to make a big splash his first year.

If the Bills make it to the play-offs, the whole city of Buffalo will hyperventilate, and Knox, already a major folk hero in Upstate New York, will be canonized. But we doubt if the Bills can again have such good luck in avoiding key injuries.

Miami coach Don Shula will run a hell-for-leather training camp this summer. He was less than pleased with last year's break-even record, a disaster he blames largely on the mellow attitudes of some of his players. He vows to get their attention in meetings and work their butts off on the practice field.

Last year's problems were not all a matter of player apathy. A number of new starters had to be broken in, the best of whom was sensational quarterback David Woodley, an eighth-round draft choice who was the surprise rookie in the league. Woodley, who captured the imagination of the Miami fans (they even cheered him when he made normal rookie mistakes), will profit much from a year's experience. Veteran Bob Griese will be waiting in the wings and could recapture the job if his injured shoulder is fully healed.

The Dolphins' major shortcomings are a sorry running attack and a dawdling pass rush. Draftees David Overstreet and Andra Franklin should solve the former problem and rookie defensive ends Ken Poole and Mack Moore should help the rush.

The losing scenario remains the same in Baltimore, but the reasons are different. Diehard Colt fans (there aren't many left) have long felt that if quarterback Bert Jones could ever beat the injury jinx, their team would gallop back into the play-offs. Jones stayed healthy last fall and the offense was further strengthened by the flashy running of rookie Curtis Dickey—but the defense collapsed, largely due to inept play by the front four.

Top-grade defensive linemen are rarely available in the trade market and are almost as rare in the draft, but coach Mike McCormack will try to heal the breach this fall with rookie Donnell Thompson.

The Colts' continuing mediocrity is the final unpleasantness in a long and acrimonious divorce between the Baltimore franchise and fans—a love affair that had been the envy of other clubs. The bitterness began in the early Seventies with the autocratic methods of then-general manager Joe Thomas and has been exacerbated by the imperious behavior of current owner Robert Irsay. The latter's overt attempts to move his franchise to another city because of declining attendance in Baltimore (alienating the fans) will likely be nixed again by the other N.F.L. owners, thus forcing him to sell out. "Irsay has never contributed anything to the league since he's been in it," another owner told us. "We would be better off without him."

CENTRAL DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Pittsburgh Steelers	10-6
Cincinnati Bengals	9-7
Cleveland Browns	8-8
Houston Oilers	6-10

When the Pittsburgh Steelers failed to reach the heights commonly predicted for them last fall, most observers ascribed the fall-off to the inroads of age. A more likely explanation is that they



"Gee, I never thought you could run five miles so fast!"

had gotten too fat. Said quarterback Terry Bradshaw after the Steelers' season-ending letdown: "It's good for us. We needed this. Everybody pats you on the back and all of a sudden you start believing it."

An indication of the Steelers' class is the fact that they didn't cop a plea by blaming the avalanche of injuries that plagued them all season. Age, of course, has become a problem. More than a dozen Steelers are in their 30s, products of superb draft crops in the early Seventies, and those nuggets are getting a bit tarnished by time. Also, older players (even when they are in good shape) are more susceptible to injury. Pittsburgh needs youngsters who can eventually take over for the aging veterans (especially in the defensive-line and running-back positions), but none of this year's draftees looks like an immediate threat to the veterans.

The passing game will again be awesome. Bradshaw is the Steelers' only truly indispensable player. Backup quarterback Cliff Stoudt, in fact, is the only player in N.F.L. history to have qualified for his pension without ever playing a down in a regular-season game. Says Bradshaw, "They'll write us off this year. But we'll be the underdogs, and we'll start blowing them out again."

The Cincinnati Bengals have been a team on the verge of greatness for many years. This could be the season when everything falls into place, thanks largely to the presence of coach Forrest Gregg, a General Patton type who has brought the hard-nosed discipline so badly needed by the Bengals since the retirement of Paul Brown. Gregg is tough but fair, and his troops have developed a Spartan dedication that will breed success. A player who asked us not to identify him says, "Forrest Gregg is like E. F. Hutton. When he talks, you goddamn sure better listen."

For several years now, the Bengals have been loaded with excellent but inexperienced talent. Unfortunately, the management has had a penchant for retiring or trading away the mature veterans, leaving a leadership void. But the front office has learned from its mistakes and is now determined to let the talented youngsters mature—while keeping some oldsters around who will lead by example. Quarterback Jack Thompson, in his third year, looks to us like the Jim Plunkett of the future. Anthony Munoz, only in his second season, may already be the best offensive lineman in the country.

The Bengals' draft crop contained several choice selections. Most likely to make immediate contributions are receivers David Verser and Cris Collinsworth and kicker Rex Robinson.

Cleveland fans still suffer recurring nightmares about last season. The

Browns seemed to be a team guided by the angels. There were amazingly few injuries and unexpected good fortune seemed to descend upon them just when they needed it most. Despite a dearth of top offensive talent and a defense that gave up more yardage than the Italian army, everything seemed to work for the Browns. Then a dumb call at the end of the A.F.C. championship game with Oakland scuttled the whole season.

For the past two years, the Browns have been a favorite team of TV network officials, because all their games seemed to go down to the wire. Of the 33 games they've played in the past two years, 25 were decided in the last minute.

The Browns' passing attack, with quarterback Brian Sipe, three quality receivers (Dave Logan, Reggie Rucker and Ozzie Newsome) and a superb offensive line, will again be potent, but the defensive line sorely needs reinforcement. Two rookie linemen, Mike Robinson and Ron Simmons, will probably be starters the first time they put on their uniforms.

When extremely popular Houston Oiler coach Bum Phillips was fired by owner Bud Adams at the end of last season, a shocked public was treated to reams of copy in the national press theorizing about the real reasons for the dismissal. It was noted that Adams tends to resent any of his employees' getting too much adulation from public and press—that his workers are merely serfs and all credit should rightly go to him. The Oilers' flaccid and unimaginative offense (resulting from Phillips' refusal to hire an offensive coordinator) was, the stories read, only a lame excuse for the abrupt firing. What the press did not report was the fact that Adams' plantation mentality is even more pronounced than anyone who doesn't work for him can imagine. An Oilers front-office worker explained to us—after insisting on anonymity—that Adams is deeply affronted and infuriated when any employee tries to quit. When a worker wants to leave to accept a better job elsewhere, our informant told us, Adams will raise his salary to an unreal level in order to keep him. Then he treats the employee with disdain, watches him like a hawk and fires him as soon as the smallest excuse can be found. It was obvious to everyone in the front office that Phillips and Adams disliked each other intensely and that Phillips would quit next year, when his contract expired. That was an eventuality Adams could not tolerate.

But there were other, more realistic problems that rarely, if ever, surfaced in the press. Phillips had begun to lose the respect of many of his players because he had brought in some "problem children" to replace some "good behavior" types who the coach felt had less talent. Phillips had built a reputation

for taming previously uncontrollable players and thought he could do it with any free-spirited castoff from another team. His players especially resented the arrival of Hollywood Henderson and his attention-hogging antics.

The event that finally triggered the firing of Phillips was apparently never mentioned in the press. The day after the play-off loss to Oakland, Adams was on the phone to other league owners, informing them that many of the Oilers had been up the night before the game until three, socializing with the Bay Area's leading party girls—old friends of quarterback Ken Stabler. Phillips' almost total lack of disciplinary control of his players had made his position untenable, and Adams had a reason to fire him.

Obviously, new Oilers coach Ed Biles' first priorities will be to instill a tough no-nonsense regime, calm down or get rid of the flakes on the squad and install an imaginative offense that can score touchdowns without depending entirely on Earl Campbell to carry the load. There isn't much apparent help from the draft.

WESTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

San Diego Chargers	11-5
Oakland Raiders	10-6
Seattle Seahawks	8-8
Kansas City Chiefs	7-9
Denver Broncos	6-10

The early choices of the San Diego Chargers in last April's draft astonished everyone—they chose help where they seemed to need it least. Although the Chargers already have one of the league's most productive offenses, they picked three of the draft's better offensive players, runners James Brooks and Amos Lawrence, and tight end Eric Sievers. The squad's major weakness, the linebacking corps, got little discernible support. Head coach Don Coryell, an offense addict, is depending on new defensive coordinator Jack Pardee to fix the defensive problems by giving the team more versatility and imagination than it had last year. The front four is already one of the better lines in the country, and rookie defensive back Irvin Phillips will shore up the secondary. If Pardee can solve the linebacker problems, the Chargers defense can give the explosive attack platoon enough help to take the team to the Super Bowl. We have a hunch that is exactly what will happen.

Oakland owner Al Davis is a maverick, a troublemaker, a compulsive competitor—and a genius. He is despised by other owners, resented by commissioner Pete Rozelle and the object of the wrath of Raiders fans. Never in the history of spectator sports has one man's personality so dominated a team. The Raiders



“Hey, look who switched to Natural Light.”

“It’s that great football quarterback, Sonny Jurgensen. Sonny switched because he thinks Natural Light tastes better. That’s why he told those other light beers to take a hike.

Now, Sonny isn’t aware that Natural Light’s great taste comes from using

only the finest natural ingredients. He just likes the taste.

So if you’re looking for great taste in a light beer, take a tip from Sonny and don’t fumble around. Just ask your beertender for a Natural Light. It’s one light beer you won’t want to pass on.”

Taste is why you’ll switch.

are surly and boastful in taverns and they're pillaging vandals on the field. The sheer ferocity of their play makes up for whatever skills may be lacking.

Davis' genius is reflected not only in his ability to motivate his team but also in his uncanny judgment of player talent. Last year, he brought in 19 new players—whom he obtained for practically nothing—who helped turn a fading football team into a Super Bowl champion. Who else but Davis could have taken a has-been Jim Plunkett and, with understanding and patience, turned him into the nation's best quarterback?

Davis' canny trading skills also produced four picks in the early rounds of last April's draft, bringing in a much greater infusion of new talent than any Super Bowl champion could normally expect. Two of the newcomers, defensive back Ted Watts and offensive lineman Curt Marsh, should be immediate starters.

The Seattle team's fortunes last fall were the classic fulfillment of Murphy's law—everything that could go wrong, indeed, did. The early-season loss of tailback Sherman Smith left virtually no running game, so opposing defenses spent the season making life miserable for quarterback Jim Zorn. A sub-

par offensive line made the situation even worse. Despite Zorn's heroics and a much-improved—but usually exhausted—defense, the 4-12 record was a serious setback to Seattle fans' expectations of an imminent Super Bowl contender. Fortunately, the Seahawks' owners and management are refreshingly enlightened. Realizing that long-term stability (à la the Dallas Cowboys) is the only way to build a winning franchise, they gave coach Jack Patera a new five-year contract at season's end. Their patience will probably be rewarded this season, because the fledgling franchise is reaching maturity and last's year's inexplicable misfortunes (the Seahawks lost five games in the three last minutes) aren't likely to be replayed this year. Also, the lousy won-lost record has brought an easier schedule and favorable draft choices. At least one of those choices, defensive back Kenny Easley, will make a big contribution his first year. Another newcomer, David Hughes, will give the Seahawks much-needed help for Sherman Smith in the backfield.

Everything's up to date in Kansas City. The Chiefs had their first non-losing season since 1973 last fall, finishing strong with a young squad that can

only get better. The major reason for the Chiefs' rise from the pits is the expertise of coach Marv Levy, who has done a nearly miraculous job of assembling a respectable squad with free agents, low draft choices and waiver refugees. Last season's roster included 21 players who were castoffs from other training camps.

Another Chief reason for improvement was the development of quarterback Steve Fuller and the emergence of backup passer Bill Kenney. Too bad the rest of the offensive platoon was bad news—the Chiefs finished dead last in the league in total offense. The major priorities in summer-training camp will be to find a top-grade runner and reinforce a limp offensive line. Rookie Joe Delaney could help with the legs and new tackle Roger Taylor will help the line play. The Chiefs also desperately need a quality tight end, and the draft brought two prime candidates, Willie Scott and Marvin Harvey.

The news for the Denver franchise is good, so-so and disastrous. For beginners, this will be the 12th consecutive season of sold-out games. Also, the Broncos had a break-even season last year but missed the play-offs for the first time since 1976. Finally, the franchise has a new owner, 38-year-old Edgar Kaiser, a Canadian industrialist on an ego trip whose principal skill is inheriting vast amounts of money. Shortly after buying the Denver club, Kaiser fired Red Miller (the only Denver coach who ever got to the play-offs), much to the astonishment and horror of Bronco fans. He then hired Dan Reeves on the presumption that Reeves could bring with him some of the Dallas Cowboys' winning magic.

The Broncos' major problem is being in the same division with San Diego and Oakland. Their major needs are reinforcement at running back and receiver, but the draft was a bust for those purposes. Rookie quarterback Mark Herrmann, a fourth-round pick, could turn out to be the steal of the 1981 draft.

EASTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Dallas Cowboys	11-5
Philadelphia Eagles	9-7
New York Giants	8-8
Washington Redskins	8-8
St. Louis Cardinals	4-12

Last season was supposed to be an off year for the Dallas Cowboys, remember? The legendary Roger Staubach had retired and many of the remaining troops were getting long of tooth. But new starting quarterback Danny White stepped into the breach, was brilliant at reading defenses and the Cowboys just missed making it to the Super Bowl. With another year's maturity, White



*"Brother Antonius will soon be Father Antonius.
He just got hit with a paternity suit."*

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Real People Lose Pounds & Inches!

"I lost 6 inches in 16 days!"

Mr. Douglas Fink—Asheville, N.C.



BEFORE AFTER

"I've worn this very comfortable wrap to work, playing softball, tennis, exercising, and just about anything I want to do. My weight dropped 13 pounds! I lost 4 inches from my waist alone. It puts the cheap types to shame!"

"I went from a size 20½ dress down to a 12!"

Mrs. Mildred C. Cable—Land O' Lakes, Fla.



BEFORE AFTER

"I tried every method on the market only to lose a few pounds and then gain back more. Then my husband sent for your Shrink Wrap, and my first thought was, 'more money wasted on fads.' Oh, how wrong I was! With Shrink Wrap, the exercise program and a sensible diet, the weight began to DISAPPEAR! I lost 52 pounds! I lost 8 inches from my waist and 11 inches from my hips. Now, I tell all my friends about Shrink Wrap. Thank you, thank you!"

"My total loss was 34½" off waist and hips!"

Ms. Loretta Dene Fair—Pontiac, Mich.



BEFORE AFTER

"I've been overweight for as long as I can remember, as a child, as a teenager, and as a young adult. Nothing seemed to help. I never had a real shape, or a waistline. I decided to order the Shrink Wrap System, and it worked miracles! 18½ inches off my waist, 16 inches off my hips, all in only 8 months. Shrink Wrap even helped me to stop overeating when I wore it at mealtime, and stop snacking when worn every day. I lost 124 pounds! What can I say, I'm a new woman! Thank you Shrink Wrap, I'll never give you up!"

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Dr. J. Lee Briers, New Castel, Delaware

"I lost 5" from my waist and 6" from my hips over a 12 day period averaging 12 minutes per day. My weight loss was 18 lbs."

Helena Smith, Vandalia, Mich.

"I lost 5 inches off my waist and 6 inches off my hips! I am amazed at the way Shrink Wrap works. I'll recommend it to everyone!"

Robert N. Nilsen, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

"I lost 5 pounds and 4 inches off my waist in 2 weeks! It's just unbelievable that it took so little time and effort to produce such amazing results!"



Mr. James Carlisle, Manager
Karate School of Champions
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"My Karate School Recommends the Shrink-Wrap System!"

"Every month my new students arrive overweight and out of shape. We found that the really difficult areas are the stomach and sides; this flab stood up to sit-up after sit-up, until our school purchased a few Shrink Wraps. The results were FANTASTIC! Students wore the Shrink Wraps and literally melted away inches from their waist and hips!"

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Trim Waist and Hips Scientifically Without Starving!

That's right! Lose 2-3 inches today! 4-6 inches THIS WEEK!! THAT FAST! Science has known about this principle for years. In fact, right now, professional and amateur athletes the world over are using it in their training programs. And many famous entertainers who have to trim down fast rely on this method. Now, you can use your body's own heat to melt away inches in areas of specific fluid retention like the waist and hips.

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Shrink Wrap is carefully constructed from the finest insulating rubber in the world to concentrate heat and MELT AWAY INCHES! Girdles just squeeze it in. SHRINK WRAP takes it off... FAST! You can use its isometric effect to actually tighten loose muscle tissue. And it's soft and washable, too. Along with our 5 minute exercise program, you can use it as often as you need it to keep those inches off.

And That's Not All!

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Melt Away Inches or Don't Pay a Cent!

We will take the risks! Try the new Super-Action SHRINK WRAP System for a full 30 days! If you aren't totally delighted just return it, no reason required, for a full refund of your purchase price! The risk is all ours, so order NOW and start losing inches... FAST!

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Sirs: I have enclosed my check, m.o., M.C. or Visa info. Please send me the Super Action Shrink-Wrap System which I may use for 30 days at no risk. If for any reason I am not satisfied, I'll return it for an immediate refund, no questions asked! N.Y. Res. add sales tax.

Please give us your waist size: Men's _____ Women's _____

Rush 1 belt at \$14.99 plus \$1.50 p&h.

(Save \$3) Rush 2 belts at \$27.99 plus \$2 p&h.

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should be even more impressive this fall.

The only Dallas weakness is the young secondary, which got burned frequently last season. The Cowboys also need to find a high-powered fullback to relieve nine-year veteran Robert Newhouse, and the defensive unit needs fresh blood to spell some of the aging veterans. As usual, the Cowboys' draft was more productive than casual observers would suspect. Offensive tackle Howard Richards is the only apparent golden nugget, but buried in the late draft choices (and the horde of free agents that always show up at pre-season camp) are a number of probable future All-Pros. Player personnel director Gil Brandt could probably tell us who they are, but he won't. Wait until January and find out, when you see the Cowboys in the Super Bowl.

The Philadelphia Eagles are a team with more dedicated hard workers than superstars. Their intensity is injected by coach Dick Vermeil, himself a prototypical workaholic. Vermeil may find it difficult to drive his charges to Super Bowl heights again this season, because the adrenaline supply could be running out. The squad peaked at midseason last fall and lost three of its last four games, and the Super Bowl experience was a real downer.

One favorable omen for this fall is that last year's success was attained despite an off year (mostly due to injuries) for many of the Eagles' better players. Other pluses are Ron Jaworski, who has matured into the best quarterback in the National Conference, and a defensive platoon that is one of the best in the league.

The Eagles' draft harvest was relatively lean. Only defensive end Leonard Mitchell has much of a chance to break into the starting line-up. Unless some pleasant surprises show up in training camp, the Eagles' roster will be much the same as a year ago.

With a bit of good luck (for a change), the Giants could be the most-improved team in the league. At the very least, last autumn's nightmare (in which 35 players spent some time on the injured reserve list) shouldn't be repeated. The squad room looked like a *M*A*S*H* medical unit much of the season. One week, a house painter (Joe McLaughlin) was summoned from Wisconsin on Tuesday, practiced three days and started against the Cowboys the following Sunday. Another stopgap linebacker, Kevin Turner, entered a late-season game and had to introduce himself in the defensive huddle. One major element of hope for the future is the emergence of second-year quarterback Scott Brunner, who showed both poise and potential under much pressure last fall. The Giants' most glaring offensive weakness has been the lack of a truly excellent runner. Rookie Clifford Chatman could fill the bill. The prime catch of the draft was linebacker

Lawrence Taylor, an intimidator who, with rookie tackle Bill Neill, will give the defensive unit a much-needed shot in the armor.

Another happy harbinger is the patience and understanding with which New York fans and front-office functionaries have supported coach Ray Perkins and general manager George Young. "The losing will stop," promises Perkins with the grim demeanor of someone who has survived a holocaust. The mettle and determination of the squad have also been hardened by adversity. With their infusion of talent from the draft, look for the Giants to be one of the surprise teams of the year.

The first priority of new Washington coach Joe Gibbs is to inject more vigor into an unimaginative and unproductive offense. Gibbs surely has the skills to do that job, having coordinated the explosive San Diego offense a year ago. His main problem will be the lack of sufficient manpower. A weak offensive line will be considerably strengthened by three rookies: tackle Mark May, center Russ Grimm and guard Gary Sayre. The improved pass protection, plus a more inventive and versatile attack, should permit Redskins quarterback Joe Theismann (who has spent his entire career under defensively oriented head coaches) to fully exploit his skills at last. The numerous other 'Skins veterans are also pleased by the new regime. Former coach Jack Pardee almost completely lost control last year. Some players were sullen and rebellious in team meetings, others showed up late for practice and veterans were appalled at the lack of discipline. The immediate future of the Redskins, therefore, depends not only on finding fresh talent for a thin and aging squad but also on re-establishing team discipline and morale. It won't be easy.

Jim Hanifan's first season as coach of the St. Louis Cardinals was an eye opener. Among other cruel lessons, he learned how much an uncommon number of injuries can incapacitate an already shallow squad. Hanifan's main goal in pre-season drills is to develop depth.

In four straight games during the middle of last season, the Cards outplayed their opponents in the first half, then got blown out in the second half because of their lack of manpower and experience. Fortunately, all the time logged last year by the backup players will ameliorate the maturity problem. Also, the running-back corps is loaded, with Ottis Anderson the best of the lot. The Cardinals' primary need is another top-grade receiver to team with Pat Tilley. Quarterback Jim Hart presents another problem. He is approaching the twilight of his career, and an adequate replacement must be found and trained as soon as possible. Rookie receiver Steve Rhodes will help solve the first problem

and new quarterback Neil Lomax appears to be the ideal understudy for Hart. The big catch of the St. Louis draft, however, was linebacker E. J. Junior, who could be an All-Pro in a couple of years.

CENTRAL DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Minnesota Vikings	10-6
Chicago Bears	9-7
Detroit Lions	9-7
Tampa Bay Buccaneers	8-8
Green Bay Packers	4-12

Minnesota is matched only by Dallas as a stable franchise. The Vikings take much pride in that fact and intend to stay that way. That's why the coaching staff, press and fans don't go into hysterics during off years. Coach Bud Grant is a tower of stability. His cool presence prevents others from panicking.

Last fall, the Vikings seemed a year away from regaining respectability; but by midseason, everything began falling into place and they now look like a team of the immediate future. A principal reason for optimism is the constant improvement of young quarterback Tommy Kramer.

The Vikings' biggest need is for another quality runner to go with Ted Brown—when Brown was on the side lines last year, the running game virtually disappeared. Draftee Jarvis Redwine is the prime candidate to fill the spot. Another rookie, receiver Mardye McDole, could also be an instant starter. Look for the Vikings to be back in the thick of the Super Bowl race next December.

The Chicago Bears were snake-bitten last season by improbable game breaks and incompetent officiating. "It was the most bizarre season of my life," coach Neill Armstrong told us. "But that's no excuse. All teams get bad breaks and wrong calls. A winning team is good enough to overcome them. We weren't."

The Bears weren't far from success, though, losing six games by a touchdown or less. The draft brought in the squad's most vital reinforcements: (1) superb offensive tackle Keith Van Horne, whose presence will permit veteran Ted Albrecht to move to guard; (2) devastating linebacker Mike Singletary; (3) defensive backs Todd Bell and Reuben Henderson, to shore up a leaky secondary; and (4) gem-quality receiver Ken Margerum, to give more potency to a lethargic passing attack. The latter cause will be helped by a new offensive coach, Ted Marchibroda, and the continuing development of quarterback Vince Evans. With better luck and better officiating, this could be a big year in Chicago.

There's a giddy optimism in Detroit as September approaches. Two seasons ago, the Lions were the worst team in the N.F.L. Then, last year, they barely



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Clairvoyance is the ability to perceive matters beyond the range of ordinary perception. In this case: radar. The perception of ordinary radar detectors is frustrated by hills, blind corners, and roadside obstructions. What is offered here is very different—the ESCORT™ radar warning receiver.

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Any self-respecting radar detector covers the basics, and ESCORT is no exception. It picks up both X and K bands (10.525 and 24.150GHz) and has aural and visual alarms. It conveniently powers itself from your cigar lighter socket, has a power-on indicator, and mounts with either the included hook and loop fastener or the accessory visor clip. ESCORT's simple good looks and inconspicuous size (1.5H x 5.25W x 5D) make its installation easy, flexible, and attractive. But this is just the beginning.

The first difference—Unexpected range

ESCORT has a sixth sense for radar. That's good because radar situations vary tremendously. On the average, though, ESCORT can provide 3 to 5 times the range of ordinary detectors. To illustrate the importance of this difference, imagine a radar trap set up ¼ mile beyond the crest of a hill. A conventional detector would give warning barely before the crest, scant seconds before appearing in full range of the radar. In this example, a 3 times increase in range improves the margin to 30 seconds before the crest. For this kind of precognition, ESCORT must have 100 times as much sensitivity as the absolute best conventional units have. What makes this possible is, in a word, superheterodyne.

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The superheterodyne technique was invented in 1918 by Signal Corps Capt. Edwin H. Armstrong. This circuit is the basis of just about every radio, television, and radar set in the world today. ESCORT is the first successful application of this method to the field of police radar detection. The key to this development is ESCORT's proprietary Varactor-Tuned Gunn Oscillator. It continuously searches for incoming signals and compares them to an internal reference. Only signals that match the radar frequencies are allowed to pass. This weeding-out process enables ESCORT to concentrate only on the signals that count. As a bonus, it takes only milliseconds; quick enough to catch any pulsed radar. The net result is vastly better range and fewer false alarms.

The second difference

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BMWCCA ROUNDUP... "The volume control has a 'silky' feel to it; in fact the entire unit does. If you want the best, this is it. There is nothing else like it."
PLAYBOY... "ESCORT radar detectors... (are)

generally acknowledged to be the finest, most sensitive, most uncompromising effort at high technology in the field."

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missed qualifying for the play-offs with a young team that can only improve with added savvy and some fine tuning by coach Monte Clark. The biggest injection of vigor last fall came from superrookie Billy Sims, who more than lived up to grand expectations by setting several club rushing records. Another rookie, kicker Eddie Murray, also made a big splash, and quarterback Gary Danielson made a quantum leap toward fulfilling his great potential.

Best of all, there is a strong sense of kinship and belonging among the Detroit players, a bond born of long-suffered adversity.

The key ingredient to the impressive rebirth of the Lions is the leadership and canny coaching of Clark. If he isn't undercut by front-office types, Clark will turn the Lions into a Super Bowl contender—perhaps this season. Inept management and benumbed ownership have kept the Lions wallowing in mediocrity for many years. It would be a shame to see a superb coach like Clark scuttled by petty office functionaries.

The Lions' schedule is much tougher this fall (a result of last year's impressive record), but the draft brought some important help. The newcomers most likely to see lots of action this fall are wide receivers Mark Nichols and Tracy Porter, plus defensive end Curtis Green.

Complacency killed the Tampa Bay team last fall. In '79, the Buccaneers were boasting about going "from worst to first," but they nearly turned that catchy phrase around a year later. Coach John McKay has vowed to do some world-class ass kicking in the pre-season drills. The Tampa sports press has also been rubbing salt in the players' ego wounds. So the Bucs will probably play with the intensity of two seasons ago. If the running backs can learn to block for one another, and if the defense can be rejuvenated by prime rookies Hugh Green and John Holt, this could be a much happier autumn in Tampa. Fortunately, the schedule is less intimidating than a year ago.

The Buccaneers' major assets continue to be quarterback Doug Williams (who is only beginning to reach his peak) and splendid young receivers Gordon Jones and Kevin House. They and the young offensive line will all profit this fall from added maturity.

It's the same old depressing story in Green Bay—the Packers are still in the beginning stages of a seemingly interminable rebuilding process, trying to recover from the empty shell coach Dan Devine left when he moved south to South Bend in 1975. The agony and frustration have finally driven players, management, fans and the press to the breaking point. Several ugly fistfights broke out on the practice field and in the locker room last season. Coach Bart

Starr, once considered a messiah, has been stripped of his general-manager status and is suitably embittered. Packer fans, once paragons of diehard loyalty, enjoy rooting for opposing teams, and the press has turned hostile.

This season doesn't promise to be much better. The draft brought some much-needed new blood, but promising rookie quarterback Rich Campbell must be groomed for future seasons. Of more immediate help will be tight end Gary Lewis and punter Ray Stachowicz. The draft, unfortunately, produced little help in the defensive backfield, where help is needed most.

This will be a pivotal year in Green Bay. Either the team will show some marked improvement or the whole franchise will once again be turned inside out and there'll be another new beginning.

WESTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Atlanta Falcons	10-6
Los Angeles Rams	9-7
San Francisco 49ers	6-10
New Orleans Saints	4-12

Atlanta was the surprise team in the National Conference last fall, finishing with an unprecedented (for the Falcons) 12 wins and tying Dallas and Philadelphia for the best record in the National Conference. The future appears to be even brighter, because the Falcons are one of the youngest teams in the league. In only two years, the running game has gone from one of the worst to one of the best, thanks largely to fullback William Andrews and halfback Lynn Cain. The passing game, built around quarterback Steve Bartkowski, is explosive and getting more so. The Falcons still need a substantial backup for Bartkowski (a commodity that did not materialize in the draft), plus offensive-line depth and reinforcements for the defensive secondary. Because of the latter need, draftees Bobby Butler and Scott Woerner have the best chances of breaking into the starting line-up their rookie year.

Best prospect for the Falcons' future is the attitudinal situation. The players are still hungry for victory and want desperately to bring a big winner to Atlanta, which only a few years ago was known as the city of losers.

Last year was a bitter disappointment for Los Angeles fans. Never, perhaps, in the convoluted history of professional football has a poisonous psychological situation so undermined the fortunes of a team. It all began when owner Georgia Frontiere laid half of Fort Knox on rookie Johnnie Johnson, and the result was predictable—the veteran stalwarts of the squad got their noses out of joint because they were getting pay checks that were only a fraction of that of a

newcomer who had never played a down. The morale problem was never fully resolved, and what should have been a Super Bowl year turned into a late-season bust. This year could be even worse unless some herculean strides are made in management-worker relations.

On the field, the Rams suffer from disastrous special-teams ineptitude, quarterback instability and continuing don't-give-a-shit player attitudes. Coach Raimondo Giovanni Giuseppe Baptiste Malavasi used the draft to beef up the defensive crew, with linebackers Mel Owens and Jim Collins the likeliest recruits to see action this year. But the outlook in Anaheim is not bright.

The 49ers' 6-10 record was a cause for wild rejoicing in San Francisco last December—which gives you an idea of the state of football affairs in Flake City. The squad was heavily populated with youngsters last fall, so fans will expect much improvement—at least a break-even record—this year. But opponents won't take the 49ers so lightly this season. Also, rebuilding teams tend to fall back once or twice before reaching respectability (the Atlanta Falcons under Leeman Bennett are a classic example).

The 49ers' main weakness, of course, is a serious lack of experience, especially on defense. The running game is also less than spectacular. The greatest 49er asset is quarterback Joe Montana, who emerged last season with dramatic suddenness. Other pleasant surprises were wide receivers Dwight Clark and Fred Solomon.

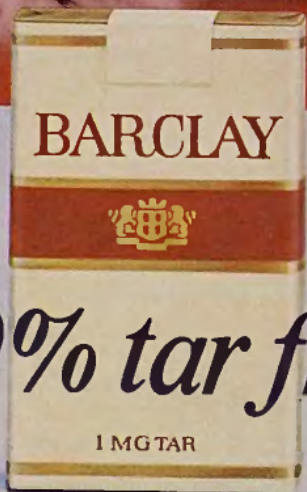
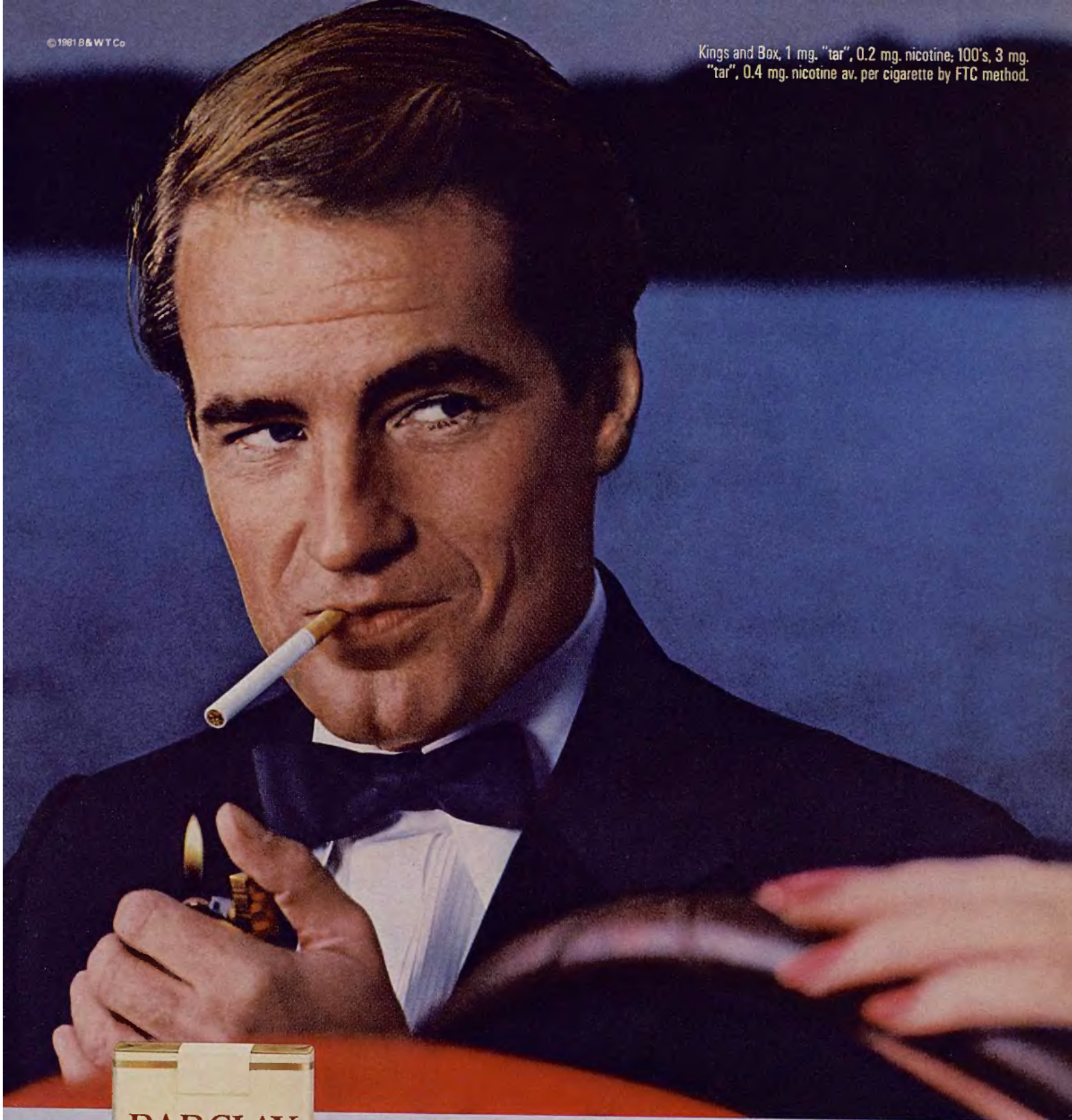
Happily, the 49ers had some draft picks last April and came out with a few players who could make immediate—and much-needed—contributions. Especially helpful will be rookie defensive backs Ronnie Lott and Eric Wright. Another draftee, defensive tackle John Harty, should be a starter his first year.

An awesome reconstruction job faces coach Bum Phillips in New Orleans. The devastation is almost complete. Phillips' first order of business is to rebuild a running game that was mordant last fall. Saints fans see a halo over this year's number-one draft choice, running back George Rogers.

The Saints have severe personnel needs almost everywhere, so look for a lot of new names on the final roster. How much of the rebuilding job can be done this season is problematical at best. Phillips is not renowned as a disciplinarian, and a laid-back coach in a laid-back city may not be the best possible combination for producing a winning team.

The most tragic victim of the Saints' perennial mediocrity is courageous quarterback Archie Manning. On a winning team, he would have been an all-time immortal. In New Orleans, his career has been wasted.

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JOAN RIVERS

(continued from page 149)

"They say black makes you look thinner. So Elizabeth Taylor should hang out with the Supremes."

9.

PLAYBOY: Does that happen a lot?

RIVERS: Enough. Sometimes I feel everybody is looking. I don't like that. Let a stranger tell you, that's OK. The romance is out of my marriage, which is horrendous. But what can you do? My husband is a terrific man, so I just buy myself the diamonds.

10.

PLAYBOY: When you and Edgar were married, did he realize that one day he would be a part of your act?

RIVERS: I don't think he realized it. He married me when I was already successful. But I was always autobiographical in my humor and it just evolved. He became a part of my act the same way my daughter became part of it, because I talk about my current experiences. My act now is more leaning over the back fence and saying, "Can you believe Nancy Kissinger? Isn't she a horse? When I met her, she was wearing a saddle from Gucci and the queen of England! If I've told her once, I've told her 1000 times, 'Shave your toes'" and like that. So there's less of the husband in the act.

11.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Elizabeth Taylor's comeback?

RIVERS: I hear she looks terrific. In real life, she's a dear friend of a dear friend of mine. She said to him, "I've dieted all my life. I want to get fat now. I'm happy. Let me go." That's her right.

But it's also my right to say what America's thinking. I think a comedian can never be an insider. I could never be a friend of "the greats." Every friend of mine who is a comedian and has become a friend of the greats is no longer funny. I won't go into names. You can't dine with the biggies and then walk on a stage and still be a common person. So, when Elizabeth Taylor got fat, that was great, because I could walk on a stage and say, "Wow, her thighs are going condo." Thank God she's fat. She lost weight for a while and I went into shock. I was so upset. I mean, I have a mortgage.

They say black makes you look thinner. So she should hang out with the Supremes. One of the reasons I enjoy making jokes about her is men still *adore* her. When I say she's fat, men get upset in the audience, and then you can scream at them—"OK, so she's not fat. I took her to Jack In The Box and she ate Jack." Then it's fun. But the men

still find her very sexy and beautiful. God, her eyes. Especially that right one.

12.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about Hollywood people entering politics?

RIVERS: I think it's a great idea, because I'm planning to do it eventually. I think I'd be dynamite. I'm gonna tell Nancy Reagan to get out early so I can redecorate. Is she or is she not a Stepford wife? She's so perfect.

13.

PLAYBOY: The sense of fun has gone out of a lot of areas of life. Sports, for instance. Everything is salary. Has that gotten out of control?

RIVERS: I don't care, because I hate sports. When I was single, I had to participate. I mean, picture this Jew in tennis shoes. I used to go sailing. You understand, I was going out with a guy from Harvard. I used to get hit in the head with the boom. I had concussions every spring. Try to sail and hide your thighs at the same time. Try to sail in high heels. It isn't easy to run on the deck with Spring-O-Lators.

But somebody was saying to me how disgusting it is with the salaries in Las Vegas. If you can bring them in, and they want to give you that, you're a fool not to take it. I'm all for big salaries. I'm also for big payoffs under the table. I'm looking to become a tool of the Mob. I'm looking for some big *mafioso* to say, "Get your hands off her. She's Sinatra's woman." I'm waiting for that. That has never happened. Those are my fantasies—"Leave her alone. She's Bob Mitchum's gal." I met Robert Mitchum at a party. I just stood and laughed into his stomach—he's so big.

14.

PLAYBOY: Having lived on both coasts, what are the differences between New York women and Los Angeles women?

RIVERS: New York women are, by far, brighter, snappier, better dressers and doing more with their lives and are unafraid. California women are much more beautiful, nobody is over 11 and they're all frightened to get old. I have friends who exercise under their desks. In California, there's always the successful guy with the great-looking blonde on his arm and she lives only to stay "the great-looking blonde." In New York, you may have a great-looking woman, but she's also an art historian working for the Metropolitan Museum. In California, the women are much more "men's

women," much more athletic, and they all look like Rod Stewart with hair bows. They're all thinner out here, too. Very depressing. Except it's cheaper when you give a dinner party in California.

15.

PLAYBOY: Why is that?

RIVERS: In California, you don't have to serve anything. Just six Quaaludes and everybody's happy. In New York, they're looking for fine French food.

16.

PLAYBOY: How do the Eastern rich differ from the Western rich?

RIVERS: The Eastern rich know how to spend it. The Eastern rich are not frightened to have French furniture or own an old master. They're not frightened to go to Europe. I mean, that's what the fun of money is: to go and buy clothes over there *at* the showings. Eastern lifestyle is much more formal. The only time you see anybody in California in a tuxedo is when they're burying him. Here, the rich don't spend their money the way I like to spend it. Let me put it this way: If I see one more piece of country French furniture or Lucite, I shall throw up. I have a very formal living room because it's nice to have a formal living room as we sit in our warm, comfortable den. It's nice to have a formal side to your life, too. These people out here are a little frightened of that. I bring finger bowls out at parties, and people out here get very nervous when they see that. They think entertaining means a bathing suit and a bowl of chili.

17.

PLAYBOY: How do you keep creatively sharp living in Los Angeles?

RIVERS: We read everything in sight. The only extravagance we have, besides putting a bid in for Buckingham Palace, is we go into a bookstore and buy anything we want. That really keeps you very up to date. You have to be up to date; otherwise, you're dead in my business.

I also read the *National Enquirer*, because when I go onstage, that's what they want to know about: that Princess Caroline is a tramp. And poor Grace Kelly, no wonder they say she boozes—her daughter is sleeping around Monaco—and Caroline Kennedy is a bore. Second-generation kids are *pugh*. A lot of it has to do with the parents' not being there when they should have been. I mean the mothers more than the fathers.

18.

PLAYBOY: Besides being a comedienne, you've also directed a movie. What did you learn from your experience with *Rabbit Test*?

RIVERS: It got lousy reviews on the whole. PLAYBOY loved it, Denver loved it, Chicago loved it. I can tell you who loved it:



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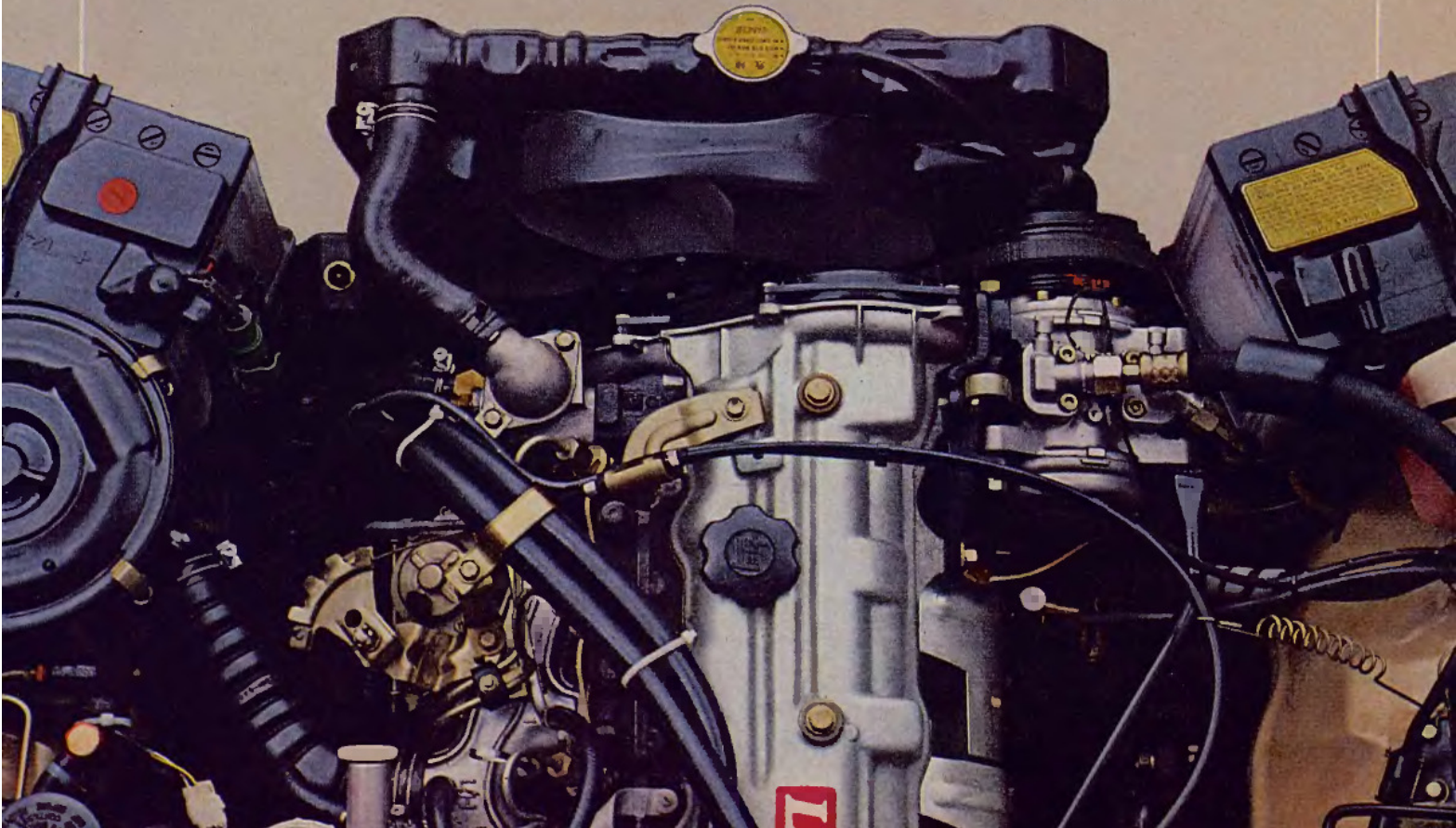
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Gene Shalit should only die. His mustache should pull him down into the pool. I remember Gene Shalit when he was a flack, hanging out at the Upstairs at the Downstairs, saying, "Think I'm funny?" He was a big, fat boy. He knew I'd mortgaged my home to finance *Rabbit Test* and he said on television *twice*, "I hope she loses the house over this." I know he's a really funny guy and can be a lot funnier than me, but *his* special came in last place. That's the way it goes. I hope he reads his reviews.

Think I get a little defensive? It doesn't sound like much now, but we put up \$492,000. When we paid off the note, the bank did a photo reduction of the signed document and pasted it on a bottle of wine and gave it to us, which was very sweet.

19.

PLAYBOY: Now that we're out of the "me" decade, what is going to happen to the gay culture that was flourishing at the end of the Seventies?

RIVERS: First of all, I am so pro-gay. I owe my career to the gays. They found me first. But the Seventies got too liberal at the end. On the other hand, the born-again religious fanatics are very terrifying. It's scary, you know, when God only listens to certain people.

The women made their point in the Seventies. Let's all relax. Unfortunately, it's gone so far. I don't want to watch *The Phil Donahue Show* and see elderly gays telling me there's an alternative lifestyle for my child. This is not an alternative lifestyle. This is a lifestyle that will happen because of something the child has no control over. But it is not a choice. I think of myself as a fat Queen Victoria now, and yet I was the first straight person to put my name in the ad against Anita Bryant.

Don't you love how she swung around, that bitch, when she suddenly found a rich guy who doesn't feel the way she does? A lot of conviction there. But she lost the commercials. Weren't they smart, how they did that? Just very quietly, they eased her out.

Enjoy yourself. You go through life once, do anything you want—but quietly. I'm so bored with guilt. If you really see an animal you like, why not? But don't tell me about it and don't ask me to double-date with you and your chimp and *don't* say to my daughter, "Have you tried a great Dane?" Keep it to yourself and don't try to convert anybody.

20.

PLAYBOY: What comes between you and your Calvins?

RIVERS: Longies and body wrapping. If my Calvins could talk, they would yawn.





"Oh, believe me, everyone's very pleased you're here, sir!"

"By God, I knew that face, that smile, that drooping left eye, that rumpled tweed jacket. . . ."

down at Jefferson, whose ear was just under my right thumb.

"Tom, I'm not sure it's working out."

Another muttering wave of distant protest filtered through my dusty Venetian blinds. One of the problems of living 14 stories above the city is that you tend to see things too clearly, especially after a jot or two of whiskey. Down on the street, amid the pitched battles for survival, you get caught up in the fray. In the continuous pinball game of life, shouldering old ladies aside for a vacant cab, thumping children in the ribs for a seat on the subway, kneeling a nun in the groin for the last remaining hot pretzel engross you and you fail, ultimately, to see that the whole damn thing is falling apart. But high over the city, after a desperate Friday at the office with a final flurry of insulting memos to cap the day, the vision sharpens; the mind tears aside the veil of wishful thinking, and there it is.

Incidentally, you can call me Dave if you like. That's not my real name, but I prefer to remain anonymous for reasons that will become obvious.

I sipped more whiskey and, struck by a sudden transient urge, ripped the cover off the current issue of *New York* with its gleaming white headline reading: "101 FREE FUN THINGS TO DO IN THE CITY!" With smooth, practiced skill, I quickly folded the cover into a paper airplane. It was an art I had not used in many years, one I had perfected grade after grade at the Warren G. Harding School. I fished around in one of the rickety, creaky drawers of my Swedish Moderne Finish-It-Yourself desk and found a red felt-tip marker that had insolently leaked over a pile of unpaid bills. I quickly scrawled on one wing of my airplane:

"Look out—I'm coming to get all of you." On the other wing, I signed: "God."

It looked good. Inching my window open a crack so as not to let in too much soot and noxious carbon compounds, I launched the plane out into the darkened canyon. It rose swiftly on an up-draft, banked to the left and began gracefully volplaning down, bearing with it my hopes for a better world. Down, down it drifted, until, finally lost from view, it disappeared into the mob. A few white faces suddenly peered up at me. It might have been imagination, but they seemed frightened. One face, however, mouthed a foul word.

"And the same to you, Jack, with bells on it," I said.

I smiled my carefully cultivated Dick Cavett smirk and settled squashily into my amazingly uncomfortable beanbag love seat. A distant phone tinkled and I knew that the elderly maiden lady who lived in the next apartment was getting the first of her nightly obscene phone calls. Even barbaric anarchy has its routine.

The morning's *Times* lay scattered about my feet. "All the News That's Fit to Print": hostages, wars, perversions, the crossword puzzle, which had lately itself begun to reflect the age, an occasional shocking four-letter word creeping in here and there; James Reston's calm voice chastising the world for its follies.

I flipped the switch on my TV set, the Cassandra of our days. Mayor Koch appeared, his white shirt rumpled with sweat, his tie hanging at half-mast. Flashbulbs popped. His eyes rolled wildly in the glare.

I muttered, "By God, he still looks like Frank Perdue, the Chicken King."

"I have informed the strikers' representatives that the city can no longer tolerate—"

I flipped the channel. Koch again. Another flip; another Koch. On all the channels, nothing but Koches. If Karl Marx were alive today, he would have written, "ABC is the opiate of the masses."

Then I knew what I had to do. Desperation has its limits. My hand turned the channel selector to that one island of total, tranquil, heart-warming escapism: 13. Public television. Where else can you relive the entire Victorian era in endless reruns, a world peopled with simple, honest maids and butlers and square-jawed English squires? Occasionally, the fare shifts even farther back in time and Shakespeare's Henry V rides out again into battle, but such poetic battle. French chefs eternally prepare arcane treats featuring fish available only off the coast of Normandy, and then for only a fortnight out of the year, when they are running. I settled back, prepared to enjoy an hour or two of total, heavily endowed Culture.

"The following PBS program was made possible by a grant from the Mobil Corporation."

"Aha," I hissed, "the Petroleum Broadcasting System is still greasing the ways."

A blast of atonal, formless electronic music consisting of a series of arrhythmic beeps and assorted transistorized hooting, the kind of fanfare that always precedes a "serious" program on PBS, filled

the room. The credits, a series of tricky little exploding letters, unrolled endlessly. That's where most of the rich endowments go; jazzy titles aren't cheap.

"America [pause; another blast of beeps] . . . the Aesthetics of Transition [pause; assorted hoots] . . . the sixth program in a series of twenty-four. [More credits exploded into multicolored space] Moderated by Alistair Cooke."

I settled back deeper into my beanbag, wondering briefly why every program about America were hosted by an Englishman and knowing damn well that the reverse certainly wasn't true, that the BBC would never use Jack Lemmon to discuss the Plantagenet line.

Mr. Cooke's calm face appeared. In the background, an imposing wall of heavy leather-bound volumes gave the scene weight and depth. As his cultured tones—cool, calm, unemotional—droned, I reached down to the floor for my Jack Daniel's bottle. Several cockroaches retreated hastily. More sirens wailed, punctuated by furious klaxons bearing the wounded to Bellevue.

"Our guest tonight is the distinguished visiting lecturer at the University of Chicago. . . ."

Another face appeared on the screen, smiling with well-bred diffidence, a face clearly at home amid the dusty stacks, a face obviously prepared to hold its own in the highest literary salons in the land. I leaned forward, the expensive Lima beans beneath my rump rattling and tinkling as they sought other positions of discomfort.

By God, I *knew* that face, that cool smile, that drooping left eye, that rumpled tweed jacket with its faint growth of moss. I *knew* that face! Was it the whiskey? Was it another symptom of my approaching madness?

"Dr. Umbaugh, we are pleased and honored to have the privilege of discussing the aesthetics of frontier courage and the emergence of—"

Good Christ Almighty! Umbaugh! Umbaugh! Good God! I clutched The Great Democrat tightly and took a mighty swig, followed immediately by an uncontrolled belch.

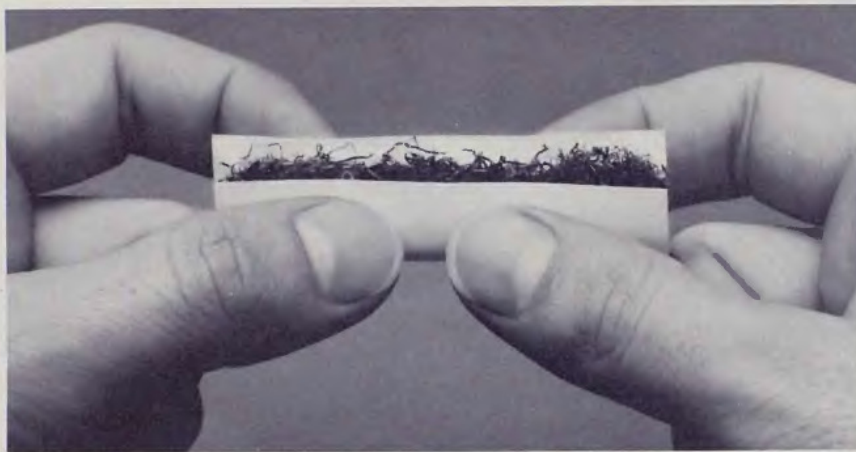
"Why, yes, Mr. Cooke, the unique attitude bred on the frontier of barbarian America was the result of many factors. Chief among them, I must say, was cosmic boredom, and. . . ."

I struggled to my feet. "Umbaugh, you son of a bitch! Tell 'em, you bastard, tell 'em!"

I threw a pair of ice cubes into my glass, eager to listen to the words of the most talented, fiercely, nay, ferociously courageous man I had ever known.

Dr. Umbaugh. Of course. That was inevitable, at the very least. Umbaugh was one of those to whom the academic atmosphere was milk and honey, the promised land. He fed on academia

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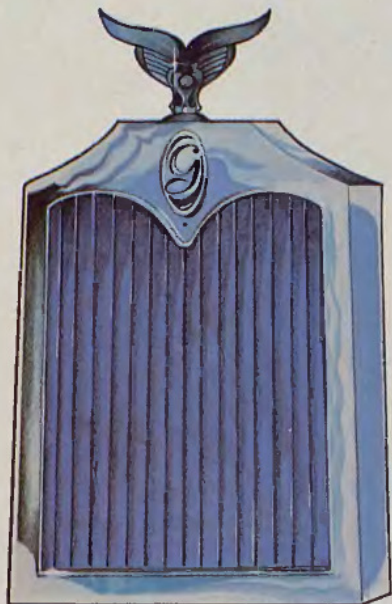
The ancestral home of the ill-fated Duchess of Grenzquell (1432-1489). Now renting for the summer of 1987 at \$5,875 a month.



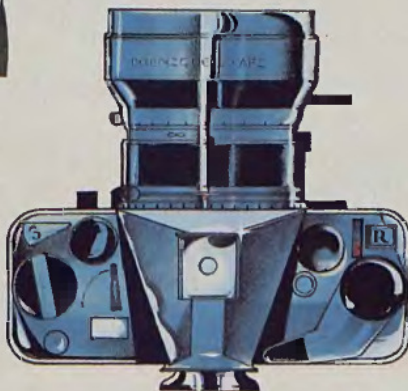
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■ 1979. At the renowned Sacramento Bee Wine Tasting, *Giumarra Chablis was picked over 76 other California white wines.*

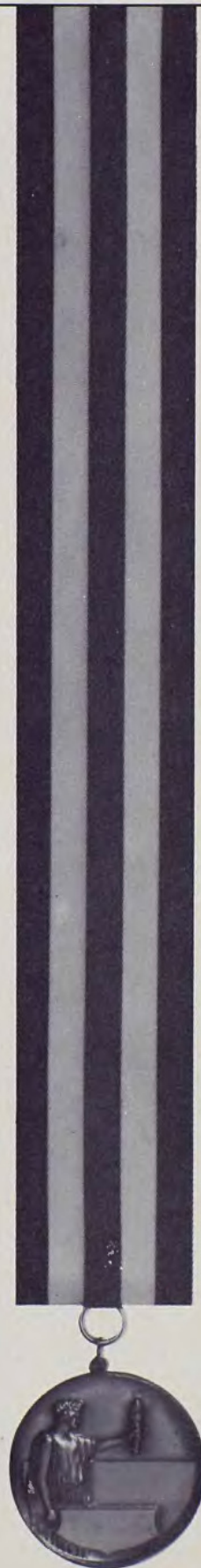
■ 1978. The International Viticulture and Wine Fair awarded Giumarra Chablis a gold medal.

■ 1977. The Los Angeles County Fair. *Among California Chablis, Giumarra Chablis was given the Fair's highest award.*

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(gee-u-marra)
Giumarra Chablis. Worth its taste in gold.



Mischievous as children protecting a secret, Le-ah and Tiu scampered behind the falls and bade us follow.

Our climb from the village had been long and hot, and we were glad to cool our weary limbs. Suddenly, these bright spring blossoms burst from the chill shower, bearing an oaken scuttle brimming with bottles of both light and dark San Miguel Beer.

Such hospitality we'd never imagined. We savored the cold, clean taste of the San Miguel and set aside all discussion of the repairs our reef-bound schooner would require on the morrow.

Thus did the afternoon drift by: I and the crew and our carefree island guides, sipping San Miguel and splashing in the summer garb of Eden.*

*Inspired by Herman Melville's *Typee*.
And the rich, rewarding taste of San Miguel.



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the way a whale inhales plankton, whereas I and most of my comrades back in those days when my life briefly impinged on Umbaugh's struggled ceaselessly against it, alternating between stark terror of imminent failure and crashing, utter boredom, boredom of a mind-numbing nature so palpable and real that you could almost see it growing up the walls of our poured-concrete prison.

The Midwestern university that I had recklessly elected to attend on the GI Bill of Rights—a charitable outpouring of public monies that has led to the psychic downfall of multitudes of erstwhile worthy garage mechanics and plumbers' helpers—had been designed by one of those architects of the French school known, in translation, as "Art is Truth, Ugliness is always honest; hence, Art is ugly," and there are few materials in the world as ugly as poured concrete. Attending the university was much like living in a vast, glass-enclosed concrete viaduct. It was the concrete more than anything else, I suspect now, that set the wheels in motion that catapulted Umbaugh into the realm of legend.

It was two A.M. of a rainy, dreary fall night when it happened; a Friday, in fact. I paced restlessly about my poured-concrete cell in a dormitory ironically named after one of America's more sickeningly romantic early poets. We, the inmates, referred to it as U.S. Gypsum Hall. The twin dormitory next to us was called The Portland Cement Arms by its natives. The rain splashed against the pitted aluminum window casement, forever sealed against outside reality by modern design. Either that or some prudent administrator had had the windows protected against the threat, always present, of suicide. I paced as much as an 8' x 6' room, a room with its poured-concrete desk, its poured-concrete bureau with its endearing little poured-concrete knobs, would allow. I wore only a pair of sagging Jockey shorts, my Fruit of the Looms being at the laundry. I had \$2.82 between me and the bottom of my financial tank. I was running on the fumes. It was ten days before my next GI check was due from Uncle Sugar. Any student who could get up the scratch had long since fled that vast concrete carbuncle in the midst of the cornfields for weekend solace in the nearest big city. Not me. Not with \$2.82 in my Levis and an organic-chemistry exam coming up first period Monday morning. The only citizens left on campus were the destitute, the about-to-be-failed and the truly zealous.

I peered out the window into the sleety rain. Far below, a coed struggled against the storm, dimly lit by one of the "colorful" turn-of-the-century fake gas lamps that had been installed in the quad to counteract, theoretically, the plastic ivy that was attached to the exterior walls of our dorm. Real ivy does

not thrive in that climate, so the alumni of an earlier class had contributed the plastic variety to our well-being. It came from Montgomery Ward and was the best-quality plastic ivy obtainable. It, at least, enabled the university legally to get away with the line: "The restful, ivy-covered walls of tradition-laden..."

The starlings loved it, yelling and honking amid the rattling leaves at all hours of the night, carrying on the obscene activities that set starlings apart from the rest of the more civilized bird world.

The coed moved through the dim light below. I listlessly peered down at her. About five feet tall, going maybe 180 pounds, she wore skintight toreador pants that showed off her vast hams to best advantage. Her head covered with pink-plastic barrels, she was typical of the campus queens the school specialized in: corn-fed, gum-chewing home-ec majors. No wonder *PLAYBOY* was passed from sweaty hand to sweaty hand until its pages were limp and ragged. It was the only port in a storm.

I moodily squatted on the edge of my poured-concrete bed, with its meager foam-rubber cushion. Mere inches from my nose, *Principles of Organic Chemistry*, a hated volume of arcane, useless, stupid lore, lay open on my desk amid a

few scattered notebook pages bearing my pitiful notes. Chemistry was my *Moby Dick*. I had a brooding, certain knowledge that it would get me in the end. Subsequent events were to bear that out, but that is another story.

Suddenly, out of the blue, a happy thought struck me. "Yeah," I muttered, leaped to my feet and dove into the minute niche in the concrete wall that the college handbook called a "spacious walk-in closet." I pawed through the pile of accumulated junk: my old combat boots, a pair of galoshes my mother had sent me, four pairs of mismatched Japanese shower clogs, a couple of limp-stringed tennis rackets, several tangled clothes hangers. Aha!

Weeks before, I had hidden away from the avid, hungry eyes of my dormmates a two-pound package of Fig Newtons. I retrieved my treasure from amid the rubble and sat happily on the bed, contemplating the virgin, pristine beauty of the unopened package. I freely admit that I am a depraved Fig Newton freak. There aren't many of us, but there is a bond among the lovers of the noble Fig Newton that transcends all. The Fig Newton itself is one of the most glorious creations of man, its subtle, soft, sand-hued crust of a sensuous shade redolent of the earth's bounties, its dark, rich, tart



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filling of ancient figs from the sun-drenched shores of Greece.

There are those who actually enjoy such obscenities as Newton-type cookies stuffed with cherry, strawberry and even, God forbid, chocolate fillings. What blasphemy! The very name *Fig Newton* describes beautifully this classic pearl of the baker's art. Legend has it that Isaac Newton himself concocted this paragon while contemplating the laws of motion. There are those who maintain that his discovery of the Fig Newton was vastly more important than that business about gravity, which any fool could have come up with.

I hefted the package, with its provocative invitation, CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE, in my hand. The rain drummed monotonously. The dormitory was deathly still, except for the occasional shuddering moan of distant plumbing. With my right thumbnail, I carefully split the dotted line, savoring every moment to the full.

Believe me, any break in the soft, muzy, stifling boredom is manna to the prisoner. I have always felt that it was no coincidence that Hitler wrote *Mein Kampf* while in the slam. If he had had a couple of pounds of Fig Newtons to play with, maybe the world would have been spared World War Two.

Carefully, I eased the flap upward and outward, laying bare the two compact rows of magnificent beauties. Immediately, the musty concrete smell of my room was drowned in the incomparable fragrance, the subtle, haunting perfume that is characteristic of vintage Fig Newtons. I breathed deeply. Beads of perspiration, the sweat of sensuous anticipation, covered my nose. I placed the package carefully on my desk and rose to steady my nerves. I stepped to the window to prolong this moment of ecstasy. Down below, a solitary cyclist splashed through the puddles, his soggy field jacket identifying him as another ex-GI in pursuit of Government-funded knowledge. He still wore the patches of his old division, the Ninth Infantry.

I turned and carefully extracted a Fig Newton from the company of its fellows. The drama was about to begin, though, naturally, I was not aware of it at the time. Umbaugh was about to become legend.

I sniffed the full-packed beauty and took a tentative nibble, savoring the rich yet somehow poignant flavor, hinting as it does of the overtones of Greek tragedy; the fig of Electra, Orestes, even Oedipus himself. A few crumbs trickled down my wrist. I finished off the first with lip-smacking gusto; a second, a third. As I settled down to my fourth Fig Newton, I became aware of a heavy clumping outside my door.

"Christ Almighty, goddamn it!" I mut-

tered, frantically attempting to hide my treasure under the pillow. Our dormitory was peopled entirely by beings whose sense of smell surpassed that of the timber wolf. Any hint of food, anywhere, was sure to bring the ravenous parasites.

My door slammed open and there stood Goldberg, his hulking, blubbery form, clad in his standard sagging Jockeys and shapeless T-shirt, almost filling the room. He wore pink, rubber-thonged sandals and a two-day growth of smarmy beard.

"Fig Newtons. I smell Fig Newtons. Y'got Fig Newtons!" he wheezed hoarsely.

What a kick in the ass, I thought. Goldberg, whose appetite was rivaled only by that of the giant garbage-disposal trucks that lurched daily about the campus, gobbling up anything in their paths, was the last person I wanted to see this night. Known as Pig-out to his friends and the Slob to all others, Goldberg was born to eat.

"Hey, Pig-out, I thought you went to town." I struggled to appear civil and welcoming.

"Nah, I'm broke. Gimme a Fig Newton."

There was no way around it. The iron-clad law of the dormitory mandated that we share and share alike; a stupid law, but there it was.

I extended the package to Goldberg. He scooped up three at one swoop, the poor little Fig Newtons hopelessly clinging to one another for companionship in their last moments on earth. He stuffed all three into his garbage chute.

"Mmmmmfff, mmmmmfffph," he grunted, like a rooting hippo.

What the hell, I thought, it's every man for himself now. I grabbed a couple of Fig Newtons, barely avoiding his grasp, and chewed happily. A feeling of comradeship filled the room: peace, tranquillity. It would not last long.

The silence was broken only by the sound of our steadily chomping jaws and occasional grunts of animal pleasure.

"Been saving these," I said between chomps.

"What for?"

"A night like this, Goldberg. A night like this."

The rain drummed relentlessly outside. The faint red glow of a distant neon sign transformed the drops rolling down the pane into rubies. Off and on the sign went. It was a neon arrow pointing down through the night to JACK'S GOLDEN DOME TURNPIKE DINER. EAT . . . EAT . . . EAT . . . it endlessly intoned, beckoning the drivers of K-Whoppers, Macks and Peterbilts to come and graze at the all-night trough.

EAT . . . EAT . . . EAT . . . And so we did, for a few blissful moments. Again,

the steady clomp of shower clogs approaching my door. Goldberg glanced up, his chin dribbling crumbs.

"Whozzat?"

"Hide 'em," I muttered.

Too late. Blotting out entirely the light from the outside hallway was the immense, looming, mountainous form of Big Al Dogellio, the recognized terror of Big Ten gridirons for three seasons. Football players in that neck of the woods are not students, or even human beings in the ordinary meaning of the term. They are bred for the purpose. It is rumored that hidden in the remote fastnesses of the state there is a Lineman Stud Farm, where these monsters are carefully nurtured from birth, destined only to execute bone-crushing tackles and shattering blocks on their way to the Rose Bowl. Rarely seen outside the confines of their special athletes' compound, these killers can be dangerous when loose. What Big Al, known familiarly to sportswriters as Old 76, was doing in our dorm, I'll never know.

Naturally, we were both awed and flattered to be in the presence of such a demigod; 287 pounds, 6'5 $\frac{1}{4}$ ", with a size-22 neck and a 30-inch waistline, Big Al was wedge-shaped; pure sinew and gristle covered with a thick, bristly mat of primitive fur. Numerous broken noses had reduced his nostrils to blowholes. Enveloping him was a distinctive animal aroma, the scent that great snuffling dinosaurs of the Reptile Age must have carried, redolent of primal swamps and ancient fens. He was as imposing and as lovable as a bull rhino in heat.

He extended his immense paw toward me. I had the fleeting impression that his palms were covered with hair.

"Gimme cookie," he grunted.

There's nothing a Fig Newton aficionado loathes more than hearing a Fig Newton called a cookie, but I let it pass.

"Of course. Heh-heh, of course. Have all you want, Big Al."

"T'anks."

And Old 76 joined me and Goldberg in our contented chomping. My tiny cell was getting crowded, but the evening was yet young and the pieces were falling into place of a historical event that is still recounted on the campus these many years later. At least three folk songs have been written about it.

About half the box of Fig Newtons had gone to that Great Cookie Jar in the Sky when the star of the evening made his entrance. I, personally, believe that he had somehow set the whole thing up. But we'll never know. A light tapping was heard; polite, discreet. I creaked to my feet and opened the door. There stood the tall, lanky figure of one of the least-known members of our dormitory clan. He had the clammy, slug-like pallor of the true scholar, one obviously born to live only for footnotes,

cross references and bibliographies, a natural writer of treatises.

"Hi," his voice soft and diffident, "I'm Umbaugh. Schuyler Umbaugh from the first floor, and it is rumored that there are Fig Newtons available. I could scarcely credit my senses when I heard of it, but. . ."

Big Al, glancing up from his fistful of Fig Newtons, rasped, "Give 'im some."

"My name's Dave, and this is Goldberg, and—"

Umbaugh, with a casual wave of his long, thin, cello-player's hand, said, "Of course, everyone knows Mr. Big Al. Indeed."

He edged into the room, he, too, dressed in the uniform of the day, T-shirt, shorts and shower clogs.

"Yes, sir, Fig Newton is one of my favorite vices, and I have brought with me something that makes the Fig Newton truly sing."

He produced a heavy, pregnant 12-pack of Pabst Blue Ribbon beer. He went on in his soft, precise voice:

"Fig Newtons and Pabst, a combination rivaled only by vodka and caviar. Here, have a brew."

We quickly dived in. Within seconds, all four of us were inhaling cooling suds, washing down the Fig Newtons, creating a taste combination that is truly indescribable. At first thought, it sounds grotesque, but no, there is something about the fermented hops mingled with the crushed fig that is dynamite.

"You guys are awright," 76 muttered as he unleashed a shuddering burp that rattled the casements. Goldberg punctuated the conversation with an appreciative fart. Dormitory life was being lived to the fullest in room 303.

Goldberg suddenly lurched to his feet, a can of beer in one hand and a Fig Newton in the other, and announced:

"What the hell . . . I'll be right back."

His room was two doors down the hall, and seconds later he reappeared, the Fig Newton gone but still bearing his beer. In his now-empty hand, he carried, its string encircling his index finger, a three-foot-long, magnificent, richly gleaming salami.

"My Aunt Bella sent it to me for my birthday. I been savin' it for a celebration."

Goldberg handed the salami to 76, who promptly bit four inches off the end. He passed it to me. I bit off a luscious, garlic-laden mouthful and on it went to Umbaugh.

"The history of salami is an interesting one." He addressed us in the well-modulated tones of a born teacher.

"The name derives from the tiny island of Salama off the southern coast of Sicily. The early Eighth Century saw the emergence of the first sausage of this type. Its fame quickly spread. The sausage took its name from its homeland,

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salami being the plural of Salama, which is the more proper—"

"Fer Chrissake, gimme another beer." Big Al was clearly not interested in theory, being purely a man of action.

Umbaugh continued: "Saint Pietro Salami, one of the early Christian martyrs, according to legend, added the garlic as the result of a divine revelation. His subsequent canonization A.D. nine hundred and thirty-two led to . . . oh, yes, of course. Have a beer, Mr. Seventy-six."

And so a happy hour was spent in my yeasty, fetid concrete room. Worries about carbon compounds and the halogen series had been banished for the moment. The gray wolves of boredom were held at bay, to skulk uneasily in the

rainy outside world. A huge bite of garlicky salami, a quick slug of beer and a nibble of Fig Newton, in that order, was the routine. Salami, Fig Newtons and beer passed from hand to hand. Occasionally, low, gurgling stomach rumbles added a fitting obbligato to our debauch.

Umbaugh, his mind ranging widely over the whole panoply of human experience, entertained us with arcane facts.

"Are you gentlemen aware that the fig stands unique in the tangled world of nature's flora? It has a deep-throated blossom that must be fertilized by a tiny insect, which, flying from male blossom to female blossom, carries the minute fertilization cell that makes this luscious Fig Newton possible."

"No kiddin'?" Goldberg, always eager for more sex news, listened intently.

"Yes, Goldberg, but it is essentially a sad story, since this tiny insect, Latin name *Blastophaga psenes*, dies at the very instant of fertilization. The blossom closes over it and each fig absorbs the tiny body of a departed insect heroine. The Great Fig Blight that struck Turkey in 1807, due to—"

"Y' mean there's goddamn dead bugs in these things?" Old 76 looked up from his Pabst, his eyes glowing with menace.

"Yeggkk!" Goldberg glared nervously at his half-eaten Fig Newton.

"I wouldn't put it exactly that way, Mr. Seventy-six. In a manner of speaking, that is true, but. . ."

At the time, I thought that, under the influence of the beer and the bonhomie of the moment, Umbaugh was putting us on. Later, I was astounded to find that he was telling the truth.

But by then, it was too late. The Fig Newtons had disappeared and we were on our last beer, with only maybe six inches of salami left to go. It was close to four A.M. and, if anything, the rain was drumming down harder than ever. At that moment, Umbaugh began to spring his trap. Big Al, who later went on to glory in the N.F.L. after a spectacular career in the Big Ten, was about to learn a lesson.

"Big Al," Umbaugh said, tilting his string-bean 6'6", 105-pound frame forward slightly, bending in the middle like some intellectual praying mantis, a faint sardonic smile playing over his fallow features, "it must be truly satisfying, in a deep, primal way, to smash the Iowa line to smithereens, to crush Leroy 'Snake Hips' Johnson, Ohio State's vaunted all-American halfback, into the dust of the gridiron, to be a modern gladiator; fearless, indestructible, impervious to defeat."

A flicker of confusion clouded Big Al's tiny BB eyes. "Uh . . . yeah. Well, the bastard give me the knee in the first quarter, so I hadda get the son of a bitch."

Goldberg and I listened to this exchange with rapt attention. Umbaugh could be on dangerous ground. One treads softly around a rutting mastodon.

"Well, you certainly did get the, as you say, bastard. I happened to be passing through the student lounge on my way to the library at the very moment the TV set was displaying the scene of his vainglorious departure from the game, on a stretcher borne by four of his humiliated teammates. The roar of the crowd as the ambulance left the arena was certainly thrilling and, I might add, not a bit too soon. Ohio tends to get a bit cheeky, eh?"

Big Al moodily chewed the butt end of the salami, its string hanging forlornly out of his mouth and into the

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rough stubble of his granite jaw.

"Yeah, well, he should'na tried coming through me after givin' me that knee. Them dumb fuckers never learn."

"By George, that was well put," Umbaugh smiled admiringly at Big Al's clever mot. "I'll have to remember that. I was rather relieved, though, that after the operation, they announced that he would probably walk again. In time." Umbaugh smiled benevolently.

"Yeah, well, I figured since he was only a sophomore, the dumb jerk didn't know no better, so I went easy on him."

"I, for one, admire you, Big Al, for letting that fool Snake Hips off so easily. True charity. Even he must be grateful that you let him off with only a cracked pelvis, a few shattered ribs and maybe a crushed spleen."

Big Al's steel-blue BBs flickered as he appeared to study Umbaugh intently. My God, I thought, if Big Al senses that he is being put down, all three of us could go the way of that Ohio halfback in an instant.

"Hey, Big Al," I asked bravely, trying to change the subject, "do you always wear your jersey with the number and everything around like that?"

"Nah. Only around the dorm. I can't get no T-shirts that fit. They all rip down the back."

His grass-stained red-and-white jersey, with its spectacular 76, had been cut off

to give breathing room to his hairy, bare midriff.

But Big Al was not about to be put off by any clever conversational feint from the likes of me. His ball-bearing eyes continued to stare steadily at Umbaugh.

"What you say your name is, huh?" He leaned forward, his cordlike muscles rippling, playing like sleek dolphins over his shoulders and mighty back.

"Ah, Umbaugh is the name. Umbaugh. The name has an interesting derivation. Back in the early Twelfth Century—"

Big Al cut him off in mid-prattle with a furious animal snort. "Umbaugh! I t'ought I knew that name. Yeah. You're the horse's patoot that wrote that dumb fuckin' letter to that stupid newspaper."

A spasm of mortal fear gripped my guts. Of course, it was Umbaugh who had written that sardonic blast that had appeared in *The Crimson Bugle*, our despised student newspaper. Titled "Athletics—Boobs' Paradise," it had rocked the campus.

These loutish oafs thudding into one another with all human qualities crushed underfoot. . . . I demand that the English Department go on strike against this further, indeed, highly applauded display of human depravity. The name Jane Austen is known to barely one percent of the student body of this so-called

institution of higher learning, but 99 percent of my alleged fellow students can give you the name, weight and record of every third-rate substitute lineman in the entire Big Ten. How long will this barbaric. . .

Big Al stood, his crewcut lightly brushing the ceiling of my cell, his steady gaze, unblinking, boring deep into Umbaugh. My God, he's gonna charge! I thought wildly.

Goldberg cringed next to my bureau. He appeared to be counting the knobs studiously.

Umbaugh cleared his throat lightly. "I confess, Big Al. It was, indeed, I. However, I meant it only in jest. As an exercise in Swiftian humor and satire, I—"

"Can the crap." Big Al certainly had a way with words. "That Jane What-the-Fuck's-er-Name some broad yer shackin' up with?"

For a fleeting instant, I had a vision of the prim, virginal authoress of *Pride and Prejudice* sneaking off into the night with Umbaugh for a little hanky-panky.

"Or more likely you're a friggin' fag." Big Al sucked sullenly at his beer can.

"Jane? Oh, of course, you mean Jane Austen. I suppose one could say, metaphorically, we have been 'shacking up,' immersed as I have been in her work for three years now, preparing for my doctoral dissertation titled 'Irony—the Last

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Bastion of the Beleaguered Mind.' I suppose you might say that. . . ." Struck by a sudden thought, he paused. "By George, that is good. 'Shacking up.' I must tell Dr. Bloombuster that one, he'll—"

"You goddamned eggheads are a royal pain in the butt. The trouble with you dumb shitheads is that not one of you ever could beat nobody at nothin' and you can't stand nobody who can, so you go around blowin' off."

A river of sweat poured down my back. The evening had taken a nasty turn.

It must have been just about then that Umbaugh decided to close the trap. It's hard to tell. All I know for sure is that he said nothing for a long, tense moment. The rain drummed steadily on my window. Goldberg appeared to be trying to draw a cloak of invisibility around his blubbery hulk.

Finally, Umbaugh, in a low voice, answered Big Al's charge. "That theory perhaps has some validity, Big Al, but then, on the other hand, there are those who believe that deadly combat is the very soul of man, and that we all have it."

Under my breath, I hissed, "Careful, Umbaugh, careful."

"Every man," Umbaugh continued in an even voice, "has his *own* game, where he is a killer, and—"

"What the fuck do you know about games, you skinny pissant?"

It was then that Umbaugh struck. He casually extracted a large, flat blue-and-white box from his T-shirt breast pocket. With cool deliberation, he removed a silver-wrapped lozenge from the box, unwrapped it and popped its contents into his mouth.

Goldberg, obviously trying to ease the tension in the room, squealed nervously, "Hey, Umbaugh, you got candy!"

"Not exactly, Goldberg. I am merely indulging in a Boomo-Lax tablet."

Boomo-Lax, the legendary laxative that billed itself: "Tastes like a fine French bonbon; yet has the action of a hand grenade."

Goldberg, the human garbage disposal, could not pass that up. "Hey, gimme one. They taste like chocolate, don't they?"

"I believe the phrase is 'a fine French bonbon,'" Umbaugh answered, licking his lips appreciatively. "Say, would you gentlemen care to join me in a bit of a contest? A *game*, if you will."

Big Al immediately rose to the challenge. Since tot-hood, he had won everything in sight, bashing and thundering over countless opponents throughout the years. He could not allow Umbaugh's challenge to pass.

"What kinda game? You wanna arm-wrastle or somepin'?" The BBs suddenly blazed with the fierce hot light that had

withered the soul of many an offensive back.

The thought of Umbaugh's matchstick arms cracking merrily under the onslaught of 76's concrete biceps made even Umbaugh laugh.

"Oh, goodness gracious, no. The contest I propose involves true intestinal fortitude."

"You mean guts?" Al snorted. "You mean *guts*, you skinny twerp?"

"You could say that," Umbaugh answered calmly.

I was to find, shortly, how truly he spoke. Goldberg, who had been busily licking the interior of the Fig Newton box for any odd crumbs, asked, "What kind of game?"

Umbaugh drew himself to his full height, his thin, milky body with its knobby knees and sunken chest looking a bit like a hatrack wearing a too-large T-shirt.

"It's quite simple, actually. I have 49 tablets of this delicious Boomo-Lax left in this package, having already eaten one, which I will throw in as a handicap. We will pass the package from hand to hand, eating Boomo-Lax tablets in turn, and the last man left in the room wins. It is as simple as that. Of course, we will allow three minutes between tablets, under the international rules."

"Of course," I said, "rules are rules."

"You tryin' to say, you skinny bastard, that you can eat more of them dinky chocolates than I can? *Me?*"

Al, who had never refused a challenge in his life, was not about to begin now. Goldberg, on the other hand, had motives far simpler. He never turned down the chance to eat anything, unless it had hair on it and crawled. I, however, was like one of those poor yaps who get sucked in to a bar fight and begin swinging wildly at everything in sight, only to wind up with a broken hand from hitting the gum machine and 30 days in the can. Not only that but I thought I saw a way out of what looked like something that was going to develop into a truly bad scene.

"Fifty dollars, Big Al, to make the game more sporting. I propose a gentleman's wager of fifty dollars each, the winner take all."

Big Al, his face suddenly wreathed in the same smile of Christian charity that had once graced the visage of Mighty Casey at the bat, chuckled evilly.

"You're on, sucker."

Numerous alumni had seen to it that Big Al never had to worry where his next supply of cash was coming from. It was said that twice monthly, a Brink's truck delivered his "incidental expenses," with two armed guards carrying heavy sacks. Linemen of his ilk don't come cheap in the Big Ten.

Goldberg, sure of victory, recklessly joined the fray: "Count me in."

Well, what could I do? A man has his

honor and, after all, I can eat chocolate with the best of them.

"OK, deal the cards," I barked with the assurance of Henry Fonda sitting in on a poker game with Jack Palance. "I'll bet fifty bucks out of my next GI check, which I get in ten days."

"The game is afoot, men. I now declare time is in." Umbaugh's manner had become formal, almost Victorian. He consulted his watch carefully and then passed the box of Boomo-Lax to Big Al.

"Take one tablet, pass it on to the next contestant and then, finally, around to me, the dealer."

Big Al grabbed a silver cube and popped it into his maw, chomping ferociously. He then spit the wrapping out defiantly. "What a stupid game. Jee-zus!"

Goldberg took his hungrily and I followed suit. By God, they *did* taste like a fine French bonbon. Umbaugh, with great delicacy, unwrapped his tablet and began sucking daintily.

"One round, players, has been completed."

"Hey, they're good. Hey, they're really good! Can I have two on the next round?" the human garbage can asked happily. I could see that he, too, was relieved that combat had been averted.

"Now, now, we must have rules. One per round."

Three minutes passed in silence as the tension rose in the arena. "Round two." Umbaugh passed the box to Big Al and it quickly made the circuit.

"Hey, this is dumb. I could eat the whole goddamn box. What kinda dumb game is this?"

Big Al was chafing a bit. He wanted more action. He was about to get it.

After the third round, I noticed that a crowd had begun to gather at the door, which had been left ajar by Umbaugh for reasons we were about to learn.

"Get 'em, Big Al!" a freshman wearing a red-and-white beanie yelled.

"Courage, Schuyler. Steady on." A willowy English major in a chartreuse-silk robe cheered on his favorite.

Umbaugh passed the box on its fourth trip. The crowd grew. Rumors had spread throughout the dormitory that a thrilling athletic contest was going on in 303 and that Big Al Dogellio was being challenged by a nerd from *The Literary Quarterly*. Hoarse shouts of encouragement and bursts of applause echoed in the hall. Catcalls, huzzas. Betting between spectators had broken out. Partisanship was rampant. I was pleased to note that I had my share of backers, no doubt the result of the time that I had eaten an entire meat loaf in the campus cafeteria, on a dare. I was not without qualifications.

Naturally, the heavy favorite was Old 76. It was known via the sports pages that he daily breakfasted on two three-pound sirloins and a dozen and a half

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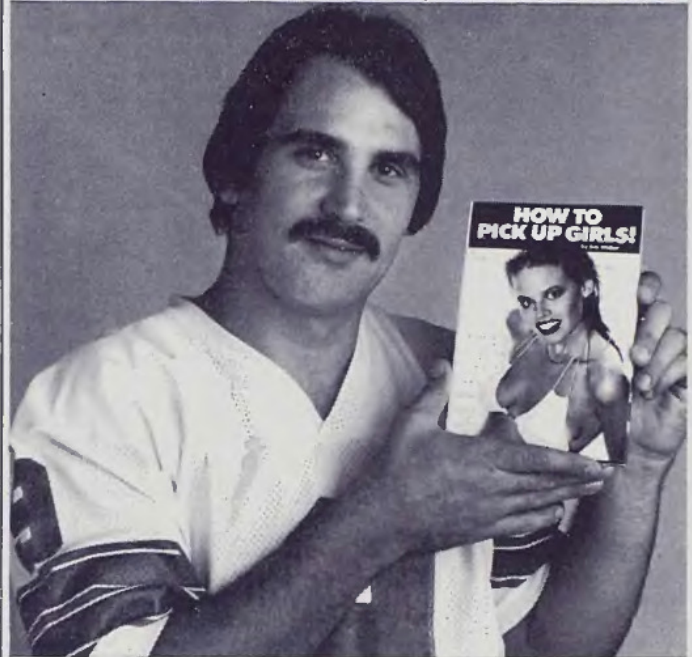


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eggs (sunny-side up), seven yards of country link sausage and two gallons of homogenized milk. We all remembered vividly a photograph that had appeared the year before in the *Chicago Tribune* showing Old 76 at the festive board. The caption read, "Athlete devours entire turkey for Thanksgiving."

Of course, Goldberg's sickening gustatorial adventures were well known. I must admit that few put their money on Umbaugh. Unfortunately, the crowd usually backs favorites, often to its sorrow.

Eighteen minutes into the game, just after our sixth Boomo-Lax, Goldberg suddenly, with no prior symptoms of distress, lurched to his feet, swayed for a moment like an elephant in a hurricane, let go a mighty, quavering belch and made a staggering leap for the door. The crowd roared and parted like the Red Sea. Goldberg thundered down the hallway, his shower clogs making a mighty clatter. As he ran, a high, thin moan accompanied him.

The sanitary facilities for the third floor were at the far end of the hall. The crowd bellowed a mighty cheer as Goldberg just made the door in a skidding turn and hurled himself from sight.

"Many are called; few are chosen." Umbaugh smiled thinly. "One down, three to go."

Big Al snorted. "I know'd plenty of blubbery guys like that before. They never last. Gimme another one a' them little bastards. They ain't bad."

"Round seven." Umbaugh passed the box to Big Al, who swallowed his tablet after a quick chew.

"Umbaugh, y' better quit while you're

ahead," he rasped.

The crowd, sensing his malevolent competitive nature, fell silent. He handed the box to me, and to this day, I can't clearly remember what happened. Maybe it was the excitement; maybe I just didn't have it. I don't know.

Just as I reached for the Boomo-Lax, I had the uncontrollable sensation of becoming suddenly inflated, as though someone had cruelly blown me up like a helium weather balloon. I felt my Jockey shorts stretching and cutting into my middle. They were so tight that there was an audible thrumming sound. My arms stuck out at right angles from my distended body. I felt like a Macy's parade Donald Duck float in a high wind. I caught a fleeting glimpse of Umbaugh's lip, curled in disdain. I was beyond caring.

"Yes, with 'the action of a hand grenade,'" he hissed.

I bounced and skittered to the door. Through the buzzing sound in my ears, I could hear the crowd faintly, as from a long distance, as they cheered and hooted. The distance of 75 feet or so down the corridor seemed to grow longer and longer as I wildly waddled, teeth clenched, trying to hold back the molten lava that boiled inside me: a human volcano about to erupt, slaying thousands in its devastation.

At last, I crashed through the door marked MEN and, moaning weakly, hurled myself into one of the blessed booths. Even in my feverish panic, I saw Goldberg's foot extending from under the third booth down, his poor shower clog resting forlornly 15 feet away. I heard him rumbling and crying piteous-

ly for help. I was busy with my own troubles.

It was as though a runaway Roto-Rooter had gone berserk in my gut. Bits of chewed salami spurted from my ears. Never before, or since, have I had such a horrendous experience.

"Oh, I'm gonna die," Goldberg moaned.

I envied him, since it was obvious that I had already passed into the Great Beyond and was paying for my sins. Was I in hell? Was Satan himself squeezing me dry like a human washrag?

Tears trickled down onto my knees as the ghastly mélange of Fig Newtons, salami and Pabst Blue Ribbon drowned me in its engulfing flood.

What seemed hours later, I tottered weakly out into the hallway, a wraith of my former self. The crowd had doubled in front of my room. They were still at it!

I edged through the mob, my body sore and aching. Umbaugh still stood, as he had all evening. Big Al was casually leaning against the concrete wall next to the casement. They were eyeball to eyeball. It was the age-old confrontation; *mano a mano*, High Noon. The Intellectual, the Man of Ideas *vs.* the Beast.

"Round twelve," Umbaugh barked. Spectators murmured. There was a scattered burst of applause. Umbaugh, with the maddening air of the intellectual who firmly believes that he is one of the very few who hold the key to the mystery of the universe, downed his deadly bit of chocolate.

The greatest defensive tackle the Big Ten had yet produced followed suit, a sneer creasing his Naugahyde features.

"You dumb fuckers never learn," he muttered.

A voice in the crowd murmured, "That's just the way he looked before he nailed Snake Hips Johnson in the Ohio game. Oh, God, I can't watch."

Umbaugh casually waved a limp-wristed salute to his few supporters, who were mainly from the staffs of *The Literary Quarterly* and *The Barbaric Yawp*, the campus poetry rag.

"Courage, Schuyler," one of them piped.

Another, a short wartish person in a Samoan toga, lisped, "It's Apeneck Sweeney versus Daedalus."

Umbaugh turned and withered him with a glance. "I presume you mean *Icarus*, you oaf. However, your thought was well meant."

The wart scrunched deeper into his toga, his acne reddening. Old 76's face darkened.

"Who the hell does Apeneck Sweeney play for? Never heard of him."

Umbaugh smiled benignly. "I never heard of him, either, noble foe. Shall we continue?"

I had edged my way through the crowd



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and back into my room and was now busily mopping up the gushing perspiration that ran into my eyes and dripped off my nose. Something told me that I would soon be making another trip down the hall.

Umbaugh, noticing me at last, acknowledged my presence.

"You fought gamely and well. Feel no shame."

"Thanks."

"Round thirteen."

In silence, the gladiators put away their deadly potions. Somehow, the crowd sensed that we had reached the turning point. Tension was so thick that it hung like a fine blue haze in the room. The rain had finally ceased and the first faint silver fingers of dawn had touched the ancient oaks of the quad. Saturday was beginning to happen, the biggest Saturday of the season, in fact. We were playing Michigan for the Big Ten championship, the winner, of course, to go to the Rose Bowl.

Umbaugh leaned forward, his washed-out gray eyes peering unblinkingly into Big Al's BBs. He whispered, barely audible to any outside the room, drawing out the syllables of his words to underline their import.

"Roundnd [long, pregnant pause] four . . . tee—"

Before Umbaugh could complete his announcement, Big Al stiffened. An inchoate bellow of animal intensity shook the concrete walls.

"UUUUUOOOONNNNKKKK!"

He lurched forward and then began to topple slowly, like a great redwood felled in the forest. Umbaugh, moving backward with snakelike agility, his voice lashing out, warned:

"Move back. This could be dangerous."

With a muffled thud that rocked our immense dormitory building, Big Al hit the floor, his red-and-white jersey darkened with sweat. The 6 of his famous number curled weakly under his bushy armpit.

Umbaugh casually hoisted his drooping shorts as he coolly stood over his fallen foe. "Jane Austen lives."

It was all over. My room was never the same again, even after hosing it down repeatedly and soaking the walls and floor and, yes, even the ceiling with powerful disinfectants. Big Al lay prone, his immense bulk quivering as giant spasms shook his frame. His followers, white-faced and stricken, rallied to his aid. They tugged and pulled his almost lifeless hulk down the hall, trailing noxious fumes. It was then that Umbaugh displayed the true style of a champion.

"Well, boys," he stretched luxuriously and scratched his ribs with satisfaction, "it's been an exciting evening. And, as a nameless Phoenician captain once wrote, 'When the ship sinks, you've lost the battle.'"

His followers, their eyes glowing with admiration, applauded their hero. I kept my silence. After all, he had disemboweled me.

From far down the hall came the sounds of rushing water and the rumble of an expiring beast.

Walking to the casement window, Umbaugh squinted out into the dawn, the faint red glow of Jack's neon sign playing over his ascetic, chiseled features.

"I feel like a spot of breakfast. A healthy hunger, or, as the English would say, I'm a bit peckish. A stack of blueberry buckwheats drenched with maple syrup and a scoop of butter would just hit the spot. And since I am now somewhat flush this morning, I'll treat the gang to what the old Golden Dome Diner has to offer. What do you say?"

I lay back limply on my monk's slab. Within moments, the room was empty. The arena was silenced. Only the ghost of the heroic struggle remained.

After a few queasy moments, I crawled to the window. Below me, I saw Umbaugh, his storklike figure striding confidently toward the sun, leading his enraptured toadies, trailed by the wart in the Samoan toga.

Later that fateful day, our alma mater went down to humiliating defeat. Michigan, a decided underdog, had pulled off an upset. I still have a clipping that reads:

LOSS OF ALL-AMERICAN COSTLY
TO STATE

(State Campus, A.P.) Missing his first game in three years of all-American play, Big Al Dogellio, State's brilliant all-American tackle, was the probable cause of Saturday's defeat. State's losing 26-20 cost the home team the conference championship and a trip to the Rose Bowl.

The head coach refused to be interviewed after the game as to the cause of Dogellio's failure to play, stating only, "The bum lost a lot of weight." He would not elaborate.

Dogellio himself was unavailable for comment and remained in seclusion today. Rumors that Dogellio had been suspended from the team were neither confirmed nor denied, leading to further speculation.

And here, after all these years, was Umbaugh. On TV, yet. I shifted uneasily on that goddamn beanbag love seat, which I have hated since the day I bought it. Taking a deep, inhaling suck at my whiskey, I squinted closely at Umbaugh's triumphant face on the screen.

"I hope that some of our viewers today, Mr. Cooke, have come to appreciate the role boredom has played in the world's history. As a little-known Phoenician captain once inscribed: 'When the ship sinks, you've lost the battle.' Yes, Mr.

Cooke, it is never wise to put your bets on the favorite. As the legend of Icarus shows. . . ."

The truth, after all these years, hit me. With a hoarse cry, I toppled forward, knocking my precious Thomas Jefferson tumbler to the floor with a crash, his stony visage shattering into slivery shards, the rich amber whiskey staining the *Times* editorial page, thoroughly soaking a Tom Wicker column titled: "The Intellectual; America's Most Precious Asset."

You Benedict Arnold. You crummy rotten quisling. Selling out State to Michigan. You son of a bitch. For the first time, I understood why the Archie Bunkers of the world, the slobs of the universe, instinctively distrusted the intellectual. They were right all along!

I moaned weakly in my shame. I had been cruelly used by this smarmy, poetry-quoting wimp. My simple, innocent lust for Fig Newtons had led to the defeat of my beloved State by the hated Wolverines. Oh, God, if the *Alumni Journal* ever gets wind of this!

I took a deep swig of Jack Daniel's straight from the bottle for sustenance, courage in my hour of self-revelation. I knew then with a deadly certainty that guilt would pursue me the rest of my life.

The bastard had laid a big bet on Michigan!!

Goldberg and poor dumb Big Al Dogellio and I were just pawns, shills, if you will, in Umbaugh's sinister game. No wonder he had all that dough to pay for those postgraduate credit hours, that convertible, that vintage Beaujolais, those stupid imported Egyptian cigarettes. Oh, Lord, will perfidy never end?

A line from Tennessee Williams' *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* came back to me in that moment of fevered illumination: Big Daddy bellowing about mendacity, "There's nothing else to live with except mendacity, is there?"

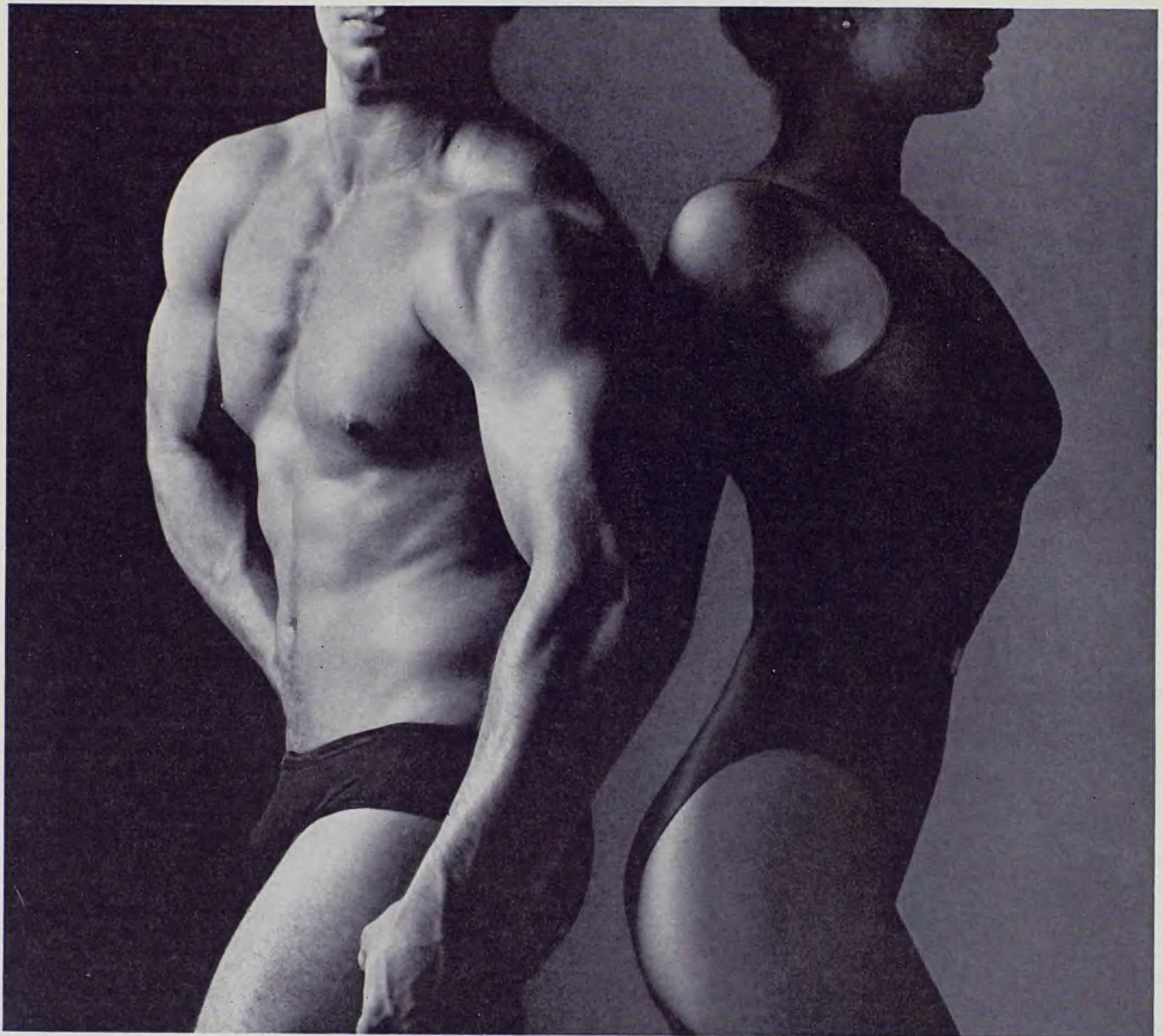
I shook my head in rueful admiration, the kind of admiration that you feel for John Dean of Watergate fame, the little pimple pulling off the big steal and coming out of it rich. Umbaugh, you son of a bitch. Few people in the world know what your true talent is. The greatest Boomo-Lax hustler who ever lived. You hustled us, you talented horse's ass.

Once again, I felt the terrible panging clutch in my vitals known to the trade as Boomo-Lax backlash. I staggered toward the john, flipping off the TV set just as Alistair Cooke said:

"This has been a highly enlightening program. We would like to take this opportunity to thank Dr. Umbaugh for. . . ."

I gasped out, "Them dumb fuckers never learn!" as I barely made the blessed sanctuary.

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ROLL OVER, BEETHOVEN! *(continued from page 143)*

"With today's miniaturized electronics, it is possible to design playback response in a very compact space."

Soundabout, now The Walkman, was introduced and heralded as the world's smallest player for standard stereo cassettes. It weighed just under one pound and it measured a mere 5 5/16" x 1 3/16" x 3 1/2". You could sling it over your shoulder, loop it onto your belt or even slip it into a large pocket. It played the standard cassette and you heard the sound through ultralightweight stereophones linked to the cassette unit by a signal cable fitted with a mini-stereo plug. The thing ran on AA cell batteries and via adapters, from car electrical systems, a rechargeable battery pack or household A.C.

That unit—still going strong—set the pattern for the wave of similar products that has ensued. With a few variations, the basic format is similar among all the brands. The cassette fits into a normal-size cassette slot and the entire unit is not much bigger than the compartment. Along one edge of the device are the controls for start, stop, fast-wind, volume, and so on. Another edge has the connections for headphone cords and

any adapters for use with external power sources. The unit fits into a protective case with openings that let you get at the controls. The headphones are so light you might not even be aware you are wearing them until the stereo sound comes through with amazing clarity.

Most units have a tone control—a single two-position switch on the lower-priced models, a variable control on the costlier versions. Basically, they all provide for treble cut, probably for reducing the highs to compensate for a lack of Dolby when playing tapes that were recorded with Dolby noise reduction, or simply to reduce tape hiss. Hardly sophisticated, but this feature is still quite effective. With today's miniaturized electronics, it is possible to design reasonably wide-range and low-distortion playback response in a compact space; and since the sound is through headphones, very little audio power is needed to produce loud listening levels. The ultrathin materials used for the headphone diaphragms respond briskly to the low-powered signals and the result is convincing stereo.

Another common feature is a built-in tiny electret-condenser microphone and a button that, when pressed, lowers the cassette volume and turns the microphone on for external sounds that are reproduced over the reduced music volume through the headphones. This feature allows someone to let you know it's time for lunch when you're wrapped up in *Così Fan Tutte*.

Some units boast special features. For example, the KLH Solo has a digital tape counter. Metal-tape capability plus Dolby are built into Infinity's Intimate Stereo. Panasonic has two versions: The RS-J3 offers "cue and review" (you can run the tape at faster-than-normal speed and still hear what is on it by way of getting quickly to the portion you want to hear). The costlier RS-J1 sports "soft-touch" transport controls and a three-position tape selector for normal, chrome and metal tapes.

Some accessories have been announced for expanding the capabilities of the mini-stereo systems. One novel item is an FM transmitter that may be attached to Technidyne's Hip Pocket Stereo and will then broadcast the sound to any FM receiver within 100 feet. In that way, you become—in addition to a walking concert hall—a walking radio station. Less whimsical are the add-on speakers for listening to your deck when you finally come to a halt somewhere. In

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Interlandi

"You the couple that order chopsticks?"

that particular regard, the Aspen system is of special interest—its larger-than-typical cassette unit contains a miniature “power amplifier” that can furnish up to five watts per channel. On the other hand, you can play the Technidyne through external speakers with the aid of an add-on separate amplifier.

For a trend as young as this one, the minicassette already has spawned some intriguing variants. For instance, if you want to record as well as listen in stereo, there's the big-brother version of the Sony Walkman, known as the TCS-300. Developed originally as an on-the-spot audio tool for newsmen and interviewers, it is now offered to the general public. Similar versions have been announced by Aiwa and Technidyne.

If you want stereo on the move without the need to carry cassettes, you can use several of these systems for tuning into stereo FM with the insertion of a special FM cassette or module. Units offering that option include (so far) the Toshiba Playtime, the Technidyne Hip Pocket Stereo, the Alaron Rhapsody Stereo-to-Go, the Caprice Walk-A-Rounds, the KLH Solo and the Infinity Systems' Infinity's Intimate Stereo. Prices vary all over the lot, but you can get an idea of relative cost from the Infinity system. The basic cassette unit costs \$229; the FM module, \$45.

Yet another spin-off is the growing spate of ministereophones from com-

panies not making the cassette systems. The cassette units typically come with one headset. Using two pairs of stereophones from one cassette player carried by one person presumes some kind of real intimacy—on the move or not—but that seems to be an intriguing extra-musical aspect of the game. Anyway, the new miniheadsets come with a clever gimmick—a plug adapter that lets you connect the stereophones to the minicassette deck, or to the standard-size socket on a conventional deck or stereo receiver. An early entry of that type was the Koss Sound Partner, soon to be followed by the Audio-Technica Point 1 and the Beyer DT 302. The Audio-Technica stereophones may be fitted with fluffy Eskimo ear muffs for those intrepid listeners who must have their stereo in sleet or snow. There also are three such headsets from Mura, a company that does not make the cassette unit but does offer a carry-it-with-you stereo FM receiver—the Hi Stepper—that is even smaller than the tape cassettes.

As with conventional tape decks, the minimodels that are higher-priced are likely to have sturdier transport systems, which means they will be less subject to wow and flutter (which you hear as a wavering of musical pitch), even when you're in motion.

Walk on!



NEW RIGHT WAR MACHINE

(continued from page 116)

man who is supposed to be chairman of one of his committees. It is through his position on the Foreign Relations Committee that Helms—and, by extension, his security-cleared aides—has right and access to this kind of classified information. Because of the freewheeling power he grants to his aides—who have lunched or dined with the heads or deputy heads of government in virtually every authoritarian regime in Africa and Latin America—Helms was accused by *The Charlotte Observer* of operating “a shadow State Department.” Senator William Proxmire says of him, “I hate to compare anyone to my predecessor, Joe McCarthy, but in that sense, the guy's a force unto himself. Jesse even has his own foreign policy.”

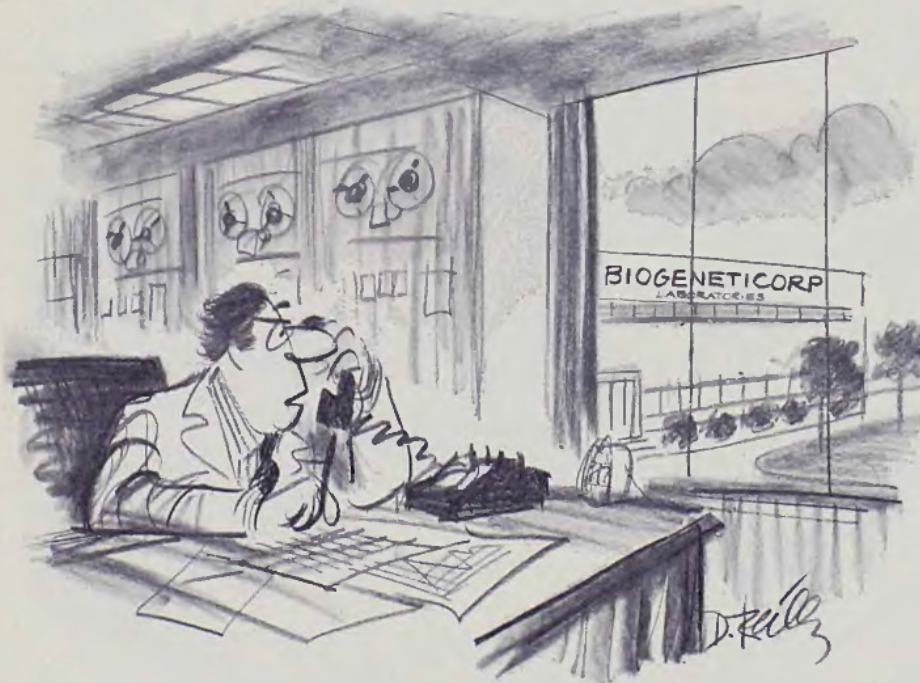
It is no accident that both Carbaugh and Lucier are graduates of the Strom Thurmond school of Senate conspiracy. Thurmond helped Helms build a staff of superloyal, hard-core conservatives when he arrived in Washington in 1972.

“Loyalty is the most important thing in politics,” says Carbaugh when he returns to breakfast from the telephone. “Thurmond likes to have people loyal to him placed all over the Senate.”

The loyalty works two ways. Because the right-wingers give their aides so much more leeway than is customary, they must also back them up. One Foreign Relations Committee staffer compared Lucier and Carbaugh to Roy Cohn and G. David Schine, “the Gold Dust Twins of the Fifties” who went all over Europe for McCarthy, looking for Communists. These latter-day gold dusters have yet to be called on the carpet by Helms for even the most extreme behavior. “The great danger when working on the Hill is getting out ahead of your man,” says the committee staffer. “Then he has to cut you off at the knees and let you go down the tubes. What Carbaugh and Lucier have, which is very high currency on the Hill, is that in every circumstance, no matter how outrageous, Helms will back them. Either they are his alter ego or he has such an affection for them that he always backs them.”

Next we come to a critical cog in the entire new-right network—the unelected, ex-officio, paraparliamentary quartet of Richard Viguerie, Howard Phillips, Terry Dolan and Paul Weyrich.

The new-right network is so small that its chief publication, Viguerie's *Conservative Digest*, is the house organ of the movement, ballyhooing birthday parties (for Conservative Caucus chairman Phillips) and housewarmings (for Weyrich's new town houses) in full-page photo spreads in its back pages. Viguerie, a disillusioned far-right Goldwaterite who (legally) made off with the



“We expect research breakthroughs to continue, R.W., but I think it's too early to provide a viable guesstimate as to when we'll be able to begin manufacturing lower-level employees.”

Senator's conservative mailing list in 1965, is the original new rightist. He catapulted a 12,500-name list into a multimillion-dollar empire that today owns lists containing 20,000,000 names and 4,500,000 contributors—which he expects to double by the 1984 elections. Viguerie is the progenitor of the hate-filled letter of one-line paragraphs that keeps all far-right politicians financially afloat with its fund-raising mailings.

Phillips is the burly former wrecking ball of the Nixon Administration whose chief contribution to political history was his attempt to put the Office of Economic Opportunity—Lyndon Johnson's poverty program—out of business. He felt he was double-crossed by White House soft-liners, and so he became a *real* right-winger.

"I went from being a careerist to being a conservative," he says. He passed with mixed success through various political incarnations (once declaring himself a Democrat and losing abysmally in the Massachusetts Senatorial primary) and came out the other end as a part-time worker in Helms's Senatorial office, from which base he created the grassroots political-action agency he called The Conservative Caucus.

Phillips also somehow survived the metamorphosis from Jew to religious fundamentalist. "I read the Bible every day," he says. He is also the creator of the predominantly Protestant Religious Roundtable, a critical vehicle in bringing the television evangelists into politics for the 1980 elections.

Dolan, mustachioed, handsome and young, is the fast gun of the movement. With the help of Helms, Dolan founded the National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC, or "nic-pac"), located in Roslyn, Virginia, just across the Potomac from Georgetown. That is the outfit that targeted and helped defeat Senators George McGovern, Birch Bayh, Frank Church and John Culver—four staunch progressives—in last year's elections. Dolan glories in negative campaigning and believes the only services the Government should provide are national defense and mail delivery. He gladly admits to using subliminal advertising techniques so "there will be people voting against the [liberal candidate] without remembering why. . . . The negatives will stick, although [the voters] may not remember why they are so upset."

Dolan's shameless sabotaging of the American political process virtually knows no bounds. He had no objection when a former NCPAC member released an anti-McGovern poster showing the South Dakota Senator at the center of a shooting target, the bull's-eye directly over his heart. "McGovern in the gun sight; I don't see anything wrong with that," he says disingenuously. "It was not intended to mean you ought to

You never forget your first Girl.



shoot McGovern." The poster was later withdrawn because of public outcry.

This extrapolitical network works like this: Dolan creates the "hit lists" and raises tons of money (\$7,600,000 in 1980) with Viguerie's mailing lists, throwing the funds into the critical elections more to knock off liberals than to replace them with conservative heavyweights.

Phillips then creates chapters of The Conservative Caucus in every state and in most Congressional districts. The Caucus coughs up the potential candidates to run for the posts then occupied by liberals. For example, Phillips chose an unreconstructed if relocated Georgian, Meldrim Thomson, to run for the governorship of New Hampshire. Thomson won. And so did Gordon Humphrey, a lightweight but good-looking airline pilot who showed up at one meeting and was chosen to run for the Senate from New Hampshire.

Weyrich is the new-right network's great coordinator, manipulator and trainer. He calls himself a "political mechanic." Under his aegis, for instance, some 100 conservative single-interest groups meet weekly in one of three gatherings that hear reports, share information and plan a unified strategy. The nine-year-old Kingston Group has more than 50 participants, always including a representative from Helms's office, and meets on Fridays to discuss economic and institutional issues. The Library Court group meets on alternate Thursdays under the direction of Weyrich's right-hand woman on the pro-family issues, Connie Marshner. The Stanton Group, chaired personally by Weyrich, meets on the other Thursdays to deal with defense issues (Helms sends two representatives to that meeting).

Finally, there is a luncheon every other Monday at the Key Bridge Marriott Hotel—just outside the godless capital but only a short walk from Terry Dolan's office. The purpose of the get-together is to have a kind of "candidates' gang bang," as one participant puts it—the

planning of election strategy. That meeting is run by Morton Blackwell, whose real job offers chilling proof of just how influential the new-right network has become: Blackwell is a special assistant in Reagan's White House.

But on the far right, all roads lead back to Jesse Helms. "Helms was directly or indirectly responsible for the founding of half the conservative groups in America," admits Dolan.

He ought to know: It was Helms who, in 1975, gave Dolan his first blessing and the initial scare-propaganda fund-raising letter that made NCPAC possible. Carbaugh claims to have invented both NCPAC and The Conservative Caucus in Helms's office, not to mention six other nonprofit foundations he and other Helms henchmen have founded around Washington for "educational" purposes. They are actually heavily involved in political education; one of the foundations exists to pay for Helms's junkets to such authoritarian countries as Chile, Uruguay and Taiwan; he refuses to travel with the Foreign Relations Committee, then brags about not spending taxpayers' money.

But Helms's most powerful creation is the least known: The Congressional Club. Originally founded in Raleigh, North Carolina, to retire Helms's 1972 campaign debt, The Congressional Club has become the first national political machine in America. It identifies voters, raises funds, chooses candidates, runs campaigns and aids other conservatives. It is to national politics what the Daley machine was to Chicago and Tammany Hall was to New York City. It rests on the conservative charisma of one man: Jesse Helms. Last spring, it opened an office in Washington.

For all the club's anonymity, the 1980 Federal Elections Commission report showed that with \$7,870,000 raised, it was the largest political-action committee in the country—larger than NCPAC, larger than big labor's COPE (the orig-

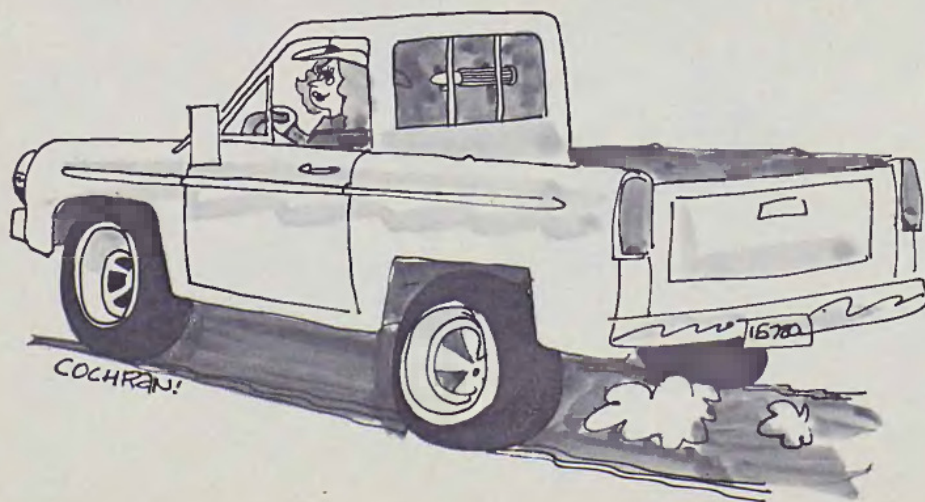
inal PAC), larger than big oil and big chemicals and big anything else. One of its spin-offs single-handedly raised a remarkable \$4,600,000 for the election of Reagan. Helms personally campaigned for Reagan and other conservative candidates in 22 states, often carrying in his inside coat pocket a check from The Congressional Club. "He came and spoke for me in Idaho," remembers freshman Senator Steve Symms. "Then he handed me a \$1000 check and said he had to fly home that night so he could teach Sunday school the next morning."

The guiding genius behind The Congressional Club and the Helms political phenomenon is Thomas F. Ellis, an attorney who cheerfully puffs a pipe in his Raleigh office beneath the lithographed gaze of Robert E. Lee ("the man I admire most in history"). Several tiny Confederate battle flags stand in the office window. Ellis was once exposed as a director of the Pioneer Fund, created to conduct research into the genetic inferiority of blacks. It was he who talked Helms into running for the Senate in 1972 and managed a campaign that was a study in subtle negativism, successfully identifying the Democratic opponent with McGovern and reminding xenophobic Southern voters of his Greek immigrant origins. It was Ellis who saved Reagan's political life after he suffered two bad primary losses in 1976; Ellis put together a hard-hitting 30-minute television show, turned the Panama Canal treaties into the chief boogeyman of Reagan's campaign and pulled off an upset in the North Carolina primary. Reagan stayed in politics.

It was also Ellis who invited direct-mail wizard Viguerie into North Carolina in 1978, where they raised \$7,200,000 for Helms's re-election—to this day, the most ever spent on a Senate race in U. S. history. It was Ellis, as chairman of the club, who decided to pirate Viguerie's techniques, set up his own computers and letter printers and go national.

Today The Congressional Club has a bank of more than 2,000,000 names and a stunning list of 300,000 reliable contributors, most from outside North Carolina. It was with that arsenal that Ellis was then able to take an unknown small-college professor named John East and turn him into a U. S. Senator last year.

Ellis is the ultimate television maven. He sees no need for any further contact between the candidate and the people. "I would have told Reagan to take that \$29,000,000 [in Federal election funds], spend \$28,000,000 on television and go out to the ranch for a rest," he says. "No need to run around the country letting the press take shots at him." Of complaints that East's campaign was conducted so exclusively on television that few North Carolinians knew the candidate was in a wheelchair, Ellis said,



"You go out and run around shopping centers and you wear yourself out."

Ellis believes not only in television but in negative campaigning as well. The East commercials told virtually nothing about East except that he was a "good, decent Christian"; they concentrated instead on attacking the incumbent Democrat, Robert Morgan, for his votes on the Panama Canal and aid to Nicaragua, positions Morgan claims were grossly distorted. "If any election was ever bought," he says, "it was mine."

"It was straight out of *Mein Kampf*," says a retired North Carolina journalist who had plenty of time to watch television last year. "You tell a big lie often enough and loud enough, and people will believe it." The East campaign spent nearly \$2,000,000, most of it on television. "He was on everywhere," says the journalist.

What makes all this important and frightening is that it is the wave of the right-wing future. Helms and Ellis have been calling more and more of the shots within the movement. Most observers' view of history is so short that they conceive of Dolan—whose first success was in 1976—as the original negative-campaigning dirty trickster. Ellis and Helms were successful at it in a 1950 campaign widely regarded as the dirtiest in modern North Carolina history. The Congressional Club will be all over the political landscape in 1982; more so in 1984, when, among others, Helms will be up for re-election. By then, he may have become such an entrenched national figure that even so attractive a Democrat as North Carolina governor James Hunt, who won re-election last year with 62 percent of the vote, will be unable to unseat him.

What Helms and his men have effectively done is to organize a third party—the Conservative Party—despite disclaimers to the contrary. They have introduced into American politics the parliamentary style of Europe, where party cohesion is the governing principle. The Conservative Party functions as a team, not a debating society. But when you share the boogeyman approach to national life, you never have to be specific about the details, and therefore you never have much to quibble about.

Conservatism has become a kind of substitute religion in this country, and in that there is a close resemblance between the fanatical far rightist and the convinced Communist. Each believes in party discipline. Each believes that his way—not to mention his method—is ordained by God or natural law. And each believes that he will prevail.

"To an extent, we are like Communists in this," allows Weyrich. "The new right feels victory is inevitable."



FREEDOM FIGHTERS

(continued from page 100)

Ohio Republican John Ashbrook to prohibit student fees from contributing to health-service funds to pay for abortions at educational institutions. It passed by a vote of 257-149 on July 11, 1979, and was later removed in a compromise.

Equal Rights Amendment: This joint resolution extended until June 30, 1982, the period for states to ratify E.R.A. In the seven years originally allowed, E.R.A. supporters had failed to get the approval of legislatures in the 38 states required. Some opposed the measure on grounds that seven years were enough; others, on antifeminist grounds. A pro-freedom vote was for extending time for E.R.A., which would prohibit discrimination on the basis of sex. It passed by a vote of 60-36 in the Senate on October 6, 1978, and by 233-189 in the House on August 15.

School prayers: This was a Helms

amendment to bring prayer back to public schools by ending Federal court jurisdiction in school-prayer cases. Supporters felt the Federal Government had no business telling local school districts that they couldn't have prayers in their schools. But it was an antifreedom position, because the Federal role here is to prevent local governments from telling children that they should pray, or to whom, or how, or when. Helms's amendment was adopted in the Senate, 51-40, on April 9, 1979. A House amendment by Pennsylvania Republican Robert Walker to make it a purpose of the U.S. Department of Education to permit daily prayer in public schools was adopted, 255-122, on June 11, 1979. Neither effort survived the House/Senate compromises to become law, but a lot of members got a chance to go on record as favoring prayers.

Sex education: Each year, roughly 1,100,000 American teenagers become pregnant. Half give birth, and half the



"Have you ever noticed how natural disasters tend to bring people together?"

births are out of wedlock. Another 434,000 opt for abortion, and the rest have miscarriages. According to the U. S. Center for Disease Control, teenagers 15-19 are more likely to get venereal disease than adults 25-29. As part of a broad general education to equip youngsters to cope with this world, most schools teach sex-education courses. Helms felt that sex education interfered with parents' rights to raise their children as they wish, so he sought to require schools getting Federal funds to obtain parental approval and allow all parents to review all course materials before providing sex-education courses. A vote against Helms's amendment was profreedom, because the rights of students to know the facts of life supersede the rights of parents to raise them in ignorance. Helms's amendment failed, 16-73, on April 30, 1979. A comparable House vote was the 163-255 defeat of a motion to prohibit Medicaid, birth-control counseling and services to minors without parental consent.

Institutionalized persons: On February 28, 1980, by a vote of 55-36, the Senate passed a bill to give the Justice Department authority to sue states on behalf of persons institutionalized in state facilities for the mentally ill, disabled or retarded, or persons in jails, prisons or juvenile-detention facilities. It allows Justice to act only on behalf of inmates

subjected to "egregious or flagrant conditions" that are "willful or wanton" or the result of "gross neglect." Opponents such as Strom Thurmond felt the bill intruded into states' rights. We consider the bill profreedom, because we believe no human being should be subjected to the dehumanization that goes on in the worst of state institutions. Even Utah's right-wing Republican Orrin Hatch said, "I really believe this is the only way to solve problems that have gone on for years and years." It passed in the House by a 342-62 margin on May 23, 1979.

Death penalty: On June 18, 1980, the Senate defeated a motion by Ohio Democrat Howard Metzenbaum to table a Helms amendment to reinstitute the death penalty for Federal crimes. A profreedom vote was against the death penalty. Helms's amendment was later dropped in a compromise, and there was no House vote on the issue.

Voting rights: The Voting Rights Act of 1965 finally gave meaning to the 14th and 15th amendments, granting equal rights of citizenship to all Americans. The act prohibited states from using literacy tests or other means of discriminating against minorities in voting, and it required jurisdictions found to have discriminated in the past to submit to the Justice Department plans for changes in their election procedures. When the act came up for extension in

1975, a key Senate vote was on a motion to table an amendment by Georgia Democrat Herman Talmadge to require all states, instead of only those states guilty of past discrimination, to submit proposed election-law changes to Justice. That would effectively have crippled enforcement, because Justice Department lawyers wouldn't be able to concentrate on those areas with a history of racial discrimination. A vote to kill the amendment was a profreedom vote, because the right of the individual to vote is more important than the right of the state to discriminate. The motion to table was agreed to, 45-38. In the House, the vote chosen was final passage.

Fair housing: Last December, the Senate tried to pass a bill—the Fair Housing Act—allowing the Department of Housing and Urban Development to sue those who discriminate in sale or rental of housing. But Republicans filibustered. The key vote came on a motion by former Majority Leader Robert Byrd to invoke cloture (end debate). Byrd's motion failed. A vote to pass the Fair Housing Act was profreedom, because the rights of people to live wherever they can afford to supercede the rights of landlords and developers to discriminate in the housing market place. In the House, the key vote came on a compromise amendment by Oklahoma Democrat Mike Synar that made the bill less objection-

SENATE

DRAFT REGISTRATION
DOMESTIC VIOLENCE
FORCED PREGNANCY
ABORTION RIGHTS
EQUAL RIGHTS AMENDMENT
SCHOOL PRAYERS
SEX EDUCATION
INSTITUTIONALIZED PERSONS
DEATH PENALTY
VOTING RIGHTS
FAIR HOUSING
PROFREEDOM VOTES

William Armstrong	(R.-Co.)	⊕	⊗	⊖	⊖	⊖*	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖*	⊖	(1 of 10)
Thad Cochran	(R.-Ms.)	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊗	○	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖*	⊖	(0 of 9)
Pete Domenici	(R.-N.M.)	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊕	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	(1 of 11)
J. James Exon	(D.-Nb.)	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	○	⊖	⊕	⊖	⊖	○	⊖	(1 of 9)
Jake Garn	(R.-Ut.)	⊕	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	(1 of 11)
Barry Goldwater	(R.-Az.)	⊖	⊗	⊗	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊗	⊗	⊖	(0 of 7)
Jesse Helms	(R.-N.C.)	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	(0 of 11)
Gordon Humphrey	(R.-N.H.)	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	○	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	○	⊖	(0 of 9)
Roger Jepsen	(R.-Ia.)	⊕	⊖	⊖	⊖	○	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	○	⊖	(1 of 9)
Paul Laxalt	(R.-Nv.)	⊖	⊖	⊗	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊗	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	(0 of 9)
Russell Long	(D.-La.)	⊗	⊗	⊗	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊗	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	(0 of 7)
James McClure	(R.-Id.)	⊕	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	(1 of 11)
John Stennis	(D.-Ms.)	⊖	⊖	⊗	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊕	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	(1 of 10)
Steve Symms	(R.-Id.)	⊗*	⊖*	⊖*	⊖*	⊖*	○	⊖*	⊗*	○	⊖*	⊖*	(0 of 7)
Strom Thurmond	(R.-S.C.)	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	(0 of 11)
John Warner	(R.-Va.)	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	○	⊖	⊕	⊖	⊖	○	⊖	(1 of 9)
Edward Zorinsky	(D.-Nb.)	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	⊖	○	⊖	(0 of 10)

able to real-estate interests but still provided for Federal enforcement of civil rights in housing. Foes of freedom opposed the Synar amendment, because the compromise made passage of a meaningful bill possible. It squeaked by, 205-204, on June 11, 1980.

Gay rights: Larry McDonald introduced this amendment in the House on July 22, 1980, to prohibit Federal funds from being used "to provide legal assistance in promoting, assisting or defending homosexuality." It failed on a voice vote, but when McDonald insisted on a roll-call vote, the House hypocrites (among them Bob Bauman of Maryland, defeated for re-election in November largely because of disclosure of his "homosexual tendencies") voted for it, 290-113. A vote for this amendment was a vote against freedom, because Federal legal aid to citizens shouldn't be denied on the basis of their sexual preference. No comparable vote was taken in the Senate.

The most repressive Senators were chosen by analyzing the votes of the 87 incumbent Senators elected to the last Congress. Ex-Representatives now in the Senate were rated on their votes on comparable House issues. The 13 freshmen with no prior House records were not rated.

To put our list in perspective, you

should know that, on average, the 87 Senators voted profreedom 50.8 percent of the time and cast 49.2 percent of their votes against individual liberty on those issues. The 17 Senators who made our list are those who voted against freedom on every issue, or on all but one issue. The list includes four Democrats and 13 Republicans.

In the House, 20 members voted against freedom on every issue. The issues were comparable to those in the Senate, except that no House vote was taken on the death penalty and the House did vote on gay rights. The 20 foes of freedom in the House include six Democrats and 14 Republicans.

Some of Congress' best-known opponents of individual liberty aren't listed here, because a single profreedom vote in the House or two profreedom votes in the Senate were enough to keep a member off the list. For example, Illinois Republican Henry Hyde, perhaps the most persistent antagonist of abortion rights in the House, and California Republican Robert Dornan, who may be Capitol Hill's most vociferous opponent of a woman's right to control her own body, did not make the cut. Hyde voted for the Voting Rights Act, for the rights of institutionalized persons and for the domestic-violence bill. Dornan, who of late has been scouring Hollywood for evidence of drug abuse among the stars,

voted against the draft and for the bill to protect people in institutions. Both voted against personal freedom on every other issue.

In the Senate, Orrin Hatch is considered a prominent foe of the civil rights of the common man. But he voted against the draft and for the bill to allow Federal intervention on behalf of tormented people in state institutions, so he didn't make the list. It's possible that Steve Symms or Barry Goldwater might not have been listed had they been present for more of the key votes. But each missed four votes and cast the rest of his votes on the side of repression.

Finally, we should point out that the 11 votes presented here are but a fraction of those cast by each member. All are floor votes and, as such, don't reflect a member's leadership in developing compromises or pushing legislation in committee or behind the scenes.

Many of these votes involve extraneous issues, and a single antifreedom vote shouldn't be interpreted as a general bias for repression. But when Senators or Congressmen consistently vote against individual rights on a variety of issues as broad as the ones selected for this rating, it does seem a pretty fair indication that they are enthusiastic foes of individual freedom—and have earned their right to be listed here.



THE MOST REPRESSIVE LEADERS IN CONGRESS

HOUSE

PROFREEDOM VOTES

- ⊕ = A profreedom vote, or "pair," or announced position (Senators sometimes announce their positions but do not vote, or they "pair for" or "pair against" an issue; that is, agree with an opposing Senator not to vote, so both can be technically absent)
- ⊖ = An antifreedom vote, or "pair," or announced position
- ⊗ = Absent, or not voting, or voting "present" with no announced position
- = Not yet in Congress when vote was taken
- * = Not yet in the Senate when vote was taken, but the Senator is a former House member whose House vote on the comparable issue is noted here

Source: *Congressional Quarterly*

In the House, 20 members voted against freedom on every issue. The issues were comparable to those in the Senate, except that no House vote was taken on the death penalty and the House did vote on gay rights.

John Ashbrook	(R.-Oh.)	(0 of 10)
Robert Badham	(R.-Ca.)	(0 of 9)
Dick Cheney	(R.-Wy.)	(0 of 8)
Dan Daniel	(D.-Va.)	(0 of 9)
Robert Daniel, Jr.	(R.-Va.)	(0 of 11)
William Dannemeyer	(R.-Ca.)	(0 of 9)
Phil Gramm	(D.-Tx.)	(0 of 8)
Jim Jeffries	(R.-Ks.)	(0 of 9)
Ken Kramer	(R.-Co.)	(0 of 9)
J. Marvin Leath	(D.-Tx.)	(0 of 8)
Robert Livingston	(R.-La.)	(0 of 10)
Tom Loeffler	(R.-Tx.)	(0 of 9)
Larry McDonald	(D.-Ga.)	(0 of 11)
Sonny Montgomery	(D.-Ms.)	(0 of 11)
Eldon Rudd	(R.-Az.)	(0 of 9)
Norman Shumway	(R.-Co.)	(0 of 9)
Bud Shuster	(R.-Pa.)	(0 of 10)
Floyd Spence	(R.-S.C.)	(0 of 11)
Charles Stenholm	(D.-Tx.)	(0 of 9)
Paul Trible, Jr.	(R.-Va.)	(0 of 9)

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

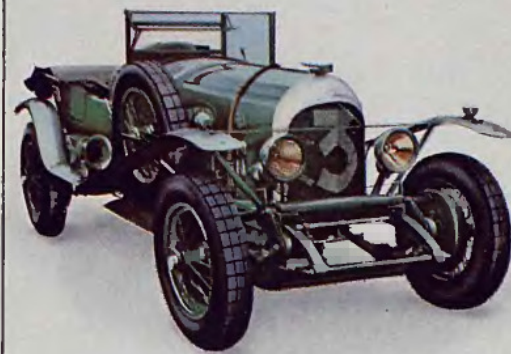


SHED YOUR INHIBITIONS

A new game called Musical Clothes is essentially like musical chairs, except that the players feverishly pass their duds instead of frantically looking for a place to sit—and a spinner and draw cards have been introduced. If the idea of trading clothes with your friends and neighbors leaves you hot and not bothered, send \$9.25 to Visions, P.O. Box 2172, Seattle, Washington 98111, and you'll get everything you need for a wild and crazy night. Of course, the winner is the last person left with any clothes on. Warning: If your game is like the ones we've played, have a stepladder handy to help retrieve undies from the chandelier.

OLD NO. 7 RIDES AGAIN

British racing buffs with \$96 burning a hole in their pocket may wish to invest in a 17" x 23" limited-edition (500) color print of the famous Old No. 7 Bentley that driver "Sammy" Davis drove to victory at Le Mans in 1927. The seller, Lemographics, at 41 Lonsdale Road, Barnes, London SW13 9JR, informs us that all are signed by Davis (now deceased) and the artist, Phillip Lemon. Gentlemen, start your checkbooks.

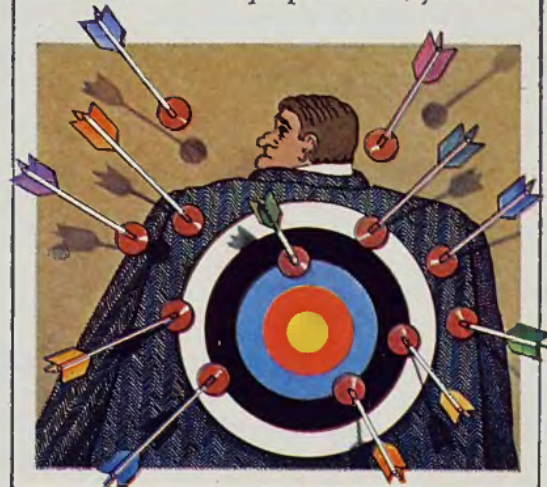


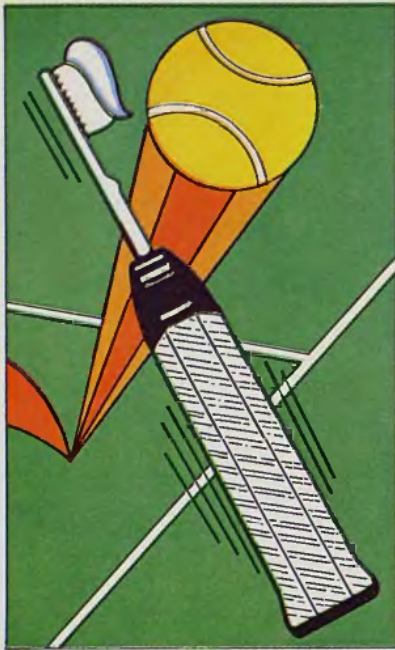
LIVE! IT'S JUKE BOX SATURDAY NIGHT!

Chicago's Old Town district may have seen better days, but it hasn't seen any better gallimaufry of jukeboxes, carousel horses, vintage slot machines, arcade devices and other miscellany than what's for sale at a temple of curiosa called Juke Box Saturday Night, 1552 North Wells, Chicago, Illinois 60610. Wheeler-dealer owner Steve Schussler publishes a brochure (available for \$1) of the outrageous stuff he's willing to part with. Today's stopper: a rewired 1930 traffic light for only \$300.

DOING THE DIRTY DEED

"A hyena in swine's clothes" is how one reader described George Hayduke, the author of *Get Even: The Complete Book of Dirty Tricks*, published last year by Paladin Press (P.O. Box 1307, Boulder, Colorado 80306). Now Hayduke's *Get Even 2* is available to revenge seekers for \$11.95, postpaid. Pornographic donor plates pasted in public-library volumes. Slow-setting rubber cement in overshoes. Paladin says the book is "intended for entertainment purposes." Oh, yeah.





TOOTHBRUSH, ANYONE?

The Tennis Toothbrush may look like it escaped from a Stan Kann comedy routine on *The Tonight Show*, but, according to creator John Gruberg, it really does improve your racket grip and gives you a more accurate sense of touch while it cleans your teeth. Each sells for \$12.50 sent to Tennis Toothbrush, P.O. Box 7901, Fresno, California 93747. Most players, we're told, brush lower teeth with a backhand grip and upper teeth with a forehand. Come down with tennis elbow *and* tooth decay and you're a Bjorn loser.



CONTROLLING INTEREST

The only real way to control your phone is to tear the damned thing off the wall. But second to that, we suggest you write to Dictograph, 89 Glen Cameron Road, Thornhill, Ontario L3T 1N8, for The Phone Controller, a desktop electronic marvel that, at a touch, dials up to 30 phone numbers, automatically redials if the line is busy and even has hold and speaker-call capabilities. The price? Only \$99.95. That's not a wrong number.

IN THE CARDS

The "yout of America"—as Casey Stengel used to say—have probably never seen the colorful fantasy illustrations that adorned the covers of *Judge*, *Theatre*, *Smart Set*, *Shadowland* and *Life* magazines during the Twenties and Thirties. But if they'd like to, *Tale of Two Cities*, at 300 North State Street, Chicago, Illinois 60610, is selling 25 different sentimentless note cards for only \$15, postpaid. Some are romantic, some are sexy and some are a little off the wall—just like you.

THE TEMPTRESS



THE INSIDE STORY OF **DOPE** IN THIS COUNTRY



WORLDLY WISDOM

If you've been everywhere from Anchorage to Zululand and travel abroad frequently, *International Travel News*, a 48-page monthly newspaper geared to international travelers, is probably for you. According to *I.T.N.* (2120 28th Street, Sacramento, California 95818), more than half of its subscribers have taken ten or more overseas trips—and the tips alone that they send to the paper are worth the year's subscription price of only \$9.97. A global discovery!

BULLY FOR YOU

You've all heard the joke that old golfers never die, they just lose their balls. Well, old bulls never die, either, they just lose their bullhoo. And that tumescent reproductive organ is recycled by The Bull's Tool Shop (301 South Fourth Avenue, Suite 564, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55415) into everything from a bully-good pool cue for \$84.50 to a golf putter (no stroke jokes, please) that's only \$79.50. Obviously, each is one of a kind—and all have been specially treated and reinforced with a metal rod. No wonder cows are so contented.





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REINHART'S WOMEN

(continued from page 120)

responsible for what had to be an unpleasant experience for poor Grace."

"Daddy! You're just going to have to listen to me!"

"OK," said Reinhart. "I'm sorry, Winona. I didn't realize—uh, go ahead, please."

She stared at him for a while. Had he not known better, he might have believed her emotion to be self-righteousness: something he had never detected in Winona in all her life.

"Dad, I did not first meet Grace Greenwood in this apartment."

"You didn't?" Reinhart had a premonition that he should be seated.

"The fact is, I know her pretty well, you see."

"I see," said Reinhart.

His daughter grinned. "But I don't think you do, really. . . . Anyway, that's why we acted so funny."

"Why couldn't you have just admitted that you knew each other?"

"Oh, Dad. . . ." Winona took her hands away from her damask cheeks. It had more than once occurred to Reinhart, looking at her, that his daughter might singlehandedly inspire all the principal clichés that were applied to beauty: peaches and cream, silken, velvet, and so on. "Daddy, it's *how* we've known each other."

Reinhart looked toward the windows and enjoyed the glistening floor between the shag rugs: He had himself put that shine on the parquet, with real wax and a rented buffer from the True Value hardware store.

"We've been close friends for a while," Winona went on, biting her underlip. "I didn't quite know how to approach the subject with you, so she had the bright idea of meeting you as if by accident."

"But what was all the skulduggery about? Why should I object to your being friends with a bright, successful and prosperous woman like Grace?"

"Well," said Winona, "there was an idea, you see, of sharing an apartment."

"With Grace?" Reinhart almost shouted. "My gosh. That is some idea. You little matchmaker, you. Were you anticipating that Grace and I would get married, or would it be some up-to-date living in sin?" He was pretending to be in robust good humor, while all the time feeling a looseness at the core.

Winona was softly weeping. "Well, that was the reason, anyway."

"The reason for what, darling?" Reinhart's own eyes were moist. You could not call a life a failure when you produced a child like this.

"The reason why we broke up, Daddy. Grace says she can't go on unless we live



"That's what I like about you, Peter—even with jet lag, you can still go around the world one more time!"

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together. Daddy," she said, "how could I ever leave you?"

Smiling with all the saintliness he could contrive, Reinhart did not hear the question. He was wondering how long he could conceal from this precious person, whom he loved with all his heart, that she would be the death of him.

Of course, Reinhart soon admitted to himself that he was exaggerating in his inner sense of high tragedy. For one, nobody had expired of shame in a good century. Then, sexual deviation had not been regarded by the enlightened as a disgrace since at least the Fifth Century B.C., and in our time even the *mobile vulgus* had succumbed to a tolerance of variants. Nowadays, gay-pride spectacles were commonplace in our major cities. (Good heavens, must he someday salute as Winona and Grace Greenwood marched by?)

He was brooding on those matters as he cleaned up the dining room after the brunch that had never been consummated. Winona had left.

By the time he had finished the kitchen cleanup, Grace had surely reached home, if, indeed, that had been her destination. He went to his bedroom, sat down on the bed and lifted the phone from the adjacent table. He was amazed to discover that without trying, he had learned Grace's number by heart. He must have had high hopes of some sort. Imagine being cut out, with a woman, by your own daughter!

He fingered the dial.

"Oh, Carl," Grace answered. "I'm sorry I had to run like that, but I guess Win has explained. It was unavoidable, I assure you, just one of those things, and shouldn't be taken as a reflection on yourself. You're a fine fellow."

Reinhart marveled. She was in total command, without a weakness or a doubt. On the other hand, his own situation, if judged according to relative degrees of power, had changed.

"Well, Grace, I might say the same for you! I just regret that you went away without a meal."

Grace grunted almost rudely. He suspected the regrets were all his own. But she spoke in a bright voice: "Listen, Carl, not even Winnie knows about this. I'm bifurcated like all of us: I really *am* interested in you."

For an instant, Reinhart did not attend to her meaning. But then he became aware of a new and even more beastly element in the woman. She was baldly confessing to be *bisexual*? She wanted to take on both father and daughter? Was he expected to be tolerant of this, as well?

Grace laughed curtly. "Head and heart!" she said. "I'm always the businesswoman."

Reinhart chuckled in relief: So that

was the bifurcation.

Grace said, "Mind giving me your credentials?"

He cleared his throat. "I'm not sure what you're talking about, Grace."

"This cooking of yours. Where were you trained?"

Could he have heard her correctly? No one ever wanted to hear him on his favorite subject.

"Well," said he, swinging himself from a seat to a luxurious full-length stretch on the bed, "I have never taken a lesson in cookery. Years ago, when I was first married, I'd do a turn in the kitchen and maybe take one of those recipes off a can of something. Then——"

"Carl," Grace interrupted, "my idea was not to take you from grilled cheese to gourmet grub with all the steps between. The point is, you seem pretty knowledgeable about the subject. How?"

"Diligence," said Reinhart, "and caring."

"Come on, Carl," Grace said impatiently. "I'm in earnest. I'll tell you why in a minute, but first I want your story, as precise as you can make it."

Reinhart might have taken umbrage at her manner (where'd she get off, being so high and mighty, now?) had the subject not been that which was, after Winona, the dearest to him.

"One improves through trial and error," said he, "but the techniques can be learned easily enough, some of them on the TV cooking shows and others from books."

"Uh-huh," said Grace. "And you've only worked at home? You haven't cooked in a restaurant?"

"Never. I've never even thought of doing any professional work. I really cook for the love of it—and I use the word advisedly. Winona"—for a moment he had forgotten the situation; now he felt strange about pronouncing the name to her friend—"my daughter hardly touches her meals."

"Carl, none of that serves my point," Grace said rudely. "I'm not interested in the personal here, but rather in the public. You know Epicon, my firm. We're expanding in the gourmet area. It's my theory that we're missing some big bucks unless we reach the people who eat fancy food. That's no small market. Carl. Let's talk turkey: If Win moves in with me, where does that leave you? You told me you haven't had a business in some years, or a job."

"By your account, I sound suspiciously like a bum," he said with more wryness than reproach.

"Come on, Carl," said Grace, jollying him in a coarse fashion, "self-pity's not your game, old boy!"

What a grating woman! Why could not Winona have chosen. . . . But at 54, he should be done with asking questions of fate.

"The fact is that for many years it was

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my only game," said he, "but you're right about the 'old boy.'"

Grace said, "You're jumping the gun by a long shot in this day and age. But I didn't want to talk about dreary matters, believe me! Everything's going to work out beautifully. Now, here's my proposition." In a supreme effort toward charm, which with men, anyway, would not seem to be easily available to her, Grace said, "And if you don't take it, I'll spit in your eye." Trouble was, she sounded as if she well might.

"You may fire when you are ready, Gridley," said Reinhart, reverting to a time even before his own for this quotation, a favorite of his father's, who, however, always corrupted it in one way or another and sometimes combined it with "the whites of their eyes."

"I don't know whether you've noticed," said Grace, "the existing gourmet shelves in your typical supermarket don't get much traffic and, in fact, in some stores are downright seedy-looking. And this in the face of the greater-than-ever interest in the aforementioned gourmet cooking. Why? The simple reason is that the public is not aware of these products."

"That's not true at all," said Reinhart. With anyone else, he would have felt he was being rude, but, obviously, Grace was immune. "A lot of that stuff is absolute crap! Why buy ready-made sauces, like hollandaise and Béarnaise, when they're inferior yet expensive as hell and when, furthermore, they're quite easy to prepare from fresh materials?"

"OK!" she cried merrily. "I'm not debating with you, pal. I want to hire you."

"Hire me?"

"You heard it!" said Grace. "Let me sketch it out. I'm convinced that all it would take to get some real action with the gourmet products would be to highlight them with personal demonstrations. Picture this, Carl: You're in professional apron and big white hat, stainless-steel table on wheels, with whatever implements, gadgets you need, hot plates, etc., preparing dishes that would make use of the products we distribute. Huh?"

"You're not joking, are you, Grace?"

She spoke in brisk reproach: "Carl, I wouldn't have time."

"This is so sudden," he said. "I really do have to think it over. . . . But look here, I'm grateful to you for thinking of me!" He thanked her again and hung up. He would not go so far as to say anything about seeing her around with Winona.

Reinhart left his room. Ah, Winona had returned. Her keys and change purse lay on the little foyer table, and he could smell a flower scent. He called her name.

After a long moment, her closed bedroom door opened a crack. "Daddy?"

"The very man," said Reinhart. "What

about something to eat?"

"Gee, I don't think I can," Winona said, opening the door sufficiently wide to display her head. She looked carefully at him. "Grace told me about the job. Dad, I hope you know I wouldn't say this if I thought it wouldn't be good for you: I really want you to take it. And if you think she got the idea to please me or something, you're wrong. She was already looking for somebody who would fill the bill. When she heard about you, she was interested, but she was really sold by meeting you and seeing for herself that you have a marvelous personality. You're just the kind of person who can charm the pants off those housewives."

Reinhart felt himself blush. The image was almost indecent for a man of his years—and also exciting, of course. But that his daughter should conjure it up was unsettling, even though she herself. . . . He asked himself a wretched question: Was she now exempt from the usual rules that governed the association of daughter and father?

"Yes," he said sardonically, "I'm notorious for driving women wild. Your mother could tell you that."

"Oh," said Winona, "by the way, Mother's back in town." She ran her fingers along the lapels of her terrycloth robe, as if this were information that he could accept casually.

There were days on which one was hit with everything at once.

"Has she got in touch with you?"

"Blaine told me."

"You know I can't decently discuss your mother with either you or Blaine. . . ." He went into the kitchen but turned in the doorway. "If she's 'back in town,' then it's more than a visit?"

"I don't know. That's all he said. We were talking about other subjects."

Reinhart said, "I really shouldn't say much about Blaine, either, Winona, but I hope you're not too hurt if he isn't all a brother should be."

"Funny you say that now. He's nicer these days than he has ever been in all my life! I don't like to be cynical, but I do wonder if that's because of his trouble."

"'Trouble?'"

She raised her hands. "I shouldn't have said that. He asked me not to. Gee."

"Better go the rest of the way, dear, as long as I know there's something I'm not supposed to know."

"Mercer has left him. She simply took off."

"God, how rotten for him." Reinhart made a doleful sound. "Your mother has come to look after the kids, then? I hope they get fed properly." Genevieve was an even viler cook, when she deigned to prepare food at all, than his late mother, whose only culinary technique



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had been frying to ash. Indeed, it had been the combination of those two women, between whom he had spent more than four decades, that had driven him into the kitchen.

Reinhart had been outfitted with a long two-tiered white-enamel table on wheels. On one level or another were implements of the *batterie de cuisine*: copper chafing dish, virgin pots and pans in stainless steel, a two-ring hot plate, a food processor, a portable mixer and various smaller tools, including that manually operated essential, the long-handled wooden spoon, invented no doubt by the original cave chef for the stirring of aurochs-tail soup.

This unit was placed in the most remote corner of the Top Shop Supermarket, the check-outs being diametrically in the ultimate southwest. But the manager, an elongated, even stringy sort of man with a chin that suggested inherent aggrievement, insisted that no other position was available.

It was obvious that Mr. DePau cared little for the project, which he tolerated only because of Grace Greenwood's arrangements with a higher authority in the Top Shop chain.

"Frankly," he said to Reinhart on the latter's arrival that morning, before the store was open to the public, "the gourmet shelf does not move, and it is my contention that it won't."

Reinhart had yet to don his apron and the billowing chef's hat that Grace Greenwood had insisted he wear. It had been Grace's only prima-facie requirement. He had been on his own as to which of the "gourmet" products distributed by Epicon he would choose for demonstration.

After some deliberation, he had chosen crepes suzette: a name known to all as the quintessence of gourmetism, a dish that was simplicity itself to prepare and a demonstration that could be given a dramatic character, for attracting an audience was the purpose of his job. The particular stimulus for his choice was an Epicon-distributed product called Mon Paris Instant Crepe Suzette Mix: a package containing two envelopes, the larger of which held sufficient powder, when added to a cup of milk, to make a dozen six-inch dessert crepes; the orange-colored dust in the smaller envelope, when mashed into softened butter, became the sauce in which the crepes were to be bathed.

When tested by Reinhart in his home kitchen, the mixture had yielded rubbery pancakes on the one hand and, on the other, a sauce the predominant flavor of which was markedly chemical, though it was obviously intended to be orange. He prepared several batches of crepes, and a number of bowls of sauce, each with another variation of the recipe, but no effort could alter the truth that the prod-

uct was simply inferior as food and, at \$4.75, a swindle as an item of trade, since aside from the chemicals, the packages contained, respectively, only flour and sugar.

At an earlier time of life, Reinhart would probably have presented these bald facts to the appropriate authority; but he was by now sufficiently seasoned to understand that a person like Grace Greenwood had not attained her success in the food business by a devotion to the principles of either nourishment or serious gastronomy. What he determined to do then was to make his own mixture, from the authentic materials, of course, the juice and peel of fresh oranges, orange liqueur and cognac.

Now back at his demonstration kitchen, he assembled the raw materials. His colleague, Helen Clayton, was arranging her pitchwoman's table. She was a robust person in what might be as late as her early 40s or as early as her late 30s, with a coloring of the type he liked least (sandy-red of hair, pale skin) and a self-possessed, even slightly hostile manner.

Earlier in his life, this was the type of woman who would have caused him most discomfort, and perhaps he would naïvely have believed her seemingly otherwise unmotivated resentment to be caused by a lesbian leaning. But now it seemed likely that matters of relative power, not sex, were in question. Which of them was to be boss? It would be difficult for him to reassure her without being despised for his pains.

When Helen had restacked her little boxes of Instant Crepe Suzette Mix, he asked, "How should we go about this?"

She raised her eyes but not her face. "Huh?"

"You're the professional at demonstrations, aren't you? I'm a raw recruit." He spoke with a certain breeziness of voice: Obsequiousness would not be the note to strike.

She was no warmer as yet. "How long will it take you to make those things?"

"A few minutes, once the batter's ready and the skillet's hot. I mean the crepes themselves. Then to sauce them, only a minute or so more."

Helen winced. "You don't have a stack already made?"

"I thought of doing that," said Reinhart, "but the suzetting isn't all that much, just swishing them around in the sauce a moment or two and then folding them in quarters. Of course, the flaming adds drama. But I thought the demonstration would have more interest if I started from scratch, more or less."

Helen peered at his worktable and then at him. "You're not going to use the packaged sauce mix?"

"Uh, no."

Her eyes were fixed on his mouth. Her own lips were threatening to—yes,



"We're just browsing."

definitely—to smile. “You’ve got a lot of nerve.”

Now he smiled in return. “You disapprove?”

She laughed outright. “It’s not my affair, is it?”

But why was it so funny? Finally, he asked.

“I don’t know,” said Helen. She lifted one of the little boxes of instant mix and snorted. “Have you tried these?”

“Yes.”

She protruded her lips and pronounced, silently, “*Sh-it?*”

He nodded. “I suppose I’m being dishonest—”

“Not unless we say you’re using the mix,” Helen said quickly. “But, look, this can be to our advantage. You show the real way to make the sauce. The crepes will be terrific, and those are the ones they’ll taste samples of, right? Then I’ll say something like, ‘Well, that’s the long way. If you want to do it the short way, here’s the instant mix!’”

She had lost her coolness. They were coconspirators now. She was really quite a nice-looking woman, tall and full-bodied.

“Yes, I guess that’s fair enough,” said he. “Makes me feel better, anyway. I hate to be dishonest about food; but, on the other hand, I don’t like the idea of cooking anything that’s lousy, merely so as to be honest.”

Helen shrugged and said with a pout, “I’ll tell you, I myself don’t care. I like simple food. Anything fancy makes me sick to the stomach.”

There were those who would seek admittance to heaven with no more formidable credentials than a lifelong record of eating beef and potatoes.

“Do you like to cook?”

“Hate it,” said Helen. “Of course, we eat a lot of take-out. I can’t do this all day and then go home and cook much at night.”

“Who’s ‘we’? You and your husband?”

“Well. . . .” Helen leaned toward him, as if to share a confidence; he sensed that she might have dug him in the ribs had he been close enough. “You didn’t think I was one of *them*, did you?”

“Them?” The question was altogether honest.

Once again she made her lips prominent and silently mouthed a word. It was *lesbian*.

Reinhart averted his face. “No,” he said, “certainly not.” He had not yet had time to think of this phase of coping with the problem of Winona: He had first to deal with it himself.

In unwitting cruelty, Helen persisted. “Did you know *she* was? Grace, I mean.”

He mumbled, “I guess so. But I don’t much care.” He tried to keep from sounding the defiant note.

“I’ve always kept away from them. They make me feel creepy. But Grace is

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all right to work for. I've done a number of jobs for Epicon, usually through her, and she's always been a perfect lady with me." Helen laughed coarsely. "But then, I doubt I'm her type. She likes them skinny, and she likes them young. You should see her present friend. My God, she's positively beautiful. I've seen her call for Grace after work in her car. I've seen—"

"Madam," Reinhart desperately called to the young woman, though she was still remote and was at the very moment bending low to poke into a frozen-food compartment, "would you like a crepe suzette?"

Futile as this was, practically—the woman could not hear him—it did serve to distract Helen from her theme.

She said in an undertone, "That's supposed to be my job."

"Sorry," said Reinhart. "I've got beginner's nerves."

"Aw, you'll be just fine." She considered him a buddy now.

All of a sudden, customers appeared in bulk. As he mixed his batter and poured his crepes one by one and turned them, stacked them when finished between precut squares of waxed paper, meanwhile bathing others in the hot sauce in the chafing dish, folding them into triangles and serving them to the members of his audience on paper plates, with forks of plastic, as he went through this sequence as smoothly as his batter flowed, Reinhart was conscious of a feeling that was unique in his more than half a century of life: For the first time, he did not feel as if he were either charlatan or buffoon. Thus, late, but presumably not too, was proved the wisdom of what in his boyhood had been conventional advice but which, alas, he had long ignored: *Learn a trade.*

And then, suddenly, their corner was devoid of humanity except for Helen and himself. Reinhart scanned the empty aisle, and then lowered the Grand Marnier bottle to the second shelf of the worktable, where he tipped its mouth toward a plastic measuring cup and poured out a drinkable quantity of the orange liqueur. He passed the cup to Helen, below the level of the tabletop.

She lifted it to her mouth and threw down its contents as though it were bar stock, then lowered the glass and said, "I thought you'd never ask."

Reinhart suppressed a wince. He liked delicacy in a woman. Not to mention the fact that Grand Marnier was inappropriately drunk in a rush.

But Helen was pushing the glass across his counter and leering significantly. He felt he had no choice but to offer her another. She laughed in her hearty style. "Say, Carl, if worst comes to worst, we'll

just have to drink up the booze, so the prospects aren't all bad."

He asked her for the time, and then he invited her to have lunch with him.

A certain quick transformation in how she thought of him could be seen in her eyes. She looked at her watch and said, "Eleven-twenty!"

"Can it be?" asked Reinhart. "We haven't done much business, but we've got through the morning."

Helen said, with what seemed a hint of shame, "I'd like to take you up on the invitation, but I can't."

"Sure," said he. "Some other time."

"I'll make it up to you." She spoke in an intense whisper. It was a strange thing to say, and an odd style of saying it, and whatever the intended significance, Reinhart was all at once aroused. This happened seldom enough to the sedate middle-aged gentleman he had become.

He turned quickly back to his work. The cooked-crepe supply was not especially low—the stack held at least a dozen—but you could never tell when they might have another run. He put his iron skillet on a burner of the hot plate and turned up the heat. In his right peripheral field of vision he saw a lone, cartless shopper approach from the top of the aisle.

"Carl?"

He had actually recognized her at the instant she had come into sight, and he furthermore had done so from the corner of his eye. But when you had lived with a woman for 22 years, it was no great feat, even a decade later, to see her through the back of your head.

He caught himself just as he was about to burn his hand, instead moving it deftly to take a paper plate to the chafing dish and there choosing a hot crepe. He spooned extra sauce upon it and presented it, with plastic fork, to the mother of his children.

"Free sample," he said. "*Bon appétit*, Genevieve."

It was typical of her to ignore the out-thrust plate.

"Carl," she said again, and neither time was it a greeting, "we have to talk."

Reinhart continued to hold the crepe toward her. He began again, in the proper style. "Hello, Genevieve. It's been a while. How have you been?"

At least some of his shock was due to her altered appearance. When last encountered, she in her early 40s, he in the middle of his fourth decade, Genevieve had been the sort of woman who could be termed handsome: Her features were well cut, with no ragged edges; her eye was clear, her skin uncreased, her hair of a uniform color, her figure as fit as if

she were ten years younger.

But now she was not simply a faded snapshot of herself of a decade past; she was the worn and cracked photograph of someone else entirely. Reinhart found he could recognize her better from the corner of his eye than straight on. It would have defied his powers to say in precisely which respect she had not changed; e.g., the cartilage in her nose seemed to have undergone a softening; her eyes flickered behind what strangely suggested peepholes cut through inorganic material rather than living skin; her hair was arranged significantly to lower her once high brow. Not to mention that she was very thin—and not in Winona's sense, the willed emaciation of chic. Genevieve looked as though she simply had not had enough to eat in recent weeks: Her complexion was a mixture of yellow and gray, her posture was none too steady, her clothes were too large.

Reinhart now found himself urging the crepe on her as emergency nourishment, as one would extend warm soup to the starving. And he was joined by an ally.

"Go ahead, ma'am," Helen Clayton said encouragingly, walking toward Reinhart's worktable. "It's free!"

"Get rid of her," Genevieve told her ex-husband, without so much as a glance toward the other woman. "I told you I wanted to talk."

Despite her current disguise, which could have inspired pity, Genevieve's stark spirit was all too familiar.

Reinhart retracted the crepe. Helen shrugged in good-natured indifference and turned away.

His ex-wife continued to stare at him.

At last, he said, "I can't deal with personal matters until I'm off duty."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Genevieve asked, for all the world as if she genuinely did not understand.

"I'm working here. This is a job, to promote the sale of a crepe mix." She frowned. Had she turned mentally incompetent in some fashion? "I'll meet you for lunch if you like."

"Lunch?" Her stare lost coherence. "Oh." She returned her eyes to his. "I'm not looking for a handout."

"You're hardly being offered one," Reinhart answered in a level tone. "I assume you've got something serious to talk about, if you bothered to look me up here. And if so, then lunchtime would seem to be the moment to talk about it, and I at least will be hungry then, having worked all morning."

"All right," she said, "noon." She filtered through the shopping carts.

Reinhart turned to Helen. "I suppose

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you wonder who that woman is."

"What woman?" asked Helen.

"You're being too diplomatic." He smiled sadly. "But I appreciate it. She's my ex-wife. I haven't seen her in many years."

Helen shrugged and then smiled in return. She had a remarkably sweet temperament.

"Well," he said, "I've got my companion for lunch, and I'm not looking forward to the occasion." He rubbed his chin and added, on what was really an innocent impulse, "I'm sorry it won't be with you."

Helen swallowed visibly. Her reply had a certain intensity, an undue earnestness. "I should be able to make it right after work, if that's all right."

Again he was taken by surprise, but he felt he must apologize. "Oh, I didn't mean——"

"Listen," said Helen, "I wouldn't say it if I didn't mean it." More shoppers were coming; she turned to deal with them.

Reinhart poured and cooked more crepes, served them to smiling women. This was more attention than he had got from the female population in decades.

But what did Helen mean? *What* would she "be able to make right after work"? But more importantly, whatever, why was he apprehensive? What a tame old fellow he had become!

Finally, the batter he had brought from home was coming to an end, and he was about to ask Helen for the time

A man in a red cap and plaid shirt is shown in profile, smoking a cigarette and holding a large roll of blueprints. He is standing on a construction site with wooden framing visible in the background. The scene is set against a clear blue sky.

The first ultra

when he saw Genevieve rounding the corner at the head of the aisle. He served the crepes—of which, luckily, there were two more to divvy up than the number of customers who awaited them—and then addressed Helen:

"I guess we can break for lunch now, huh?"

"Sure; have a nice lunch." He was reluctant to leave her company, especially to join Genevieve. He realized that he was thinking of Helen as his protector! But she lost no time in leaving.

On joining Genevieve, he took the initiative. "It's been a good ten years, hasn't it?" He began to walk up the aisle.

She merely shrugged. Time apparently was of no import to her.

Her stride had altered since the old days. It was hard not to see it as a trudge.

They turned at the head of the aisle and went along parallel with the endless shelves of products baked from dough and packaged in cellophane. "I didn't come to talk of old times," said she. "And I don't want any special favors. I didn't come for myself."

"I didn't think you did," said Reinhart. They reached the front doors, which swung open automatically when their weight reached the mats. Across a block of parked cars was the restaurant he thought he'd head for, a place called, merely, Winston's. He simply liked the name. The façade was mall-banal, and he knew nothing of the cuisine, but at

least it was not called by some term that evoked unpleasant gastronomical anticipations (like Old something, or any name in the diminutive).

Nor did the place immediately offend upon entrance. They were seated by a young woman who was civil but not falsely enthusiastic. She led them to a table capacious enough for two more persons. The tabletop, though not made of wood, was at least not of mirror gloss, and the disposable mats were not imprinted with patriotic lore, maps of the region or little-known and useless facts intended to entertain. The cutlery was clean and of a goodly left, and the napkins were of paper but thick and wide.

Reinhart asked Genevieve whether she wanted a drink.

She sat rigid, both forearms pinning down the prone menu. "No," she said. "In fact, I don't really want lunch. I don't want anything from you."

"Having taken it all" is what he might have said at some earlier time, just after the divorce.

Reinhart opened and scanned his own copy of the menu (which was unsullied by thumbprints, grease spots or catsup drippings). Wonder of wonders, there were other foods than shrimp and steak and prime ribs. For example, there was fresh ham. There was meat loaf. There was Irish stew! Reinhart had a good feeling about this place, though, of course, the only proof would be in the eating. He looked at Genevieve over the bill of

fare. "You really should eat something."

For the briefest instant, she showed a look of vulnerability, such as he had never before seen. "I'll just have coffee, Carl," she said, and perhaps it was his imagination, but he detected the hint of a softer note than he had ever known her to sound. Suddenly, as if warm water had been poured on him from above, he felt flooded with pity.

He leaned forward and asked, "Are you OK?"

But she bridled at this. "I'm not the problem." She could not resist adding, "I never was."

The waitress came then. Genevieve would not budge from her lonely cup of coffee, but Reinhart had put in a solid morning of labor. He asked whether the stew was of lamb; it was.

"I don't suppose you have Guinness?"

But surely they did. The waitress was a mellow-voiced young woman with neat hair and a clear complexion.

"All right, Gen," he said when they were alone again. "I realize you're showing great patience. . . . You want to discuss Blaine and Mercer's problem, I'm sure. I don't know what I can do."

Genevieve pointed a finger at him. "Don't worry about our son and daughter-in-law," said she. "That's no big deal."

The waitress arrived with the cup of coffee and Genevieve pushed it aside without tasting it. "It's your daughter. My God almighty, to have something

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like that in our family. I could just imagine what you'd be saying now if I had raised her. But she's lived with you during these ten years."

"That's right," said Reinhart, "and I'm very proud of her. She has been a wonderful daughter and I love and admire her."

Genevieve's face had become ever more masklike. "I always wondered why she wanted to live with you after the divorce, leave her nice home and room and all, her mother and brother. I really resisted accepting the loathsome suspicion that you and—"

"No, Genevieve," Reinhart said with kindly firmness. "No, you don't want to pursue that line, whatever the malice you still have toward me. No, I have never had a sexual connection with my own daughter. I realize that incest is the current fashionable subject with the quacks of popular psychology and the hacks of TV, but Winona and I would never make case studies."

At that point, the waitress brought him a mug of almost black liquid, surmounted by a good two inches of yellow foam: They knew how to pour Guinness here!

"The fact is," he said to Genevieve, "Winona is doing fine. There's absolutely nothing to talk about with regard to her, unless one wants to praise her for becoming a success. But Blaine is in trouble."

Genevieve breathed with effort and seemed to suppress a cough. "Mercer's just a bit high-strung."

The deft waitress brought his Irish stew. The aroma was the sort that expunges all forebodings. He sat there for a moment while the fragrant vapors warmed his face.

"Gen, why not order something to eat? If you don't feel so well, how about some soup? Or eggs in some form?"

She pulled her black coffee to her and looked bleakly into it. "It's not healthy to eat when you don't feel hungry," she said, and added, with a new vulnerability, "Ask anybody."

"Your coffee's probably cold by now," Reinhart said.

She became the old Genevieve for an instant. "You just stuff your own face. Don't worry about me! I'm doing just fine. I wouldn't be back here at all but for the fact that my children need me." She suppressed another cough.

Reinhart was quite guiltlessly hungry, for the best reason in the world, and with unclouded pleasure he forked up a plump piece of meat and put it between his lips.

"This Irish stew is really first-rate," said he. "Who would have thought that such a place could be found in a suburban mall?"

He told Genevieve, "I doubt your main purpose in looking me up was to talk about Winona." He did not add what he believed to be the truth: that she had no interest whatever in her daughter, irrespective of Winona's sexual arrangements.

"I expected to be insulted," Genevieve said, and took him by surprise when she

smiled in a saintly fashion. "And I guess you know it's not easy for me to turn the other cheek, but I'm willing to try, Carl. I understand a lot more than I used to. I got out into the world. I spread my wings."

He continued deliberately to eat the lovely stew. "Yes, Blaine has kept me informed. I know you did well in Chicago, but it was no surprise."

"What's that mean?" she asked suspiciously. "Are you making fun of me?"

Reinhart wearily shook his head. "You'll simply have to accept literally what I say nowadays. I always thought of you as being extremely good at whatever you tried."

She blinked, though whether she had really been appeased was hard to say. She rubbed her hands together. "I doubt you'd include being a wife in your list of my successes."

Reinhart had finished his stew. Now he took the last drink of stout. "I'd be the worst authority on that, considering the kind of husband I was."

"Aw," Genevieve said, "you weren't the world's worst."

This was a sufficiently unrepresentative utterance to distract him from his thoughts of food. "Good God, I wasn't? You could have fooled me."

"Now, now," Genevieve said, wagging a finger at him. She touched her hair behind an ear. "The thing is, we were so young, Carl. So god-awful young. We hadn't lived long enough. There was a great big world out there that we didn't even suspect existed."

She let a moment pass and then said coyly, "I've been waiting for a compliment on my slender figure. Don't you think I'm pretty fantastic for a lady of my age?" She pursed her lips, leaned forward and added, *sotto voce*, "I had a little help with my face, of course."

Reinhart made a neutral expression, presumably: He could not have characterized it further without a mirror. He suddenly saw the light. "You mean plastic surgery?"

"I'd only admit it to you, Carl. Nobody else knows. If I do say so myself, it looks completely natural."

Poor devil. Reinhart realized that he could probably never be matter-of-fact with regard to Genevieve: She could not fail, her life long, to make him unhappy in some way, even if only in compassion.

"Oh, right," he said, "quite right. You've managed to keep your youth, Gen, but you should be careful not to diet too much. It's not healthy. I tell that to Winona all the time, but I feel I'm talking into the wind. But at least she does stoke up on vitamins. I must admit she's never sick."

This turn of subject met with little favor from his ex-wife. She sniffed disagreeably before resuming her favorite theme. "I don't mind saying that I've



"But, darling, you're the one who wanted me to shave my pussy!"

fought back against adversity and held my ground. And yet I've never become cynical. Believe me, Carl, despite my sophistication, there's still a lot about me that can still remember that young girl who conquered your heart."

For a moment, he was nonplused. Had she learned about his 1968 "affair" (such as it was) with Eunice Munsing—and approved? . . . No, she was talking about herself. He should have understood that from the loving intonations.

"I'm sure there is, Genevieve." He picked up the check. The damages were not severe. Winston's was not out to punish its patrons. He was definitely pleased with this restaurant.

"Don't you get it even yet, Carl?"

He was being stared at with increasing intensity. He hated that in the best of times. He pushed his chair back and stood up.

"Why, sure I do, Gen," he said with all the amiability at his disposal. "You wanted to show me how great you look and how well you're doing. I'm glad you did. We'll do it again sometime, now that you're back in the area." He found his money and placed a tip on the table. He was aware that Genevieve had stayed where she was and was making no move to depart. Nevertheless, he turned slowly in the direction of the entrance and began, as it were, to mark time.

"Carl."

"I'm afraid I've got to get back to work, if you don't mind. It's my first day on the job. It's very gratifying to me: I'm self-taught as a cook, you know. I've gone quite a ways beyond the meals I used to make when we were all together."

"We could be all together again," said Genevieve in a low, penetrating voice, a kind of stage whisper.

Standing there in a crowded restaurant, he thrilled with horror. But at last he managed to say, "We really must do this soon again."

Now she cried aloud: "You fool, you lovable fool, can't you see what I'm saying?" The polite eaters at the nearest table pretended not to hear.

Reinhart foresaw that her next speech might be at sufficient volume to command the attention of the entire room, unless he could placate her with an immediate response. She was quite capable of shaming him publicly, on his first day of work. He thought of something even worse: She might pursue him into the supermarket itself!

"Come along, Gen," he said, trying for a devil-may-care grin. "Let's take a walk."

Wondrously, this worked. At least she left the table. Now the nearby people decided to abandon their discretion and gawked rudely. Reinhart hoped no one who had seen him cooking crepes would recognize him now. That's the kind of thing you could not control once you

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went among the public. But it bolstered him to think of himself as a celebrity whom everybody was out to get the goods on.

Once they had paid the cashier and passed through the door, he tried discreetly to break Genevieve's hold on his forearm, but she only took a firmer purchase with her talons. This was the woman who, ten years before, had derided and demeaned him in all the classic ways and perhaps invented a new one or two. There had been a time when a moment like this could have occurred only in a desperate fantasy. She was abasing herself before him! He should see it as a triumph. But these reversals traditionally fail to happen at the right moment: When your adversary is at last at your mercy, he is no longer the proper object of revenge.

Moving decisively, Reinhart lifted Genevieve's fingers off him.

"I have to say goodbye," he said with the same firmness. "I'm due back at work."

She was leering at him. This could not have been a successful expression even when she was still pretty. Now it was ghastly.

"Hell," she said in a husky low tone, "you got time." She came close and dug at him with an elbow. "Want to go to a motel?"

"I'm sorry, Gen. You see, I've taken a vow of chastity. It's a religious thing."

A piece of rank cowardice, to be sure, but it was the best he could do on short notice; and if he stayed longer in her presence, he might lose all responsibility for his actions.

As he walked away, she cried in a voice that sounded as though it might have come from a loud-speaker, "You pansy!"

She was really broadcasting her age: That had been an archaic term for ever so long.

It was not to be believed. No sooner had he gone back into the world than he encountered his old nemesis. Fate always arranged it so that Genevieve was there to hamstring him at the beginning of any race.

A white Caddy passed him, then came to an abrupt stop and was, reverse-gear lights illuminated, backing up at excess speed. This took Reinhart's attention off his old problem and gave him a new worry. But the car stopped just before running him down, and Helen Clayton got out of the passenger's side.

The car accelerated away. Helen came to Reinhart. Never had he been so glad to see anyone.

"Hi, partner," said Helen, who was a significant presence even upon a flat sweep of blacktop, and then she linked her arm with his, but jovially and not in the raptorial fashion of Genevieve.

She cried, "Back to the old assembly line!"

He knew no serious reason why he should have found Helen so reassuring, but he did.

Already they seemed not only old friends but comfortable lovers—if there were such a thing as the latter: You wouldn't know from Reinhart's experience from at least as far back as the end of his Army days. He had not had a girl friend since then.

Back at work, an hour passed too swiftly to be believed. More persons than Reinhart would have thought shopped for food in the early afternoon, at least on this day. He had almost exhausted the crepe batter made during the morning session when DePau materialized at the table.

"Say," he said, "your boss wants to talk to you."

"On the phone?" Reinhart served hot, sauced, triangulated crepes to three customers. More were waiting. "Could you tell Grace I'll call back when I get a break?" He looked up the aisle. Still more carts were coming his way. "We're on a roll."

There was a spiteful note in the voice of the supermarket manager. "Fella, she wants to talk to you *right now*." DePau turned and addressed the crowd: "I'm sorry." He waved his arms. "That's all for today. We have to close the stand down now." He moved so as to block their access to the area of the table occupied by the chafing dish.

Reinhart wiped his hands on a towel and removed his *toque blanche*. He intended to complain to Grace about DePau's officious rudeness. Surely, it was his supermarket, or anyway it was managed by him, but he had no call to be so lacking in common courtesy.

"All right," said DePau to Helen, and he actually snapped his fingers at her, "let's close up over here, too. I'll have somebody take care of your stock. Just leave now!" He was clearly in a state of great impatience.

Helen shrugged and, turning from him, tended to something at her table.

"Did you hear me?" DePau's voice rose an octave.

"Listen here," Reinhart said to DePau, moving toward him. "You keep a civil tongue in your head."

The manager looked as though he might be suffocated by his internal humors. He coughed and spoke in a voice so constricted that much of what he said was unintelligible. "Police . . . publicity . . . sue . . ."

They all marched through the rear to a bleak room walled in cinder block and containing battered office furniture and a remarkable amount of papers.

DePau handed Reinhart a telephone handset.

"Hello," said Reinhart. "Grace?"

"Carl, I think we'll wind up the Top Shop demo, OK? Take the rest of the day off and I'll be in touch. Now give me Clayton."

"Grace," he asked, "has something happened?"

"Time to move on, Carl! Now just put Clayton on the line."

Grace really was hard to withstand when she spoke *ex cathedra*. Reinhart licked his upper lip and gave the phone to Helen.

"Uh-huh, uh-huh . . . OK, Grace," Helen said. "Sure." She hung up and said to Reinhart, smiling, "Not a bad deal, Carl. We got the rest of the day off with pay. C'mon, let's get lost."

DePau was hovering near the door. "You can leave by the back."

Reinhart and Helen emerged onto a potholed patch of blacktop on the southern side of the building.

"Mind telling me the explanation of this strange episode?" Reinhart asked. "Now that we've got a minute? In fact, now that we've got all day?"

She was laughing at him. "You've still got your apron on!" He undid the strings.

In the same good-humored way, she said, "Some woman called up DePau and bad-mouthed us."

"What?"

"Said we were drinking in public and pawing each other."

Reinhart's jaw ached. After a moment, he realized the pain could be relieved by unclenching his teeth.

Helen went on: "Grace, to give her credit, said she didn't believe it, but he complained to her, so what could she do?"

With wincing hang-of-the-head, Reinhart said, "You know who that was, don't you?"

She shrugged generously. "I've got an idea."

"And I was feeling sorry for that bitch." He finally was able to shift hands on the ball of apron and get into the other sleeve of the jacket. "Ten years! I don't see her for ten years, and the first time she shows up. . . ."

"Well, hell," said his genial colleague, "look at it this way, Carl. She got us half a day off."

The extraordinary thing was that he did not feel as dispirited as he should have. That he was not utterly devastated by this experience was due only to Helen. It was difficult to feel hopeless in her presence. He smiled at her.

"Should we take both cars?" she asked. "Probably simpler to leave one here and pick it up on the way back."

"I don't have a car," said Reinhart. "So that's even simpler. But where are we supposed to be going?"

She swung in against him. "When will



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we have a better opportunity?"

An erotic interpretation could be made of this, but Reinhart was not yet so old that he had forgotten the frustrated expectations of his youth. In those days, anyway, women conventionally implied much more than they meant to do, and he had been marked for life by such experiences.

Therefore he said, modestly, "We might have a drink." They were now walking among the ranked cars.

"Thing to do," said Helen, letting his arm go and plucking into her strap-hung purse, "is to pick up a bottle." She found some keys and went purposefully to a large, battered, dirty blue automobile parked between two sensible, neat, economical vehicles manufactured by former enemies of the United States. Reinhart had not owned a car in a decade, and he could by now identify few brands. Helen's chariot looked as though it had been designed for the sheer purpose of squandering fuel.

Reinhart slipped in. Helen started the car, making a noise like that of a dishwasher within which a glass has broken, and having driven no more than 100 yards across the asphalt, she stopped at a liquor store.

Reinhart understood that he was expected to make a purchase. He asked Helen for her choice of beverage, though he was puzzled as to where they were going to drink it: from the bottle, in the car?

"Gee," said Helen, "I'm partial to Scotch, but it's pretty expensive—"

Reinhart raised his hand. "Say no more, my lady. Your needs will be answered." After what should have been a degenerative experience—perhaps his job was gone for good, and would Genevieve stop at that?—he had moved ever closer to exuberance.

He dropped his apron on the seat and went into the store and examined the appropriate shelves.

The bulbous man behind the counter said, "Can I help?"

"Just choosing a Scotch," said Reinhart, "for my friend. She thinks it's a good way to kill an afternoon."

"If she's somebody you're out to impress," said the liquor dealer, "may I suggest Chivas?" He turned to the shelves behind him and found a boxed bottle.

"By George," said Reinhart, playing a role for his own delectation, "I think we ought to spare no expense to please the little lady." He withdrew his wallet and paid the bill. He assumed that Helen would give him a lift home after their little drink: He now no longer had bus fare.

"Where do we give this a belt?" he asked her when he regained the car. "We really ought to have glasses and ice." He

brandished the bag and could not forbear from gloating: "This is the *crème de la crème*."

Helen frowned as she started up. "Uh, that's not like cream *de menth*, is it? I don't go much for cordials, in general."

He allayed her fears by unbagging, unboxing and displaying the bottle. "The fact is that I'm not much of a whiskey drinker," he said. "Not nowadays, anyhow. In view of that, I thought only the best would do."

She gave the Scotch a loving smile. "Now you're talkin'." She gunned the car off the blacktop onto the highway. This was a suburban shopping area in which one mall abutted another for what a local promotional effort sought to have called the Miracle Mile but consumed even more space than the name asserted. Beyond the malls began a sequence of motels.

In among the local examples of the famous chains was a simple, almost austere rank of discreet little huts, called, remarkably for this day, Al's Motel.

It was into the forecourt of Al's that Helen easily swung her car. Reinhart honestly believed, by at least 75 percent, that she was stopping there in the performance of some errand.

"This is real private, Carl," she said and turned in back of the little office building. Helen stopped there. "You can check in through the back door, if you want."

Now Reinhart was suddenly soaked to the skin, as it were, with embarrassment. As it happened, he had never his life long checked into any public hostelry with a woman who was not his legal spouse; in fact, who was not Genevieve, his only wife.

"Helen," he said, "can't we just be friends for a while? Maybe when we know each other a little better things will work themselves out."

"Gee, Carl," she said, smiling an insinuation, "I guess I misinterpreted. . . . Uh, well, you're a special kind of guy, you know. It's not easy to figure you out at first."

Reinhart rubbed his chin. "Do you think I'm gay? Is that what you're saying?"

Helen raised her hands. "Listen. . . ." "Well, I'm not." He wondered whether he might have been too defensive.

"It's OK by me, whatever," she assured him. No doubt she meant it: Generosity seemed a basic trait with her. But it was evident that her disappointment was still greater than her tolerance. She smiled wryly and put her car into reverse.

"Wait a minute." Reinhart said this on an impulse, surprising himself. "It *would* be a shame to waste a perfectly good afternoon."

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pride that Helen continued to back out of the slot down behind the motel office.

"I think the moment has passed, Carl," said she, though in as friendly a manner as ever.

"The idea was terrific. I'm sorry I didn't understand it at first."

Helen was now driving up the ascending slope, toward the highway, the old engine laboring. "I think you were kind of shocked, that's what I think."

"I may have been," Reinhart confessed. "I guess time has caught up, maybe even passed me in some respects, Helen. It's funny when you realize that has happened."

The car had reached the entrance to the highway by now, but Helen stayed where she was even after a gap appeared in the traffic.

"Is that your trouble?" she asked. "Is that all?"

Reinhart was a bit annoyed by her scoffing, kind as he knew she meant to be. "It's a real thing," he said, "feeling your age."

"Gosh," Helen said, "I hope I didn't make you morbid. Heck, I've got at least one friend who's older than you, and he still has a lot of fun." She looked at him in what he took to be compassion, and his pride was affected once more.

He said seriously, but with a smile, "Sorry, I really didn't intend to throw myself on your mercy." A thought came to him. He looked back at Al's and saw what he wanted: an outdoor telephone at the corner of the office. "I'm going to use that phone. You want to stay here or back up?"

She did the latter, and he got out and went to the booth.

He dialed his home number and waited until it rang uselessly a dozen times. He remembered that Winona had a modeling assignment that would occupy her all day. Furthermore, the job was about 30 miles from town, at the warehouse of a furniture firm. No doubt she would be depicted sitting at the foot of one of the beds currently on sale. Reinhart suddenly wondered whether there were men who might find this an erotic image.

He returned to Helen's old car.

She immediately asked, "Is the coast clear?"

"Huh?"

"Didn't you just call home to see if anybody was there?"

Reinhart laughed in admiration and a certain embarrassment. "Woman, you scare me! Can you always read minds?"

Helen joined in the laughter. She started the engine.

Reinhart said, "I've never done this before, but I don't see any real reason why it wouldn't be OK." In truth, he

(concluded on page 246)

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SHOE-IN

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"Her body was as opulent as he supposed: He was worried about doing justice to it."

could see several reasons, foremost among them being that he had always considered the apartment Winona's, where he was essentially a guest. "See, I live with my daughter. But she'll be working for several hours yet."

"If she's a good girl," said Helen, driving forcefully along the highway, "she won't begrudge her dad doing what comes naturally, I don't think."

When they reached the apartment building, Reinhart directed Helen to enter the underground garage and find the parking slot that was assigned to Winona.

They boarded the elevator at the level of the garage.

Helen pulled his face to hers and kissed him.

The experience was unprecedented for Reinhart, as far as he could remember. Men of his age and situation were not routinely embraced in elevators.

The door slid away, and they deboarded on the fourth floor. Reinhart was in an equilibrium between wanting vainly to encounter a recognizable neigh-

bor and hoping to sneak in and out undetected. That is, he had a perfect right to bring a woman home, on the one hand, while on the other, furtiveness made for more excitement. He had never gone this far with any nonprostitute of whom he knew less.

But they were alone in the hallway as he unlocked the apartment door.

"This is real nice," said Helen in the foyer.

"There's a river view," said Reinhart.

Suddenly, he saw that she was now as uneasy as he was, rather, as he had been, for this state is oftentimes relieved when it is seen as shared.

He put his hands around her from the rear and lowered his face into her neck. How long had it been since he had last done that sort of thing? This was much too simple an embrace to try on a whore, and too immodest. The complicated ecstasies can easily be purchased, but nobody sells an honestly warm caress.

She took away his hands, but only to pull him by one of them into the short hallway that obviously led to the bed-

rooms. Her taking of the initiative, in his domicile, excited him. He had always been aroused by sexual rudeness or arrogance on the part of a woman, though in early life he had never understood this.

Until this moment, his bedroom had been a monastic cell. He went to the buttons of Helen's blouse, she to his belt buckle. He would have lingered at the task, but she was impatient, and they were both undressed in no time at all.

He thought of something. There was an outside chance that Winona might come home early; accidental events were always possible. He stepped across his bedside rug and began to close the door. He could hear Helen draw the sheets over herself. Her body was as opulent as he supposed: He was worried about doing justice to it.

Something hard to identify either by outline or by movement entered the hallway. A shadow is exceptionally fearsome when one is naked, and for an instant, Reinhart shrank back. But then he remembered Helen, whom he was obliged to protect as guest and as woman, and he projected his head through the doorway.

The figure had reached him. It was identifiably human by now, and smaller than he, but bent as he was, he looked into its face. It was Mercer, his missing daughter-in-law.

She supported herself with two hands on the doorframe and made a strenuous attempt to speak coherently, but succeeded only in breathing on Reinhart. That such exhaust fumes were not colored blue was a wonder.

"Mercer," said her father-in-law quietly. "You've given us all quite a scare."

"Wwww . . ." said she, and spun suddenly about and staggered back up the hall, turned the corner and soon fell.

"I'm sorry," Reinhart said to Helen's face on his pillow. "That's my son's wife. I'll have to do something about her." He opened the closet and took his robe from the hook behind the door.

"Some days," Helen said cheerily, "are like that." She climbed out of bed. Helen was really something to see, and she was lacking absolutely in false or perhaps even real modesty.

"Can't I help?"

"I don't think so," said Reinhart. "But thanks. Listen, I really am sorry."

Helen for the first time turned inscrutable. "Better get out there," she said. "Don't worry about me."

She dressed and left, and Reinhart pondered his fate. It occurred to him that some member of his family, small as it was, had been available to ruin every effort he had made that past week.

Answer to puzzle on page 245.

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------|
| 1. Back of shoe near buckle is rounded. | 5. This is it! |
| 2. Heel joins shoe at wrong angle. | 6. Strap is too short. |
| 3. Seam is added to strap. | 7. Tip of heel is too high. |
| 4. Vertical seam inside shoe is missing. | 8. Buckle is in wrong position. |
| | 9. Too many holes in strap. |



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PLAYBOY

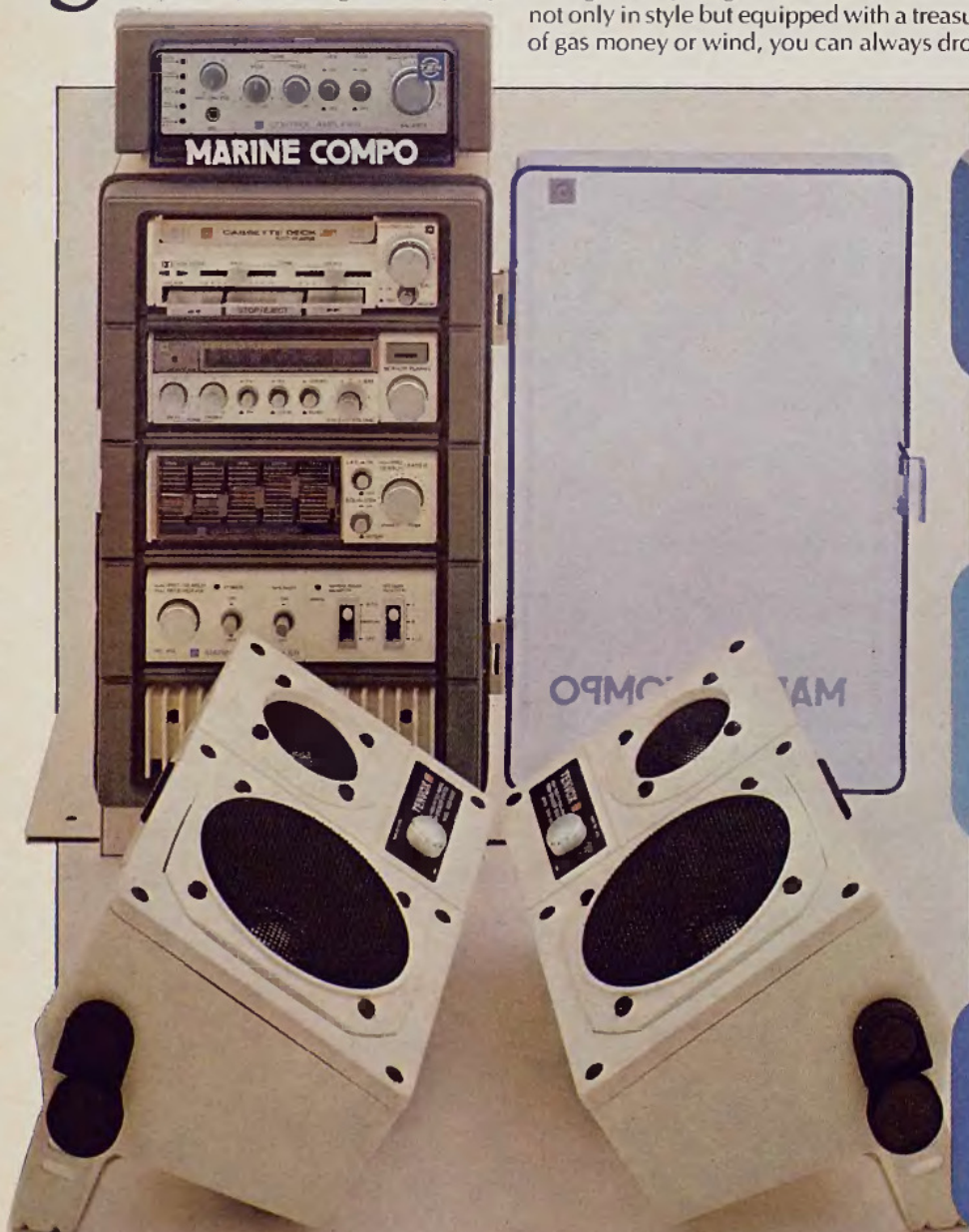
ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GEAR

TOYS FOR THE BOAT

Shoving off in anything from a dinghy to a yacht is such a watery groove that old and young salts often forget that there can be more to life afloat than jumping waves or fishing off the coast of Bimini. More and more companies are getting into fun-type nautical accessories; and the goods they're producing—everything from marine stereos to unsinkable kites—take you down to the sea not only in style but equipped with a treasure chestful of playthings, too. And if you're out of gas money or wind, you can always drop anchor and toy with your toys in the harbor.



Above: The lapping of waves won't be the only sound you hear if you take on board a salt-and-humidity-resistant Marine Combi stereo system that includes stereo cassette deck, AM/FM stereo tuner, graphic equalizer, power amplifier, four hermetically sealed speaker enclosures and a marine controller to interface with ship-to-shore radio, by International Marine Instruments, \$1995, including metal cabinet shown.



Above: The Cox Sportavia sailplane, with a 70-inch wing span, can be launched and landed while your boat is in motion, from The Price of His Toys, Beverly Hills, California, \$150, not including a hand-held radio-control unit.



Above: You won't be asleep out on the deep playing Icebreaker, a jolly drinking game made of plastic, so it's impervious to salt water and unsinkable, from The Price of His Toys, \$17.



Above: Go fly a kite off your yacht with this 52-inch Skynasaur Aerobat model that handles just like a jet fighter and won't sink in water, if outfitted with positive flotation rod, from Skynasaur, Louisville, Colorado, about \$35.

FASHION

CREATIVE CLASSICISM



Given the fact that Alan Flusser's father was something of a sartorial dandy ("The guy was nuts about Fred Astaire"), it's not surprising that young Alan began to have his wardrobe tailor-made at 17 and now, at 35, is one of menswear's brightest luminaries and the head of his own fashion company. Flusser's personal style is Savile Row with flair (as the picture of him at right attests)—and in an industry in which planned obsolescence has replaced good design, all too often, it's a pleasure to discover that he creates essentially timeless looks kept fresh with the artful mixing of color combinations and whimsical accessories. (Suspenders, anyone?) Flusser's book, *Making the Man: The Insider's Guide to Buying and Wearing Men's Clothes*, due out in September, explores in more detail his particular fashion philosophy. Read it and reap the reward of having been privy to the thinking of one of today's most astute fashion minds.

—DAVID PLATT



DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

The classic Alan Flusser look shown below couples a wool single-breasted jacket with three flap pockets, \$325, and a pair of brown Venetian-wool double-pleated slacks featuring adjustable side tabs and straight legs, \$125, with a good-looking brushed-cotton windowpane shirt, \$47.50, worn under a cashmere hand-knit sleeveless V-neck decorated with crazy multicolor hearts and a rib trim, \$375. To complement the outfit, Flusser puts his best foot forward and offers two distinctly different models of shoes: a suede tasseled lace-up style, \$205, and a polished-leather braided tassel loafer, also \$205, to be combined with any of the three pairs of hand-framed wool socks shown, \$35 a pair. The jazzy multicolor rayon and cotton striped suspenders, which, incidentally, have become something of an Alan Flusser signature, also cost \$35 a pair. Snap to it, guys.



In many parts of the country, the Western look continues tall in the saddle, and one of its many manifestations is the simple neck scarf. The easiest way to wear one is to fold a silk square or bandanna diagonally, then fold the material lengthwise over and over in approximately one-inch sections. The resulting band is looped around the neck and knotted for a look that works well under a cardigan or with an open-neck shirt.

We suspect that one of the reasons the ubiquitous turtle-neck sweater pulled back into its shell a few years ago was that many guys found the style none too flattering to their waistlines. The good news is that T-necks are showing up again, often worn as an element of the layered look; e.g., under a shirt that is under a V-neck sweater that is under a sports jacket. On a cool fall day, you won't even need an overcoat.

While you're busy getting layered, don't be too quick to pack away all your colorful short-sleeved knit pullover shirts. You'll find they're effective worn under another shirt (or sweater)—and not at all as bulky as winter-weight styles.

As the three-piece suit continues to wane in popularity, there's a resurgence of interest in tie tacks, bars and chains to help keep neckties in place. We especially like vintage tie bars from the Fifties and earlier—provided you buy one in a width that complements your ties.

Square-bottomed flannel and melton shirts take on a look of sophistication when worn with a belt notched loosely just below the midriff over slacks. These shirts resemble jackets, anyway—and the belt gets it all together in a relaxed way.

Ray-Ban sunglasses. As perfect now as they were 40 years ago.



See the Ray-Ban line at professional eyecare centers, fine department stores and sporting goods stores.

For all those years, Ray-Ban® sunglasses have been true to what sunglasses ought to be.

And why should they change? What you need in sunglasses now is the same as it was in the beginning.

Glare protection. Sharp, distortion-free vision. Lenses that filter out the proper amount of sunlight.

The only thing that's different now is the variety we offer you: a choice of lenses unmatched by any other sunglasses in the world.

Ray-Ban sunglasses. Still precision-ground from the finest optical-quality glass. Still made with real care by Bausch & Lomb.

In short still the perfect sunglasses, after 40 years.

Ray-Ban®

BY BAUSCH & LOMB

MUSCLE FROM THE EAST

Back in the Fifties, England owned America's fledgling sports-car market. The first spindly wheeled MGs were joined by more powerful British Triumphs and Jaguars, Teutonic bathtub Porsches, lusty Italian Alfa Romeos and Ferraris and, eventually, by semicivilized American Chevrolet Corvettes and Ford Thunderbirds.

The British sportsters improved and thrived for a time; the Porsches grew fixed roofs and heavy price tags; the Italians expanded with affordable Fiats on one end, Maseratis and Lamborghinis on the other; the T-bird grew back seats and founded the "personal luxury" class; and the Corvette became a legend in its own time.

Hardly anyone noticed when a Japanese company called Nissan



started bringing in some nondescript, MGB-like Datsun 1600 roadsters, then followed with nicer, more refined 2.0-liter versions with five-speed transmissions. But when those gave way to the first 240-Z coupes a decade ago, America suddenly sat up and took notice. The beautiful and exciting Datsun Z became an instant smash at just under \$4000.

In the ten years since, the Z has grown and matured from a peppy youngster to a high-living executive. With a base price into five figures (\$11,300), today's 280-ZX is far more luxotourer than sports car.

Never one to miss an opportunity, rival Toyo Kogyo (maker of Mazda cars and trucks) stepped in three years ago with its own brash newcomer, the Wankel rotary-engined RX-7 sports car. It was fast, nimble, well built and affordable at about \$7000 base—everything the early Datsun Z had been—and it, too, found instant success in the New World.

Together, those two have made things tough for the British and the Italians, for the now-creaky-boned \$16,000 Corvette and even for the pretty but mild-mannered four-cylinder Porsche 924, now up to \$17,000. And this year there's still more performance and sex appeal from the East, sure to bring groans from the rest.

In addition to smoothly updated front, rear and interior

Above and left: Z-car aficionados need no introduction to this Nipponese screamer—Datsun's \$17,000 280-ZX Turbo. But underneath that beautiful skin are a drive train and suspension that have been beefed up to cope with the turbo's 25 percent additional horsepower. Engine operations are supervised by a system called Electronic Concentrated Control System to meet 1981 emissions standards. Below: Mazda's updated RX-7 GSL boasts a sleeker profile, plus trimmer front and hindquarters (below right), and the price (\$11,400) hasn't gone into orbit yet.



styling, slicker aerodynamics and more sure-footed handling, Mazda's RX-7 boasts better performance and fuel economy for '81, thanks to a new catalytic-converter emissions system and other engine improvements. In standard five-speed form, it now zips from zero to 60 mph in 8.6 seconds, yet scores a respectable 21 mpg in EPA city tests and 30 mpg on the highway. Prices range from \$9400 for the S model to \$11,400 for the top-line GSL, with automatic transmission, air conditioning and leather upholstery optional.

But the biggest news for sports-car buffs with \$17,000 to

spend is Datsun's new 180-hp, turbocharged 280-ZX, which can rocket to 60 mph in a startling 7.1 seconds and do a quarter mile from rest in 15.4 seconds with its standard three-speed automatic transmission.

Externally, the 280-ZX Turbo is identified by its special wheels, a functional N.A.C.A.-duct hood scoop on the driver's side, head-lamp washer nozzles, twin exhausts and subtle turbo emblems on the front fenders—and one of its few shortcomings may be that very subtlety. Some would argue that more visual excitement (blacked-out chrome, fender flares and a rear spoiler) is in order to set it apart from its more mundane nonturbo stablemates.

A T-bar sunroof, leather upholstery, automatic-temperature-control air conditioning and two-tone paint combinations are available with the turbo package.

Both the RX-7 and the 280-ZX are highly refined, eye-appealing and fun-to-drive sporting machines light-years removed from the primitive, cart-sprung, leaky-roofed roadsters of a generation ago. The high-spirited Mazda, with its unique and responsive rotary engine, is more of a driver's car, slanted toward the young and adventuresome, while the Datsun (standard or turbo) leans toward the more affluent and conservative, who take their motoring pleasure slightly softer around the edges. Either way, they spell big trouble for the would-be competition.

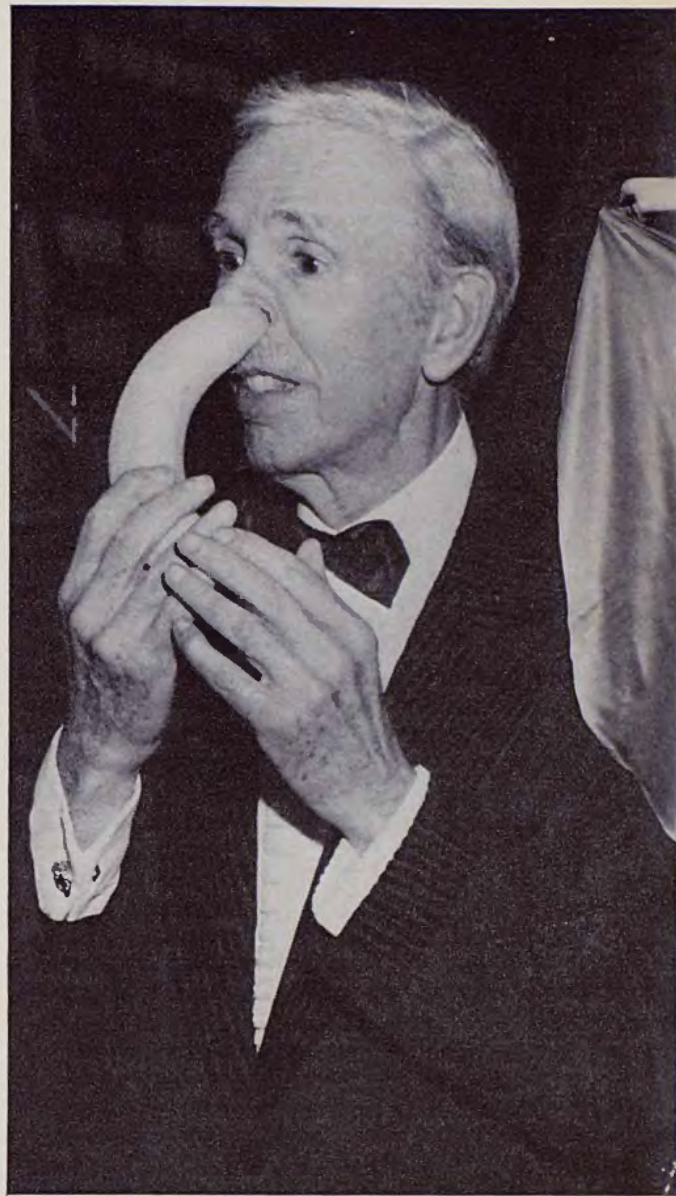
—GARY WITZENBURG



A Little Dazzle'll Do Ya

BERNADETTE PETERS knocked off more than a couple of socks when she appeared in this dazzling outfit at the Academy Awards last spring. For those of you who wanted a longer look, here it is. Peters is co-starring with Steve Martin in *Pennies from Heaven*. We think this celebrity-breast-of-the-month picture is worth dollar bills, at least.

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Chico and the Banan

This photo captures the spirit of *Grapevine* perfectly. Here's a respected actor, **JACK ALBERTSON**, trying to stuff a very large banana up his nose while attending a formal Hollywood function. We're wondering just how much Miss Rona knows about *this weird and deviant practice.*

Me and My Gal

MARTIN MULL's famous for his props. Without his easy chair and lamp, millions of Americans would have laughed at a serious work of art such as *Dueling Tubas*. It's bad form these days to suggest that the woman behind a great artist is a dummy, but honest journalism forces us this time. So when people say she rode on his back to success, they'll be right. Say good night, Martin.

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Bow, Wow!

Singer PAT BENATAR is the "class" tough-broad act in rock 'n' roll these days and she brings it off even without shaving her head. Her *Crimes of Passion* record went beyond platinum and she's not even breathing hard.



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If I Had a Hammer

This could be called getting hit over the head by inspiration, but it's also the most direct way to settle a difference of opinion. Singers DARYL HALL and JOHN OATES are riding high after a spring college tour and a successful album, *Voices*. They've been back in the studio producing *Head Above Water*, due out any minute. These boys are knockouts.

Sitting Pretty

For a while, MARTHE KELLER's celebrated relationship with Al Pacino eclipsed her acting career, which wasn't exactly fair. We hope her soon-to-be-released movie, *The Amateur*, co-starring John Savage, will put things back into perspective. The thighs have it.



BRIGITTE LACOMBE/LIAISON



© 1981 BETTY BURKE CALELLA

Two's Company, Too

Our runner-up for celebrity breast of the month is *Three's Company's* JOYCE DEWITT, who has neatly managed to survive, unscathed, the Suzanne Somers crisis. The show has been renewed and they've found another roommate to fill Somers', er, shoes. As for Joyce, she can move in with us.

A VERY POPULAR DRUG ALONG THE RUSSIAN-POLISH BORDER

Last August, we told you that synthetic progestins influence the masculinity and femininity of those who are exposed to them in the womb. Commonly used to avert miscarriages, progestins have been given to millions of pregnant women in the past 30 years.

A recent study at Rutgers University links synthetic progestins to aggressive behavior. (And we thought it was all

nothing has seemed to work. Acyclovir, a new drug currently being tested, appears to reduce the symptoms for first-time herpes victims. In a series of double-blind trials, in which neither patient nor doctor knew who was receiving the treatment, acyclovir, which was developed by Burroughs-Wellcome Laboratories in North Carolina, significantly reduced the communicability of the disease. Unfortunately, current studies also indicate that it has little effect on long-established herpes cases. Hundreds of new herpes sufferers have been tested, forcing a wave of optimism among the as-yet uninfected. Apparently, the drug's full potential is just beginning to be explored.

Advising that complete analysis is yet to come, Dr. Lawrence Corey of the University of Washington in Seattle told us that acyclovir is "by far the most promising drug under study" and that "if things continue to look as good as the preliminary tests, it may be available to the general public within the next two years."

HERPES UPDATE: PART TWO

HELP, an organization for those who have contracted herpes, will sponsor a national symposium September 18-20 at the Bellevue Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia. The program includes a general overview and update on research and discussions on how to cope with herpes once you have it. Registration fee is \$30. For more information, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to HELP Symposium, P.O. Box 100, Palo Alto, California 94302.

CALIFORNICATING: TEENAGE DISTRESS

First there was Annette, then the Barbie doll and sidewalk surfing. As California goes, so go the fortunes of

American kids. Now, it appears, kids' fortunes are about to plummet. The California legislature has resurrected a long-overlooked regulation that more



T-SHIRT OF THE MONTH

If this is a traffic jam you'd like to get into, send \$6.95 to Peter Van, Route 1, Box 3050, Fontana on Geneva Lake, Wisconsin 53125. Meanwhile, watch out for dangerous curves and don't forget to yield.

GARRICK MADISON

television's fault.) June Machover Reinisch of Rutgers' psychology department tested 17 females and eight males who had been exposed to synthetic progestins in utero. Exposed subjects were matched with sisters and brothers who had not been exposed. The test consisted of asking the subjects how they would react to a variety of common conflicts. The four possible responses were: physical aggression, verbal aggression, withdrawal and coping (willingness to seek help). Twelve of the synthetic progestin-exposed females were more aggressive than their sisters, three equaled their sisters and two were less aggressive. Seven of the progestin-exposed males scored higher aggression responses (one scored lower) than their brothers.

The results confirmed earlier findings that male potential for violence is greater than female, which is at least a partial explanation for Alexander Haig.

HERPES UPDATE: PART ONE

Alleged cures for herpes, the plague of 20th Century sex, come around with medicine-show regularity. Until now,



What's this? It's archnerd Pee-wee Herman, host of *The Pee-wee Herman Show*, boosting the, uh, spirits of the lovely Miss Yvonne. Sort of a Mr. Rogers goes New Wave, the live show knocked out Los Angeles audiences earlier this year. Now it's headed for your living room. Watch for it soon as a syndicated television show.

or less prohibits teen sex.

The rule forces doctors, teachers and any other child-care professionals to report to the police reasonable suspicions of sexual intercourse by females under 18 with persons other than their husbands. The new law originally referred to "unlawful intercourse when involved with child abuse," but conservative lobbyists convinced state legislators to strike that clause, making all teen sex a reportable offense.

You don't think the little buggers should be doing it anyway? Read on. Whatever their opinions of teen sex, most medical authorities agree that the rule, which is based on a long-ignored 1953 statute, will discourage teens from seeking medical help when they need it. That will likely mean thousands of untreated cases of V.D., other infections and even pregnancies. The California Medical Association and the American Civil Liberties Union have each filed suits against the move. The C.M.A. claims it breaches patient/doctor confidentiality and forces doctors to either uphold confidentiality and face imprisonment or betray a teenager. As Romeo said to Juliet, "Why must I be a teenager in love?" Or was that Dion and the Belmonts?





Renault Presents The Remarkable 18i Sportswagon.

Renault, maker of Europe's best selling cars, presents a remarkable new wagon for America...the Renault 18i Sportswagon.

Remarkable, because it is, at once, a wagon that provides comfortable seating for 5, and muscle to move you crisply from 0 to 50...

...a wagon with up to 65.5 cubic feet of load space, and the good manners to go where you aim it through precise, quick rack and pinion steering (lock to lock in just 3 turns)...

...a wagon that takes care of the whole family, and carefully meters out fuel for outstanding efficiency*...

...a wagon that bristles with innovative technology of the 80's.

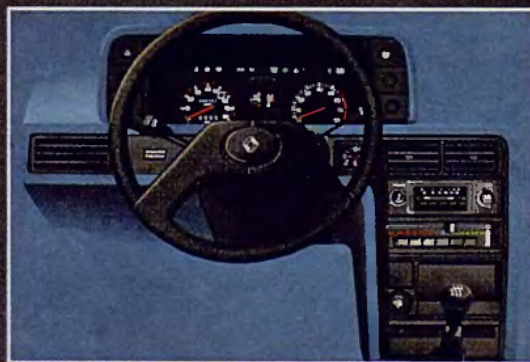
38 HWY EST* **25** MPG EST

Bosch L-Jetronic Fuel Injection

This is the Electric Multi-Point Bosch system also used by Porsche 928 and Jaguar XJ-S. It precisely measures out the fuel required for optimum performance and efficiency from the 18i's enthusiastic 1.6 liter (1647 cc, aluminum block and head) 4-cylinder engine.

20 Years Experience in Front-Wheel Drive Design.

The 18i front-wheel drive system is a study in compact, lightweight design. Front drive transaxles, engine and 4-speed manual transmission (5-speed, avail.) are deftly mounted to provide a 60/40 weight ratio, front to rear. It also allows quick access for service at any of the more than 1300 Renault and American Motors Dealers.



Slip Stream Aerodynamics

The 18i Sportswagon silhouette is notably slippery. A wide front modesty panel—more discreet than add-on air dams—encourages turbulence to slide beneath the 18i. Slip stream styling effects promote excellent fuel efficiency* as the wagon carves the air.

Road Adhesion

The 18i Sportswagon is masterfully tuned for the road. With 155SR x 13 Michelin steel belted radials, box section "live" rear axle (it flexes in the turns), front and rear sway bars, and beefy helical coil springs (variable-flex in the rear) surrounding long-travel shock struts.

Inner Space Geometry

The 18i's elegantly tailored seats are bio-formed with special support for the lumbar region and upper thighs.

Controls and gauges are strategically angled and positioned for driver access.

A wide rear bench seat folds forward, providing a lushly carpeted flat load bed more than 5½ feet long.

The Renault 18i Sportswagon. Remarkable? We think so. It provides what wagon users ask for...generous space and great mileage. And something many have been missing...the sheer joy of commanding a responsive, nimble, sensitive, exciting road machine.

*EPA estimated at 25 mpg, 38 mpg highway est. Remember: Compare this estimate with estimated mpg for other cars. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, trip length and weather. Your highway mileage will probably be lower.

Renault 18i
More than just economy
At Renault and
American Motors dealers.

The largest selection of
exotics and handmade boots
for men and women
featuring:



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Tony Lama
Justin
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For our latest Boot and Clothing
Catalog send \$5 which may be
applied toward purchase.

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NEXT MONTH:



RICH RABBIT



MORAL MAJORITY



BO'S JANE



CAMPUS BELLES

"YOU TARZAN, ME BO"—YOU ASKED FOR IT, WE GOT IT: THE RETURN OF **BO DEREK**. IT'S A ONE, TWO, THREE PUNCH IN HONOR OF HER NEWEST FILM, *TARZAN, THE APE MAN*. **AND A BO-NUS:** PLAYBOY'S BO DEREK-TARZAN PULL-OUT POSTER, FEATURING THE BODACIOUS ONE IN A POSE YOU WON'T SEE ANYWHERE ELSE!

JAMES MICHENER, PERHAPS THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR NOVELIST, DISCUSSES THOSE MAMMOTH BOOKS OF HIS AND DELIVERS HIMSELF OF SOME SURPRISINGLY STRONG OPINIONS ON AMERICAN POLITICS, WORLD LEADERS AND THE STATE OF LITERATURE IN A WIDE-RANGING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"RABBIT IS RICH"—OUR OLD FRIEND ANGSTROM REACHES MIDDLE AGE AND DOESN'T CARE FOR IT MUCH. LEAVE IT TO THE YOUNG WIFE OF A GOLFING PARTNER TO START THE OLD JUICES FLOWING—BY **JOHN UDIKE**

"RUTHLESS MOTHERS"—WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A WHOLE GENERATION OF IDEALISTS REACHES MATURITY ONLY TO FIND THE GOOD JOBS HELD BY ELDERS AND A PACK OF PRAGMATISTS SNAPPING AT ITS HEELS? A FASCINATING LOOK AT HOW MONEY IS ATOMIZING THE SIXTIES GENERATION—BY **DONALD KATZ**

PLUS: AN OUTRAGEOUS CONVERSATION WITH YIPPIE PROPHET-TURNED-PROFITEER **JERRY RUBIN**, AND A QUIZ TO DETERMINE YOUR OWN BOTTOM LINE—"ARE YOU RUTHLESS ENOUGH TO GET RICH TODAY?"

"FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH"—OUR YOUTHFUL-LOOKING AUTHOR REJOINED THE SENIOR CLASS, INCOGNITO, TO FIND WHETHER OR NOT YOU CAN GO TO HOME ROOM AGAIN—BY **CAMERON CROWE**

"GIRLS OF THE SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE, PART I"—WE FOUND SO MANY (TOO MANY FOR ONE ISSUE) DOWN THAT WAY THAT WE CAN PREDICT WITHOUT FEAR OF CONTRADICTION THAT THE SOUTH WILL RISE AGAIN

"THE EVOLUTION OF THE MORAL MAJORITY"—THE REAL DOPE, IN WORDS AND PICTURES, ON WHERE THESE VERY ODD FELLOWS CAME FROM, COMPLETE WITH A FAMILY TREE (WHITE BIRCH, OF COURSE)—BY **DEREK PELL**

"PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW"—WHEREIN OUR FEARLESS FORECASTER AIMS HIS CRYSTAL BALL AT THE CAMPUSES AND PICKS PLAYBOY'S OWN ALL-AMERICA TEAM—BY **ANSON MOUNT**

"BACK-TO-CAMPUS FASHIONS"—GIMME A TWEED! GIMME A DOWN VEST! GIMME THREE CHEERS FOR OUR ANNUAL UPDATE OF WHAT THE B.M.O.C. WILL WEAR TO COLLEGE!—BY **DAVID PLATT**

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FIELD TESTER SHIRT



These are just like the shirts old Wallace Beery used to wear. Of course, my shirts have the added feature of a "Jack Daniel's Old No. 7 Field Tester" in brown on the chest. Made of 50% cotton and the rest polyester, so they wash easy and keep their shape. Natural cotton color. Order by size—XS, S, M, L, XL. My \$15.00 price includes delivery.

Send check, money order or use American Express, Visa or Master Card, including all numbers and signature. (Add 6% sales tax for TN delivery.)

For a color catalog full of old Tennessee items and Jack Daniel memorabilia send \$1.00 to the above address. Telephone: 615-759-7184.

"If your family likes to show off as much as mine, put them on TV. It's easy with my Panasonic portable Omnivision video system."

Reggie Jackson



My teammates are my family. And even if they are a motley crew, I want more than just a few snapshots to remember them by. That's why I have the new Panasonic portable Omnivision[®] VHS[™] video recorder (PV-4500) and video camera (PK-751). They

make it easy to bring the guys' goofy faces, clowning, and fun back to life, right on my TV.

The Omnivision portable recorder and camera are lightweight and easy to use. And with the camera's built-in electronic viewfinder (a small TV screen), you can see an instant replay. So you'll know you've got the shots. The recorder has Omnisearch, so you can quickly review all your shots right through the camera,

and edit out the ones you don't like. And there's freeze frame and frame-by-frame advance in the 6-hour mode.

There's even a remote control that attaches right to the side of the camera, so you can control both the recorder and camera while you're shooting.

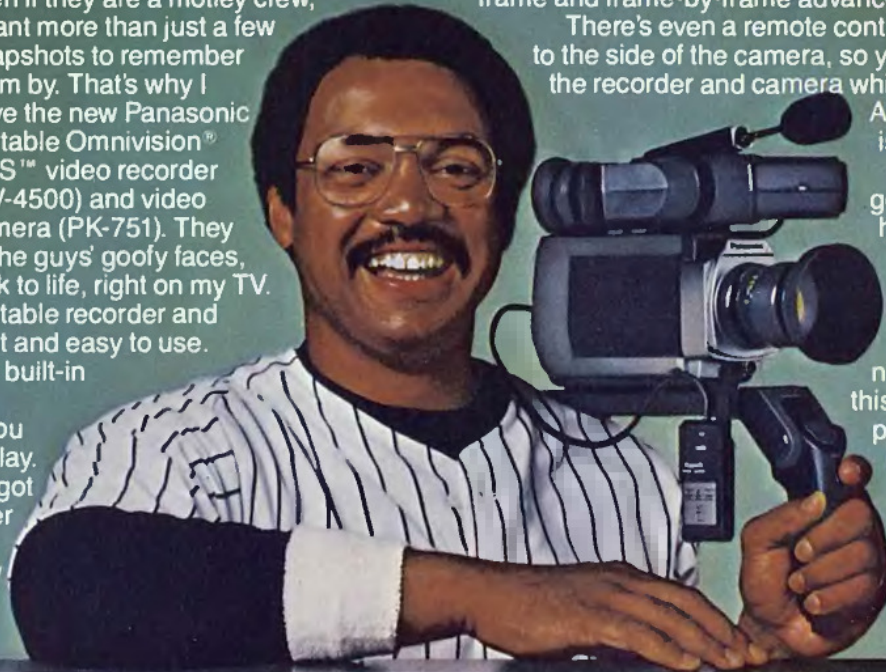
All you concentrate on is getting great shots.

My Omnivision also goes to work as a home video recorder.

It can record up to 6 hours from TV. Or when I go on the road, it records shows I'd normally miss. Because this Omnivision can be programmed to automatically record up to 8 different shows over 14 days.

My Panasonic portable Omnivision brings all the fun of outdoors, indoors.

Simulated TV picture.



Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time.

Do you think you're smoking the lowest tar cigarette? Think again.

Why do you think your brand is lowest? Because its ads say so?

But other brands' ads are saying the same thing—that they're the lowest in tar.

Just where is a tar-conscious smoker supposed to turn?

Well, numbers don't lie. So we've put the tar levels of all these claiming-to-be-

lowest brands into the chart below.

That way you can see just how much tar your brand has. And something else—there's one brand lower in tar than any of the other "lowest" tars.

Now is the lowest 100s Box. Now is the lowest 100s Soft Pack. And there's no cigarette in any size that's lower in tar than Now.

Do you want to know for sure that you're smoking the Ultra Lowest Tar™ brand?

Well, there's only one—Now.



**NUMBERS DON'T LIE.
NO CIGARETTE, IN ANY SIZE,
IS LOWER IN TAR THAN NOW.**

	80's box	85's soft pack	100's box	100's soft pack
NOW	Less than 0.01mg	1mg	Less than 0.01mg	2mg
CARLTON	Less than 0.01mg	1mg*	1mg	5mg
CAMBRIDGE	0.1mg	1mg	—	4mg
BARCLAY	1mg	1mg	—	3mg

All tar numbers are av. per cigarette by FTC method, except those asterisked (*) which are av. per cigarette by FTC Report May '81.

NOW
The Lowest
The lowest in tar of all brands.

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

BOX, BOX 100's: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.001 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 85's FILTER, MENTHOL: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 100's FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.